

Poetry Series

Doris Cornago
- poems -

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Doris Cornago()

Today

Only

Yesterday

We were like

Two strangers

Cast off by gods

Drifted to an island

Shared what comes

Coconut and bananas

Roots, insects, & grubs

Sheltered in cold caves

Friendship consumes

Considerate comfort

Mixing mediocrity in

Fragrant anonymity

In songs & stories

Defiantly dance

Naked selves

Ship in view

Survival to

Another

Slew

Doris Cornago

Within Me

In the vastness of the universe
Thoughts tripped over an object
Lost in the sands of of censure
Picked it up and hid for pleasure

A child once inquisitive on self
Grew up in fear of thunder claps
Hidden myself in the recesses
Layered and doubled up within

Whether there's a frowning God
Sitting in a throne with a scepter
Doling out mercies to whomever
Never wanted to risk his anger

Deaths, doubts, and devastations
Too many times by masked fiends
Fiascos dealt by fraudulent fools
Have recovered from the innuendos

Strolling alone once again by myself
Stretching sands warm my bare feet
Lost objects littered the open sea
Gleefully, a child, at rest within me.

Doris Cornago

Companionship

??

Not too long ago, lost my universe

Went into the silent darkness

Grieving a dear companion

Found someone waiting

Took me by the hand

Willingly came to

A flat rock

Heart

Smitten

Word-woven

Green landscapes

Violet sun, pink valleys

Where crystal waters run

Rainbow-colored butterflies

Bumbling bees and flowers frolic

Our dark eyes lit in companionship

'Companionship'

21522

Doris Cornago

Why I Can't Stop Writing Poems

You were a dream like cream
Musky and smoky like jerky
Gave me strength, unrelenting
Then you changed the game.

No more frozen kisses freebie
You've grown fast up suddenly
Wouldn't want my hand now
Nor my voice on your pillow.

Yet there's space we could meet
Armed with sharpened words
I could slay you with one swig
Make you bleed like a fat pig.

You could also try for a blow
Leave me senseless with a bow
I'd cry myself to sleep, Loch Ness
Planning for another such brawl.

Naked and afraid, pens paused
No metric can gauge the end
Who's the savior, who's the fiend
We're two poets left clueless.

Doris Cornago

Nugz

A cat
Whose life
Is so wonderful
Sitting thoughtful
Chasing his shadow
Resting on the pillow
Senses time is shallow
Soon catches a swallow
Chirping like a silly cricket
Pole-dancing, plain wicked
Slipsliding down a tarpaulin
Munchkin and furry kingpin
Clowns for camera clicking
Shaking off with a silly face
Graceful coup de grace
Crowned cowboy-like
Puss-in-boots pose
Makes much fuss
Bath time cuss
Minty flavor
With much
Fervor

Doris Cornago

Lunatic About The Red Moon

The inconstant moon
How it glows in the night
As we watched in silence
I hope the morning brings
Some clarified feelings
About why, who reasons

What's to say about the past?
We've loitered behind too much
The future is upon us to decide
Should we hurry to what's coming
Or tarry on pretending there's nothing
The moon glows above beckoning

Looking around me at the party
I'm satisfied that I've done right
Stayed my course, transparent
Though there are constant changes
I know the moon ?? is just the same
It's looking at things that change

We have not talked much today
Yet day after day I know what goes
In your mind and soul, the struggles
If there's a way to make it easier
Would have done so, right away
Love keeps circling back, lunatic

Doris Cornago

My Furry Boo

Tears

Come as

A clarification

Come in the midst

Low Internet, diminution

Nothing to do felt so alone

Only colors stir in lockdown

Contemplating such memories

Palettes of rainbows on feathers

You made me see love in honesty

Reconciled with very true natures

Facing life now as having a mirror

You're the melody as we sing duo

Patterned bird reminds us to flow

Never let go of someone unique

Even if sometimes don't speak

Minds are constantly in sync

Going in valleys and seas

Minding much tiredness

Putting heart at rest

Baby you're the

Bestest of

My very

Best

Doris Cornago

Gossamer Wings

When

You are with

Me minutes fly

Gossamer wings

Like fairies flickering

Caught in the moment

Between past & present

Swinging by in seesaws

Uncaring, minutes ticking

Minimizing in miniscules

Mirroring your reflections

Smiling back at sorrow

Reduction of defaults

We're past the point

Of ever returning

Cast off sails

Fellowship

Flounder

Flare

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Arousal

Should

One resist

Creativity spree

A moment in time

Amidst groggy clime

Unfolding every morning

Reminiscing on your back

Beatitudes, moods, frauds

Done with all formalities

Soaking in a soapy tub

Scrub, scrub, scrub

You're an orchid

Rare and bare

Bountiful

Care

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Acculturation

Bloom

In the gloom

An orchid so unique

Not all favor your color

Only the heart sees perfect

Vicissitudes formed latitudes

Conquest of multiple cultures

Contrasted from tedious fools

Strewn about by filthy bores

Kindly, stately, solitary

Scorned, yet unbowed

Separate from crowd

Splendor mirrored

Eager and proud

Elan imbued

Delicate

Melody

Free

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Alone

We are
Sea turtles
Might be slow
Yet we cross sands
Resting when we can
Oblivious to the world
Self-indulging synchrony
Within us serenity satisfies
Surrounding chaos crushes
Safety in our self-seclusion
Persistent pandemonium
Tiny triggers touch us not
Attachment enlivens us
Detachment derails
Our shell shields
Softest parts
Survives
Self

Doris Cornago

Agile Agitator

Time

Inconstant

Indeterminate

Yet abundant in

Your hands for life

Yearning idly waiting

Daily dancing on a horse

Dueling a dormant albatross

Agile agitator aggravates us

Revolution, resistance roars

Weaving waves of every shade

Mind's mundanity terminator

Mix me a potion for pain

Fleeing from your hold

Emptying barrels bold

Targeting a runaway

Distant treks cold

Take me back now

Encase in palms

Sore hearts

Splintered

40 Carats

Gold

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Altruism

Before

Not knowing

You, how could

I know the depths

Of this selflessness

By knowing you more

In my own selfishness

Which gives more self

Meanings multiplied

Meaning magnified

Mine minimized

Magnanimous

Mysterious

Meaning

Mine

Doris Cornago

Arisen

Seems
Yesterday
With wilted
White orchids
We left you there
One last look at the
Cement on top of cold
Metal box, a lonely place
Tears dried, dead tired now
Yesterday is gone, a new day
Dawns, you're warm and strong
Beautiful and vibrant, speaking in
That familiar voice, slow and bold
Your words are few, true, unhurried
Remembering all the finer moments
Ugly tubes and wires forever deleted
Bluish fingertips on sheets reproved
Exonerated, painting nails in vivid red
Smiling in the kitchen, chopping veg
You're cheerful with a mean measure
All within reach, you've got control
A neat garden blooms with lilies
Nothing too showy but sturdy
Amidst this silly pageantry
Your transparency shines
In all climactic times
Your regal bearings
Not once ruffled
Mother dear
Revived
Today

Doris Cornago

A Life Well-Lived

If my
Tears fall
Let them be few
She wants us tough
As she is tougher than
Everyone and most proud
Never scold, but counseled
Unswerving loyalty and fidelity
Wife, mother, friend, commenter
Advisor, poetess, storyteller, chef
Seeress, comedian, benefactress
Firm advocate of higher education
Holding quiz fests with her brood
Even carers are not spared from
Daily trivia quizzes and quotes
Not to entertain but as mental
Exercise, quizzing synonyms
Mounting contests, enjoying
Jousts with words but none
Compares to her kind voice
Resounding crystal clear
Echoing in my memory
Live your life in glory
Not in subservience
Be proud to carry
Your head higher
Be my strong
Children
Ever

Doris Cornago

Abandonment

Our
Dreams
Leap steep
From live cliffs
Rocks look down
Blackened boulders
Outstretched like ogres
Past puzzles preambles
Pilloried prattles position
None of it came on its own
Piled pillars tumbling down
Gathering on ghostly groans
Love lost like rollicking runes
Playing pawn, growing gloom
Whistling wind broadly blow
Knees knock weaken woes
Scraping scraps streams
Diminishing dragonite
Castling carousels
Crushing kings
Kingdoms
Crumble
Cons
On

Doris Cornago

A Love Song

Thinking of love,
Catching it in a glove,
So did I drove,
Healthy as a clove.

You lured me in it to learn,
And taught me how I can earn,
And how not to burn,
And when fallen, to turn.

Love to me is a synonym for you,
Yes, I don't love you,
You are the love, sweet you,
Drew me closer every day I am with you.

Doris Cornago

A Pure Love

This is
Unselfish love
Even when angry
You're there in a blink
Cleansing his misdeeds
Changes clothes, forgets
Rough words, bad habits
Makes his motives pure
When you're done with
Still you stay, touch
His head with a
Wand for a
Wish

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A Tango Dance

Aim

End to

End extend

Deadline dead

Beribboned goon

Filigreed fractions

Messing with mysteries

Wistfully wanton wannabee

Handholding, pleasant plunk

Kindred con on walkathon alone

Tiresome teddy on merry melody

Project-pushing, percolate potions

Emotions low, drift downstream, flow

Try hard fixing dysfunctional niggard

Nixing nothing on brisk side-stepping

Life's a tango dance, flexing muscle

Ungrateful self-centered salamander

Sleepless, stressful statue-crone

Mouthing phrases, full of stone

Still on the edge of tomorrow

Safely zip, sandwiched slip

Green grub grovel grownup

Fix fax manuscript maxed

Gun barrel, bent arrow

Willy Wonka on vodka

Missing all meals

Gravity granted

Gallivanting

Groinjokes

Groupie

Goalie

Goad

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A Tinder Tapper

Morning breaks 36-hour work streaks
Stressed sleepless warrior sucks
Silky strandhold on tomorrow
Green grass gone brown
Stopgapping sorrow
Silly trashtalking
Trampoline
Missing
Meals
Mangle
Marauders
Donkeys doing
Reaming ribbons
Filigreed frustrations
Mixmaxing repercussions
Moormarsh doorlocking dork
Boombusting percolating potions
Runner roams in rooms, tinder tapping

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Asymptotic Annotation

I am

Like one

Hypnotized

Drawing so closer

Danger drug dazzler

Eternity ennui encounter

Like a crypto market crash

Asymptotic annotation notion

Shade is a shallow shadow

Past, present into future

Moments of pleasure

Grim ghost gathers

Lost unrecorded

Chest chasms

Cataclysm

Wetness

Warm

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Anointed Child

Never
Will be enough
All the fancy towers
From my window across
Like distant oasis mirage
Dazzles wanting to impress
Elevators going up the floors
Showcases emptiness of hearts
Eyes feast on manmade dreams
Robots suspended silly schemes
Humans gape wanting to escape
Harsh reality of limping disasters
Touch my inner core, forgiveness
The warmth of an embrace from
Colleagues, hurts healed, hush
Teary-eyed reunion, lost in the
Confusion, distanced by evil
Machination, primadonna
Like some nova, soon
Lost in the lull of my
Buffet full-spread
Anointed child
The one and
Only living
Triune
God

Doris Cornago

Apocalyptic Zone

Lights
Flicker on
Evening's cold
Morning's wasted
Worrying of doing
Nothing, holding my
Head on sweaty palms
Thinking tons stalling on
Disengaged from docks
Dragging drama drowns
Debilitating Dragonite
Demolishing dreams
Dishing out doses
Strategic scenes
Shift sorrow
Shattering
Sounds
Solo

Doris Cornago

Soulsh Celibate

Mesmerized with you
Going high and low
Clearing treetops
Riding on clouds
Breaking sound
Sensurround
Circling the
Sun, stars
Selfseeker
Soulsh
Celibate
Celebrate
Life, love
Looking for
Winning goal
Fettered none
Fearsome frolic
Bothering no one
Meandering like a
River, merging with
Setting of distant sun

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Army Of Angels

Tears
Dried with
Years yet heart
Never ever forgets
Who left with a blast
Of the trumpet and an
Army of angels tracking
The path set for one who
Faithfully gave up his own
Life - should there be more
Revelation takes generation
Not on this planet alone but
Over the firmament where
His Glory shines on every
Night and day, unfailingly
Even if we failed to see
What's in store, could
Anyone know the
Plan, meaning
of the Cross
Borne for
Lost

Doris Cornago

Awaiting Salvation

Lost in a world made of wooden figures
Mouths speak banality of existence
Pretending to be pure and sure
This way to heaven, hold
My hand, ring gleams
20 karat stone
Which way
Again
Turns away
Bodies decaying
Strung on clotheslines
Awaiting salvation on Sunday
Kiss the ring, bending on your knees
Wind shiver on the poles, wasting by the bay

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An Impregnable Keystone

KEY's easy smile is mythical
Wrought in cold stone
Deep inside a fort
Kept for long
Couldn't
Allow
Himself
Deep emotions
Logical is his call
Determination his motto
Keeps an impregnable keystone

Doris Cornago

A Storm Called Carding

Sun

Dappled

Morning rain

Gone without a

Warning floods in

Basements messed

Washed away rooftops

Wetness warps windows

Water winnows willows

Disaster dashes hopes

Drills homes hollows

Reasons rock rows

Gooey ghosts go

Grumble grow

Groggy gruel

Mudslinger

Mockup

Mow

Doris Cornago

Alleviating Fears And Pain

When
Small and
Trees looked
Taller, trailed
Tracks on bare
Feet grassy green
Ten fingers thrilling
On top fine filaments
Archy acknowledgment
Girly thoughts of longing
World so white and sheen
Alleviating fears and pain
Creating wonder and whim
Flying with fearsome foes
Dragonfly suicidal screw
Glowing neon battle borne
Sun on wings glare aglow
Slow stalking dip diving
Mirth fills like minnow
Bubbles bubbling blow
Neon colors flowing
Surrealistic sync
Searing sorrows
Suturing seal
Slay demons
Dragonfly
Dealer

Doris Cornago

Another Day

Drops
of tears
Mix in with
Perspiration
In desperation
Hanging by the
Skin of my teeth
Seeking embrace
Not yet a disgrace
Just making through
Another day, another
Way to plug holes on
Walls, wail with wally
Without a doubt, nada
No one knows the time
None matters, only key
Clicking my day clock
Spread feathers out
Shared blue bread
Show-off peacock
Hearing the shh
Heart whispers
Hopping out
Beating on
Bobbing
Up and
Down

Doris Cornago

Alongside Wisdom Wins

Ghosts

Gamboling

Winged feet

Fleet fleeing

Path pattering

Loosening rocks

Trackside trailing

Rolling down ravines

Catching cords casted

Crusted crabs crawling

Billowing waves rolling

Winds homeward howling

Sandbar snags lone ship

Shoreline slipping slow

Nets cast for catching

Conundrum collapsing

Beacon beams beguile

Sharks should attack

Falsified fears faze

Weakened waiting

Weary wallowing

Welcome white

Whale waits

Alongside

Wisdom

Wins

Doris Cornago

A Lofty Hill

Woke
Perched
On top of
A lofty hill
Imagination's
Shortcircuited
Search for holes
Working overtime
Watching a vision
Wind whipping all
Around, leaves fly
Whippoorwill sound
Wayward train tracks
Whirling in and out
Looping larger loops
Surreal circumvention
Untouching in circle
Yet touches my core
Like skin feels wet
Watching raindrops
Run down gutters
Flinging frogs
Frightfully
Fracking
Free

Doris Cornago

A Bungling Burglar

How
Little we
Know until
We know little
Confirming much
Is less, but nothing's
Added until aggrieved
Aggravating a foregone
Complaint on catastrophic
Coalition of catatonic cons
A bungling burglar caught
With the goods is like a liar
Forgetting to tie up his odds
And ends, caught in his own
Trap of circumventing rules
A scalp of a skin of a prowler
Entrapment of a prey starts
With nothing much but the
A hint of one word astray
A spider spins a sticky
Net, a fly is distracted
Walks in with eyes
Twinkling like
Two pairs of
Stick-on
Stars

Doris Cornago

Awake In Our Minds

I'm
Looking
In retrospect
Life seems a speck
In the universe, gold dust
Scatters collecting in cisterns
Dreams are bottled in streams
Percolating amidst inconsistency
Caught in transition, evolving into
Better versions of ourselves, ages
Congealed in one precious moment
Swinging bridge extends interminably
Mourning losses, life is paused once
Then on it goes into a fancy whirligig
Repeating in billowing time patterns
We are exactly where we should be
The only constants in this formula
 $X \text{ and } Y \text{ equals } Z$, see my fantasy
When tired, sound peters away
Night comes on winged feet
Darkness squelches the
Light but we're wide
Awake in our
Minds

Doris Cornago

Arms Immobile On Stone Statues

How
Sweet
On the
Tongue are
Tears trailing
Down the valleys
Fervid forgetfulness
Formative forgiveness
Plate's full of memories
Deeply embedded obstructs
Mandibula masticating mystic
My morose mind, mincing none
Marinating thoughts of losses
Holy wholesome hold-uppers
Devourers discover dangerous
Derelicts demystifying stone
Sculptures are mere stones
Statues on immobile arms
Jewels on crowns are
Stones smoldering
Colored coldness
Massive masses
Contracting
Congealing
Convent
Cons

Doris Cornago

A Boy Who Needed Sun

A
Boy
Hides
Here who
Needed sun
Where there
Frolic swans
Disinterested
Doubly doubted
Goodwill gouted
Skin cancer dare
UV rays endangered
Endless days drone
Immobile from throne
Then beckoned a bird
Made circles of eight
Fanciful flight freak
Freedom frames from
Jonathan Livingstone
Banished his boredom
Kindled imagination
Soon sailed on sea
Blue sky glidering
Puny ponders plan
Maze meandering
Tea times timing
Ticktocktocking
Sailor sailing
Scoping shore
Scatterbrain
Stultifying
Scorching
Sun with
Wisdom
Wings
On

Doris Cornago

A Mermaid

Yet
Here
Hidden
A mermaid
Tremblingly
Terrified of
Stranger dark
Against the sky
Hiding her sun
Contemplatingly
Looks into her
Mirroring eyes
Seagreen as
Seagrasses
Shimmering
Sloshing
Silvery
Scaly
Tail

Doris Cornago

Anointing Oil

When
Broken
And I am
Lost, alone
Rolling into
Gravelly gore
Muddy marinate
Slime stye stone
Groundless groan
Fresh anointing oil
Flows from my boils
Gilead fills two hands
Broad bounties spread
Unselfish care caresses
Heart's tears fill own
Eyes, watering down
Disenchantment and
Disillusion dishes
Ridicule ricochets
Frantic fantasies
Feelings of fear
Frenetic frenzy
Uncertainties
Soon scatter
Dissipates
Your love
Congeals
Crystal
Clear

Doris Cornago

A Preet Paradise

Morning comes on wings
Here's my early thing
Leisurely breathing
Landscape rolling
Tasks on teacup
Teaspoon ticks
Taxing tocks
Timid trips
Tireless
Tyrant
Soon
Hello
Bellows
Deed undone
Crushed cookies
On blueberry blues
Whole wheat waffles
Preet paradise ruined
Fork freaking out sliced
Tea is getting stone cold
Waffle wafting put on hold
Sharpshooter setup snagged
Rally's roast, relocate roost

Doris Cornago

All Tasks

Life

Starts at

Early Six am

Ends sometime

Near Six, so there

Starts and ends a

Day of traipsing on

Winged feet, or riding

Half naked like Godiva

On a fleet white steed

Skirmishes on dark nest

Will-o-wisp, merry crispy

Wafflemaker malfunction

Spreading with oily brush

Coffee, tea or instant oats

Marking map for demolition

Audio on full, where's Don

Wave the white flag, done

All tasks, don my tea mask

Slack on slack, hurrying up

Defrozen pack, saucing up

Dock on microwave dollop

Diminutive familiars in gym

Brandishing familiar brand

Mr. Sunshine Netflix brine

Maintenance maim game

24-hour shield concealed

Loving the lap sans gap

Powering 4-hour naps

Storm surely's coming

Pagasa on prediction

Laundry on location

Apollon viral doom

Safe makes sense

Predilection burn

Mixing margarita

Leisure ensure

Shatter shards

Pixel pleasure

Outed umpire

Mystic spire

Messy mix

Photos

Prix

Doris Cornago

Across Oceans

Winds

Blew hard

Took away life

Days grew dimmer

Nights were colder

Sail went slack with

Wariness to steer by

Across oceans a lone

Sailor casts a golden

Net of billowing wind

Whisking off my fleet

With one greet, such

Feat, never before

Meet, world create

Doubts cast aside

Diluting defeats

Divulge secrets

Disagreements

Derail rails

Blazing on

Wayward

Home

Doris Cornago

Ambiguity

Am

Scared

Crossing

Busy traffic

Two way street

Worlds in compete

My life's reckoning

Suffering's shocking

Over his lost bearing

On loving fast trains

Gone fasttrack tracks

Loving crowds, crowns

Dazzled with yearning

Freedom fractioning

Saving my scolding

Dismounting horse

Disband the band

Welcome's well

On homecoming

Disambiguate

Disembark

His lark

Set on

Park

Doris Cornago

A Game Of Crap

Fruits hang heavily on branches
Harvest honed humanoid cloned
Humans away on translocation
Bats bicker for the brunch
Gallivanting goalkeepers
Gone to the world cup
Lost the return map
Such game of crap
Dillydally drab
Willy Wally
Tin-man
Alley
Hero
Harrow
Falter on
Minimockery
Daily drudgery
Run the gauntlet
Wield worn weapon
Sole searching soon
Grab grimy gargantuan
Scorch snow-white beast
In the mist, grumble grist
Monsters on target practice
Frazzled fray on limited play
Sallow-faced hero gone incognito

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A Boy Ruminated

Once
A boy
Ruminated
Visiting far
Mystic castles
All 600 of them
Scattered in Wales
Ended with a knight
With sweet ladylove
Went up a lovely hill
Feeling silly surreal
Racing up spectacular
Verdant countryside
Gentle mystic moors
KEY's own paradise
No match, no dice
Friendship gained
Lifetime friends
England's best
Wales' crest
Surprising
Packages
Blest

Doris Cornago

Ang Daloy

Tag-araw

Tag-ulan man

Patuloy ang daloy

Buhay na magiting

Paglubog ng araw

Hinahanap-hanap

Kumot sa lamig

Pagdating ng

Tagapag-ani

Sa takipsilim

Maglimlim

Halukipkip

Bantayog

Matayog

Malaya

Ka na

Sana

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Antagonists

As

Strong

Winds blow

Across window

Creasing my brow

Grazing ground askew

Storm topples steeple

Worrisome warlock wore

Swords, seek desolation

Puny banana bragging vow

Drowning in desperation

Heated boulders flung afar

Halfhearted hero go home

Lost tracking in London

Blue-eyed Vikings akin

Anakin missing ship

Clothes make VIPs

Rags strip, weep

Waffles waft aft

Antagonists

Maple map

Squirt

Stop

Doris Cornago

All Pointless This Silliness

Hours
Waiting
Emptiness
Fills my cup
Sourly sweet
Bitterness bothers
Puking from pub
Tiredly trots to bed
With lazy languid look
Nods head to questions
All is pointless silliness
Braggadocio feeds vertigo
Monster masters masterpiece
Awesome feat fits flatulence
Virulent vermin pleads vanity
Hibernating hoarders in hives
Aggravate alcoholics in drives
Mourn mornings marked knives
Jogging jags my brain no dice
Smile fades on face with lies
Gesticulating groggy grumble
Trampoline tramps tremble
Trust treatment trample
Utopia usurps utility
Imagine quandary
Beast betters
Bestiality
Boundary
Bends

Doris Cornago

A White Heron

Fear
Drives me
To your side
My enigmatic love
Formidable after dark
Despite drenching rain
Keeps me safe and warm
You're fire burning bright
Hearts opened with delight
Strangers share a free meal
Stretching into conversation
Your simple love is my home
In the middle of the jungle
Though there be ogres and
Trolls, you make them bow
Respectfully by your hand
Bridging the distance of
Strangeness to one of
Stark cognizance
A white heron
Heeding a
Distant
Call

Doris Cornago

All Refreshed

Pack your bags, prim for a pose
World is perfumed thorned rose
Beautiful, don't be deceived
Enjoy everything your eyes
Relish and return to me
Revived, all refreshed
Penury pingponged
Before you perish
Bored, beaten
Brain frozen
This is war
Monsters
Galore
but we
Need
Own
Stripe
Strength
Realization
Revocation
Remembrance
Reconnaissance
Render consonance
Recognize substance
Recover self-reliance
Renew strong resistance
What connects disconnects
Our shape, our sap, our zap
Gaping gaps give way to guzzle
Pairs and points are life's puzzle

Doris Cornago

Arrows Released

Our
Vow of
Honesty
Is like rain
Could make
Both insane
Cause urgent
Pain, yet urges
Disambiguation
Clearer direction
Arrows released
Goals screeched
Gates breached
Walking freely
Hands hold
Hearts own
Hurts are
Scarred
Slowly
Gone

Doris Cornago

A Madness

My
George
Had a flair
Under my care
Was once a furry
Friendly monster
Quick to lose temper
Brainy, brawny brawler
Softened, sooner tamed
Silly, sultry, soulish love
A madness for me to try
Weaning from base lust
Almost was a fine man
Believed obscene lies
Wild is only best for
Beast, so released
Roused by a troll
A rolling droll
Lost control
Pub-hopping
Mask folds
Nature's
Coddling
Called
Cold

Doris Cornago

Awaiting Succor

Hours
Spent with
You are gold
My world shifts
Like sand on sea
Travelling fearless
Eyes on your image
Shimmering distant
Strength recovered
Strap recompensed
Touched with fever
Shiver like Bieber
Without control
White pigeons
Are legions
Awaiting
Succor

Doris Cornago

A Pen In My Hand

Sunny
Mornings
On waking up
A pen in my hand
Breeze brings broad
Think thank thoughts
Scribbled scripts scrap
Raspberry rasping free
Fragile freedom frayed
Fracas frozen frolicked
Creamed waffle walled
Slippery slats slapped
Mobsters are lobsters
Posts pooled posters
Stir with a teaspoon
Stick with a fork
Ahead lies my
Work until
Dark

Doris Cornago

Ang Pinid Na Pinto

Taliwas ating mga panananaw, di tayo magkatulad
Tulad ng isang dayuhan ibang kulay ang balat
Gayon din kakaiba ang iyong pagkahubog
Kaya't malabo sa iyo kung bakit ganito
Hindi tanggap kaibhan ng pagkatao
Ang nakikita mo ay di kapareho
Pakiramdam mo'y ako'y sakit
Sa yong tadyang gumuguhit
Pumipiglas ka sa ating
Pag-uusap, aaklas
Sa pagkainis
Nililitis ba
Kita
Kulang
Lang aking
Mga kaalaman
Nais ko lang maalis
Mistryong nakabalot
Wala ka namang maisagot
Braso'y nakahalukipkip sa banas
Halakhak mo'y nasaid sa lalamunan
Pag-uungkat ano't nagugulumihanan
Para bang mga sibat ang payak na tanong
Kung mahal mo ako ay wala ka nang itatago
Buksan mo ang pinid na pinto't papasukin ako
Bakit, sino, kailan, nasaan, sisidlan ng iyong buhay
Pagkatiwalaan mo ako at ganun din naman ako sa `yo...

Translation of the poem "A Blessing Waiting at the End"

Doris Cornago

Ang Mabuhay

Pula ang pakiramdam ng ating pag-iibigan
Bumabalot ang init, masarap ang mabuhay
Pagtitiwala nagpapanatili ng ningas
Hindi ka nawala ngunit natagpuan
Nakapinid na pinto ay nabuksan
Nagkaroon ng direksyon mga
Sali-saliwa, baku-bakung
Daan, wala ng kulang
Wari mo'y itinakda
Ang isang orasan
Katangi-tangi't
Kaakit-akit
Walang
Pagdududa
Maningas parang
Araw, puno ng pag-asa
Nakilala mo na mahigit pa
Naka-daop palad pagpapala
Sobra sobra, parang humahangos
Na alon sa dalampasigan, banayad
Sa simula, tapos parang walang pagsidlan
Umaalimpuyo ang mainit na buhangin, naibsan
Ng dagat sa magkabilang panig, pumanatag, parang
Mga pader ng tubig naging kristal na matatag na gusali
Ngayon na ang pagtutubos, itigil na itong pagbabaka-sakali

Translated from the English poem "Alive";

Doris Cornago

Ako'y Paniking Pilay Ang Pakpak

Tumatakas sa kadiliman ng kalawakan
Ako'y pasuray-suray animo lasing
Sinubukan ko namang ayusin
Pang-araw-araw na gawain
Karaniwang paghahagis
Aking buhay wangis
Isang pendulum
Paroo't parito
Naaagnas
Mga
Multo
Mula sa
Kisame ng
Aking kwarto
Makitid na gilid
Patagilid, natatakot
Baka tayo'y madulas
Mabagal, humuhulas
Giniginaw tagos sa buto
Pag-ibig mo'y walang init
Nagyeyelo sa sobrang lamig
Sisinag pa ba ang umaga sa
Isang paniking pilay ang pakpak
Nakikinig sa iyong malambing na tinig
Isip ko'y humihingi ng aliw, tila mababaliw
Humahanap kahit anong gantimpala, umaasa
Gumuhit ang kidlat, kumulog na, juggernaut pala

Translated from the English poem "A Bat On A Broken Wing";

Doris Cornago

Adulasyon Iginagawad Sa Mga Nanalo

Kasuutang balabal at sundang
Buhay walang unlad, tamad
Halimaw ay walang habas
Magnanakaw ng alahas
Galit sa pagkawalang
Lakas, binastos ang
Hubad na bayani
Pagkakaibigan
Nagsimula sa
Igsing musta
Mahinang
Tapik
Sa
Board
Hindi sa
Aking balat
Walang ngiti
Sa kalawakan
Parang anaconda
Kakaibang plataporma
Nagkalat sa ating mga isip
Mga panaginip nagtatakda ng
Pagsupil sa malaganap na apoy
Minarkahan ang ating mga kumunoy
Adulasyon iginagawad sa mga nanalo
Tandaan mo, kaya tayo'y mga kasabwat

Translated from the original English poem
"Adulation Heaped Only On Victors"

Doris Cornago

Adulation Heaped Only On Victors

Cloak and dagger adventurous
Lives we lead are tenuous
Monsters crave gem lode
Ripped from harvest
Furious abasement
Hero walks frozen
Our friendship
Started with
Terse hello
Softly on
Machines
Slight
Tap
No
Skins
No smiles
Across vast
Slithering space
Incorrigible schemes
Dreams litter our minds
Setting whole places afire
Brilliance marked our methods
Adulation heaped only on victors
Hold the mobile, we are conspirators

Doris Cornago

A Mirage In The Fading Light

Sun
shines
directly
in my eyes
Blinding me
Angelic halos
winking eerily

Bedazzled mind
Mesmerizing hot
Sweet turpidity
Sedate facade's
a mirage in the
fading light of
the hot desert

Shimmers heat
Egos deflate
Regurgitate
Pallbearer
marching

Boxed
in

Doris Cornago

A Dangerous Opposition

Touch me with this in mind
A woman's fearful scorned
A dangerous opposition
Sweetened deposition
Honey not from bees
Nor mind's idiocy
Engage me truly
Sacriligious
Banter is
Sickened
Plural
Is
Silly
Slander
Slow down
Sloppy slip-up
Ignoring safely
Marked boundaries
Rolling logs, spikes
Sharpened for security
Glinting bright with sun
Armor's on, we need to run

Doris Cornago

Antacid

Life's fun when young
At forked road, find
Two hands are empty
Grasping at straws
Lost all in gamble
Pride in trample
Gullible fool
Pitiful tool
Paid torpor
Palindrome
Monstrous
Mimicry
Wasted
Time
Dip
In
Lime
Drink
Antacid
Drawn out
Dereliction
Grave matters
Source of fears
Arrears in litter
Your life's clutter
Passion poisons air
Rolling in the gutter
Recriminations rankle
Sad affairs in fetid water

Doris Cornago

As Peacock Prances

My heart is a peacock
Showing out feathers
Beckoning to you
Come hither
Delight
Don't
Fright
Lover by
My bedside
Eyes staring
Words striving
Hopelessly saying
Stay, but as peacock
Prances, no one notices
Pitiful bird plays a dirge

Doris Cornago

As Tears Raced On Hot Cheeks

Dark earth beneath my feet
Nestles intrepid seeds
Fragile, meek, roots
Creep, shoots out
Tiny leaves like
Many fingers
Few crystal
Droplets
Starts
Life
As
Tears
Raced on
Hot cheeks
Stirring my
Heart, giving
Hope to minds
Your tiny fingers
Touching every fiber
Finding me like I am
Soft, meek and hurting
Flowers blossom, pollens
Scatter, in a dark universe
Where a million seeds settle
Dark thoughts filtered by care

Doris Cornago

A Shooting Star

Day
Comes
Cold, chilling
Me to the bones
Overnight grown
Older, but so much
Shorter, reflected in
A mirror, my ugly twin
Eyes bleary, dank hair
Hoarse voice croaking
Vacillating on deletion
Dreams have burst at
The seams gleams
A shooting star
Emerged from
A universe
Dig deep
Within
Mine
Me

Doris Cornago

Anaconda Poems

A cave where there's dim light
Such is life, without a guide
Sun unseen, rummaging
In my kitchen for a bite
Knife nicks a finger
Blood oozes out
Eyes still shut
Mosquitoes
Swarm on
The spot
at the mark
Raises a welt
Comparing the
Sting to the pain
Mind shut off, numb
So much aplomb with
Microwaved felicitation
My life's gain is this cave
Sight unseen, bloodbath in
Dingy kitchen, poems at 6am

Doris Cornago

A Spin

This is
The woman
Who loved you
From the moment
You made her know
You can be most kind
Touch her with snakes
Entwining, had her run
Days full of fun, sharing
Thoughts-bound poems
Sunlight streaming in her
Darkened room, smell of
Sweet lilacs, symphony
Filled the room when a
Key icon glows green
When days end grim
Fancy blossoms
Decked brows
Send in a
Spin

Doris Cornago

A Clay Pot

Scouring through caves
Two strangers came upon
A clay pot of sealed top

Fortune inside unknown
Whose share is bigger
Whose effort comes more

Should sharing be done
According to what's won
From heart's desire reknown

Doris Cornago

Affections

Weary warriors wobbled home
Wearing kilts, drag pitchforks
Villages pillaged into ashes
Bones, altars desecrated
Gods ending in sacks
Some became tools
Some into heathen
Trinkets, briskets
Calloused hear
Doleful dirges
Fear merged
Crystalline
Heritage
Divinity
Awake
Forsake
Happiness
Comes within
Coffers emptied
Me with you, alone
Mythical firebreathers
Defying gods of nations
Punishment for aggression
Demolition, derelicts, notions
Defiant disruptions of systems
Gamefication, cash in breakdowns
Upheavals of foundations, affections

Doris Cornago

Adoring Every Part Of You

Life's pleasure is wanting free time with you
All about you, a virus caught somewhere
You're cooling crystal water upstream
Breeze blowing in a tall mountain
Rocks found in different shapes
Funny chirping bird brightly
Plummaged but uncaged
Morphing once more
Before time ends
My pleasure
Till the end
Consistent
Inconsistency
All your varieties
Reflecting a mindset
Withholding all but self
Smorgasbord, buffet style
For my scrutiny, adoring every
Part of you, both dark with light
Nook, a hook, an outlook of a book
Tasty flavors, spicy-sweet, tangy-sour
Addressed to any who listens, freely given

Doris Cornago

Appetites Whet By Lust

Too many dark shadows, open a window
Look out to the the streets below you
Too many lost people, inside hollow
Zombies skulking in stalking steps
Victims, wondering what's at the
End of the funnel, tethered by
Goals set by others, minds
On a consumption bent
Appetites whet by lust
Not evident in suits
Manicured nails
Perfumed from
Paris or else
Cloned by
China
Everyone
Else aping
Upswept hair
Fashion current
Approved brands
Colors of the month
From glossy brochures
Mask on surgical ligatures
World wallowing in pleasures
Like a vigorous valving of a giant
Vagina, every corpus hypnotized by
Slogans, come hither for the slaughter
Fancy thoughts, fancy words, fancy lives

Doris Cornago

As Heart Bellows

Flames die down, sparks flicker with ashes
Once more, our enemies leave us rattled
Despondent, without balm for wounds
Hunger pangs affect our decisions
Echoes resound as heart bellows
Sun and moon create shadows
Children hung by the beams
Unsettled lay our dreams
Supplanted by schemes
Disappointed drones
Disgraced heroes
Languishing in
Dungeons
Unruly
Victorious
Bullies mock
Appetites aping
Vulgar chanting in
Lustful merrymaking
Dunking in orange urine
Drinking from precious cups
Rituals entombed with ancestors
Fornicators, dissidents without nations
Yet so powerful, vanquish marginal poverty
Mercenaries of a foreign legion, knock on doors

Doris Cornago

Addictive

Raising motley of dragons in islands
Monster and lords on our mobiles
Waves splash, memories awash
Windows misted over with dew
Snowflakes and cornflakes
Sludge the choco fudge
Making out is a way
Of knowing you
Denizen of
Games
Silly
Cat
Missing
Afternoon
Nap, what's up
Please don't snap
Get the monster map
Reconnaitre your troops
Equip and heal, or conceal
Surreal, addictive, such a thrill
Captive heroes let loose in snow
Strategic steps, relocation costs coins
Sending precious RSS for your attention

Doris Cornago

Alone In My Room

Life can be glorious simplified
Breakfast among the plants
Idly soaking you in a tub
Scrubbing your back
Writing poem on
My tab swiftly
Like breeze
Brushes
On my
Cheek on
Sneak snack
A hot afternoon
Alone in my room
Feet tucked in divan
Napping by the window
Scrolling past book scenes
An ice cream cone with choco
Fudge, smudges my lips, cheeks
Hands sticky, lick fingers one by one

Doris Cornago

As I Want

Nature's child unbridled, creatively gifted
Running wild, sowing seeds by hands
Fertilizing the fallow land with dung
Responsible to no one in my farm
Growing my own trees, pruning
As I want, molding thoughts
Into fanciful bitter gourds
Words flourish, wishes
Demolish, poisons
Dishes, fruits of
Dark desires
Designed
Spiced
Fermented
Freely availed
Callow containers
Dreams drug, drag us
Into a hole, no one sees
Gaps gallop like bats blinded
Winging our way by echoing echo
In caves of nonexistence, resistance
Strewn about as traps like yawning yew
Minds strapped like a polygamist alchemist
Until love led me to the brew of irresistible you

Doris Cornago

Astrological Mapping

Just happy to be here waiting, a widow as I am
Not a very exciting life, on a certain algorithm
Such is my circumstance, a happenstance
Don't know why we clicked as we did
Wayward without guiding compass
Maybe some stars crisscrossed
Carry each other, just because
Paths were altered plotting
Hoping to find a mission
Astrological mapping
Foretold long ago
By scientology
Divergence
Happens
Delude with
Solid statistics
Gullible populace
Political maneuvering
Crappy cropping of crops
Understanding leads to far
More experimental experiences
More backward-looking, distressing
As unhappiness never leads to happy
Fracas fractionalizes to dripping discord
Dissatisfaction leads to more comparison
My mind's distracted by information overload
Logical estimation from investigation, evolution

Doris Cornago

Anger Percolates

When I cannot understand, when I am not
Perfection, just a scab on your flawless
Perception, then I lay myself down
Like a sly swift panther, waiting
For a weak prey, percolating
In perceived humiliation
Put off by digression
From discussion
On condition
Relocation
Sum up
Costs
Hindering
Our projected
Meeting across
Oceans, out of time
Inconceivable reasons
Yet inconvenient, reticent
Inconsistent reasoning piques
My mind's lenient yet instinctive
Irritate, unkept pledge, just perjury
Like sand grating on bare feet, injures
Insinuate something doleful, incarcerates
Hope stranded in hot sand, anger percolates

Doris Cornago

A New Morning

Sitting among the grasshoppers
Drenched to bones with dew
A new morning greets me
Strands nod welcome
Green and brown
Honeysuckle
Periwinkle
Startle
Me
With
Tittering
Talk among
Like maidens
Sharing gossips
Hush, a mild breeze
Blows on my eyebrows
Eternity stretches, stillness
Stalks with mildest movement,
Miracles marinating, spawned here
Where I am, sitting alone in reflection

Doris Cornago

All On A Spree

Field is golden brown but you're nowhere
Army's skirmishing, land laid to waste
Level up, soon enough or both dead
Pancakes plated, syrup savoring
Madly scrambling for a shield
Traffic below, horns honk
Aircon's wheezing low
Summertime heat
Slow heartbeat
Mind's blown
Boredom
Gloom
Run
Around
Your room
Anywhere cover
Don't bother, titter
Mad slaughter in the
Kingdom, so much litter
Forgot the shield, yet build
Where's your guild, sound rally
Your folly, my golly, all on a spree
Nothing's left in the pillage of village
Be with me, in the darkness, be my light
My pure delight, without a thong, not wrong

Doris Cornago

As Titanium

Inseparable creatures tied with a cord
Flexible like silken steel, as titanium
Extending over oceans, filaments
Enclosing in a vacuum, sealed
Growing over time, congeal
In frozen silence, flowing
Like droplets of tears
Distilled in patience
Crystalline pure
Overhanging
Stalactites
Unicorns
Immaculate
Hearts lifted up
In kindred kindness
Sublimation of emotion
Untouched by excesses of
Human lusts, silly sauna baths
Snowstorms, cast off in avalanche
Withstanding rumors, humors, vapors
Different flavors, multicolored vari-forms
Love is prison, love is free, obscure boundary

Doris Cornago

A Bat On A Broken Wing

Fleeing darkness from enclosing
Fitted spool on spool threading
Rush to fix the net maddening
Not just my daily usual fling
My life feels a mad sling
A pendulum swinging
Through every bling
Hilarious hanging
From low ceiling
Narrow ledge
Teetering
Sliding
Slow
Tow
Troll
Terribly
Terrifying
Stultifying
Freezing cold
No ray of hope
Like a bat flying
On a broken wing
Going by the clicking
Of your voice, agonizing
Mind seek solace singed
Heat, cold, wet, alternating
Noting the crystals cropping
Reflecting on rewards, singing
Best days of life contemplating
In the distance lightning cracking
Thunder booming, juggernaut rolling

Doris Cornago

A Lone Masked Jagged Juggernaut

Duckling in a small pool, you came on a whirlpool
Of a storm and tried to to see how another world
Fits your temperament, blazing unending duels
Words crossed, muggle, laughing most times
Silliness, compensation for lack of interest
Scope the battlefield, injured, outwitted
Back into dark hole, suddenly realized
Words tear and mend us, anger cuts
Understanding clothes nakedness
In time, blooms out of the ooze
Blood mixed in pungent brine
Grimy after a fray, we meet
At water's edge, bathing
In refreshing coolness
Easing sordidness
Scared of your
Utter silence
Personal
Defeats
Glitter like
Sharp sword
By a lone masked
Jagged juggernaut
Donkeys caught in your
Slay spree, wasted wisdom
Lack of forgiveness, spent all
Packing my bags, yet stopped in
Recall, you're the only one who has
Truly loved me with unswerving loyalty
Treated me with respect even when in my
Circumspect, watched me with keen eyes as
A panther will watch a potential prey, dark eyes
Glinting, not committing to anything but relying on
Logic, sorting evidences as facts and fiction, omission
Discounted as weakness, telling you all what's the score
Separation prohibited, soon reminded by chapters in books

Doris Cornago

Angels Without Wings

Tough is when you need to walk the road alone
People ask you questions, answers contested
Resolved not to depend on anyone but self
Independent of others diminutive views
Roads yet to walk, unseen road signs
Where to turn, driving blind, what's
Behind, whys do not matter now
As much as how to reach that
Spot where you can make a
Full stop on a green light
By the roadside, ponder
Mazes are cleared by
Grace, darkness is
Contrasted with
Sparks of light
Some sort of
Forgiveness
Unrelenting
Hopeful
A widow
Is still
Whole
Don't
You know
Her strength
Which stretches
Beyond roads and
Upward to the heavens
Clasping hands in prayer
Asking for redemption for all
Like titanium, good weldability
Ready availability, just send for me
High tensile strength, low weight ratio
Withstands heat, the rest complain of hell
Workhorse of all metals, lightest for airplanes
Widows are angels without wings, tears fall in disdain
Says the song, am criticized but all your bullets ricochet
Nobody could put me down, even the deepest sea despise me
Shoot me down, and I lunge at you, am bulletproof nothing to lose

Doris Cornago

A Ride Just For Tonight

Shallow valleys, shadow alleys
Lonely cat on a moon chase
Discards strewn wayward
Niggardly, sick at heart
Flamboyant tomcat
Lugs a flashlight
Eyes shining
Alighting
Quickly
Like
A neon
Glinting
Dark knight
Beckons to me
His steed prances
Inviting me for a ride
Just for tonight he warns
Tomorrow may forget sorrow
Unpredictable lies his treasure
In distant lands, cold with snow

Doris Cornago

As Sun Sets Low

Seized by the whirligig of delight
Prancing about in pure might
You were a vision in black
Taken you out on a ride
A frisky daring steed
Hardly stopped on
Steep upclimb
Grip slipping
Ventilating
Oxygen
Eyes
On
Goal
Almost
Reaching
Promontory
Frictions freak
Things suddenly
Agitated, distracted
Tipped to the left side
Heavyweight mires you
Character flaws hit us low
Asked me please step down
Willingly sent you on your own
Meet as sun sets low on horizon

Doris Cornago

And There Fellowship

Should there be no sun, when tomorrow is gone
Should we fall down, voices drown our own
Visions blur, murmurs confuse, threaten
Knees bleed in pleading, thinking
Undeserving of grace, in too
Much disgrace, abased
In the mad slaughter
Time is wasted
Marinated
Heads
Like jelly
Bent so lowly
Mirages dazzle
Squander strength
Yet our hopes blossom
Roots seek crystal drops from
Under the weight of this occlusion
Desert nurtures, gloomy horizon beckons
Mindless, clueless, cleaving in mutual earnest
Two cacti, spiny bright green, unwavering in stance
Where waters run deeply, we seek it and there, fellowship

Doris Cornago

A Man Past Prime

Summertime brings lazy thoughts
A cool tall drink frosty green
Crushed ice, straw between
Parched lips seek solace
Pool across looks dross
Body and soul in moss
Garden somewhere
Lies in dire neglect
Angels genuflect
Repent, for lost
Times, a man
Past prime
Memories
Collects
Softly
Touch
Silken
Colored
Ribbonettes
Flimsy cardboard
Boxes nestling inside
Glass walls neatly stacked
Reward of times served in war
Medals of valor, purple hearts adore
Yet fingering metal recall mounting anger
Tumultuous unending gunfire, echoing madly

Doris Cornago

Angels Feared

Fought hard, still missed the mark
Yet synchronicity has aligned
Our purpose, looking at the
Distant unseen things
With night vision
Not double
Illusion
But
Solid
Foundation
Body heat showing
Where we walked, talked
Maps marking where hearts
Bled the most, forfeits flowing red
Yet tread where angels feared, unafraid

Doris Cornago

A Fast Clip

Anonymity gets us free passage
On a train trip to crypto eternity
Cryogenic bodies frozen stiff
No governments trace our
Identities, no taxes, no
Fees, all on a fast clip
Goods exchange in
Free market bids
Shifting sands
Fine strands
Foothold
Loose
Gets
Lost in
A toss up
Mayo salad
Humanity mash
Futurism on a dash
Quickly add up, startup
Brains a brewing, no clues
Leave the dots, wayward in a
Maze, find your partner, no dice
Lies, lies, all the hyperbole now dies

Doris Cornago

A Pathway

Walking a pathway is complicated
Choices litter, puzzles obstruct
Your one key opens the lock
Mind deconstructs, block
Past attempts conceal
As well as seal all
Ways to paths
Unsealed
Gaps
Flourish
Can't demolish
Buildings half built
Foundations are secure
Falter not, waste not your own
Treasure of experiences, failures
Lifetime weaving of dreams, goals taken

Doris Cornago

Armadillo

An Armadillo with its armored
Skin sauntered to a stranger
You touch me and I flinch
Your words coach me
Back to the edge of
Where we started
Friends in cyber
Space, aliens
Mirroring
Strong
Each
Other's
Strangeness
Learning to see
Ourselves in a better
Light, distance abridged
Reticent at first, opening up
Laughing at our inconsistencies
Kinship, fellowship, marooned ship
Armor aside, diffused by trust and love

Doris Cornago

And When Grief Comes

Just when you feel perfect, got it all
You're scot free, inconsequential
Matters don't touch, discomfort
Irks, upset you, need no one
Here it comes, unfamiliar
Loving is frightening
It makes you hope
Beyond hoping
And when
Grief
Comes
Heartbreaking
Defeat stuns, makes
You want to give up, but
No, love reaches out touching
You, and you come in again, fearful
Of nothing, grateful for the company of those
Who love you beyond defeat, beyond fear, or death

For all who's frightened of loving a friend...

Doris Cornago

Add More Vegetables

Sharing a pizza is fine but having yours alone is a dream
Big or small appetites are suitable for one bite more
A lot of our complaints are settled with a stream
Delectables chosen from a menu, a scream
Wouldn't spend a day more just to score
Take your fill, belly full, tomorrow's null
If life were a pizza, I'll just add more
Vegetables, hold the hot sauce
Sprinkle white melty cheese
Sticky and drippy pulpy
Slice after slice, no
Dice, this is truly
Paradise, in a
Plate, never
Pausing
Reflect
Not
On
Your
Tummy
Ache that
Comes on the
Dot, you've earned
The lot, oversimplified
Consequences of losing
Control, wanting more of life
Just get more of it from the store
Appetites wane and soon all become
Just a bore, a tummy ache also comes
With the plate, surfeit never soonforecasted
What can be had is never clarified, winner drools
Take out the knife, slice into pieces, who will protest
No one's bequest, be with the rest, not about to detest
Such a hullabaloo, nothing's askew, life's on a roll, oh more!
??????

Doris Cornago

Admonitions

Know
Teaching
Is not words
Uttered in anger
Admonitions hard
In stone, rules never
Bending, least of all
A rod for punishment,
Rather it enlivens
Inquisitive minds into
Exploring, sorting out
Information, poking
Into loopholes, fun
In new discoveries,
Colors mixed with
Hands, messing
Up but owning
Up to image
Completed
Creation
Owned
Self.

Doris Cornago

Another Home

Loving your world and making those in it
Feel loved beyond words, makes their
Lives extend to new dimensions
Triggers happy connections
Creating words, halos
Kaleidoscope of
Colors in
Minds
Hearts
Hopes that
Binds purposes
Cleans up mistakes
Lessons are better learned
No one is left behind in despair
Loneliness leaves the chair and fun
Takes over, winning all over, mending
Brokenness, negligence, another home made

Doris Cornago

A Wildflower

As I was
Passing by
Flowers so blue
Or of a different hue
Scattered in the field
Dancing with the wind
Frolicking on the thought
Today is a day well spent
Tomorrow brings showers
Shouldn't bother, fetch me
A bundle, even if petals fall
One by one, whisper a tune
Hopeful in the gloom of my
Room, friends laid to rest
Are bouquets of flowers
Brightened my days
Delighted me in my
Loneliest, even as
I am among all
Just a wild
Flower

Doris Cornago

At The Keys Is My Key

Fights we choose are not meant to make
Us a recluse, but should make us grow
Hindsight is owning up to my faults
Hatchet buried, daughter of Thor
Thought was the crossfit victor
Maybe that's never me at all
Lessons earned when you
Kept with me like a wind
Stressfully, mindlessly
Tugging at your toy
Fingers almost cut
By razor-sharp
Wires, tongue
Lashing out
Fingers
Sharp
At the
Keys
Mind
Pulls
Resist
Tirelessly
You held up
Made your mind
Up about me, the wind
So free, learning to harness
Takes kindness, firmness, but yes
Effervescence can't be contained in
Old wineskin, bursting out must be tempered
In wooden cask, allowed to breathe, never bottled

Doris Cornago

Anger Memorial

Madness is a sorry disaster when unfettered
Irresolute, don't be destitute, confused
Such ignominy destroys sweet harmony
Wreckage lies awaiting resolution
In the flurry of his breathing
Comes a vision of steel
Arising out of the
Far horizon
Tentacles
Eight
Of
Them
Inching
Up to me
Convolution
Razor sharp like
Scissors, snipping at
Me in anger, ripping my
Bonds, eight brains working
Questioning reasons, deduction
Quizzing, madly articulating words
Logical versus illogical, wounds opened
Slash, slash, such a verbal clash, rage alas!

Doris Cornago

A Rejoinder

A rejoinder to this man
Escaping gravity pull
Finds resistance
Freedom is not
Momentum
Gained
But
Space
Retained
On movement
Keeping your
Distance from
Unwanted instance
Steady, well-grounded
Eye leveled, edge beveled.

Doris Cornago

Apparitions

I am
Sitting
Here alone
Ruminating on
Wasted chances
Halfsteps, doubts
Backward glances
Apparitions pounce
Delusions on what if
Causality pondering
Premonitions scatter
Breaking asunder our
Beliefs, on faith and
Misplaced loyalty
Punishment by
Death, due to
Differences
Religion
Burns
Out

Doris Cornago

Am I

I
Came
Upon a
Weathered
Wooden grain
Splinty rough
Harsh to touch
Firm grip on bar
Rusty nail speaks
History long gone
Stepping back thru
Steel portal of my
Mind's eye, a piece
Of me withers away
Yet the bar holds
Firm, functional
Steel screwed
Through
Wood
Am
I

For Mark L
Don't mind the wood
Be the screwed on steel

Doris Cornago

A Holographic Rendition

Wet
Dreams
Out on the
Beach, waves
Roll in and roll out
Dipping my feet first
Then plunged in where
Water goes deeper and
Gasp seeing a whole new
World in luminescent green
Wavelike motions in a surreal
Dance beckoning me in sweet
Undulations of crystal romance
Mask is forgotten scaled maiden
Mesmerized by a water kingdom
Memories now transformed into a
Deja vu sensation what has been
A premonition of long-time seaside
Rendezvous now unfurled, facing
A holographic rendition, seahorse
Rider dismounts, fins of silver-hue
Eyes meet mine in recognition
Lips clamped shut now open
Wide smile bubbles swarm
Enveloping me with a
Warm embrace but
From a distance
Sublimation of
Emotions,
Uncorks
Bottle
Home
Now

Doris Cornago

Arguments Versus Agreements

Here I am alone
Groping for answers
Weary eyes wet with tears
When confronted with the facts
The shades of your eyes taunt me
I meant no disrespect but I searched
Till it dawned on me that every tiny flicker
Movement of light skimming the darkness
Is your mind's creation reaching out to me
Reflection of past events, through photos
Bereft of the chaos, battling own demons
Skimming my mind, creating many halos
Illuminating disagreements, all doubts
Your anger spent, in recompense
Drowning me in ethereal light
Your love's my only delight
Making short my flight.

Doris Cornago

Am A Fish

Steel fish sculptures set apart
Harsh against the soft sea
Billowing white clouds
Swimmingly stark
Faraway land
But deep
In my
Core
Sting
Memories
Long departed
Skeletons of the
Past of skewed nets
Dragging against sand
Bottomless sea no longer
My sanctuary, am a fish caught
Manmade sculptures, gory and bloody

Doris Cornago

Awakening

Always strive for fresh wholesomeness
Need not show your deep cleavage
Or too much skin to get attention
Just be kind, thoughtful, sweet
In words, don't cross swords
Don't nitpick each other's
Hair, simple honesty
Is fair but despair
Not when met
Florid anger
Give your
Opinion
When
Asked
But
Other
Wise be
Hushed to
Silence, be
Forewarned in
Advance that no
One wants gumption
Too much inattention
In a crowd can get your
Goat, but best not applaud
When you feel crappy, walk out
Not your monkeys, nor your donkeys
Don't reach for the trapeze if you can't
Swing, remarks can sting, can also kill you

Doris Cornago

Awareness

There was this lump one morning
Looked back at what have been
Compared to what should be
Picked up my pace took up
Grace, determined to be
In pursuit of primary
Goals, not much
On failures
But how
Less
Is
More
Knowing
Turning my
Timetable to
Urgency of time
No longer in prime
Yet expiry date dictates
Pace, modes of decisions
Conspires for us to set aside
Fractionality, engage in harmony
Duality notwithstanding, understand
Who we are and our potential for greatness

Doris Cornago

Again Grazed Wet Cheeks

Realized this in the interim
Another day of waiting
Running after your
Shadow, your
Phantom
Again
Grazed
Wet cheeks
Dangerous mind
Solace of the meek
Insults bounce off me
Your mute silence wears
Down like a long dark gown

Doris Cornago

Alleviated My Overwhelming Darkness

Kept away, day to day distracted
You're my miracle, so stayed
Whenever I fear today
I look back at past
Events, where
I've been,
Grief
Losses
Sadness
Your hand
On my feet
Alleviated my
Overwhelming
Darkness, never
Will I fear again after
Knowing that someone
Comes with the package
A kind man, most humane
Set in motion, borrowed time
Fragile canoe riding the waves
Fearful, yet watching out for mine
Courage comes on the brink of brine
Love covering us like a comfort blanket

Doris Cornago

Amidst The Fervid Speculation

Our world is full of mute strangers
Anger brewing in stifled silence
Bleary eyed in sleeplessness
Permutation of chances
Mixed circumstances
Accusations thrown
Writers congress
Amidst the
Fervid
Speculation
Fear paralysed
Dissent is the milder
Storm, mixed potassium
Perchlorate implosion seeded
Stop the highway in high conundrum

Doris Cornago

A Future Wrought From Distant Ages

Time is your ally if you know the right path
Go fast or slow, does not truly matter
You're on your way and will be there
Enjoying the sight by hindsight or
Foresight does not make steps
Falter, just alone or together
Just the same gather
Your wits, don't be
Directionless
Find help
Faith
Is
The
Form
Of things
Unseen but
Prophesied to
One who listens
It's also a promise
That takes form from
Day to day like some hazy
Giant puzzle, a future wrought
From distant ages, now unfolding
In lives interlinked thru distant stars
Planets orbit, forces are interlinked without
Within, our hearts beat to a rhythmic universe

Doris Cornago

All Weather Man

The best love is set amidst a sea of troubles
Strengthened by a billowing wind, carried
To unknown lands by a sultry wavy sea
Hands to trim the sails feet to balance
Stood against a rising gale, no sleep
Eyes seek the light in the darkest
Night, discouraged, encouraged
Daily grows this twosome
Fellowship of words
Discord abounds
Yet sweetness
Drips with
Bloodied
Bonds
Sweat
In tears
Yet assured
Supplies for all
Withstand insults
Plaudits with praise
Pride overrides disgrace
All together bear struggles
Wake up hopeful, yet unsteady
Evermore, drift for six long years
Then, a land sighted on the horizon
Rejoicing, a New red moon soon rising
Maybe our paradise regained or just another
Midway land gathering provisions for tomorrow
Set sail for distant lands with an all weather man

Doris Cornago

A Heroine

Feet touch the floor beside the bed
Lips form a prayer for guidance
Slowly made my way to the
Kitchen to welcome
Birdsong greets
Eyes meet
Array
Of
Cups
Plates
Spoons
And forks
Clattering in
Meek obeisance
Duty bound to start
Another day again, meals
To serve, microwave prepared
Getting mighty good with gadgets
A heroine in the kitchen, diligence spent

Doris Cornago

All Those Marooned

Taking responsibility for my own health
Feeling negligent of our environment
Thinking about living huddled on a
Planet, hurtling through space
By force of an internal
Powerful magnet
Unhinged
We will
Be
Gone
In a sec
Wouldn't want
That happening soon
Don't displace the irate moon
Keep her in happy daily orbit in space
That's your solution versus all those marooned
Evade self-destruction, maintain your own distinction

Doris Cornago

At Times

A plant with leaves open to the air and wind
Indelible by rain, occupies the mind in a
Sweet refrain, signalling oh so green
Wavering, waving, fear nothing
Tonight and every dark night
Alighting by your bedside
Keeper of light by your
Sole appointment
Never a source
Of decei
Conceit
Nor
Selfish
Hoarding
Of your time
Disappointment
In being lost at times
In a maze, seeking warm
Embrace, but so cold by the
Door, ignore, gotta run, lack time
Drinking bottles of rice wine, what's
Your currency, golly gee, keep track on
Slack, everybody's gone, on the seen zone
Smoke out of fire, frozen desire, plants do wilt
Expressing appreciation, momentary procrastination

Doris Cornago

A Dart On A Target

Not a hummingbird but learning how to dance
Pelt me some, that would not be the last
I'm unbreakable and not made of glass
Never quibble on a mild squabble
Retreat does not mean defeat
We take on every chance
Not a backward glance
Sprinkle with
Romance
Such
A dash
Don't make
Into a clash
Be smart, fancy
A dart on a target
No one's a midget but
Squinty-eyed can get you
Targeted for someone lesser
Teary-eyed but still clacking
On the keyboard, we're way past
All niceties, passed your third degree
Scoring high, for every session, by volition
Knew all the moves by now, dancing in the rain

Doris Cornago

Among Strangers

Cheesy tuna pesto with black olives and garlic chips
Spoon out portions after benediction, welcome
Foodie to the kitchen, best place for a chat
Pass the hat, wayward brat weakened
Open table to strangers, eating
Together is peacemaking
Much like smoking
The peacepipe
Among
Strangers
Who talk a
Different tongue
In food found a friend
Make amends, pacify in
Agreement over food flavors
Whether chicken, fish or vegetable
Pass the bowl, second servings allowed
Just make sure the plate is full, smack your
Lips to show pleasure, chef's delight is empty store

Doris Cornago

An Ocean Apart

Unburden yourself with the weight of thoughts
Inconclusive ideas baffle, brain scrambles
Definitions jumble, who can unscramble
Find a geek, learn the codes, chatroom
Invitation, fencesitter is a no-quitter
Huddled together, off we go into
Hyperspace, design muddle
Real struggle repurpose
Netflix binge, retouch
Dreams are meant
To depressurize
Attics meant
For fanatics
An ant
Got
Caught
In a glitch
Time to switch
Series from Zoo
To Korean Oddysey
Where are we, what's
Your purpose, lost in a
Pose, is it the good doctor
Or the Scorpion now in action
Yet the real catch is utility and
Dysfunctional personality, an ocean
Apart brought together in a swimming
Pool, learn strategies from a mad Spector
In the end, it's you standing amidst the wreck
Lost and found, feet on the ground, reconnoiter
Recognize your strengths, what you have, strengthen

Doris Cornago

A Mass Of Sinuous Black

Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve
Nothing on my hands now
Clutching at the wind
Hair in a mass of
Sinuous black
Waving
Back and
Forth, exulting
Folds of skin billow
Don't shun me, laugh not
Lovely are the layers of dreams
With you, must I constantly evolve

Doris Cornago

Adieu 2017, Welcome 2018

Should 2017 be ours to trade for a day
The words on the tip of my tongue
Are the passwords to the portal
Where resides the Immortal
Only He who can lead me
To the edge of a stream
Where the deer drinks
Never thirst again
Filling me to
The brim
Like
A
Waking
Dream, joy
Evermore, adore
Lead me by pillar of
Light, and shelter me by
A cloud, kinship with strangers
I'm home where sent on a mission
World is a stage with roles to play
Sans gamification, realities make us stay

Doris Cornago

All Creation

Taking the best parts of 2017 and repackaging... Do this my friends, make everything brand new with an uplifted worldview. The world is at your feet, propagate love and do not fear it!

We are all creatures designed with love
By love, we are all constructed
Every sinew, every organ
Conceived uniquely
As you are in the
Oven minted
Your days
Will be
Glorious
Harmonizing
With all creation
Divine imagination
Lifting all in celebration
Renewable in reeducation
Your mind's vocation, exaltation
Take all opportunities to do your best
Flaws are meant to stretch as challenges
Every failure extends the path to more success

Doris Cornago

A Thousand Years

A ghost from the underworld
Walks on the threshold
Memories ignite
Feelings
Unite
Come in
From the cold
A thousand years
Of love in the making
We're evolving, you're king
I'm a fragile handmade figurine

Doris Cornago

A Promise That Holds

Love is like this, never ever tires
Never submits to tiredness
Even when there is hurt
Or no sense of light
Difficult is what
Keeps you
Going
Holding
On with all
You've got, till
Death do us part
Is a promise that holds
And binds, lifts up the head
Love until the end, do not dread
Being left alone, when love is gone

Doris Cornago

A Kiss Rejected On A Whim

The sigh of a whisper echoes in the mind's stillness
A quivering drop from an empty cup suspended
You and me in a slow motion skirmishing
With words, motives unknown like
Flagellation of skin with cuts
Deeply sears the spirit
Frowns line my
Brows
Wrinkles
Upon the brim
Full lips poised on
A kiss rejected on a whim
A punishment is what you think
Yet he flounders in knee deep waters
Unable to help himself, sadly depreciated
Demotivated by downturns, triggered by runs
Unwilling, unwhorling, unconcerned, but undefeated
Embrace him with all, thank the gods you are his keeper

Doris Cornago

Antidote

Loving another one too much is
Also truly loving one's self
Knowing what you need to
Survive, give your all
Hoarding every tiny
Bit as antidote
To future
Pain and
Loneliness
Not walking on
Clouds in blissful
Dreaming, barefoot on
Jagged stones cutting your
Skin, taking the dissensions
Repercussions of honest arguing
Being you, growing up in wide-eyed
Wonder of this new emotion sprouting

Doris Cornago

A Lost Love

faded memories of what went on between
a man so uncommon, beautiful to me
my eyes are wet with shed tears
my heart is heavy with unshed
burdens of the past repast
fuel for a book, every
nook full of energy
squandered glee
revelry in
reverse
of
truth
mourning
a lost love
someone who
no longer argues
who gets it started
an issue or touchpoint
of contention, such mindless
squabble, but no, intimacy with
words is sharing your thoughts on
a topic, skirmishing, touching, losing,
your words glittering in the warm sunlight
the battle half won is accepting one's defeat

Doris Cornago

Away From Work

Such bliss, such ingenuity, fitting you to me
Deflecting anger from miscommunication
Squares in stack, brains rack for words
Catching repentant eyes in glancing
Scoring, carefully tracking points
Not intent on winning, losing
A glimpse of you across
We're sharing time
Away from
Work
A
Flicker
Of light in
The dark night
Your hand warm
Your words touch
My contrary doubting
Mind, but my heart holds
Fast your words promising
Protection, tucking my feet in
When left all alone, scrambling
Sails wrecked by storm, lonesome
My alter ego who best understands
Dimmest perceptions, fangs and talons
Reformed toothless angel by your adoration

Doris Cornago

A Vision

Sometimes the flickering light gets awesome bright
Sometimes it dims and you tend to drift far way
When things are not working right, don't sail
But stay and get your thoughts focused
On that flickering light, no matter if
Just a spot, make sure it's there
The one purpose you're here
You've got to clarify what
Makes you persevere
What cost, what's
The cause of
Sleepless
Nights
A
Vision
Or just a
Ghost long gone
Feelings don't prove
Anything except that you're
Human, fallible, flexible, gullible
Listen to the voice inside your heart
What does it say about the truth of your
Desolation - is it only imagined or a distraction
As the sails are swept by the strong wind, and your
Fingers bleed from holding, hoist up or sails tie down?

Doris Cornago

Attention

My eyes see you everywhere you go
Anything you do is where I will be
No matter if we're together or
Alone, we're home in that
Place where our hearts
Find shelter, where
Our minds meet
Where nothing
Separates us
Words unite
And bind
Us tight
Make
Burdens
Light as air
Filtering despair
Acknowledging fears
Yet facing up tomorrow
Without a hint of doubt about
Who we are, to whom belongs our
Love, time, efforts, attention, devotion
Though tiredness overtakes and eyes lose
Focus, our minds remain sharp as knives drawn
Cutting through space, making our mark with others

Doris Cornago

A Chance To Be Known

A day in a certain month every year
Everyone is certain to remember
This special appointment with
The stork for special delivery
Such celebration, a boon
The day a child is born
Mine is no lesser or
Better than most
Whose moment
Is lost in brief
Surrender
A chance
To be
Known
A human
Happenstance
No swipe of a wand
But a meeting of minds
A courtship dance, such
Momentous edifying monument
Fitting adornment for me as well
The moment our names are made known
Take a bow, do your role well, start here

Doris Cornago

Awake

My weakness kept me weak
My strength took me away
Kept awake in the wake
Of the prospect of
Final distress
Take a rest
Do your
Best
Take up
Your bags
And pullout
Take a ride to the
Next station, owing
Nothing in your evolution
Be unafraid, make the best
Everything is good soul food
May not make it through the night

Doris Cornago

A Fruit Of My Own Evolution

Life taken on a spoon is fun
Waking up to warm sun
Feeling life in every
Cell, every leaf
Confirms
I am
Absolute
A fruit of my
Own evolution
Such a welcome
Intrepid distraction
The wind beckons and
I'm off to a new destination

Doris Cornago

A Chorus Of Children

A lone bellpepper makes it against the wind
And constant beating of the merciless
Rain shadowed by tiny leaves
Springing sprightly like
A chorus of children
Singing gaily
Sunup
Until
Sundown
I'll stay around
I'll be the clown not
Frown, but just be there
Holding fast by a sinuous
Branch fatly gripping, complaining
Not, nodding to the rhythm of my own
Music, singing contralto, yeah, de sintunado
Laughing at the universe rotating madly, rootless

Doris Cornago

A Darkened, Grieving, Angry Mind

How can I deny there is a God
Every step brings back the
Fact of my resistance
And my God's
Constant
Grace
In
Every
Pothole
Surrounding
Me, giving me
Recourse, a path
In an alley, a hidden
Stronghold to recover
When I lose track of the
Way, time to recover, heal
Find someone with an open
Hand, a spirit guide, a cooling
Wind, beckoning, some light, a
Faint sound, words to enlighten
A darkened, grieving, angry mind

Doris Cornago

As I Cannot Be True To My Feelings

If you question what's the answer
If I cannot gauge the width and
Depth, did not feel anything
Would it matter who
I am, or what I
Believe in
As I
Cannot
Be true to
My feelings
Hiding them deep
Within trying to reason
Failing to deny, losing control
Recognition brings my transformation

Doris Cornago

A Pool Of Sharks

So many faces, so many races
Our life undergoes so many
Phases, seeking definition
By our color, that's a door
Couldn't help but laugh
At that shortsighted
Crap, swimming
Through a
Pool full
Of
Sharks
That's what
When you try
To associate color
With anything credible
You're blinded by your mind
Black is beautiful, why not, but
Also, white, brown, yellow and a
Mixture of what's in between, who's
Gonna win this I-me-mine game, who is
To blame, but all of us trying to seek same

Doris Cornago

A Language Unspoken

You would never know if you took a safer road
What lies on the rough side, growing wild
Woudn't be familiar with animals
Language spoken to the
Rhythm of your
Heart
As
In hands
Reaching out
Meeting halfway
Around the other world
Seeing their eyes looking into
Yours, understanding a language
Unspoken but from the mind's universe

Doris Cornago

Alive

Being red is feeling the passion spread
Knowing you're loved keeps you alive
Being trusted keeps you motivated
You are no longer lost but found
Your life has turned around
Everything blazes infused
With direction and vision
Set straight on tracks
Running like a clock
Distinctly magical
Unequivocally
Majestically
Like the
Sun
Time
Is reset
All hopes
Met and more
Descending on
Wings, blessings
Galore, there's more
Despair flees like ebbside
Withdrawing from the hot sand
Like long mighty fingers raggedly
Opening up the sultry sea on both sides
Walls of water like crystal frozen buildings
Chuck your troubles and hopscotch thru them
Today is your redemption, stop your vacillation

Doris Cornago

As Often It Does

Never be unkind even when driven
Your flesh corrupts at the touch
Susceptible to deception
Be mild at all times
Guard your
Tongue
Speak
Of
Healing
When bile
Arises as often
It does, walk away
Go where the wind is
Gentle, water cools the feet
Look far away where the land
Kisses the sky and all else recedes

Doris Cornago

Another Bigger Round

Tough as nails, with my eyes dry
Sweet or sour by every hour
Bellyache's not my thing
World goes on its own
Heartbreak's gone
Cannot wear a
Frown, so
Washed
My
Face
Erased
All doubts
That love will
Carry me yet into
Another bigger round
Losers are winners too
Spin the wheel for another
Day, stop your noisy aching
Take a ride or walk barefooted
Choose your life's kind of highway

Doris Cornago

A Kindred Soul

Colors make us see more
Beyond our lines of vision
Also restricts our thinking
On imaginary distinctions

Yellow, black or white, red
Is the blood flowing in all
Heart cleanses the blood
Focuses overactive bod...

Whether deprived or blessed
Whether hungry or satiated
Your heart beats for one more
Looking after a kindred soul...

Doris Cornago

A Past Long Gone

A flower is incorrigible by its nature
Lures insects, helps disseminate
Pleasant, fragrant, colorful
Don't be reduced to a
Castaway from
A past long
Gone
Go
Gladly
Take your
Freedom and
Savor the hot sun
Basking in its warmth
Like a moon glowing placid
Among the envious blinking stars
Wait for the precious moment, discreetly

Doris Cornago

Aglow, Immortals Two

Out on a limb with you
Truly is frightening
Yet we pass the
Day mooning
Pretending
Life is
A
Swing
A plaything
We can make
Anything go up
By sheer will or make
It go so slow, deep down
Below, aglow, immortals two

Doris Cornago

A Rosebush, Thorny Yet Fragrant

'You are the most supportive and sweetest person in the world.
I have no idea why I have you with me, but to deserve you
Is a blessing. A blessing that leads to another blessing
And so on - because you pray and 'buy' us more
Blessings for a better life; however hard life
Gets, whatever I give or don't give you,
You still give me consistently, like
The sun that never stops giving
Light, life and love to all.'
And so I will even
Though hope
Strength
And
Vision
Flicker, your
Words majestic
Like the sun marking
The spot where love rose
And became a rosebush, thorny
Yet fragrant, inviting admiration but
Not all fun, traction lost when we let loose
Friction causes splits, near separation, alone
Days are long, couldn't carry on, where was I wrong
Recriminations, in desperation and desolation wounds
Love is never a game, not a competition of who's stronger
Love is not limited by time nor space, nor color of skin, nor politics
Love is the sea flowing into the ocean, when it gives it becomes more
<3

Doris Cornago

A Flood Surging

I am the blood of my ancestors
Screaming for reconciliation
With distant pasts cast
In stone, immovable
Not a dribble
But more
Like
A
Flood
Surging
In streams
Not conquered
By threats or bullets
Coming into completion
Despite constant confusion
Who, what, why, what for is now

Doris Cornago

A Touch Of Magic

Silent night...do you hear the whisper in the wind?
The mountains stand as stalwart sentinels
Unmoved by the changing of climates
But stars twinkle with the secret
Covered by the ghostly
Clouds creeping
Like soft
Cotton
A
Touch
Of magic
Warms our hearts
The all-seeing eyes see
The all-knowledgeable comes
He will not forfeit the inheritance
We are all created; we are not alone
Not the big bang, nor fusion, nor evolution
Not an afterthought; we are sent on commission

Doris Cornago

A Sweet Impression

When you need to know, let me just
Enlighten your doubting mind
Cast a sweet impression
On your subconscious
All things viscous
Not dragging
My feet
Step
On
The
Brim
So lightly
Not to frighten
Words gently brush
Your mind like a dream
On the edge of a cool stream
Drink with cupped hands, unburden

Doris Cornago

A Dip In The Pool

A dip in the pool is surely delightful
Luxuries dim in comparison to
Time spent in conversation
The water is cool but
Warmth comes
From open
Hands
Soft
In
Mine
Idle hours
Laughter on a
Joke, went there
For the pool is where
We have no power for laptop
Or the dumb tube, no remote for
Updates on news, games, series a
Bore, delighting ourselves once more

Doris Cornago

All Our Own

Disaster comes tumbling in with a roar
Despicable men came to plunder
Tearing the world apart
With guns and bombs
Yet the morning
Drifts in
And
we're
Out in space
All our own, spooning
Snugly in our own bedroom
Nothing can harm us even dogs
We're locked in solitary, even gods
Can't mar the landscape of our seclusion

Doris Cornago

Afraid But Braver

When the lights dim and I can no longer see the path
Realize then needed only the guidance of my heart
Marked where I've come from, where I'm going
Milestones walked by my feet, no one's feat
Who was with me, who walked halfway
Soon flagged in strength, continued
On unceasing, breathing, afraid
But braver still, faltering yet
Blaming none, choices
All mine, no one
Can walk
Them
That
Is
Fine
Life may
Be long or short
No matter, make it
More memorable, more
Bright for strangers, take
None in return and you're blessed
More in ways unknown, in paths tread
By others, revolving, radiating in big circles
Not now maybe, but for another soul more needy
Bless with your mouth, bless with your heart, all evolves
With the wind, with the sea, for all eternity, faith casts indelible
Not belligerence, but kindness like waves, ebbing back and forth

Doris Cornago

An Alien In This Discordant Time

This man who came on the stage
Came down to my side as he sang
Songs of my distant past, realized
I'm an alien in this discordant time

I'm soft and weepy, seeking an arm
Whispered words, welcome warmth
I'm a sister, a friend, never a stranger
You're here seated, taking up a thread

Doris Cornago

As Coded Signal

As a firefly burns in the night
I'm part of an army of light
We've come from places
Undisclosed faces
We know hurts
Balled in
Hard
Concealed
Soon bursts in
Flames spreading
Thru as coded signal
Come hither my comrades
Darkest night, burning forests

Doris Cornago

A Touch On Skin

A touch on skin fills my senses
Like wine when sipped
Fills my body
With
Warm
Sensations
Making me giddy
Feeling lovely, suitable
For romance but not much more
Than a meeting of harmonious minds

Doris Cornago

Anonymity

Uniqueness circumscribes my life
Lays out the width and length
Of my landscape, making my
Path cross and merge
Interlink with
Familiar
Others
Knowing
The colors
Of leaves on parks
The language of birds
On trees, personalizing a
Path strewn with garbled images
Anonymity is never my choice, dispose

Doris Cornago

A Tiny Thread

A lilac leaf floated on verdant glass
On its surface glistening drops
Flirted with gusts of wind
Breath suspended
On a tiny
Thread
Awaiting
A word, two
Or more, every
Morning, but none
Came, just a growl from
Half opened lips, tiresome
Tiredness of a man collecting
Memories with dots, knots, plots
Brown lays the future, nothing more..

Doris Cornago

Anger Takes Over And Destroys

Sometimes anger takes over and destroys
Things we previously cared for, career
Everything on its path, no choice
What's the voice whispering
All lies, countless faults
Aggravating insults
Mindlessness
Mounts up
Release
Into
Cuts
Makes
Derelict
Mincing no
Words, pungent
Wounds lay open
Bleeding, can you
Add sugar to vinegar
Restore faith to a man
Chopped so fine with words
Stopping at nothing, your sword
Next morning, find him blanched
White, gaping open mouth, a corpse
Never again should anger be unleashed
Matters not, the landscape's a wasteland

Doris Cornago

A Lonely Soul

The best part of me is not what I keep for myself
But a piece which I give to those who need
The part which I cannot appreciate
Because it makes me
Vulnerable
Out
In
The open
Likely to be hurt
Again, but it's part of
Who I am, God's appointment
Not my choice, but my inheritance
Go by the roadside, just abide, another
Chance to help a lonely soul, extend my hand
Once more, just one more, my life's best treasure

Doris Cornago

A Wailing Echo

When all alone I imagine a field out in the open
You and I casting stones in a pond where
Roam fireflies like drones circling
Like stars winking, agreeing
Such a night for
Dreaming
But
Not in
Daylight
When tasks
Mount up like
Scaffolding for a
Funeral pyre for a
Dispossessed pharaoh
Source of all my sorrows
Cluttering wall with mementos
Listen to concerto a wailing echo
Years ago running after his shadow

Doris Cornago

As On My Fingers

Love the way the sun glances off treetops
And filters from leaves hitting rocks
Dappling sidewalk with tapestry
Reminding me of negligee
Warming my toes
In repose
Red
Shoes
With peekaboo
Toenails same color
As on my fingers, how fancy
Free, you and me of last night, spooning
In words, from head to toes until asleep, so deep

Doris Cornago

Another Plane

The beauty of a moment is lost on
One who is in another plane
Of consciousness
Whether
We
Meet
Or not
Our hearts
Are forever cleaved
On the first imprint of the
Moment of sharing the same plane

Doris Cornago

All The Earthly Disappointments

At last, my dreams have finally come true
All the earthly disappointments
Distilled and released
From within
Leaving
A
Shell
Coming out
In the open of who I
Truly am, no longer concerned
About prescribed punishments for a misstep

Doris Cornago

A Click Of My Fingers

Midnight comes in at the close of day
Eyes won't close, tiredness dissipates
Fireflies flicker at the click of my fingers
You'll find me there, crimson and clover

Memories go when we fail to remember
Moonlit nights, laughter, smiles, surrender
Words given, made mine, crossing boulders
Reaching across oceans, made us together

Doris Cornago

Are You Familiar With God

Without memories of anything
How do we mark our path
Where do we land in
The dark with
Unseeing
Eyes
I need
Your hand
Your feet, touch
Of skin, am familiar with
But most of all, I need your
Voice calling me out from where
I'm hiding, inside of me, telling me
I've been found, and won't be lost, ever

Doris Cornago

A Man In Purple Robe

Away in that land where sly dragons roam
Been there, a city of well-paved streets
Deceived, no rubbish anywhere but
Evil lurks in the hearts of men
Dancing in rituals, make
Them come to your
Conferences
Pray
Over the
Sick, healing
Comes out of grace
Not your prowess, crap
Comes in purple robes donned
By holy priests of all races, indistinct
Gullible people lap untruths served in gold
Platters, costing gold, welcome to the fold, all told

Doris Cornago

A White Bird

Sweet as cool water on my tongue
A new day has begun, the
Parched days are gone
You have come in
A dream
Hand
In
Hand
Flew out
The window
A white bird
Resurrected, wings
Made stronger by words
How did you manage so long
What else could it be, imagination

Doris Cornago

As The Sea

The sea is so far from the sky but
You blend with her from a distance
No trouble with your shaky stance
Even a fall does not bother at all

What brings us together is exactly
That, from a distance, we're together
But not from each other's viewpoint
You're liquid as the sea, earthly
But I'm the sky, haughty and mighty

Yet I envy your easy playful stance
Needing romance, I'll take a chance
Dip my icy pure white fingers in blue
Feel you, languid and liquid, by cue

Doris Cornago

Alone With Thoughts

The sea matches your delight in light blue
As the sky matches the welcome crew
Flight clouds rolling in to hide
A blistering sun, joining
A throng of bluebirds
Canopy bloody red
August fun bled
Fear shed
Regret
None

In
Most
Beaches
Time's gone
Coyotes outcry
Left me alone with
Slew of memories brew
Kickbox demo, drudgery do
Delusional designer of Memo2
Keeping time with my own chatter
Water's fine, mellow like red wine
Quit the banter, go into the hurricane
Venturi hits you, whirl like a weather vane

Doris Cornago

As Lines On My Own Palm

This man who loves me
Does not go by tradition
He speaks less when prodded,
Adding lines when I'm silent

This man who loves me
Likes the road untraveled
Jumps over fences and barricades,
By danger he's undeterred

This man who loves me
Won't cry for losses
Won't cry for what's spilled
Won't go after gone, moves on

This man who loves me
Lays out a plan, daydreams
Weaves beautiful memories
By going into all that he can

This man who loves me
Quite unique but not different
I read him as lines on my own palm
We connect, we intersect, as one.

Doris Cornago

A Faraway Place Can Be Home

A faraway place can be home
It's where you gain mementos
Meals on one table, small talk
On scenes, next destinations
How was the food, the soft bed
Was water hot in the shower
Mundane things can be tackled
Fishing for fish, feeding monkeys
They bite you anywhere, same deal
Yet when there's new experience
New food to share, all becomes
Surreal, chance of a lifetime, travel

Doris Cornago

All Things Convivial

Death is not a going away,
it's transforming into
Something ethereal
Shedding shells
Something
Lighter
Good
for
Flight
and mixing
with all things
Convivial, fraternal
Friendships are often forged
Among creatures of similar feathers

Doris Cornago

As Nourishing As Milk

A child believes there is a God
For a continuous sense of life
Coming out of the mother's womb
None was prepared but a warm bed
A warm breast, pressed to mouth

No history books to trace but faces
Of the home, making her way slowly
Every day is a phenomenal discovery
Her fingers so unusual, just parts
As nourishing as milk for growth

Sweetness marks her early childhood
Going to school was also a breeze
Her whole world was a friendly place
Faces were remembered, none rejected
Every day a discovery, her durability

When we are comforted with such warmth
We need not seek anything else in life
We don't see the need to push or rush
Mom says you're enough and we believe
Warm companionability comes from God

Doris Cornago

A Moment To Reflect

Today, take a moment to reflect
On the hands where he
Showed so much
Gentleness
To some
Maybe
Not
All
We
Have
A corner
Minded only
Our own but love
Of others expanded
The circle, our own comforts
Receded into the background for
More, God's plan, no pastor disowns

Doris Cornago

An Inanimate Object Animates

Layer upon layer of memories in my mobile
Choosing what to keep or discard
A memory caught up with me
Timespan, unspinning
spools on my mind
the meanings
Discarding
photos
in
huge
albums
Mark chapters
in volumes of life
Nonsensical, irrational
A purple bear remains in
display, but the one who gave
no longer there, still warm when
touched, an inanimate object animates
Memories, wanting to be recovered, sealed

Doris Cornago

Archaic-Looking Komodo Dragon

We are not a pair but we have this space to share
Food is scarce and my legs ache from tiredness
A beast you might be but my actions are gentle
Staring away so you won't think I dare, hunched
In a corner, speaking in a singsong twittering way
Like a bird whom earlier you must have befriended

Light steals through the canopy of leaves, darkness
Spreads thickly on the forest floor, companionable
This scaly, scowling ferocious-looking Komodo freed
From a hunter's trap, foolhardy thing but a kind deed
Works for all creatures, huge and small, gratitude
Proves again to be beyond race, creed, or humankind

Doris Cornago

A Tableau Of Characters

Walking on the seashore I glanced across the distance
On the horizon, a tableau of characters appeared
Like a movie unreeling, soldiers crouching
In a long drawn out battle, surreal
Figures as in a dream
Hastened to view
Closer, faded
In the blue
Like a
Photo
Who
Will
Believe
A child barely
Twelve, isolated
Fond of reading, weaving
Dreams of make-believe characters
Yet, through the years, I wondered how such
Scene appear out of nowhere, projected into my
Uncomprehending mind, to be turned over and over, in silence

Doris Cornago

All Existence

The whole universe and all existence
And energy have been recurring
And will continue to recur
In a self-similar form
An infinite number
Of times across
Infinite time
Or space
Time
Is a
Whirligig
A cup draining
Filled to the brim
Quenching and thirsting
You and me evolving, then
Devolving to strangers, past
Becomes present, sensing deja vu
We haven't met but known you long ago
Gravitational attraction is nearing collapse

Doris Cornago

An Imprinting By K

Feel this precious moment
A drop dripping on the roof
Now flowing down a pane
Such crystal magnificence

Now a breeze touches you
The leaf trembling in view
Look with wide eyed wonder
Feel my breath touching you

Everything around abounds
In wonder, littlest sounds echo
In your mind, leaving traces
For finding through the hallways

Now here's a poem imprinting
Images through littlest words
Leaving sounds that surround
Us, all memories now long gone

Doris Cornago

Ask Yourself If

Next time you say you don't have the time,
Ask yourself bluntly if it is really a
Question of time or your lack of
Interest, not your concern
From now on prioritize
There is something
You've gotta do
Honestly think
What is it
To you
Or
Make
A priority
Of everything
That has importance
To you and embrace it
Fully, replacing the excuse
Of lacking time by the only truth
It is not my priority, why should it be
Being bluntly honest hurts but sets us free
From inventing lies, excuses, which ties us up

Doris Cornago

A Dot In The Universe

Hold this moment, breathe in and out
Notice the rise and fall of your chest
Your mind wanders but you haul
It back, turning it around on
The moment, catch this
A dot in the universe
Expanding into
A breath
Wisp
Of
Your
Life
In
This
Moment
Unveiling
Like whorls of
A tree stump, not
The tree but just its
Particular cut trunk in
Accounting for its whole life
The number of whorls counted
Every year spent, expanding the trunk

Doris Cornago

A Poem For E V

There was a good friend I liked a lot
He likes to chat but not much
Unlike his son does, yet
He's full of charm
Unhurried
Slow
Steps
Looking
Backward
As he walked
Away, letting me
Catch a glimpse of
His face, showing me
The detail of bushy brows
Brilliant mirrors of two eyes
Affable wide snout for a device
Large puffy lips that could scowl
Or open like a cave taking a mouthful
It is never about a lack of time but attention
For what's important, we all end up doing a lot

Doris Cornago

A Lack Of Time

As a child, I never really lacked time
Until I began my adult life, lost
What's prime or is that a lie
Time disappeared in the
Blink of an eye
Telling me
You're
Going
Repeating
That 'I have no time'
What's the real question
Is it really a lack of time or of
Priority, where am I in your long list
Then we got struck, confrontational muck

Doris Cornago

A Pluck On My Heart

Renewed, washed like laundry on a clothesline
Waving in the wind, one of a kind, not a hint
Once magic was there, none compared
With the verve and vitality of me
Eyes bright, face alight
Life is kind, all
Delighted
Me
Then
We drifted
An hour, a day
Until no music came
On hearing your footsteps
No violins on hearing your voice
Moonlight sonata became a dirge on
My heart, negligence became a searing pain
A pluck on my heart, jarring my irresolute brain
Emptied the soiled clothes on the washing machine

Doris Cornago

A New Day Alone

My tears have dried, opened the window
Starting a new day alone, sweeping
Cobwebs off the ceiling, dusting
Furniture, even the floors
Need waxing, how drab
Everything looks
Restoration
Takes
Time
Not
A
Swipe
Of a magic
Wand, the list
Grows long, packed
Emotional garbage in boxes
Sealed for pickup to be burned
No use pasting up the shattered pieces
Start with a clean slate, house renovated
Don't go for crap, know the patterns, throw out

Doris Cornago

As Things Will Be

Let me stumble, but please don't let me fall
Funny thing but whenever we tussle
You don't show much muscle
Begging me, please
Not in the
Morning
But
Later
Settled
Breakfasted
Having thought
Through the facts
With much patience
Using diplomacy, told
Me Utopia would be ideal
And I said, nah, too placid
I like to tussle or not at all
Life will be boring as things will be
Predictably the same, day in and day out

Doris Cornago

An Intuitive Feeling From The Mind

Heart and mind should be used equally
I do not know how, much delighted
To hear that the heart refers
To an intuitive feeling
That comes from the
Mind, a stick
In the
Mud
Would
Be much
More Perfect
Than a clean one
Beyond your touch, up
On a pedestal, mouthing
Deep philosophies, I would
Rather stumble and make mistakes
That you would reach out and teach me

Doris Cornago

A Matter Of Balance

This man always keeps running off
Says he does not understand
The task at all, makes me
Fume and blow my top
This type of people
I'd rather do
Without
But
As
Days
Went by
Realized that
Youth has different
Stakes and different
Tastes, they take jobs as
Lesser of a concern than
Making their lives whole, going
In pursuit of balance, doing this and
That, no job is going to hold them back

Doris Cornago

A Counterpunch On Life

When you've been hurt you come around
Stronger than before, ready for another
Round, circling and jabbing the air
Facing up to life, your sparring
Partner, watching his moves
Countering with your own
Shouting at the top of
Your lungs, hey
Look out, this
One's on
You, rat
Taken
My
All, left
Nothing but
Bruises, some
Broken bones at worst
But you heal good with that
Attitude of giving back what you're
Given, hey life, don't run, this one's on me

Doris Cornago

An Ideal Standard

The beauty of what we see is based on judgment
Of the heart, the ideal standard of what's real
Our eyes deceive, minds conceive
Half-truths, making rules,
Does not go by
The books
But the
Heart
Hides words
Indelible, steady
Beyond time, tested
And steadfast, made to last
Not judging by looks but by what's
Inherent, rising above cacophony of voices
The silent little voice of the heart shushing the mind

Doris Cornago

A Millennial Kind Of Love

What makes me love you is mythical
What you make me tell you
Is lyrical, so magical
Something
Irrational
No
Reason
For two stars
To collide, set in
Different paths, in different
Universes, but met in cyberspace
No introductions, just a certification from Upwork

Doris Cornago

A Word Long Forgotten

All the clothes in array, all the shoes in display
Packing away bits and pieces of my life
In big plastic bags to be donated
Makes life simpler, headaches
Caused by indecisions
What color to wear
What fits my
Mood
Oh
Such
Ignominy
To be reduced
By false appearances
Trying to look happy, renewed
But the thing is, every piece reminds me
Places, reasons, snatches of our conversations
How he looked like, what was the word, long forgotten

Doris Cornago

A Poetic Flush

This is a poem joust of thirty three days
Not years, started with a dare in jest
By the same man who made her
Write 84 poems in a poetic
Flush or was it a teen
Blush of one so
In love
Frantic
That
She
Would
Be alone
And lonely
Nothing seems
Bright in the horizon
Feels like drowning, feet
Almost touching bottom, gasping
For breath, almost blacking out, then comes
A fish, silvery and frisky, shaking its head, a poem

Doris Cornago

All You See Are The Brilliant Eyes

Raise up your eyes, look again at your reflection
The mirror does not lie but does your heart
All you see are the brilliant eyes
The smiling lips, the joy
None of the
Doubts
That
Pricked
Your heart,
Made you look
In the mirror, staring
Objectively at this grand
Old lady, a term that you hate
But flaunt, as it mortified others and
Made them jealous, and yet, to be loved
And to love back is something else, it makes
Me fearful and I flog myself, insisting he sees nothing
But the words, the soul, the magnetic personality of a poet...

Doris Cornago

A Child Cold And Gone

Rounding a curve saw myself
Picking up a child, holding
Him close to my breast
Encouraging him
To suck, be
Content
Not
To
Fret
About
Tears wet
On my cheeks
Wondering about
Tomorrow and tomorrow
Now, down the road, I see
Myself, deep in grief, losing that
Child that nuzzled, now cold and gone

Doris Cornago

As We Lay In Bed

Perfect hands are those lined up with age
Every line tells a tale of mornings
Spent making the beds
Putting the laundry
On and making
The meal
Just
Drudgery
But never would
Mom entrusts the
Home to a total stranger
She makes sure all socks are
Darned, buttons intact, kept in drawers
Above it all, she looks in on notebooks, checking
If every child does what's expected as we lay in bed

Doris Cornago

A Person Who Sees All

Count yourself privileged to have known me
I've shown you all of myself when
I speak truthfully of
Who you are
Or what
You
Mean to
Me, the fullness
Of what I can be, free and
Undiluted conversation from a stranger
Such a conversation cannot be paid for in currency
But in kind, in being a person who sees all as his equal

Doris Cornago

A Lack Of Character

Born to riches you misunderstood
Life is your own journey
The unmasking
Of your
True
Self
Discovered
Those pennies do not
Cover the lack of character
Treating people with respect is not
Disrespecting yourself or your money

Doris Cornago

A Collaborative Way

I've touched people as I meet them and shook their hands
Or tapping their shoulders in camaraderie
Some people like a quick hug or a buss
But the best touch is one of the heart
Where it matters to me most
This is the best place
Where we can
Be carefree
On the
Same
Level
As
Heart
to heart is
Not subjective
Not looking at color
Or creed, just a human
Heart longing to harmonize
Don't keep your distance, unafraid
Tell me how you feel about the world
What's the deal, your allotment, and how
Can we complement, in a collaborative way
Putting our heads together on a common problem
Is like singing a song set on a companionable rhythm
My voice has tenor undertones, and you might try baritone
Not on the same beat, maybe a contralto, but with understanding

Doris Cornago

A Gilded Cage

Freedom in a gilded cage
Is no freedom at all
My wings cropped
Beaks glued shut
Life is a flicker
Ghosts saunter
Nowhere to go
But down
Down
Out...

Doris Cornago

A Universe Of Strangers

Longer the hours you're missed
Shorter my breaths came
Faltering like in a
Swan dance
There's
None
Sadder
Than to be
Alone in a universe
Of strangers, talking nonsense

Doris Cornago

After I've Loved You

Why should I love you less
After I've loved you more
What's to be gained by
This punishment of
You, which is a
Torture of me
Too, say
Adieu
How
Could I
The moments
Stretch into minutes
Looking at you viewing me
Viewing myself too, wasting away

Doris Cornago

As Fairy Wings Caught In A Trance

Should I not have known you
Or tried to know the reasons
Why you smile for no reason
The glint in your eyes, the cause

The way you tilt your head before you speak
The movement of your lithe body in a frenzy
The funny things you say just to entertain me
The lisp in your speech, your longing look

How could I have known the web
That you are weaving around me
Gozammer, silver against the light
Soft as fairy wings caught in a trance

Doris Cornago

As You Hide In A Dark Corner

You cannot escape love
It reaches out to you
As you hide in a
Dark corner
Fearing
The light
Yet you come
Gingerly stepping
Feeling the soft warmth
Encircling, suffusing your being
Getting transformed in the wonder of
Knowing the unknown, the unfathomable

Doris Cornago

A Short Moment To Live

You may have a short moment to live
But make each moment count
That your life is meaningful
And made complete
Not in the count
But the value
Of touch
Upon
Even
A single
Flower you
Made more valuable
By a flicker, or a longer stay
Making the moment count for a flower

Doris Cornago

A Thread Of What Lies Ahead

Staring at the traffic ahead, what comes in your head
Do you follow a thread of what lies ahead, good
Seeds you've sown, already grown for the
Harvest, some lost by the wayside
Is it dread of what's in store,
Mazes galore, not your
Call, or just glimpses
Of the past, a quick
Repast, series
Of repeats
Defrag
My
Dear
Cast aside
Your doubts of
People no longer visible
Their choice, not yours, a tiresome
Chore of catching the wind, going steeper
None is on your plate as you've given your all
Love does not reward back to the giver but don't count
As loss, for in the final reckoning, you are completed by your goal.

Doris Cornago

All The Things

All the things you've learned
You'll unlearn in the end
Receive what you're
Given, be glad
What's on
Hand
Forget
The past
Filter the future
Decrease expectations
Let every moment be whole
What you have is your only portion

Doris Cornago

A Path Of Scraggly Trees

What do I need poems for
Early in the morning
Waking up lucid
From a dream
Of last
Night
Picked
Up my tab
Run straight
Down a path of
Scraggly trees, on
Bare feet, catching my
Breath, words come tumbling
Into poem bins for safekeeping

Doris Cornago

A New Story Of Hope

Through the days, my eyes have seen all
Dreams come true, some in perdition
The foolish pride of men revealed
Lives lost, picked from twigs
Ashes scattered by the wind
Through them, all remains
The fervent heart
Of a child
Hoping
For
Goodness
Forevermore
A fairytale, you
May say, yet the story
Of goodness of humanity
Kept me on through the darkness
Made me strong even in dire weakness
Everywhere I look there is a new story of hope

Doris Cornago

As The Sun Sets

Minds lock, focused on a wish
Breeze comes as the sun sets
Carrying you to my open patio
Resplendent in silver, not a quiver

You stretch out your wings for me
And I climb up not looking downward
Gingerly circle your neck with my legs
And my arms, feeling your chest throb

You carry me slowly across treetops
Feathers warm my face, filter the wind
You are precise as you brace for the spot
Your legs uncurl like the wheels on a plane
Perfect landing spot to pass the cool night

Doris Cornago

At Last We Stand

The view of us on top of the mountain
Seemed so picturesque, so picture
Pretty, the view below us looks
Distant as at last we stand
Without the motivation
Of the climb
Everything
Seems
Like
Another
Trophy of
A man in a hurry
Yet before we get to
The top, we clung for support
On each other, fearing the hard fall
Man despairs on losing yet victory fades
Upon seeing another mountain, this time on a glider

Doris Cornago

A Sandwich Of Memories

When I'm on a downward spiral
My life turns pandemonium
Breakfast is murderous
Taunting me with
Memories
Marmalade
On rye bread
Knife goes the whole
Length, thickly, repeatedly
Now comes peanut butter layer
My hearts refrain, spread on top, thicker

Doris Cornago

Another View

Viewing myself in the mirror
Nose against cold glass
Squinting my eyes
Glaring at my
Image
Defying
Myself to
See another view
Someone not in love
Someone not unaffected
Yet the only truth stares back
Unflinchingly, absolutely, this is me

Doris Cornago

A Nose Ring Of Faith

Who was it who faltered in step
Who gave away the chance
Who missed the rehearsal
Not I, been there
Faithfully
My heart on
A string, wearing
A nose ring, eager to know
A new step, with bated breath
Telling myself, today I'll learn mastery

Doris Cornago

A Show Of Calisthenics

Love is a beautiful dance when we started
We can never have enough of ourselves
All the tossing and turning are graceful
Catching me when I dive like a swan
You're an epitome of mastery, life
Is so grand as we both keep
In step with the music
Yet, for one of us
The music fails
Harmonize
Now
Becomes
A memory of
Photographs in
Albums, one for the
Books, good performance
Clap your hands folks, look here
A perfect pair on display, putting up a
A show of calisthenics but without the music
Words sound empty, dance without truth lacks beauty

Doris Cornago

As The Winds Blow Eastward

The face you see is not truly me
But a semblance of myself
In this earthly shell
Here for a spell
Soon as the
Winds
Blow
Eastward
Out goes my sail
And I will journey back
To that unknown land where
My fullness dwells in the hereafter

Doris Cornago

A Privilege To Have Worked

Be the authentic you when you decide who
Tell me who you are and I'll decide what
These things we have formed for two
Can as well be done by one of us
Fill in the blanks, we've passed
This way before, if there's
Some left, tell me
If not, just sign
On the dot
Let's
Be
Glad
Say thanks
A privilege to
Have worked with
Really a pleasure to
Know you and know myself
A quick hug, smile then look away
Don't put out yourself like some beggar
Every breakup taught me a lot about myself

Doris Cornago

As You Wait For Roots

If not today, comes another day to transplant
Into bigger pots seedlings which sprouted
Tiny leaves, roots like tiny lips seeking
Sustenance from the ground, leaves
Unfurl shaking against the brisk
Wind blowing bigger plants
Off their sturdy roots
Uprooted soon,
Resistance
Ends
Their growth
There's no hurry,
Each root steadied
Your steps as you wait
Leaves need to be laid out
Productively, in alternating pairs
The best design to push your growth
Farther out of the encompassing boundary

Doris Cornago

Are There Twenty Four Hours In A Day

How many hours does a day hold
Not 24 but less or maybe more
Depending on what you keep
In store, plan or not for me
Then there will be less or
Just photos in an album
Sceneries you took
Where you've left
Your foot mark
For me to
Step on
Thus we
Pass through
Each other's life
Seeking signs of our
Existence, across oceans
Hoping that words convey best
What our hearts long for, some place
Faraway, thinking your thoughts as well
Your eyes are mine, your photos show me
Deep emotions, healing, your transformation

Doris Cornago

As You Hold Back Your Thoughts

Tell me where the way lies
Where to go on when the
Light flickers and dies
How much do we
Hold back and
How much
Do we
Give
To
Ensure
Goals are
Still achieved
Saw the shoes
On the doorstep
But wet tears stain
The pillow on my head
You've kept your thoughts
From me, you're gone forever

Doris Cornago

As She Confronts That Man

On the doorway of death begins life
Crossing on the threshold a bride
Leaves a family to be with a man
Unknown to her until they
Become as one, dead
To single purposes
Commitment lies
On that sign
Above
Their heads
No more looking
Back for the woman
Her husband is solely
Her own as she is his to
Be part of his small kingdom
There are no foolish games to play
No charade, no sweet goodnight kiss as
She confronts that man, until death, depart

Doris Cornago

A Relief For Those Without Shoes

Around me are the volcanic cones of Ijen
Merapi on the northeastern edge of the
Plateau and Raung on the southwest
An island so small and full
Of volcanoes, yet life
Feels so easy
as sulphur
is what preserves
Life; found in every
Cell of the body, hair,
skin and nails, ointment
For every ailment, as sulfur
Gives relief for eye problems,
inflammation of the cornea, burning,
Blephitis, conjunctivitis, in fact almost
All that takes its toll on those without shoes

Doris Cornago

Apocalyptic Interlude

A man out of time struggles with baskets
Barefooted, yet not a look of despair
Patiently, hardened arms grasp
Baskets full of yellow rocks
Beneath him magnificent
Turquoise sulfur lake
Of Kawah Ijen
Languidly
Nests
In
Sheer
Crater
Walls before
Appointed time
An hour after 12
Briskly walking as
Clouds roll in like a
Shadowy monster arising
Bearing Apocalyptic Interlude
Purest sulfur for mankind's good
Despite the horrendous labor involved

Doris Cornago

A Slice Of Life In Movies

Movies entertain because we see our life in them
Or hope to see ourselves in that position
A hunter in a video game taking
Down the enemy with
A laser gun
Peering
Down
Lives through
An open window, inside
Bedrooms, how to make love
Did your parents teach you how, but
Movies do, a lot in fact of our opinions come
From movies, a slice of life we thought that's normal

Doris Cornago

A Time Bomb Tick Tocks

What if we just sit here, not minding each other
Not asking a question, pretending not to hear
The tick tock of a time bomb in our midst
Would all fears disappear with the mist
Clouding our mind, like world peace
Governments pretending to help
With packages of donations
Comes with troops in
Peacekeeping
Stations
Monitoring troops
Of other nations while
We sit here, sipping tepid tea
Making do with prognostications
This and that celebrity did such atrocity
Or bonus points with your groceries, dreams
Peddled by corporations, hold nations, stark reality

Doris Cornago

A Bus Ride Through Life

We are commuters through life
Strangers sharing a bus ride
Pay your fare take a seat
Talk if you must, or
Just be quiet
Watch the
View
Outside
Trip gets bumpy
Someone complains
Let him get off at the stop
Don't be a bully, or be too needy
Be cordial, not too friendly, just steady

Doris Cornago

A Conflagration That Eats Your Heart

Bet you did not know what hit you on the head
Was it the indecision to take away a spare
Or just a collision with destiny, this
Conflagration that eats your
Heart, diminishes
Into nothing
Your
Existence
Today and tomorrow
Come and merge into sorrow
Yet one day, when he comes, flickers
A light, the dead comes alive and life resumes

Doris Cornago

A Hunter With Crumbs

If me and you realized sooner there will be nothing left
Should we have even started with a hi, chatted
For a while, got interested, came back
One day said hey, and chatted
Longer, thread coming
In a spool,
Spooning, who are
We kidding, we know where
This silly talk is taking us, not altogether
Clear, but laying a path, like a hunter for a deer
Crumbs on the ground, mindless chatter, some profound

Doris Cornago

All Of The Rampaging

This man is insane, works without let-up
Soon his kingdom is brought down
Took me with him, can't complain
No one's to blame for decisions
Made many, took risks with
My life, so much strife
Did I learn anything
Nothing much
But that
Love
Not
Hate is
What started
All of the rampaging
Waters down streams and
Into homes, a man thinking his
Ways are better than others, competes
Eliminates competition, staying on top until
Someone with a better engine rams his home
Splintering foundations, dreams come crashing down

Doris Cornago

A Wreck Of Myself Waits

A wreck of myself goes on display at the gate
Gawkers line up to view a life that once
Promised so much, plans laid up end to
End, neatly like dominoes waiting
Come aboard all of you and see
What has become of me one
Day when I thought the
World will never end
No one can know
The exact time
Life's prime
Running
Daily
No
Stops
Rushing
Like a train
Someone pulls
The string, ding, ding
Screeching to a full stop
My life's just one messy heap
No strength left to help myself
A pile of clothes unwashed, dishes
On the sink, the morning comes thru slats
Light comes in, flat in bed, gnats on my head
Who let the dogs out, the cats, trampling me down
They come in and stare, choose souvenirs to take away

Doris Cornago

A Soliloquy In A Maze

Brown coloured plumage, hiding myself
Not used to crowds, feeling dejected
Walking alone, talking all by myself
Someone found me, a stranger, my twin

She's there in the mirror with a smile
Sometimes with a frown when I'm down
Ask her what's so upsetting, someone
She laughs, who can it be, we're alone

Back and forth goes our brisk dialogue
Someone thinks it's just a monologue
Or sign of serious nervous breakdown
Oh don't get me wrong, just stay around

Don't be lost in a maze, my true friend
Pulled me out, healed me with your help
Now that I've been found, you can't escape
You're me and I'm you, that's true honesty

You cannot deny what we've been thru
You've heard the unspoken questions
Hidden by myself fearing punishment
Who's forsaken me has murdered me.

Doris Cornago

Ask Yourself

Some people cannot be made to bother
Find out what should differ in others
As long as their happiness lies on
Things that matter to them, how
To dress, what looks improper
The young can dress as
They want, the olds
Can and should
Creative minds
Are not boxed
Unsquare
Make
Your mark
Do not leave
Footprints in the
Dark, step where you
Want, dance to your hearts
Delight, with or without music
Or just be there relishing the rain
Despite the pain, unclutter your brain
Hearts beating, too much force in your
Movement, am I getting anywhere with this
Ask yourself, does it make you escape obstacles

Doris Cornago

A Strategic Way Of Creating Confusion

It's a road you need to walk, unconditionally, alone
Ask me if you must but let's not impose on each
Our religious beliefs, our customs and notions
The food you eat look good and delightful
You ask if that was a lizard on my plate
That was impolite, I could have you
Struck twice for saying that, but
Again, it's mainly out of glee,
Trying to be funny, a child
Too big for his britches
Who is the old witch
Is there now a
Destructive
Program
Switch in
Perceptions
Or a strategic way
Of creating confusion
Where is the true direction
Humanity is heading, seeking
What passes for unity but uniformity
Of views, weeding out dangerous thoughts
That disagrees with what's on your own plate
War between nations due to recalcitrant subversives
A few create distractions, whole nations declaring war
Who does not hold a gun is not a peacemaker, neither a writer

Doris Cornago

Above All The Distractions

No matter if you're not choosing me I'm choosing me
Above all of the distractions in my life, to suit my
Own purpose, a portion of that person for me
In that secret place where I've recovered
Mended myself quickly to wholeness
The wind blows softly soundlessly
Every leaf is green as well as
The stream which runs
Beneath the flat
Smooth rock
Where we
Sit still
As
Stones

Doris Cornago

A Child In A Cocoon

Serendipity comes when you're unguarded
Feeling isolated, no one cares or sees
Lightly you step into the boundary
Making yourself known into
A world that's never
Bothered with
Trivialities
Of a
Heartache
Or the need for
A handshake, an ear
Which truly hears, a smile
To muffle the fear, such a lonely
Child in a world, until a stranger caters
A similar child in a cocoon he calls his home

Doris Cornago

A Child Again In The Rain

Rain cleanses the earth, cleanses leaves
Trees towering over grasses, both
Dance gleefully, sight so merry
Distracts me, makes me
Want to be a child
Again, dance
In the rain
So fresh
Face
Wet with
Cool water
Greenery smells
Sweetly, unmindful
Bowing with the weight
Yet my heart aches with the
Burden, drowning with the needling
Pain of being apart in August, seeking
Solace in the deluge, my heart's only refuge

Doris Cornago

A Mirror And A Clean Cottonbud

Getting ready for 33 days is like building the first boat
Dedication to a cause lasts more than a week
Rearranging the layers of yourself
Widening your boundaries
Letting go of doubts
Encircling those
Which gives
The best
Comfort
Make
Your bed
And lie on it
Be proud that
Life's how you want it
Privacy in relationships
Out of season and in season
A hand to hold, an ear to hear
If there's a speck in your eye, you
Need a mirror and a clean cotton bud
Take your time, there's no hurry, there's
Only your life before you and flexibility of time
No ice cream melting in the dark of McArthur's park

Doris Cornago

A Blessing Waiting At The End

A man who's so unlike me is a blessing
What I'm not is so plain, what I am
Is unseen, as such someone
who sees Is the same one
Feeling the same pain
Acknowledging
Shortcomings
Discoveries,
Difficulties,
Answers
rankled
within
until...

Doris Cornago

A Lesson From A Firefly

Mysterious sparks beckoned in the night
Heavy on feet, not in a graceful dance
Swooped greedily with open hands
A wonderful sight fireflies make
Yet on my hand puny insect
Unblinking lays, brownish
Insignificant like winged
Termite or a giant ant
Snuffed out magic
By ignorance
Let loose
Deeper
Into
The
Night
Glitters
Again my
Reticent friend
Taught good manners
How to wait to comprehend
Not to catch in foolish admiration
Wait from afar, seek appointment if
Convenient, not to talk aloud as to distract
Slow flowing motions, a whisper light as wings
Wish for that exact moment of outpouring of grace
We all glitter in freedom but we diminish in confinement

Doris Cornago

A Martian Whose Thoughts Are Mine

In flight, won't be home for years but still your thoughts are mine
Should I have asked you to be my hero, when you did not
Want any of that drama of female weaknesses
Wanted me to be strong, to stand alone
Take on my own battles, not to be
Forlorn, told me not to look
When I cannot see you
Not to ask too many
Questions
As you
Will
Go
Into
Stress
Into that
Phase called
Depression, in
A familiar fashion
Whenever struck with
Indecision or repeating
Friction, I needed to change
For you although you said don't
Be untrue, continue being the you
Who's there to understand, hold my
Hand, calm my fears, be with me thru
The storm, but when the sun is out, let me
Be on my way, not distract me with commitments
See how easily this relationship flows with us being true

Doris Cornago

An Elegy To A Cybernetic Poet

You're the distance of a track, the cadence
Rhythm, setting goals with a wristband
Smiling sweetly, though distracted
No one else in your mind
Just the eternal motions
Of your body tracked
Do I mind that
At all, there's
Time
Passing
And a lot more
I touch the screen
And you're there tracked
In a trajectory of motions, alive
Breathing, pulsating in different modes
No words said but our eyes meet on a screen
Making me know how you've been like an astronaut

Doris Cornago

A Complaint Against Someone Adorable

There were words to say which
I have never said though
I felt it when you're
Here, just
Looking
Not
Saying
Anything
Yet, even your
Silence is pure, adorable
You listen and wait without emotion
But an icon, to show you're there, hibernating

Doris Cornago

Anticipation Of A Cuddle

A life coach just told me what's wrong
Did I wonder how you felt uneasy
The difficulty of you and me
And what's in between
If there is at all
Why you
Hide
Your head
In the sand the
Moment I call in
Anticipation of a cuddle
What you needed was a huddle
Was I obtuse because you're a recluse

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #8

This is an acrostic of your name
Always at your beck and call
Surely remaining true
Forever, don't
Despair
Though
skies tumble
or earth crumble
Coming on first flight
Mark my word, no tickets
Needed, my only birthday gift
Pledge of allegiance thru the distance

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #7

Awesome is a trite word but that summarizes
The view of this life with you, from the
Beach, in this island we both
Inhabit, no one else
Knows this
Exists
But
Us
Do you
Know it does
You're the sleeping
Bear and I'm a playful
Bird dropping bombs on you
Until you wake up and get me some
Broth in a cup, or a watermelon sliced half
You're the husky bear, ferocious and mighty as ever

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #6

Know that from the distant past I've seen you
Coming in from the sea bearing down on
Me with a gift of sea anemones
In your hand, how fearsome
Looking, misunderstood
What you wanted
Just your
Camaraderie
Someone to listen
With me to the sound of
The sea, no sound is more
Delightful, peaceful than waves
Slashing at the sand, mighty rocks
Mocking the sky, challenging the wind
Life's changing right before our eyes, taunting

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #5

If truth be told, we're similar in that we pursue
Images in the mirror, the ideals we want
Those can't be true, apparitions
Mere hallucinations
From a dead
Unlived
Past
We've
Left behind
When still children
Fairytale, rhymes, mimes
Acting out roles in computer games
Indicting the culprits in our lives, vindicated

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #4

Not me but you spell out what's leftover
What things matter, what makes you
Shudder in fear, what causes
All these stopovers in
Time, is there
Grime
In your hands
Washing them several
Times but can never get them
Clean enough, what's the struggle
Am I the gunk that caused the big clunk

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #3

Reason for this poem is not this poet
But having lived with you in a bucket
My baby is such a silly term but
Feelings softly fill me when
I see your eyes in my
Memory, soft lights
Radiating from
Them without
Guile, not
Brusque
No
Pride
At all, but
Truthful like
A baby touching
My face, seeing it
For the first time, probing
Lightly on its surface, like breeze
On water, barely ruffling the surface
But knowing what's contained beneath
Every wrinkle, every pucker, admiring the
Texture of what has gone before, unjudgmentally

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #2

Awake all night I've found you sitting
Distracted by your bed, feeling
The drift of the wind in
Gusts, against
Your face,
Wondering
Where was it
What was it I've
Left behind me, or
Why am I running, now
Stopped, focusing on a spot
The jagged memories disconnecting
Let me, stay by me, I'll help you pick up

Doris Cornago

Acrostic Of Your Name #1

Kidding me, you taunt me, threateningly
To pull my hair, and running around
Shouting, giggling, with me in
Dismay, wouldn't mind
Really to give in
To your
Boyish
Silly taunts
But yes, there's
A quietness which fills
The gaps too much that
Being silly may just be the only
Recovery from all the silence which
Clutters your mind, escape from its bind

Doris Cornago

A Cat Is Not A Mouse

Someone asked me am I a dog person
As he digs a dog who jumps and licks
Frisky happy, gets on his lap muddy
But for me, I like my cat nonchalant
Haughty, dignified, sets his pace
Give him loving and embrace
Will never leave your side
Except take mice aside
Stare at the crowd
With a distant
Look, sit
Still
Be
Invisible
Write poems
Sort out thoughts
Choose delectables
Just be contented with
Developing his cat skills
Won't go for drills like a dog
Maybe learn some new tricks
Like pretending to do a bird call
To catch one for his trophy room
A cat is a cat is a cat, he's no mouse

Doris Cornago

A Roaring Dragon Spewing Fire

Try to be bigger than your skin allows
See farther than your eyes show
Never allow a moment's doubt
Turn you into a roaring
Dragon spewing fire
Bristling with
Evil intent
Full of
Anger
Fear
Poison
Builds up
In your system
Let love rebuild
Bring confidence and
Trust, never turn to ash
What's the benefit that you
Can fumigate, exterminate anyone
Who incurs your ire, deserves fire
Jealousy can never turn wrong to right
Investigate but only with a hope to vindicate

Doris Cornago

Am I Delusional About The Truth Of Who We Are

Sometimes I like to look at the 'real' world upside down
Is that a crime, is it the delusion of one who's lost
Or am I more honest than most who needs but
Won't speak out, who just exist to survive
Carry me out in the sun when I can't
Put me where the breeze can kiss
Me, let the rain touch my
Feet, where I can feel
What's to be real
Must we conceal
Disconnect
Or be
Gone
Why
Be
Forlorn
Didn't you
Say crossover
Stars are my eyelids
And the moonlight in my
Face, the memories filigreed
Even if we cease to exist, the
Patterns are forever repeating in
The inner universe, creating whorls
Of energy, infecting others also similarly
Delusional, reflecting on the discovery of
Who they are, before doubts kicked in, we are
Not the mirror, we are the truth set out in rock
In the beginning of time, even before the big bang
Made in the image of the Creator, his own expression
God is love, don't you know it, it's asymptotic to all truth

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Curved Roads

A curved road crosses my path
Wind whispers go back
Your voice tells me to go on.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Long Paths

Bricks splinter under my feet
Leave all presumptions
Walking the long path alone.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Images

Filigreed shadows of leaves
Doilies on tables
Images haunt us, free us.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Isolation

Hate the dark, but seek the light
Not isolation
Together makes us stronger.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Trouble

Enjoy good moments of life
Laughter in the rain
Trouble sneaks in, out again.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Miracles

Soft leaves sprung from hardened wood
Love's a miracle
From winter to spring comes life.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On A Man's Strength

A man's strength lies in his heart
Beats firm through all doubts
Beats steadfastly when challenged.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Differences In Colors

Difference in our colors
Should not isolate
Merging should make us stronger.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On A Woman's Age

Age shows against the harsh light
See her true beauty
Without the duplicity.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On The Passion Of A Man

Orange fronds go blazing
What's so amazing
Your love is both cool and hot.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Orange Fronds

Orange fronds go blazing
What's so amazing
Your love is both cool and hot.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Danger

Tiny buds want to flower
Black and white of life
Reconsider the danger.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On A Madman

Madness, am I the madman
Hearts strung with the mind
High emotion spurs action.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Mother's Love

Love of a woman so strong
A harbor from storms
Arms gently hold the cradle.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Prayer

Leaves cupped in supplication
My life's been shattered
With doubts of your deception.

Doris Cornago

Haiku Of Pigeon On Grass

Seeking a tasty morsel
Should one be choosy
Or just survive an ordeal.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Dried Leaf

Dried leaves shift in the light wind
Carry me away
Into another bright day.

Doris Cornago

Haiku On Birds Together

Park bench wet with rain seated
Three birds fluff feathers
Eager to fly in good weather.

Doris Cornago

Ode To Lights On Trees

Oh the lights above our heads
Above the ground we tread
Make us feel lighted up
Inside, making the
Darkness flee
Discordant
In that
Moment
Of glee, fancy
Free, making good
Our escape from the
World until someone comes
To turn them off, the moment flees

Doris Cornago

An Ode To A Lifetime Contractor

This is a journalistic report of one who's gone
Full circle in life shackled, then freed and yet
Walking on thorns, walking on eggs, not
Sufficient for this life of a mute witness
Do you see my eyes, as they see you
Do you wonder why they look away
At the mention of someone's name
Do you wonder why shadows
Cross their surface from time
To time, do you wonder at all
If I'm truly there when I cease
Commenting, am I still
Existing, what am I
Thinking, or am I
Gone, trailing
Someone
From
Shadowland
Asking him what
Was on his mind that
Day in August when he
Had to go without a word
Who sent him off on a mission
The same contractor who made that
Lifetime contract, which got in between
Our lives, before everything else comes due
Not my choice, but birds have feathers to fly
Fishes have fins, tigers have claws and sharp teeth
But I only have these eyes to see and perceive, be obedient

Doris Cornago

Ode To A Lifetime Contractor

This is a journalistic report of one who's gone
Full circle in life shackled, then freed and yet
Walking on thorns, walking on eggs, not
Sufficient for this life of a mute witness
Do you see my eyes, as they see you
Do you wonder why they look away
At the mention of someone's name
Do you wonder why shadows
Cross their surface from time
To time, do you wonder at all
If I'm truly there when I cease
Commenting, am I still
Existing, what am I
Thinking, or am I
Gone, trailing
Someone
From
Shadowland
Asking him what
Was on his mind that
Day in August when he
Had to go without a word
Who sent him off on a mission
The same contractor who made that
Lifetime contract, which got in between
Our lives, before everything else comes due
Not my choice, but birds have feathers to fly
Fishes have fins, tigers have claws and sharp teeth
But I only have these eyes to see and perceive, be obedient

Doris Cornago

Ode To A Repentant Heart

Life without shadows, what is a meadow
Without sorrow, what's it to have joy
Sticking close, won't know separation
Can't know the ordeal of having friction

Watching cupped leaves supplicating
Made me aware of my burdened aching
Grace as rain races down muddy beams
Repentant heart is washed sparkling

Eyes wet with tears, bright as green
Glistening raindrops no longer seen
Make me know that storm has cleared
Onward flows life renewed leaves laid

Doris Cornago

Repentant Heart

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Doris Cornago

A Warm Welcome For Another Poet

I'm sitting near the windowsill,
Speaking with a friend who's ill
He wanted to know if I'm busy
His asking made me feel queasy

Should I say that I'm not in fact
Would he feel that there's a lack
Of his importance to that moment
There's actually no need to comment

Yet I wouldn't be somewhere else
Than here on the edge of an ellipse
We took long to consider what time
Than admit our loneliness, a crime

Doris Cornago

Ode From A Magic Dragon

We started as players in cyberspace
Transported together in a place
Remembered playing dragons
And you needed gifts
Invited me and
Turned me
Into
A
Magic
Dragon
Following
Your every wish
Until I discovered fire
And wanted more from
A relationship, not just do
Tasks at your bidding, wearing
A mask, careful to hold down the
Itching wish to burn you down, a raging
Inferno, myself and you on our Dragon Island

Doris Cornago

Ode To The Incurable Red Moon

Defining myself by what I see is so easy
But defining you by what you see
Gives me the mental cramps
You want to see more
Of what you
Want
From
Others
Failing in this
You escape from
My grasp like a red moon
Up in the sky, resplendent in
Finery, glowing mutely from reflected
Light of the sun, and yet you are you from day one

Doris Cornago

Ode To Clueless As You Are

My heart is out there on my sleeve
Risking my all without conceit
If you perceive with deceit
No longer my concern
Have an easy sleep
Begrudging you
Nothing at all
Covering you
With nightly
Prayers
Sent
My
Own
Personal
Angels that
They may keep
Your footsteps sure
All thoughts clear and pure
If we meet someday, tell you all
Miracles nonchalantly received by
One incorrigible and clueless as you

Doris Cornago

Ode To Numbing Hopelessness And Survival

Mothers have their fulfillment in their daughters
Who have known the fullness of their love
The lost days, the many ways it took
Tracking tomorrows in side paths
Sorrows no one else knows
When you have none
It's a different
Story or if
You're
Single
You
Will never
Know the pain
Of childbirth a mother
Goes through or the numbing
Hopelessness which she battles when
Alone, she undertakes rearranging plans, making
Things work, so her daughters survive daily struggles
Then again, if you are your mother's daughter
You would know survival no matter
On your own, in a faraway
Country, walking away
When done,
Steadfast
As your
Mom

Doris Cornago

Ode To Collaboration

Nobody else knows the secret formula for success
The bond between mother and daughter
Never breaks because they are
Tandem for whatever
Their hearts
Sets
Upon, be
There lifetime
Goals that needed
Collaboration, or a supplement
For another's dream, each one's support
To rely on, though stakes are high, both undaunted.

Doris Cornago

Ode To A Daughter's Steadfast Love

The wind beneath my wings says the song
But more than this, the attention lasts
Longer, when we're just sitting
Idling the time away
Not requiring
A token
Just
The certainty
Of steadfast love
Which never demands
Demonstration, just an ear
A closeness, a hand to hold when cold
Swimming, parkouring, aikido, all she can do
Pales in comparison to what her heart needs, a refuge

Doris Cornago

Ode To Volcano Island

Fear tastes bitter on the tongue
Try to forget, wash with water
Who has seen the crater
Or the fear caused by
The crater spilling
Spewing hot lava
On a sleeping
Populace
Death comes
Unbidden in flames
Silence broken by screams
Does anyone care to remember
Even those who live chose to sleep
Salving scars which cover volcano island

Doris Cornago

Ode To Births From Eruptions

I've known you closer and yet we're
Complete strangers drawn by
The amazement of your
Destruction eons
Ago, when my
World was
Young
And
Love
As the
Man was
Still unknown
The eruption would
Bring forth another one
In the middle of a blue lake
Placid and unmindful that a birth
Will cost countless loses, lives obliterated

Doris Cornago

Was I Obtuse Because You're A Recluse

A life coach just told me what's wrong
Did I wonder how you felt uneasy
The difficulty of you and me
And what's in between
If there is at all
Why you
Hide
Your head
In the sand the
Moment I call in
Anticipation of a huddle
What you needed was a cuddle
Was I obtuse because you're a recluse
There were words to say which
I have never said though
I felt it when you're
Here, just
Looking
Not
Saying
Anything
Yet, even your
Silence is pure, adorable
You listen and wait without emotion
But an icon, to show you're there, measuring
The distance of a track, the cadence, the
Rhythm, setting goals with a wristband
Smiling sweetly, though distracted
No one else in your mind
Just the eternal motions
Of your body tracked
Do I mind that
At all, there's
Time
Passing
And a lot more
I touch the screen
And you're there tracked
In a trajectory of motions, alive

Breathing, pulsating in different modes
No words said but our eyes meet on a screen
Making me know how you've been like an astronaut
In flight, won't be home for years but still, your thoughts are mine
Should I have asked you to be my hero, when you did not
Want any of that drama of female weaknesses
Wanted me to be strong, to stand alone
Take on my own battles, not to be
Forlorn, told me not to look
When I cannot see you
Not to ask too many
Questions
As you
Will
Go
Into
Stress
Into that
Phase called
Depression, in
A familiar fashion
Whenever struck with
Indecision or repeating
Friction, I needed to change
For you although you said don't
Be untrue, continue being the you
Who's there to understand, hold my
Hand, calm my fears, be with me thru
The storm, but when the sun is out, let me
Be on my way, not distract me with commitments
See how easily this relationship flows with us being true

Doris Cornago

Metabolism

I would be icy, freezingly blue
Now that I've known fire
Conflagrates, uses up
All of my reserved
ATPs causing
A breaking
Down
Meta
Bolism
Something
Not controlled
Heart's reacting
A fever is coming
But who's to blame
Molten lava is seething
Please don't be drawn into
A fight, respond with a gentle
Heart, forgive, forget, be the light

Doris Cornago

Two Lost Drones

As we did the other morning and many mornings
Nodding our heads, despairing over work but
Finding time to intersect at a crossroad
Your hand in mine, the other holding
The line so they do not get
Entangled with our
Legs, watch
The
Sunrise
Looming above
Our heads, in separate
Beds, necks aching fomenting
Commenting on fairy tales woven in
Rhymes, add more lime, you're so sublime
Falling asleep as we drift closer, like two lost drones

Doris Cornago

Pallbearer Into The Unknown Future

Intrepid is when he's gone and I must define
Who I am, like a ship floundering at sea
Without a sail, a widow who must
Make her way, be recognized
As capable of speaking
Earning her keep
By her own
Hand
Loyalty
Has made me
Into a recluse
Not an excuse but my armor
For questioning stares and glares
From insecure women, there's a lot of them
Widowhood is my pallbearer into the unknown future

Doris Cornago

A Thinking Poetess Is Amazing

What would I be when not a woman
A sorry excuse for a human
Who can't be burdened
With thinking
Or bearing
Loads
On
So light
A frame, how bigger
Should a brain be to rationalize
Anger, or pettiness - such weaknesses
Who is immune to frivolities of emotions

Doris Cornago

The Puzzle Of A Poet

I apologize for not seeing the person
Beyond the words of a poem
Who seemingly did not
Care but obviously
Did as he
Sought
To be
Understood
Playing hide
And seek in words
Obliterating the generosity
Of his wholesomeness and open hands
A man so gentle he laughs at his own image

Doris Cornago

Mom's Lullabye

One day I'll just fly away with you
Never leave you alone in bed
Attach you to my sail
Make loops in the
Sky, catch rain
Turn snow
Into
Water
Skim oceans
Sing a lullaby
Weave dreams from
Clouds, paint rainbows
Catch birds and give them rides

Doris Cornago

Evermore

I suddenly realize how much more
I am blessed like a tree open
To the ground sucking the
Fulness of the earth
Feeling the wind
Rustling
Through
Leaves
Gently

As
Love
Found me
I will draw
Forth the bounty
Of this lovely discovery
Tears...laughter...life unending
Please let me roam freely evermore

Doris Cornago

Completely Into You

Nestling together, we talk
What will happen tomorrow
Nobody knows, but only God
Can't promise each other that

We only have this moment
Holding each other tighter
You can be so utterly gentle
Holding my body like a cradle

I like the way you look at me
With quiet affection and care
Do you know who I truly am?
Do you care what I can only be?

Does it matter who you are
Only know that you please me
Just you when you come to me
No past commitments or history

My present is when you come
Into my world, all that I am
You quietly walked in, said hello
Took everything completely into you...

Doris Cornago

Stone-Cold Heart

Water feels nice to drown the feet

Like drowning sorrow in a sleet

I am cold and numbed from the crush

Of inattentiveness, sorrow's slush...

Talk of sorrow like a piece of pie

One pushes down with gulp of hot tea

With a fork one can slice, or mash

Tiny slivers lost in teeth or tongue...

Talk of pain like a shot through the arm

Of needle in a doctor's sterile cubicle

Sting comes and goes in an instant shot

We often seek freedom, but seldom find...

Excess sorrow is something you can know

Throw that sumptuous pie if it's poison

But freedom is a need that makes you live

Eternally, when at last, it comes complete...

An icy cold maiden is how you found me

More of a stone formed out of the sea

Thrashed about by life's trickery

You seared me, thawed my stone-cold heart...

Doris Cornago

Lovely Poetry

You know when

Your heart

Is not in it

Or when you

are in it all.

Your atoms

and molecules

Focused

On one spot

And your

Body has a

Tingling...

sensation...

You are all there...

And you can shout...

with the intensity

of the feeling -

Lovely poetry! ! ! !

Doris Cornago

Nemesis

You came on like the rush of wind

Making my lungs explode, or glare of sun

Too blinding, so awesome to behold

Should I hide from you or wildly run

When I know nothing can be as glorious

Than to be notorious caught in your arms...

I am day and you are the darkest night

Coming together should there be an eclipse

Should we clash asunder or should we cleave

I have seen your talons displayed in splendor

You are a beast to be sure but I am Nemesis

Make one false move, cut your head I surely would...

Doris Cornago

God Who Cares

You came on the brink of despair
When I was losing hold of a branch
Bruised aching fingers dripped blood
Brow trickled with beads of perspiration
My eyes beheld you in the glow of light
My heart jumped like a tricked kitten
So lively you made me when you came
Expiring, I regained quick breath
Tears slowly gathered in my eyes
Strength suffused my whole being
Parched tongue refreshed
I felt arms lifting me
Lovingly into his own
Slowly as in a hazy dream
Shuddered in completion
Two minds meeting as one
Not aggrieved nor conflicted
Not resistant but yielding
No more questions but answers
A dipper dipped in heaven
Volcanic lava flow in abandon
Hands not touching minds intent
Tousled words leave us content
Your whisper of endearment
Made me know for certain
There is a God who cares.

Doris Cornago

Frenetic

Dirty dishes on the sink sleeps

Bathroom door ajar, morning waits

Another sleepless night of handholding

You were there, felt your breath on mine

Slowly walked to bedroom door

Body so cold from waiting up for a look

Fancy meeting stranger on bedcovers

Looking unfazed, dark brows blazed

His hand brushed space beside

Frozen, just too scared, or glad?

Whoever conjured him from thin air

Is so unfair, a rabbit in a lion's den

Should I flee or should I slide

Into bare space where hissed a snake

Awaiting for a little captive rabbit

Making quivering body, willingly yield

'Tis not I but a rabbit no doubt

Who laid on my bed and created havoc

Twisted the covers up and about, chaotic

Sleepless, our dreams invade us, frenetic.

Doris Cornago

Midnight Lover

You touched me with your warm lips

Brushing them teasingly on my arm

But when I turned you were gone

An apparition blown in by coldwind

Without substance, without soul

Wishing for a closer encounter

Raced down the shore, bare feet

Cut and bled by scraggly stones.

Flung open heart's door moons ago

Exposed myself to the wind and sun

Softened my skin with sweet wine

Should you wish to drink take my arm

Smell fragrance of last night's caress

Thinking you will unsheathe the sword

Spent a fortune on musk and jasmine

Filled up tub, ravenously drenched myself.

But my midnight lover, you spent time

In those forbidden tracks with hobos

Seeking pleasures beyond my imagination

If you profess to be adequate, why shield

Just a query whispered to me by old hags

Witches of the North spearing me to pieces

Taking away the little pleasure of a dream

A man so adept he makes me struggle to breathe.

Doris Cornago

No Sleep At All

If you turn your face away in anger

Because I've misunderstood your way

If you clamp your mouth in derision

Would I lose faith, not a minute stay?

The more I will try to ask please why

There are less and less of time spent

What caused this silence, this breach?

You are a most beautiful being

In your anger most beautiful still

As your face show the upturned brow

The full lips grow larger with grief

I feel your heart's fullness for me

Yes even when your fingers squish

My heart so much with scolding words...

You asked why I do not understand you

Often you had tell me just to let go

Said hours you spend are for both of us

For our future, when we need to escape

We can take the boat, go to the island

Our Secret Place, have you long forgot

How lovely the last time we visited?

My eyes are full of sand from crying

My heart is bursting with salty waters

I tried to hold your hand to stop fear

Of losing a grip on us, but you said

Do not be so emotional, we are okay

Just give me time to recover from load

Lots of phone calls, no sleep at all...

Doris Cornago

Taunting Me To Come

I know how far are the stars

I just have to reach out and there

Your face is ever so clear, so near

But you are staring hard and glare

From your laptop is hurting my eyes...

Not tonight, I will not risk your ire

Some other night when more relaxed

When eyes are upturned and squinty

From playing with frisky Poochie

Then two of us can cuddle and share...

Your happy heart is made for poems

Your eyes can see beyond the shore

Waters lap on sand things you adore

On and off like pendulum on clock

Sand in glass just pours unminded...

Where birds dip below streams

And come up with fish in beak

You never tire of splashing water

Where the sun never fades and

Wind never breaks leaves from boughs...

There is such a world you showed

And I brought a red canoe for us

You believed everything I told you

And so we drifted companionably

The word busy is not in your tongue...

You were singing a wordless song

More of a hum, and laughter to fill in

Now, there is more of nagging silence

Like dripping water from a faucet

Rattling my senses, nonsensical....

I am running a fever but I survived

Just washing my face in clear water

I caught with the palms of my hand

You were laughing as you splashed

Feet swift on sand, taunting me to come...

Doris Cornago

Dare To Believe

Why not, why won't I rely on you

To be honest and true to your word

When there is nothing else I hold

Just to wake up every morning

Setting aside doubt for certainty

You are there where I can find you

Not mine, but still mine to hold...

Yes I will, willingly I will try

For what they say is impossible

I will try by faith to believe all

Believe you are truly what you say

The face you show me is none other

The hand you give is always free

Dedicated to me, whenever I seek...

Why not, why won't I dare believe you

To be honest and true to your word

As water feels cold washing my face

Touching every part of me, refreshing

Casting my cares to the wind, floating

You let me be as I am, you set me free

With firmness taught me dare to believe...

Doris Cornago

Breaking Down Chestwall

When all is gone and nowhere to go

I run to the place I've found you

Where soft breeze play among leaves

birds on boughs heavy with fruits

my feet light never touching ground

laughter fills the air, not a care

We are two children forever together...

Where did you go, why did you leave

Are you afraid we cannot last together

We were so happy, were the gods jealous?

we cannot be controlled we were strong

So strong working together than alone

Your strength became my own, fearless

When you can make me see all that I am...

Music goes on, guitar strings waver

Tempo now changes, trumpets blare

A slow mournful tune fills the air

Cymbals clanging, drums resonating

Guitar goes on again I'm aware

of angry downbeats, own heartbeats

breaking down chestwall, overflowing...

Doris Cornago

Boredom

Boredom creeps on my mind
blots white gleaming surface
like a guitar which idly waits
Strings taut, fingers aching
A dripping faucet, incessant
A pile of paper thrown by wind.

When I reflect on what you are
or what you are making me to be
I cease being creative and
turn destructive, hammering
on faucet but wouldn't cease
or play guitar to finally ease.

Such ignominy to hopelessly seek
Or draw strength from dry bones
clacking a dance to a tuneless song
Slowly singing a mournful dirge
Watching shadows cast upon four walls
Escape is not an option, nor derision.

Doris Cornago

Funny Story

This is a funny story
So funny that tears fell
We were supposed to meet
Forgot where, hours drifted
Wondering you were not there.

Should I have said I went
You would have thought
A forgetful nincompoop
Just fibbed I fell asleep
Vowed next time, all be well.

Next time came, so noted
Made sure I'm punctual
Earlier than you expected
You're there but with another
If one fails, you've got spare.

Doris Cornago

Livid With Rage

Your chains bind me!
Untie me, I long to be free!
Against chains, chafe to escape
Made of silken black cord
More of an adornment yet
Teasing you, taunting you
Said you cannot have me...

Wait, you are unbound,
Not really a helpless hound
Not aground, wings can fly
You got tied of your own accord
If this is the source of discord
Let us now loosen what ties up
You've said these placidly...

What is it that you see
Perfumed harlots against me?
Livid with rage at the umbrage
Blazed into crystal clear eyes
Snowflake drifted, we knew why
You smiled and took my hand
Made me sit by your side...

Doris Cornago

Last Breath

What if we never encounter
and never come to hear
the depth our heart's cry
Will there be no memories
Left after a short skirmish
of words and taunts, a trickle
of blood oozes from a wound...

What if another kinder man
having seen the gaping wound
ripped a bit of cloth from shirt
softly bandaged that part
which never closed again like
A sad refrain, running over
and over like a broken promise...

His quick eyes saw me from afar
With his sharp talons picked me
Gently laid me on his great nest
Made me shed wet dirty clothes
while he drew leaves to shield
Been so cold and hungry out there
An eagle came as last breath escaped...

Doris Cornago

Bound By Heart

I have known men in many ways

They are not to be compared

As better or best but weighed

By heart who was most honest

Gave all with none in return

Stayed on even in darkness

Asked not to be sent home

Even when the crowd is gone.

Most men will want some silence

Just a chance to hold your hand

Some would want more than a look

Would not persist for love if none

But the best watches by my side

Extends a helping hand, or more

Would bring a gift of comfort

Or share of his own a new song.

These men believe the best of me

And so the best of me I gave them

Whether a word of truth about me

Or Word they seek in their hearts

Because the best are comfortable

With their masculinity, never

Would display ego for my scrutiny

Bound by heart, we dwelt within.

Doris Cornago

Diddle-Daddle

Hey diddle-daddle, you fell from your saddle

You don't even own a horse but dreamed you do

Now you are riding away to the grand bayou

Wearing your trusty gun by your side, tipped

Your hat to sweet lady hoping she would ride.

Hoping to end up with daddle, too much doodle

Rome was not build in a day, so how can you?

You flash her your handsomest smile, but no

She's just lonely for talk, you couldn't poke

So, where else to go but alley or corner store.

Men are such pokers, while women prefer to look

Drinking in a bar, just enjoying cool band music

Men would make all allusions, foregone conclusions

Wanna dance, a dude suggests, lady did not take it

Went red in the face and walked away, bill unpaid.

Hey diddle-daddle, you fell from your saddle

You don't even own a horse but dreamed you do

Now you are riding away to the grand bayou

Wearing your trusty gun by your side, tipped

Your hat to sweet lady, wanna force her to ride?

Doris Cornago

Tuck In Tight

Anger drives me to dare
how it feels not to talk
or say hello love by text
How another day can start
without your beaming face
Or how fast to forget...

A scary leap in space
Must take place today
Because I am very sore
I don't practically know
What really makes me go
Or how I score with you...

The top of hill is steep
Saw how far below the fall
Looking down felt a tug
A wind so swift for drift
Rocks jut up to claim me
Shouldn't be here at all...

Far off beyond the horizon
Sun glows a golden hue
None knows by downward look
how day overpowers darkness
Forgive faults, say goodnight,
Tuck in tight for good measure...

Doris Cornago

Melt Into A Stare

Your coldness appalls me!
Trying to follow your example
Went to obedience school
Grew a tail, taught myself
Never to bark because useless
sound sorely displeases you
Difficult because I am a cat
In your presence I run short
for words that can catch
your imagination because
Every word is rated 1 to 5
Dismissed oft with four words
Boring give me another...

So, what is this then?
A modern Arabian Nights?
And you a Maharajah
who can't be spoken to?
Well, this morning, this
obedient pet escaped and
got into the lion's den
Went straight to your room
Past guards just thinking
of placid sleeping form
Fearful you have a curse
so severe, it will kill me
just to catch a glimpse
of you in a room so bare...

You are just there, not sleeping
Just sitting quietly in a corner
We stare at each other for
first time, without a word
Your eyes glinting blackly
Your mouth agape in a soft 'Oh'
Should have taken a spear with me
and slay you as you slept but no-

Changed all that didn't you?
You smashed stone into a stream
Made me flow, taught me to dream
Voice which used in anger to scream
Now says in low tone, let me stay...

What is it you want, you ask
You are a runt, a hopeless cad
Forgot clear terms of our accord?
Did you not say if things be better
we can be together talking
enjoying what is best in life
A game, some drinks to share
A talk with a few closer to you
A pat on Poochie, view your room
Five minutes of uninhibited talk
Touch on iPad, better your nose
May I have that, a touch of you?

What is the ocean if it cannot
fix a silly stream who ventured
dangerously, uncomfortably lost
Braved the raging ocean's waves
Whipped away my sails, soaked me
And made waste of my provisions
now cast about in freezing cold water
A broom with which to clean your room
made for the ceiling to scare spider
A window cleaner so light can come in
A wet rag to remove the stench
because you let the pet have her way
Are you the man in my waking dream?

Caught with empty hands, am aghast
What do I have to show for purpose?
Not even a slip of paper that says
let this woman in for she comes
on my dire need and authorization
Being here as I am, you need to know

there is nothing else but this moment
What is it you want, you softly repeat
Your eyes pure energy bore into mine
You are slim, and quite crystalline
Your hair leaps, recedes at temples
like some holy man or a wizened monk
All my angry words melt into a stare...

Doris Cornago

Tiring Day

My mind is like a stairway to the stars
It goes up and down when I need to climb
Or it can be like a ship floating to sea
Nowhere but still everywhere, I am there
But also here, working on tasks, boundless...

Sometimes my mind can hide behind a door
None can explore what I feel or think
But when a man's word touches me, water
Pours out, in trickles and then in streams
Unceasing, boundless, flowing without a care...

Sometimes my mind cuts me off, lost in space
Spaced out, tearfully angry and inconsolable
I can lash out with my mind and strike you
With a sharp spear conjured with my anger
I'll cut you in pieces and bring much pain...

Seeing you hurt, covered with oozing blood
Be repentant and wash you up with tears
Crooning a song, a lullaby, tuck you in
With soft hands, lightly pat your cheek
Give you rest for another long tiring day...

Doris Cornago

Ocean Deep

Tonight we hardly talked you said you need
More time to be on your own, I understood
But sometime during the night you passed by
I saw your shadow and my heart skipped a beat
Of course I did not make you know of it.

You said that you will talk to me if and only
speak of something that benefits humanity
Such a miser you are to give away what's mine
when I have given you all and more of my time
You were a picture of detachment and walked away.

Heart's now a stone, like how you taught me
Be detached, help but not to care too much
Or do not care at all but be an ocean untouched
Even by a thrown stone, which could prevent
Detachment, or the recognition of an emotion.

Such a glib tongue you have but I hold my own
We could always end in friction, better stay
unaffected but doing the work for many nations

Together but staying in separate corners, smiling
but masking cordial smile with a stern tone.

This morning the cold wind slapped me awake
Slept late viewing videos of hunk with spunk
Don't mistake, it is all for you as instructed
My mind is full of icicles with your detachment
and now I see viciousness covered with a thong.

Woe be upon me, seems like my own determination
Brought this condemnation upon my whole self
Eyes have bags, head woozy from lacking sleep
Turned on the audio you sent me, quick voice
rattles me awake, reminding me of ocean deep.

Doris Cornago

Bungee Jump

There is a man so vicious he wakes
in the morning with a one thought
who is now the next woman in sight
to bear brunt of his ire and he
hunts with a long bladed knife.

Another man in far off place hardly
sleeps but keeps awake with heart
burning with compassion to help
needy and downtrodden, many are those
so all through the night he toils.

Men loiter in corners drink in hand
deploring circumstances of birth
ranting to heavens of inequality
Not born to riches, wasting time
Squandering tears in dire ignominy.

Befriended the man who granted me true
inspiration, shared visions of freedom
Together in bungee jump, or scale heavens
in delightfully stitched together balloon
Not a lover but more than a true friend.

Youth took my hand in sheer effervescence
We bought islands, reared dragons, gifted
Each other with new thoughts and more
Rarely day passes when thoughts trigger
A suffusing warmth all over, don't wonder.

Life's choices, live it with what you've got
Riches are vanity, kingdom is what eyes see
If God does not deem fit to give you more
thinking you need all, do you cease to adore?
Be grateful, such freedom in living your own.

Today I wake to a lambent sun, door's wide open
My blood beats to music in my heart, I'm alive
Laptop is open, downloading swiftly proceeds

Walked to the kitchen just a few steps beyond
Passed by the mirror, saw youth in a bungee jump.

Doris Cornago

Looking At Same Moon

If you walk with such heavy feet
stay out my way because I can't
So silly playing a game of chance
faking romance, do you think life
can be played out as a dying tune?

Step nimbly, talk funny, make me laugh
Love a man who is unmindful of time
Not looking at watch losing control
of mind almost looking like a fool
but yes, responsive to sliding touch...

Your fingers stepping up in a jazzy
beat, horns weaving a magic tune
like a snake entranced by sinuous waves
of feelings, my mind reeling
from mistaken recognition of a man.

Are you with me, am I with you?
Let's stay companionably together
You in your corner, me in my own

seeking warmth from same thoughts

Together tonight looking at same moon.

Doris Cornago

Utter Ignorance

What do you know of love

Something that is peddled

As wares on a side street

by perfumed women in tights

and low cut bodices - their

dead eyes fastened on bread.

Or the course one takes

Upon seeing a new face

Meeting eyes in a crowded room

a nod of understanding

hurry out of the room

before somebody senses.

An excuse from boredom

A rubbing of flesh

A grapple, a cry of pain

She has mistaken you

for somebody more gentle

Now she is crying poison.

We are strangers from start

we pretend we need love

to unmask others, make them

conform to the person we want

In our utter ignorance, love

turns from unmasking to deception.

Doris Cornago

You Got Me At Very

I am dazzled by your well chosen words
A very careful man, you hide behind
A curtain of disdain or profane
Should it matter which face you hide?
I would rather see the face with which
You greet me when you come to the table
Washed up, feeling secure, ready to feast...

You are Adonis in resplendent attire at best
Should you be an ogre who devours raw meat
Or drinks blood when the sun sets, what of it?
Use a spoon, close your mouth when chewing
A civilized person is better than a vulgar man
Who prattles incessantly when I would rather
Just gaze and absorb such magnificent scenery...

Doris Cornago

Unexpectedly Masculine

When I know you are looking
I prance around like a hen
just laid an egg in a pen
Smiling my silly smile
feeling all warm inside
Though we are strangers
we share this awesome cage
of bottled up pungent rage
Awesome man to have the courage
kind and unexpectedly masculine...

Doris Cornago

Slave Of Emotion

You must be laughing at me now

the way I laid my heart bare

but such an act is out of despair

knowing that you do not really care

I have taken out my heart on a vow

If you as much as look my way

I will cease this hopeless playing

At your emotions and take control

Of my own, go my way, be a man

Not a despondent slave of emotion.

Doris Cornago

Curtains Are Drawn

Who knows the best words to say

when bees are in your bonnet

Pain shoots up, look for a way

ease the pain, blinding red rain

pops brain, freezing what's sane...

He taught you before how to play

Made you pull the right strings

So more can enjoy the front act

Like a loyal dog and his master

Playing for fools, playing the fool...

You are too good for comfort now

He needed to cut you down to size

Made you beg for a bone, or a loan

Wait, he does not even know shame

Leaves alone when curtains are drawn...

He chose to play with coterie

letting you freak out in dismay

looking like a fool in a drool

Later tried to explain but lame

Sickening lurch, missing the curve...

One day you will wake up bright

Without another care, so light

Surely he should take the blame

What happened, but he was driving

You closed your eyes, and that's that...

Doris Cornago

Shot

My lover failed to come

he had chastised me for

Failing to follow decorum

I am now lying on the floor

spilling my guts

clamoring for his attention

what's the use of a poem?

Doris Cornago

Living A Dream

I dreamt a dream and upon waking up
Longed to tell you how much you are
That dream that I have just dreamt
But when we encountered found that
I have left you in that dream...

How I wish that the man who was so kind
That he touched my face where tears flow
And held my hand as my steps faltered
Or spoke so kindly that his words felt
Like butterfly kisses in heart be here...

Were I to choose whether to wake up
Or remain asleep in a world where man
Is so busy he cannot recognize pain
Or look up from work to notice hurt
I would prefer to sleep all day...

Dreams are meant to tell us our minds
Are burdened with wishes unexpressed
Or release us from heavy burdens of day
If dreams make one escape hopeless emotion
Why then heart lies entrapped in confusion?

This ongoing battle between heart and mind
Ceases to amaze me, but leaves me in void
A phantom that races after me, holds me back
From living a dream, expressing a dream
How I wish I can explain, how awake I dream...

Doris Cornago

We Are Intertwining

If you do not talk to me

How do I know where to start

Or where to end this conversation?

Your silence has taken too long

Birds have stopped singing

The faucet has stopped dripping.

We are caught in a vacuum

This mute nothingness causes

eardrums to unceasingly bleed of need.

Caught in a maelstrom of emotions

our eyes dilate in misplaced notions

that we are what we are not, set adrift.

Of course I am of a different race

but of the same persuasion that you are

Creatures of the night, stalking till daylight.

Somebody asks if I still sleep

I am amazed myself how I manage to see

the KEYS when I myself do not have knowledge.

I am a flower becoming a rhyme

without a cause, without direction

until a singer comes along, and a pianist.

And yet another beginning comes

A poem upon a poem, a song in a song

A life's story unfolding, we are intertwining.

Surely you know how everything ends

Stop breathing if you can, control rhythm

Of your heart, or the convolutions of your brain.

Yes, now you see none can find a reason

For all the seasons, why is there sun or rain

Why are you here my friends - is this a dream?

Doris Cornago

When Is Eternity

Climbing his bike, he is aware of tiredness

But the table is laid and he must hurry to feast

Lighter now by 5 kilos but still, he wants lower

Pedaling faster, the wind sings in his ears

Closer and closer the rolling sound comes swooshing

There's a pop and all becomes still in his head.

Look a bird drops from the sky, falling in smithereens

The tree before him looks scraggly, oddly shaped

Its skeleton fingers reaches out begging for mercy

Slowly it crumples as one liquid, spilling guts

Into pavement, a dull grey matching the sky

A dull light flashes in his brain, warning danger.

His grip on the bicycle relaxes, realizing the steel

Has molten into soft rubber, a salty taste in his mouth

Makes him know warm blood has flowed to his jaws -

He has fallen down from bike to pavement instantly

Where are his feet, his hands, what has become of face?

Madly, maddeningly, all seems molten into nothingness.

Just this morning he said hi, the room responded as one

Today and forever, he has planned on living the same

But yet, there's a quiver in the air and among leaves

One by one, they seem to detach, and quickly swept away

Should this morning be the end of days, how will it be?

Should this morning extend to oblivion, when is eternity?

Doris Cornago

Gap Is Breached

A young man drifts and looks

He was shy hardly said a word

The next time he greeted hi

Extended his hand and smiled

Surely nothing's wrong

His grip is so strong

Teeth so white and eyes

Crinkling at the corners.

Now we meet at this wall

He smiles, greets and looks

Says one or two words

Always makes me glad

Somebody else understands

What I feel, what is real

Everybody needs a friend

To talk with, share a thought.

Today I heard this young man

His voice like water on sand

His laughter like rocks in river

His thoughts are refreshing

Gentle as rain in my mind echoing

He is unsure and he says it

He needs help and stretches out

Hand to reach, gap is breached.

He stands tall and happy

In his hand he holds a trophy

I am sure this man is surely

A friend of all, a sightless

Youth once recall his help

When he can't see, he was there

Surely his grip is quite strong

He is matured for one so young.

Doris Cornago

Fascinación Ha Quedado Fría

Hombre gritando desde la parte superior de tu voz
Golpeando tambores la fiebre resuena en mis oídos
Eres un corto fundido individual llegar
La infusión con ritmico de socorro
Haciendo que sacudía su cuerpo, los pies de la estampilla
En la sincronización del interminable, exultación gozosa
Liberación del aburrimiento, el hombre nace libre a llorar.

En guitarra, piano, tambor converse al unísono
Somos cautivados con el ritmo y el afecto
Pero un instrumento de control dominando todo
Una composición tan no tiene sentida y no significa nada
Podemos ir a través de los movimientos y ser educado
Decir, claro, todo está bien - un momento
Pero el dolor de nuestro corazón, nuestra mente habita en el odio.

No estar atados hacia abajo por la emoción mal
No puedes tocar alguien en constante movimiento
Cuando el té se ha enfriado y no mas relleno
Dolor es bueno para libera al alma - gritar!
Las lágrimas son para llorar, purifica el alma - llorar!
Usted está hacia fuera allí soñando en el alféizar de la ventana
Ver donde la fascinación ha dirigido fría - escapar!

Doris Cornago

Fascination Has Run Cold

Jungle man shouting from the top of his voice
Beating at drums his fever in my ears echoes
He is a short fused individual reaching out
Infusing all with rhythmic beat of distress
Making all shake their body, stamp their feet
In endless synchronization, joyful exultation
Liberated from boredom, man is born free to cry.

Where guitar, piano, drum converse in unison
We are enthralled with the rhythm and affection
But an instrument out of control dominating all
Such a composition is pointless and means nothing
We can go through the motions and be polite
Say hmm, sure, everything's alright - a moment
But our heart aches, our mind dwells on hatred...

Don't be shackled down by the wrong emotion
You cannot touch someone in constant motion
When the tea has gone cold and no more refill
You are out there dreaming on your window sill
Pain is good for it liberates the soul - shout!
Tears are for crying, cleanses the soul - cry!
Know if the fascination has run cold - escape!

Doris Cornago

Cinta De Recuerdos

Me pidió que viniera pero te has ido
Yo estaba allí trayendo un tributo en oro
Envuelto en una brillante paquete para estar seguro
Para ser observado, obediente, mi corazón en mi manga...

Tienes un lugar ir, el tiempo está corriendo más
Deja un mensaje, una llamada, ocupado es todo
Hacerlo más interesante que dices cada vez
¿Me divierte, me entretenga, esto es lo mejor que tienes?

Mis lágrimas me impiden ver las llaves
Estoy triste, entristecido por esta indignidad
Están enseñándome, pobre miserable eres
No eres la criatura hermosa en el espejo...

Déjame escapar, puerta abierta, sin ataduras
Voy a bailar, como un caballo en un desfile
Pies caminando alegremente animado, soy el maestra
Soy joven, mi corazón está lleno de recuerdos cinta...

Déjame sonreír, me reir, no seré derrotado
Voy a ser como soy, mi corazón puede tomar más
Si más se pueden tener en un lugar que debo ser
Encontrar este lugar ahora, no hay que darse prisa...

Doris Cornago

Ribboned Memories

Asked me to come but you have gone away
I was there bringing a tribute in gold
wrapped in a sparkling package to be sure
to be noticed, obedient, my heart on my sleeve...

You have someplace else to go, time's running
Leave a message, in a call, busy is all there is
Make it more interesting you say every time
Amuse me, entertain me, is this the best you've got?

My tears prevent me from seeing the keys
I am sad, saddened by this unworthiness
You are showing me, pitiful wretch you are
You are not the beautiful creature in the mirror...

Let me escape, doors open wide, no strings
I am gaily dancing, as a horse in a parade
Nimble feet stepping lively, I am the master
I am young, my heart is full of ribboned memories...

Let me smile, let me laugh, I will not be defeated
I will be as I am, my heart can take more
If more can be had in a place I have to be
Finding this place now, there is no need to hurry...

Doris Cornago

Free Together

Don't come close

you stinking louse

I am antipathic

almost a lunatic

but one fine day

we can be friends

if you choose to stay.

You are here

Not yet gone?

But you said

that I am a bore

you dislike a zealot

one who can't disguise

aversion for a maggot.

You hold me

You escape me

Not yet together

we clash with glee

rushing like water

merrily like a river

we are free together.

You are a torrent

I am abhorrent

I wish to see you

as you are totally

You wish me to see you

when you lose 5 kilos

Funny how all turn to be.

Should we cease?

Should we hang on?

Don't be confused

Two people in a maelstrom

hurdlings tricks or boredom

you want this, I want that -

Testings and trials build a lot!

Doris Cornago

My Brave Oxymoron

You are the sun, bursting with energy

Blazing with seeming fury, you sear me

Into ashes sending me in circles wildly

Night and day, you are spouting fire...

I am your moon hiding in your shadow

Delighting in your reflected light

lightly traipsing, lost in a slow dance

hold my hand, hold my waist, we are one...

Two out in the universe, we are unafraid

We circle the earth and laugh at planets

Seasons change and we drink from the vine

We are earth, wind, water, and fire...

You stare at the vast horizon, a unicorn

Mythical being, prancing, changing form

A divine being from the sun, was once the sun

Your smile enamors me, as well as the pun...

You shatter me whole, draw heat out of stone

Straightening my whorls, my brave oxymoron

Cold searing hand, dark foreboding light

You instruct me with a soft iron hand...

Doris Cornago

El Niño Vive

Recuerda que un niño muestra Feliz Navidad
Si los apetitos son desperdiciados
De pequeños juguetes y placeres efímeros
El alma y el espíritu fuera de control
Asegúrese de que saben que hay un límite
Un desgarró lo separe del cuerpo y el alma.

Una pequeña muestra del amor del Padre
Suplanta todas las filosofías o bromas
Si él es espíritu o imaginario
La ley de la cosecha solicitar ser cautelosos
Que no se escape consecuencias
Y soportar el peso de su afrontar coqueteos.

Mi corazón fluye con risas y alegría
Cada vez que veo bondad y gracia
En caso de que no se esté con demasiado
Cuando mucho se distribuye a todos
Y la más pura intención de bendición
Se reunió con bienvenido, no maldición.

Pasar un minuto este Día de Navidad
A que reconsidere el niño lo que quería
¿Es que tienen una habitación llena de juguetes?
O una mano y un oído, historias para compartir?
El niño vive en la mayoría de las personas
Él todavía está allí, esperando a alguien.

Doris Cornago

A Child Lives

A child depicts Christmas, be reminded
if your desires and appetites are wasted
on petty toys and fleeting pleasures
your soul and spirit out of control
be sure you know there is a limit
a tearing asunder of body and soul.

A small token of love from the Father
supplants all philosophies or banter
Whether He is spirit or imaginary
the law of harvest apply be wary
that you will not escape consequences
and bear the brunt of your dalliances.

My heart flows with laughter and joy
whenever I see goodness and grace
where no one is with too much
Where too much is distributed to all
and the purest intention of blessing
is met with welcome and not cursing.

So this Christmas Day spend a minute
to reconsider the child what he wanted
Is it to have a roomful of playthings?
Or a hand and an ear, stories to share?
Such a child lives in most everyone
He is still there waiting for someone.

Doris Cornago

Arrastra Los Dedos

Nunca estás aquí

Eres como el viento

Escapan a mi alcance

Tocando mi rostro

Bromeando con su

dedos del arrastramiento

entre risas que fluye

haciéndome flujo

liberando pero sosteniendo

mantenerme en el remolque...

Anhelando tus caricias

necesidad de tanto-

Probablemente las razones

¿por qué siempre escapar

Nunca estás aquí

Eres como el viento

Escapan a mi alcance

Tocando mi rostro

Bromeando con su

dedos del arrastramiento...

Doris Cornago

Creeping Fingers

You are never here
You are like the wind
Escaping my grasp
Touching my face
Teasing me with your
creeping fingers
laughingly flowing
making me flow
releasing but holding
keeping me in tow...

Longing for your touch
needing you so much -
Probably the reasons
why you always escape
You are never here
You are like the wind
Escaping my grasp
Touching my face
Teasing me with your
creeping fingers...

Doris Cornago

Reincarnation

Alone together in a small room

A window opens to clear the gloom

You are an old man and I am young

You are escaping, I have returned.

I am sent back on eagle's wings

So many days in travel, waiting

Know you how far the distance

From heart to mind, perchance?

As I softly enfold you in my arms

I am speechless with distress

You are wet with tears and fears

Where have gone all the years?

Nobody knows what natural law to blame

You and I are just players in this game

Where are the roads, where goes the maze

Secrets are well kept in this universe.

Doris Cornago

Dedos Ardientes

Toqué la cara como en un sueño
Haces mis horas de vigilia parecen
Como un sueño lúcido, tan real
Son las emociones que atormentan
Sentimientos tumultuosos que envía
A la deriva, caída, circulando
Como en un torbellino andar por ahí...

No puedes conocer el dolor y necesidad
Hasta que responsabilizarse por ellos
Veo más sentido en daño
Si sentir las me hará
Verlo otra vez y otra vez
Un pícaro insensible plácido
Incesante con sus burlas...

Está terminando la hermosa melodía
El resplandor de su rostro
Disminuyendo...Dejar que las manos
Demorarse más, rodando sobre
Este hombre amable que sufre
también da tiempo a sentir mi dolor...

Salta sobre una escaldada
Él hace una mueca en mi malestar
Reprende, llora en voz alta
Ojos marrones, mirando con ira
Y sin embargo, me hace sufrir menos
Sus dedos ardientes a mi espíritu congelado
Me da esperanza y eventual perdón...

Doris Cornago

Hidden Recesses

I have played sad songs
And lively ones but none
can come up to the song
that pierces my heart
and make my days seem long.

Let me cry to fulfillment
I like to feel searing pain
from rejection that tears
my heart away from my soul
shatters the core of my being.

You are not real, I presume
my heart is not whole
my brain has stopped working
all have stopped functioning
since I lost memories of you.

Yes, I deny it - that you inhabit
the hidden recesses where
beauty and hope dwell

where the waves lap incessantly
and retreats placidly to shore.

You are a ghost fleeting
the story of my life retreats
when they encounter you
and my fingers are numb
from my incessant playing...

Doris Cornago

Heartbeats Matching My Own

Funny that we don't know the time of day

We play, we talk, we quarrel, and sulk

You are the boy making fun of forgetfulness

I am the woman livid with restlessness.

They cannot know fully what they can't own

We move fast by schedules on hallowed ground

Who is the leader, who is the follower

Down goes the ladder, and you seek cover.

Blood flows like icing on cake, thickly

Like a wraith, I come moving stealthily

Your quick eyes touch me, but they avoid mine

You're with them, feasting on cakes and wine.

If we will part, hold me for the last moment

Let me see your eyes as I've imagined them

Let me see your lips as they say the words

and let me feel the heartbeats matching my own.

Doris Cornago

My Account Is Ready

I shouted at the end of the lane

'Come hither', but you don't notice

On account of the blistering rain

You got your bike and drove away.

Dreams merge with my consciousness

I am adrift in the essence of wishes

Secretly stashed in my hope chest

You smell of musk in my heart's nest.

You always tell me that you can't come

Jumping through time, I made you mine

I have wisdom of ages, sword unsheathed

I conquer all obstacles, even myself.

What is mine to give is yours still

Who knows if we can pay life's bills

There will be tomorrows unconquered

but my account is ready, all cleared.

Doris Cornago

Heart Divided, Mind Shattered

If anybody asks me if I am happy
I would definitely say I am not
Having lost the meaning of happiness
between now and last night, I am sad.

Tomorrow, if anybody asks the same
I would jump in glee and say yes
I am definitely because there's me
The other side that longs to be free.

Yet again, in the future if time's short
And nothing is going right with work
I would be lost for words on what counts
For happiness - my freedom or serfdom.

You make me jump in anticipation
Whenever you have the gumption
But somewhere your procrastination
Causes a break in my exultation...

If it only depended on me, I work alone
but so much hinges on what you want done
Your heart divided, your mind shattered
We fell short, we are now fettered...

Doris Cornago

Mystical

True words aren't eloquent;

Eloquent words aren't true

So, be true if this fits you

but I will be me, mystical.

How many words to rhyme

What is the rhythm in a meter

and what must you measure

When breathing comes, breathe.

We want a poem to express

every stage of hasty undress

so fine, if God is really divine

comes a fruit in every clime.

We enter the world in roles we abhor

we make a retreat and close the door

soon there will be banging, voices

saying come out, the world is out here.

Hanging on a ledge, tethering

between then and now, stretching feet

turned a ninja and appear-disappear

back to normal, the world is nevermore.

Longer or shorter, the days come

Images long buried are unearthed

come, look, see this is me -

looking inside a box, I found dust.

Doris Cornago

Egomaniac

When we talk in the middle of work

Sometimes your face looks harsh

I am afraid you've turned

To cold stone that I can't touch...

Sometimes we pause and turn to play

You looked mild, fancy-free and gay

You smile, hold my hand, laugh all day

Contrasts you live, who would believe...

The face I see is what you show me

Time spent depends on what you allow

Who could ever come close to you

when life is a shell, a time capsule...

You have your toys, you're just a boy

Frigid and rigid are your house rules

You're a mindbender, inventing a loop

You ask me to come, you go as you wish...

Soon we will part, and pray, why not

You're just a self-centered egomaniac

lost in a complex world you have created

building loop after loop, undefeated...

Doris Cornago

Silence

The world is my playground
I play the music out of
Many hearts and minds clashing
Then comes a high pitched note
Decreasing in volume until
Silence reigns and all is still...

Waters cease to move but on
The surface is reflected
The diaphanous movement
Of hearts and minds
Confabulating, weaving
In and out, throbbing...

Circles overlapping
My hands never resting
My heart not skipping
Beat upon beat until
Silence reigns and the world
Ceases to be my playground...

Doris Cornago

You Have Turned Off The Light

Walking through life means

stepping into potholes

Unglamorous pauses from

unaccountable losses...

Riding tandem with you

in blistering pace amidst

drizzles reminds me of whistles

in the middle of a dream...

You are not what you are

when you speak of schemes

you seem like an old man but

when you ride, you are so wild...

Walking, riding, dreaming

are parts of one lifetime

lapses in one moment can cause

morbidity, undue deferment...

You are so cold and I am so warm

my tea has spilled from the cup

and I can't see the colors of love

because you have turned off the light...

Doris Cornago

All Alone In The Dark

Sitting by the window out of reach

I have been thinking of past sorrows

and joys, and so many things in between

feeling the filling of your being...

If wind blows and carries me away

what memories will I still keep

and to my surprise your face covered

all the snapshots I would take...

My heart is so full of you that not

An iota of self is left to imprint

my mind of what death feels or what

depth of sorrow would be left as I go...

Just the softness of wind on my cheek

sun warm on my exposed arm and the

fullness of a morning made beautiful

by sharing a few minutes with you...

You said come here see my office

when you haven't taken bite in two meals

So hungry and yet not in a hurry

making time, all alone in the dark...

You melt my heart with your glazed stare

I know your head hurts from constant glare

Still you have to race home in a bike

Back still aching from bumps of past ride...

Touching the furniture I watched you work

careful not to speak in the stillness

not to make you lose another precious hour

Tomorrow, and tomorrow I will be with you...

Doris Cornago

Fantasma De La Luna

Sigilosamente como en un sueño
Vienes con tu sonrisa atractiva
Tú eres el fantasma de anhelos pasados
Yo sigo buscando como cambiar
Transformación de fase a fase...
En maravilla, puede cansar de mirar
A ti - un rompecabezas, me hace luchar
En una conjetura, alguna vez cambiando
La luna centrada de mi vida -
A veces tan cerca, otras veces
Hasta el momento, escapan a mi alcance
Pero me hace cada noche aspiran..

Doris Cornago

Kissed

Kissed your lips this morning
Seeing you in deep sleep
Just can't help myself
Wondering, how will it feel?

Don't worry because it's magical
T'was just a feather kiss
A kiss given in gratitude,
clean and pure like water

Don't worry because it's mystical
an angel's kiss does not touch
skin but touches mind
a psychic kiss that elevates...

You said virginity
is of the mind
and not the body
Seeing someone
with wrong intention
is part of sin
so does thinking
Keeping mind clean
is more important
than the physical

I understand your concern...

Yes, you are so right
Guard our minds as they
dictate our actions
Even in doing right,
there may be wrong reason
What a man thinks, so is he
but what a man does may come
from his generous heart -
I did not take anything
but gave you something...

What's wrong with you?
Should generosity not count
Should lack of motive be given
due license to commit?
Forgive if I badger
but not asking to excuse
the act because it is beyond
control of projection,
beyond universal laws
A need out of being human...

Doris Cornago

Who Is Afraid Of Pain

Who is afraid of pain?

That feeling of

strength trickling

down to the last drop

but you resist giving in

letting mind take control...

As the countdown starts

one, two, three - close

your mind, resisting

death-urge you feel a surge

of strength renewing,

adrenaline, your second wind...

Who is afraid of failing?

Soon numbs the mind

and clouds reason

to go on with challenge

no, no, no - I cannot

Thus faltering, you died.

But when you say yes-
let us surely do it
one more minute longer
let's hold on tighter
make mind take control
team body takes order...

Don't be such a bore
pain is your teacher
even your ardent lover
Pain makes life richer
relationships better
be faithful, last longer...

Physical or emotional,
pain gives you release
from imagined near-deaths
Reaching peak of no return,
finding you still prevail,
scream 'Eureka - I'm immortal! '

Doris Cornago

Coming Of A Savior

Running down the alley of my memory
caught a frail child peeping out a window
counting the stars as she looks up
unmindful that tears streak her cheeks...

Still staring at the second floor
saw this child move her lips in prayer
so quiet only her heart must have heard
or the cactus lining the window shelf...

Some days this child needed to walk
when her coins fall short of the fare
or part with some when she needed to share
but this does not make her tears fall...

One day this child needed to see
a beggar woman with a suckling child
dirty, scarred and bereft by the roadside
All coins are given no thoughts aside...

Every Christmas evening all celebrate
the coming of a Savior a child knew not

She can only see darkness, doubt and pain

heartaches a few coins cannot alleviate...

Doris Cornago

Memories Cannot Be Forgotten

Our loved ones live

in our memories

And when they depart

our memories start

to unwind, to remind

times full of pain

times without rain...

If you doubt this

take out my heart

mind stops working

body ceases function

everything declines

whisper of the wind

ceases to cool the mind...

The rising coolness

fails to touch the skin

as memories start

to unwind, to remind

laughter insane

losses and gain

a gentle boy gone...

Doris Cornago

Awesome Trouble

What pleases you
is what you get
No one can make you do
against your will
Forget me in a moment?
You will if you want
You will if you can...

Alternating pleased
and displeased we play
a game of catch me
and leave me now
causing me to wonder
if the reward is at all
worth the awesome trouble...

Some days are good
Some days are better
When you make time
bend against your will
there is enough to squander
on us - so much laughter
As we clash asunder!

Longing to be with you
is longing to be with me
because in you is where
I see myself most clearly
So I think loving you is
loving myself, too,
which pleases both of us.

Doris Cornago

Speeding On A Motorbike

The quality of life spent

is the totality of time

not wasted on self-indulgences

but who knows how to spend?

Time goes by in undiminished

speed - same as for everyone

All are given equal quantity

but not all know how to bend...

The measure of effectiveness

may not be actual time spent

but the volume that is wasted

on nothingness, which matters...

All can gain speed with time

when just idling on a thought

debating with self, alone in a car

waiting for traffic light to turn

Thinking of someone in a room

mind works free without activity

hatching a poem, self-awakening

in so much beauty in the making...

Speeding on a motorbike

a boy encounters eternity

mind clicking, no time is wasted

with creativity and commitment...

Doris Cornago

How Silly Is This

How silly is this -

Champagne that fizzes

from stomach to nose

causing me to hiccup

fills heart to bursting,

lips in a smile widening...

A word, two words, a smile,

a playful nudge and I skyfall

head flipping over heels

rolling in a cartwheel -

not likely to end

even in a thousand years...

Doubts and suspicions

are not solutions

but could lead

to more condemnations

Best take control

hold your tongue and

hold out your hand...

You love him, make it clear
tell him that, make it real
encourage him, don't be a miser
He's tired, give your shoulder
even when you need an ear
give him both, be a sweet dear...

Tucking him in with feather kiss
make him sleep, stop talking please
give him peace and quick release
Be a source of joy, not a toy
don't make him weep when vulnerable
hold him steady, he's yours to keep...

Doris Cornago

Two Alien Beings

You said you have black eyes

but I see them previously brown

Now they have turned blue

While I am looking at you...

You had a manner of speaking

Which leaves me gasping

Trying to catch up with making

Out words making me go fumbling...

Now you sound like a xylophone

Fine pitched crystalline voice

You weave your way in tinkling

Prancing your way about, laughing...

There are times you are a trombone

Serious and deep, the wind is steep

You make me struggle just to catch up

Ignoring pleas, not looking back...

Who are you and made up of what?

It did not matter the least before

For now, we are two alien beings

Departing on the same space capsule...

October 23,2013 - Antipolo, Philippines

Doris Cornago

I Would Be A Mango

If I were a fruit, I'd be a mango, sweet to the core
But you have to peel me first starting from point
Where sap flows and fruit attaches to the tree
You need to find that or I am lost to your touch

You cannot pick me too soon or I would shrivel
Or too late, I would soon fall from tree to ground
Just the right moment when dusk leaves the tree
Until daybreak when shadows flit and escape

Your hands should be steady, your eyes so bright
I would be the one to guide you and say alright
Speak not so boisterous as to wake the dead
But low and distinctly so I hear your heart...

Doris Cornago

Lunacy

You come stealthily as in a dream

Wearing that winsome smile

You are the ghost of my past longings

I keep on looking as you shift

From phase to phase, transforming

I never can tire of looking

You make me wonder what you

Will look next time, ever changing

You - the centered moon of my life

Sometimes so near, other times

So far, escaping my reach

But making me every night aspire...

Doris Cornago

To Him Who Pleads Fill Me

Not empty,
don't despair
You are complete
in yourself as you wait
for fullness the universe
favors you with attention
spilling bountifully on one
ready to accept - a vessel
emptied out of expectation
invites friendly exploration.

no disguises,
no commitments.
no masks, no ruses
no fuses to defuse.
no requirements,
no sentiments.

Come to the pool
from where everybody
drinks - our anonymity
makes us blood brothers
helping each other
makes us stronger
binding tightly
in a circle
emptying out
one to another.

Get in line,
open your tight fists,
stop hiding your core,
let spill your thoughts,
empty your mind,
flow formless like
water in a vessel,
flow in a circle
giving and receiving
never emptying out -

Fulfilled at last!

Doris Cornago

Too Fine For One Woman

Redundant, redundancy, but the chorus goes on

We hate, we love - alternately but with consistency

We laugh, we cry - but always with the same reason

Remembering, remembrance, all these in abundance...

Are you happy? Your dad asks me in concern one morning

He is a good man and I envy him his son but wondering

Why the question - should I feel the suggested meaning

The son is indeed a fine man, too fine for one woman...

Laughing, laughter, alone mostly, but I must carry on

We doubt, we believe - but in the end, one recourse

Not to dismantle but to prop up, hold tight, cleave

Thinking, thoughts - but always with you as the reason.

Doris Cornago

Abortion

A step back in time in the middle of a desert

Looking to quench my thirst and found water

Should there be too little, I would not dare waste it

If too much, I will tip the vessel and leave the rest for later

You are indeed the best of the bunch, in the dim light

Your head shows a halo, your face all aglow

Is it just me or is it really you, or a ghost?

Trying hard not to drown in the shallow loneliness

The sound of your footsteps recede faintly slithering

How many hours ago on Skype or 'aeons of strife' ago?

The waiting period has moved to another 15 days

The baby kicks inside my womb, are you aborting soon?

Doris Cornago

Blazing Fingers

Touched your face as in a dream
You make my waking hours seem
Like a lucid dream, so real
Are the emotions that haunt
Tumultuous feelings that sends
Me drifting, falling, circling
As in a whirlwind traipsing...

You cannot know pain and need
Until you own up to them
I see more sense in hurting
If feeling them will make me
See him again, and again
A placid insensitive rogue
Incessant with his taunts...

The lovely melody is ending
The radiance of his face
Diminishing...Letting hands
Linger longer, rolling over
Highlights of my life etching
This gentle man in deep pain
Stays to comfort my suffering...

He jumps about as one scalded
He grimaces at my discomfort
He scolds, he cries out loud
Brown eyes staring in anger
And yet, he makes me suffer less
His blazing fingers to my frozen spirit
Give me hope and eventual forgiveness...

Doris Cornago

Freedom And Responsibility

Long have I traveled but none have I seen

As lovely as a quivering bud on a tree

That looked so old it might as well be dead

But the bud made it look so potential...

What now I know of life and keep knowing

Freedom and responsibility walk together

Nobody's looking but there's a nagging

Feeling of wanting something better for all...

The choice is yours to take whatever goes

Ignominy or glory, the path's not closed

Whether you run or walk it, nobody's looking

Take a hand or arm if offered - but do go on...

Sometimes you wish to step back awhile

Sit by the road and watch the world go by

But you just cannot, mind's a whirl on things

To your left and to your right goes life...

Do not make excuses, it does not matter

Try rather make a steady step each way

Your choice if you falter, or go slower

Nobody is keeping track of your progress...

Life might have taken its toll on strength

Or taken away all the glory of yesteryears

As long as heart beats and voice is not stilled

You go on and on through more pages...

Doris Cornago

My Eyes Are Dry

My eyes are dry, but in silence

I cry out loud through fingers

Running through keys

Unflinching in my grief, unceasing...

Love be not silent, love be alive

Choices are made, coins exchanged

Hands, what is yours, which is mine

Nothing much is lost but time passing...

I laugh in my grief as one insane

My chest to bursting who's to blame

There's something I want but beyond

Reach, nothing is left in the dying sun...

If you have life and know it still

If you have voice and will

If you have strength enough

If you have eyes and seen enough...

Walk the path and speak of it well

Do not run and hide

Do not cheat with pretense

Get exposed, be counted, be there...

Doris Cornago

Irony

Can you imagine the irony of me
Running after you and the struggle
To get upper hand in the scuffle
You give in most just for the record -

Funny you and me encountering
In this barren emotionless cyberspace
Laughing with derision at my inconsistency
Loving one moment and hating the next -

As I in your dreadful emotionless world
Not a Greek, but a geek, when I am hoping
For one turbulent, I encounter a geek
Placid with no mind for turbulence -

You're a philosopher, while I am the dreamer
I like traipsing, singing, going my merry way
But you said halt, look, there's a sign in the road
Which says don't, beware, but free, go anywhere -

October 24,2013 - Bali Oasis

Doris Cornago

Heaven-Sent

We walk slow, same as the beat of our hearts

You smile as you watched a bird at rest

The maple tree in the middle of your yard

Reflects your stability and hugeness of heart...

An arched rainbow blinks in the distance

Nothing but us who see it and gaily dance

Are you brave not having battled in the field

But more magnificent is you loved unafraid...

Watching you surrounded with grandkids

All of my doubt goes away with the seeds

That you planted among roses in the field

We draw one step closer, pulling out weeds...

Someone could have died waiting for you

But you are here, at the ship's prow

Stones you have arranged in a neat row

Now glistened whitely, taking a bow...

Time froze as silently still we walk together

You are steadfast as together we gather

Let us not let anything mar these moments

When after all, shared thoughts are heaven-sent...

November 4,2013 - Bali Oasis

Doris Cornago

Four Elements

Does fire ask what it is for

Until wood comes along and got singed

Neither does water when it sees smoke

From wood getting too close to fire...

A person comes and we got singed

Everything external to us is linked

Within us - earth, wind, water and fire

Precious elements which make up life...

Useless and useful, dangerous and

Functional - are you not for me?

Yes, the world is big - but you placed it

Within my palm - should I ask for more?

October 18,2013 - Bali Oasis

Doris Cornago

Este Semidiós

Eres suave como la luz del día en mi cara

Pero mi cabeza recibe un golpe en golpear la cama

Las cosas que anteriormente nos mantuvieron juntos

Ahora hace cosas estás triste, sabor rancio...

En mi memoria eres este semidiós

Pero en el descanso del día su fulgor duro

Rasga mi corazón en pedazos más allá de la reparación

¿Por qué todas las cosas encantadoras terminar de esta manera...

Quisiera llorar de desesperación

Pero mi corazón se ha convertido en la piedra fría

No hay manera que se descongele otra vez

Adiós mi amor recuerda el amor que tuvimos...

Doris Cornago

You Are This Demigod

You are soft as the daylight on my face

But my head gets a bump on hitting the bed

The love which previously kept us together

Now makes things look glum, tastes stale...

In my memory you are this demigod

But in the break of day your hard glare

Rends my heart in pieces beyond repair

Why do all lovely things end this way...

I should like to cry in despair

But my heart has turned to cold stone

There is no way it will thaw again

Adieu my love, remember the love we had...

October 30,2013 - Bali Oasis

Doris Cornago

Stronger In Faith

I loved a man so grand

He walks barefoot in sand

Spends the day to go astray

Meets me by end of day

Don't care if sorrows wait

Makes me stronger in faith

Still looking glad than sad

I asked him was day bad

He answers cryptically sure

Goes on to next adventure

Leaving me lost, hurt and sad

Wanting us to talk so bad.

Doris Cornago

Between Two Moons

A man so complete he makes me whole
He does not know that when he comes
Sunlight filters through my window
And I am so happy just to be looking...

Wondering when this fascination will end
Like a river flowing without a trace
Where it has been, or where going
The music goes on and on flawlessly...

Like summer wind that sways through trees
And goes on to visit grasses or water
That filters from mountain tops to
Valleys, gullies, little streams...

Smiles and small talks, a lingering look
That nourishes my heart from day to day
Make music everywhere you go or stay
I will never be the one to block your way...

Now the music still lingers slithering
Like your SSSS in the memory of yesterday
You have gone away forever and a day
Just yesterday and I can't do without...

Tell me again how this commitment goes
You will go and I should stay waiting
Trusting you to come back with your conquests
Unscratched like Lone Ranger or Tonto...

But real life is not like a movie that plays
There are people you meet and soon it plays out
The opposite way, the opposite direction
There will be tears, recriminations in the end...

October 25,2013 - Philippines

How Long Is Forever

I know I promised to wait

But days have come and gone

So many leaves have fallen

And the branches are bare...

You said you love me but

There are things left undone

Things you said are missions

To worlds yet forming or unknown...

Soon the branches will dry

As this heart losing grip on a

Promise to wait until you are

Ready to come home...so tell me...

Doris Cornago

Motivacion

Cómo motívese

En las orillas del mundo?

No sabe hasta lo que

La motivación significa

Es un beso en la ceja

Un abrazo apretado o un toque

En la mano cuando frío

Una sonrisa de alguien

Distante apenas sabe

Una palabra de alabanza

O un saludo de la mañana

Una canción familiar compartida

De este modo, dígame otra vez cómo

Cómo motivar por usted?

Doris Cornago

One Rainy Day

Just for your eyes

...I am a flower unraveling

As we talk deeply of love

...and our undefined feelings...

Rain reminds me of tasks undone

...kids running naked in abandon

Makes me know another option

...whether to take the fast lane

Or live like someone insane

...I must know what to lose or gain

Doris Cornago

My Heart's Abomination (Ablution)

Were you my heart's abomination
How luckier I would be
Rather than be tight as a fist
Grasping a gem of untold value...

Seems most unfortunate
To have held you in my palm
Only to be told to release
As the bird no longer breathes...

The knife of cutting words slide
And digs deeper to the bone
When you left, there oozes
The dark blood of remembrance...

Presumption is my undoing
Thinking you won't escape
Clenched to my beating heart
Making you see its full ripeness...

But the sight of love's ecstasy
The gory details of captivity
Seems too much for such youth
You cannot bear texture, nor pain...

The cup overflows but wasted
On dark pathway scattered
Just leave me in dark despair
I am gone, not here any longer...

Doris Cornago

A Geek In Love

I met a Geek just the other day

Complained of not having his way

A lady who turned down his love

Cannot see why place heart above

Beyond his reach beyond all pitch

Let me ask you this, is she a dish?

You go to a resto hands in pocket

Eyeing all, wondering what's to eat

Your stomach churns, wide eyes burn

Ah, this one looks lovely suitable

But did you know if she's amiable?

You go by looks, by appetite urges

Did you know love's terminal surges?

What is it about her that suits you?

What is it about her that makes you?

Will she turn night into blazing day?

Or turn inspiration into dark despair?

Love's complicated - vows you can't keep

Your brain dims from many hours not slept.

December 4, 2013 - Philippines

Doris Cornago

Tácticas Dilatorias

El levantamiento temprano en alborada
La vista de su cara por tanto llevada
Deseo luego nunca nacerme
Si todo que hace para mí es se afligen

Que vida hacen no quiere
Lo que la canción le puede no cantar
Cada mañana tiene una belleza
Cada mañana tiene una generosidad

Soy terminado con la recriminación
Soy terminado con la dilación
Déjeme tener una pieza sola
O la parte a mí lo que posee

La vida no es terminada
Antes de que sea para siempre
El mar se besa como un rodillo profundo
Dóbleme como un amante caliente
No lamentaré o seré amargo.

Doris Cornago

Más Fuertes En La Fe

Me encantó un hombre tan grandioso
Camina descalzo en la arena
Pasa el día que vaya por mal camino
Me satisface al final de día
No te preocupes si los dolores esperar
Me hace más fuerte en la fe
Me alegro de que un triste
Le pregunté fue mal día
Él contesta críptica que
Va en la próxima aventura
Lo que me pierde, herido y triste
Queriendo hablar tan mal.

Doris Cornago

Lenguaje Corporal

El sonido de su voz me hace mirar

No la importancia quien mira

Tan me encanto a propósito anda

Mirar su espalda ahora

De camino encorva sus hombros

La vuelta de su cabeza ya que parece lateral

Su lenguaje corporal es tal que

Mis sentimientos se quedan sin el control...

(October 21,2013 - Philippines)

Doris Cornago