

Poetry Series

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen
- poems -

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Elizabeth Padillo Olesen()

A Filipino born woman, lives in Denmark, wrestles with the Danish language; attempts to preserve her mother tongue- Cebuano, writes prose and poetry in English. Wife, mother, teacher, cross-cultural worker; loves to sing, paint and tend the garden; finds it delightful to demonstrate her poems by her paintings.

' For Only A Strong Woman Knows How To Let Go Of Her Problems'

'FOR ONLY A STRONG WOMAN KNOWS HOW TO LET GO OF HER PROBLEMS'

A woman, taken from the rib of Adam
is part of man, a builder like man!
A woman, referred to as lotus flower
is a woman with folded hands
that raises prayers to heavens above.

A woman bears seeds of life
in her womb and gives birth to life;
A woman cradles her child from dusk
to the dawning of light
and repeats the labor of love
to every birth and rebirth of a child.

Who is stronger to listen to
the woes and pain in human labor?
Who is much stronger to deal
with a man, her spouse - the builder?
Who is much stronger to lay
down her own pain and struggles
in the lotus symbol of surrender
to the Great Author of Life in prayers?

It is she - the strong woman in our time!

August 15,2017

Thanks to Conrad for this inspiring title challenge!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

"Love Me! "

"Love me to make me happy
Love me to ward off loneliness inside me
Love me to fulfill me
Love me to value me
Love me to belong to somebody.
Love me to be with you in spirit and body
Love me to restore my dignity
Love me to feel being loved by you."

"Love me in the morning
Love me at noon
Love me in the evening
Love me at dawn
Love me in all seasons
Love me when crises strike
Never get tired to love me,
support me and affirm me."

But baby, love is not something
to be demanded from a beloved.
Love is a gift, freely given
It is a willed sacrifice.
Love is not only an emotion
that flickers off and on
Love is decision.
Love is the will to love.

And since we as humans
cannot perfectly love
We need to learn from Jesus,
The source of perfect love:
the act and will
of serving,
of forgiving,
of renewing.
of saving by giving his life.

April 24,2020

"Me Too"

Women, women, women
Women of colors and faiths!
Women from all walks
and corners in our one world!

Women, who used to be silent-
now stand up to speak for
their rights; women enslaved -
now march on to be freed.

Women, women, women
in our one world
carry the torch of light
and freedom which can
no longer be turned off.

January 4,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

"Money, Money, Give Me Some More"

We all crave and long for money;
the rich, the poor, the young
and old cry for money to keep and hold.
We crave to be masters of money
or end up to be money's slaves.
Either way, we fall into the pit
if money becomes our masters
and we end up, enslaved by money.
Money is only a gift to use and share
It cannot last for long, for like water,
it flows and evaporates.

Ask for money and work for it
but let it not be your master
to be served, but a simple resource
to use, share and give to those in need.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

"When I Let Go Of What I Am, I Become What I Might Be"

I float on the face of the ocean
when I let go of the fear to drown.
I reach the apex of a mountain
when I choose to look ahead
removing the rope of doubt.
I let myself be by being me-
created, nurtured and sustained
by courage, faith, hope and love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

"When You Give Happiness, You Receive Happiness"

Give and you shall receive
Plant and you shall harvest
Smile and smiles to you be extended
Help and you will be blessed.

It's a simple secret, known
in decades and centuries
in villages and cities
by simple folks and sages.

It's within the festival of lights
in Hanukkah of the Jews,
in Tihar or Diwali of the Hindus,
in Eid of the Muslims and
in Christmas of the Christians.
The secret of giving and sharing
is upheld, valued and celebrated.

Give happiness to others
and receive bountiful
happiness as blessing
you greatly deserve.

Elizabeth's response to the title challenge of Mobani Biswas

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

"Without I Write, I Would Remain Dumb"

Writing is journey
to what is and what is to be
It is a trip to reality
and a trip to the world of fantasies
opening doors to human possibilities.

Writing is window
to every human spirit that is free-
free to create, free to surf the seas,
the mountains and forests,
the outer space and cyberspace- forming
a chronicle of a human spirit that is free.

I would remain dumb,
If I would not write
the thoughts and heartbeats of a free soul.
I would remain dumb, if I would not write
journeys to the heights and lows in life
allowing a display of a human spirit that is free!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Devastated Country's Call To Life

Guard the portals of your freedom
Build the pillars of your land
Merge the visions of your people
Make justice for all your solemn goal.

Rise up with your dawn
Open the curtains of your homes
Wash up the stains of blood
In front of your doors.

Bury the dead in their graves
Find the keys to forgiveness.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Good Life

A good life is a song
when melodies are sung
by laughters and smiles.

A good life is a cup of tears
when days are painted
by all sorrow and pain.

A good life is community
when one ceases to be alone
in the sea of love and compassion.

A good life is courage
when the heart of faith
announces the dawning of a new day.

A good life is knowing
the Shepherd who walks with us
even in the valley of death
and brings us to the mountain of safety.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Man Without A Name

□

I see him often along the street
of Kolding Train Station
A black man with his curly hair
that seems not to have been washed in years
A man with no smile on his dirty face
A man with a bottle of beer on his lips
and a lighted cigarett
between his finger tips.

What is he doing
along the open road
while others are hurrying
to their place of work?
Why is he having much time to spare
while others claim they
don` t have time and run with stress?

What is he doing along the open road
while others would rather hide
in the comforts of their gold?

What is this lost man doing in an open road,
when he stands without a name,
a story to tell, honour and shame?

Why do we find many more like him
without their names, who find the open streets
as their home to dwell?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Mother

How can a mother forget her child,
the child who is conceived nine months in the womb
the child that is cradled at daytime,
night time until dawn?
How can a mother forget her child?

How can a mother forget her child
the child who after the flow of months
has learned to stand and run?
How can a mother forget her child,
the child whose mouth imitates her mother`s tongue,
the child who after a year or two can say,
'Mama, I love you'?

How can a mother forget her child,
the child who is so dear in her own heart and mind,
the child that reveals the mystery of creation,
the beauty of growth and human interaction.
the infinity of our own universe
within its finite linear time?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A New Beginning

A new beginning
new day, new light
after a mighty storm,
after a cold, chilly and dark night.

Mark this new day
after hours of sleep
after a journey into a dreamland;
mark this new beginning.

It is a new day
of hope, a new chance to dance,
a new day to thank
God, the author of our life.

December 15,2013

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Plea For Forgiveness

Forgive us if we claim to be
Activists for peace and justice
And yet we remain silent
to your cries and plea for help.

Forgive us if we close
our borders because of fear
And miss the chance to help
You in time of your great need.

Forgive us if we uphold
Human rights of all peoples
On earth and yet segregate
Those who are worthy of
Our attention and hospitality.

Forgive us if in our inability
To help and rescue you
We only seek to protect
first our own self-interests.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Plea To Hurricane Sandy

Why should you visit today
when people in USA are
lighting their pumpkins
for the coming Halloween
and for the election of a president?

Why should a hurricane
of your kind pass along
the byways and pathways,
rivers, ports of lakes and seas
leaving again unspeakable
trace of your anger and fury?

Oh, hurricane, hurricane Sandy,
will you please just postpone
your visit, at least, for today?

October 28,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Poem And A Rose

Rose dies in winter
and lives in spring and summer.
Poem breathes life
from words, phrases and lines,
incorporating images
and even an image of a rose.

Poem and rose
are creations:
A poem is created
by a human hand of a poet,
and a rose is
created by God alone
for a poet to enjoy
and write about - with life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Psalm Of Hope

□

When the world beats
the rhythms of joy and sorrow,
when our hearts keep the hope
to light the dark shadows,
when our hands touch the strings
for our common song,
then I know there is a way to go:
a way to peace
a way to hope
a way to light.

When a child is caressed
by love and kindness
and a stranger is welcomed
by our hands of faith,
when each moment bears
the seed of a bright new day,
then I know there`s a dream
to find and rebuild:
a dream for peace
a dream for hope
a dream for love.

When pain in our life
numbs our senses
and the will to survive
seems extinguished,
yet a ray of hope
comes shining through,
then I know there's a place to go:
a world of peace
a world of light
a world of love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Song For Iraq

Listen, people are crying
Listen, bombs are raining
Listen, missiles are pounding
Fires are spreading
Houses are burning
People are running.

Listen, mothers are screaming
Listen, children are dying
Listen, soldiers are bleeding
Death is growing
Hate is rising
Where are we heading?

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

(written at the 9th day of bombing April 2002)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Song To Spring

The sun shines before our eyes!
Darkness cannot forever steal away light!
Flowers burst out from the snow and ice
Wanting to reclaim their own right.

Dance and raise your hands!
Receive the bright rays of the sun!
The winter cold should not imprison
the warmth lodged in the human heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Talk To The Night

I cling to the greeny walls
of the pit where I fall
I cannot grasp them by my hand
they live in mind
where no moss, no rusts are found.

Oh, the sting to decide!
It knocks me down
to the pit
so dark and deep!
No other way except
that I must swim
to get over
the searing pain.

On earth
there's not easy task
for even if I sow a healthy seed,
the breaking of the flesh
I cannot escape.

I ask Him to withhold
this burning, this dying
for a little while,
for a little while,
or else, I'd be consumed
Ah, Christ, do you smile?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'A Tiny Seed Of Love Was Sown '

Wake up, wake up, wake up!
Wake up to the rays of the sun!
Wake up to the new day of light!
Wake up to rain from the sky!
And wake up to dreams in the hearts!

See the hands of the Great Sower
that spreads seeds to the ground
nurtured by rainfall and rays of the sun!
See the tiny seeds waking up and growing
to the new and blessed October morning!

Both hearts of man and woman
wake up as tiny seeds from the soil
exploding in passion and romance,
and both cannot stay forever hidden
under the dark and mysterious ground.

Today these tiny seeds are fully grown
before witnesses of church, family
and friends; today they seal
their vows with a kiss and pledge
of love invincible and eternal.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Tribute To The Filipino People, Edsa Revolution!

Such a courage
you have displayed
in confronting forces of tyranny
You say no to corruption,
dishonesty and degradation
that have long plagued our nation.

You say no to arms,
no to the mighty weapons
of the dictator
and by human barricades
of your million-presence
you give to our land
your bodies as the best sacrifice
that should die if needed
if only to restore
our freedom and dignity as a people.

With your simple spirit
of faith and prayer,
you have told the world
that not a revolution should
ever be successful
without God who is sought
for peace and direction.

How can I tell you
that I am so proud of you!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Tribute To The Three Filipino Workers

A Tribute to the Three Filipino Workers
Beheaded in Saudi Arabia

(Floyd Salabao, Rogelio de Leon and Franklin Alina beheaded Friday, January 20, 1996, hung for public display from noon til 4.30 pm)

Now it comes again
Your precious blood flows out of you
that fateful Friday noon.
Once again the blood cries out
and torments our own soul.

The story of your crime
is heard only from your accusers
after your arrest in October.
Your own story is a complete prison-
an oblivion in the dark cell, sealed
and locked by your inability
to speak the Arabic language
of the authorities.

Now it comes again
Your precious blood freely flowing
tormenting every conscience
to know the truth, to unlock
the seal of your oblivion.

What could have happened
Your family and kin inquired
The human rights group based
in London also raised
the same question.

But no, there is no time, no time
for you to tell your own story.
No, the time of your life
is locked up in your cell of oblivion.

But your blood that drips

from where you are hanged today
flows to the ground
consumed by the sand
which yet leaves cries
that echo to our land
and torment our soul and conscience.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

A Walk On The Snow

□

It feels cold inside
when people cannot break the stillness
when human tongues revolve
around cars, TV and food
when the painful silence
is deep deep in the human heart.

I walk out of this coldness inside
away from the comforts and heating
installations in the house
away from the speed and heat of a car.

I simply walk on the field
looking at the vast space of emptiness
treading on the snow,
the snow that has
covered the grasses.

It gives me a deep sense of joy
that the walk to turn away
from coldness inside
becomes a walk with the Lord.
I walk with God on the snow.

Cars pass me by
Houses stand in the stillness
of their comforts.

I continue walking until
my exposed ears, hands and feet ache.
I walk with God on the snow
and I understand why people
fear the cold.

The Lord himself walks with me

on the snow and on the cold inside me
on the snow that covers the ground
on the snow that hurts and frightens.

But such a time of journeying
with God on the snow
becomes a cleansing and a healing
just as from the ground
the green will be reborn in spring.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Advent(Acrostics)

Arise, wake up and watch the coming dawn
Days are counted before the Christmas morn
Valleys and hills herald the coming Messiah
Eternal Saviour to people's hopeless groping
Nations light their candles of great expectation
Time of waiting is now reached to consummation.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

After The Super Typhoon

After the storm, people count their dead
Fallen houses and wounded are tallied.
Schools and offices are still closed
Broken live wires hang on the loose.

After the storm, people move and walk
on floody streets and roads, treading on
debris of ruined houses, trees and memories.
Eyes, searching for loved ones - still lost.

After the storm, hunger and thirst scream
for attention; shelter from rain and sun is gone
Food and clean water are scarcely to be found
And people weep to find help in desperation.

November 9, 2013, the day after the merciless visit of Haiyan super typhoon,
called in the Philippines as Yolanda.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Against Violence, A Call

Gun producers
Gun buyers
Gun users
All share the euphoria
Over the use of power.

Violent films
Violent computer games
Violent videos and suicides
All share the entertainment
Of the images of violence.

And we feel shocked
When an insane man in the head
Barges into the school of our kids
And empties his guns from all bullets?
Is violence the only legacy in our time?

December 18,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Agent Of Reconciliation

Filled with fire
to do acts of love
Equipped with wisdom
to enter into dialogue
with listening ears
and understanding heart.

Not opting to destroy one's self
Not seeking to destroy others
But only with the servant will
to protect and save life
and the whole of creation.
Only responding to the challenge
as being sent out by Him
who gave his life that others might live.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Airasia 8501

How to say your name-
You that bore 162 souls
fallen without struggle
into the deep ocean
within your imprisoned wings?

How to look at you -
smashed to the unknown sea
like a child's fragile toy
spreading dead bodies
and objects of past memories?

How to repair you
as carrier of shattered
hopes and broken hearts
as pain and grief of loved ones
fill the open and empty space?

December 30,2014

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Aleppo, Aleppo, Aleppo!

You are bombed night and day
The sky burns before your eyes
Your children and your stories
are fallen, buried in mounting rubbles.

Your precious children have lost their tears;
they scream but without a sound;
Their fears lie deep in their bursting chests
Only wanting to reach out their parents
to reassure them of the good and hopeful times.

But fathers and mothers, uncles, aunties
neighbors, brothers and sisters are gone
or lost by every drop of bomb from the sky;
this bloody war buries alive the children
by hunger and by the fall of their own homes.

Let us hope your children will be able to cry again
Let us hope these precious ones will be able to say
their words about how this war
has caused their innocent lives.
Let us see how the beasts on the air
who drop bombs day and night
will be able to remember these children
buried alive in the grave of oblivion in Aleppo.

November 18,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Aleppo, Syria!

And the bombs
keep on falling
thrown over their
heads and houses.

Then comes a little pause
a very short break
of silence, enough
for Samaritans to
rescue the dead
and the wounded.

But the bombs
are dropped again and again
after a very short break,
wounding and killing
even those whose aim
is only to help.

Fear paralyses and kills!
The Syrians in Aleppo
cannot anymore wait
for a little silence or break
from all bombings and hate.

They have to run away
run away from fury
of death and blood bath
that have long plagued their
nation by the hands
of those who want to dominate.

But is there a border
open to receive them
after their long flight from death?

February 5,2016

Altars Of Man-Made Wars

Men have always made altars for themselves:
Herod and the slaughter of the 2- year olds
Landlords and feudalism
Patriarchy and oppression of women
The Army and the Roman Empire
Hitler and Nazism
Mussolini and fascism
Mao Tse Tung and communism
Napoleon and militarism
Saddam Hussein and egoism
Osama bin laden and Islamism
George Bush and the wage against terrorism.
And in all these altars
It is the small children -
sacrificed as living offerings!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

America, America!

You have fought for freedom,
Marched many battles against
Slavery, hate and divisions
But you have reached the mountain
of truth of the innate equality of all.

You are a country of native dreamers,
immigrants and welcomed strangers,
upholding freedom and democracy for all.
You look at your freedom much related
to the freedom of others; hence you
take part in the global act for liberation.

But today's presidential election
shakes the very foundation of your
Statue of Liberty when building walls
against the others
is mouthed as slogan and goal;
when assaults on women
are highlighted and accepted.

When insults and bullies reverberate
in microphones and conspiracy theories
condition the mind to accept only success
and not defeat; when greatness of a
country is measured by mega success
in wealth, power and
own self protection;
When truth is difficult to find
in files of lies and from hearts that hate.

October 17,2016,22 days before US election

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

An Image Of A Bench

On an empty bench
stands the stillness
the absence of those
who used to sit down
and hold each other`s hands
while watching the sunset.

Empty and silent
forgotten and unwanted,
this bench stands erect
beside these robust trees
that swing their branches
and cast their shadows on the face
of this empty bench.

The winter cold creates
emptiness and loneliness
Those who find this bench
a delightful meeting place
have to have a break.

And yet the shadows
of these swinging branches
that cast a spell over this empty space
will ever remind the life supporting role
this bench has served through all the years
for those who sit down, hold their hands
while watching the sunset.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

And The Earth Trembles

A magnitude of 7.2 Richter,
it hit the Pacific Ring of Fire
like 32 dropped atomic bombs.
Bohol, my town, was the epicentre
And roads and bridges
folded like papers.

Not enough to disable
means of transport and
electric lines, it crippled
the standing churches in towns.
Devotees and tourists wept
as Marys and crosses tumbled down.
But church buildings are buildings
People still weep in delight
Only less than a hundred died.

Not enough of its tremor
on October 15 of 2013, it continued
to shaken the ground a thousand
times, of 3,4,5 Richter Scale,
sending men and women
out of their cracked walls and ruins
into the open space under the sky
where they spread their mats
to sleep in the nights and find
a kettle to cook food in the dark.

And they continue to wait
that blessings of mercy
may shower from above
And from all those whose
hearts are touched by the horror
when the earth continues to tremble.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

And The Waters Come Raging

And the waters come raging
like a month-long monsoon
spreading their fury in minutes
and seconds, making busy streets
of shops and houses into
deep sea of mud and graves.

And the waters come raging
like a giant thief in the night
unwanted, unexpected
stamping down on trees,
animals, cars and humans
flushing them out like
manure to a tunnel without light.

And the waters come raging
with the screams and cries
of the stranded on rooftops
the tears of those who cannot
save and find their loved ones,
the prayers of those who wait
until the fury of the waters
should calm down and subside.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Angel In The Dark

She flaps her wings of freedom
to announce her presence.
Darkness spreads its wings
to victimize those who walk
on the narrow roads-
lost in the dark.

She spreads her light
And darkness loses its might
Before her piercing light:
Light- to brighten the road and guide
Light- to warm the cold and give life.

She, an angel in the night
Is ever ready and always awake
to run a fight to be of help
with her innate Torch of Light.

October 7,2017

Reflecting on the growing violence and chaos in our time, and aware
that often and always there are those who stand to extend helping hands to the
victims of the work of are angels in our time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Answer To Death's Knocking

With fragile hands, death knocks
at our doors, knocking at day time -
noontime, evening or dawn.
With harsh voice, it knocks
when we lie down for an illness
which doctors cannot find out or
for an illness diagnosed as terminal.

The same harsh voice prompts
us to listen when accidents come,
when nature's fury meets our way,
when inhumanity of man
is unleashed even to the most
innocent in our time.

Hear the knocking of death
and answer it gently that
life is something to live for,
that there are loved ones
you need to attend to,
that your purpose in life
has not yet reached to the fullest.

And as you answer
your answer of refusal
to Death's knocking,
say a prayer to the one
who created you -
a word of total surrender
to his own will
for you.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Apartheid And God's Grace

Apartheid was a seed of discord,
a poison injected into human mind
to segregate peoples of races and colors.

Apartheid bloomed and richly existed
in societal and political institutions
guarded by the power of weapons.

But God's grace of love for all
cleansed the poison, broke the chains
that apartheid guarded for generations.

Nelson Mandela, Bishop Desmond Tutu,
and many more unsung heroes
brought in the seeds of reconciliation.

Even in deep deep cold darkness
God's light of grace breaks through.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Back To Words And Verses

One can have a break,
a break from writing,
a break from reading
but the human heart
will continue to derive joy
from writing, from reading.

One may pause now
from writing
and from reading
but there will always be
that urge and call
to go back
to letters and words,
to lines and verses
to sounds and images
of stories
in time and space
that need
to be given life
by the pen
of a joyful heart.

August 27,2019 (after a long break without submitting any poem)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Bathe Me With Your Love

Come and bathe me with your love
Shower me with your kisses
And rub me with the balm of your touch.

Shampoo my hair with the oil
of your generous kindness
Pour into my aching body
the blessings of God's grace.

Hold me closely to hear
your whispers in the running water
Hold me tightly to your bosom
as if this is our last romance.

Come and bathe me with your love
Caress me with your gentle arms
And let me feel the beating of your heart.

Hold me closely to ward off
the eternity of absence
and let us celebrate these unending
yet mortal moments in the bath of our love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Be A Dreamer (Haiku)

Dream, be a dreamer
Draw beauties of love and hope
Great way to survive.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Be Kind To One Another

It's a season when light
breaks through darkness -
from the rotten darkness
of violence, hatred, madness,
oppression, egoism and greed.

Here's a season when
God sent his Son Beloved
to this world of darkness
which paved the way to service,
love, compassion and forgiveness.

Innate freedom is misused,
rejecting the Creator of Life:
The throne of God is abducted -
human self is declared as God.

And yet 'tis the season
when the lowly shepherds
are upheld, when angels
sing their tunes of praise
to the Beloved Child.
The mighty thrones built
on the blood of slaves
and oppressed are brought down.

For 'tis the season
of Light that devours darkness-
A season of eternal light that seeks
to dwell in every human heart
conquering violence and hate.
It is a joyous and blessed season
to be kind to one another
in hope, faith, joy and love.

December 2015

Beauty In Nature And Human Creativity

Hills and valleys,
stars and moon,
sun and seas,
seeds and flowers
recite beauty
in our lips.

Paintings and poems,
novels and myths,
theatre and music
ring to our ears
the tones of beauty
before childlike eyes.

Blessed be
the windows of beauty
revealed to hearts
of wonder and delight.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Beauty Of Friendship

How can I resist the beauty of friendship
when it beacons the soul to rejoice
over acts of love and mercies?
How can I be deaf to the notes of friendship
when the act of rejoicing echoes melodies
of joy that brings sunshine to dark clouds of tears?

How can I ignore the beauty of friendship
when it is able to merge the past, the present
and the future in the common experiences in time
stamped in albums, videos and other images
reflecting our young and wrinkled faces?

How can I ever bury friendship
when it sows the seeds of beauty and joy
in the heart, when encounters are marked
by the wish of eternity in time,
of saying only hellos and never goodbyes?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Behind A Can Of Tomato

Behind a can of tomato
are the fingers of the sun
and the tears of rainfall
that make tomatoes grow.

Behind a can of tomato -
we buy less than a euro
are the bloody fingers
of the tomato workers.

Stranded on the beach
of Lampedusa on their flight
from hunger and war,
here they feed us by
their unrewarded labor.

Living in tents of
cardboard boxes,
they live and thrive
near the tomato fields
hoping another boat
will take them to a
better place under the
shining sun and the
crying rain.

September 15,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Beloved And The Sea

Swim into the sea of relationships
and see how plants and animals behave.
Among their own species, they live
in unity and conflict.

Swim into the sea of relationships
between man and woman.
Homo sapiens, as they are,
they too relate in conflict and unity.

For now they declare
their love in marriage
and tomorrow they dissolve their vows,
rejecting the beloved.

Oh, this sea of relationships
among humans - in harmony
and conflict, in pain and sorrow,
in joy, embrace and bed of tears!

'Is there another sea
where we can swim and bathe',
the poet asked.
The owl, up the tree, answered,
'No! Learn to embrace the lonely sea! '

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Bereft Of Valentine

I feel very lonely
like an orphaned child
in a deep deep jungle.

I am lonely of language-
of loving touch and
silent whispers
which sound to the ears,
"I love you, dear";.

We are orphaned infants
in a deep deep jungle
turned to be barren by stony hearts-
a desert where scorching heat rules,
scorpions crawl
and thorny cactuses thrive.

We are orphaned infants
on this lonely desert!
We die alive
thirsty of love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Between The Rich And The Poor

Who draws the gap between people?
They call them rich, they call them poor
The rich squander in wealth and abundance
The poor wonder what to eat next time.

Who allows injustice as iron fists
Smashing down the humble dignity
Of the weak, elevating the powerful
To decide what for the poor is best?

Who wakes up in the middle of the night
Feeling the grumbling hungry tummy
Over an open roof and empty plates?
Who orders trips to paradise during holidays
Hoarding bank shares and silver and gold?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Blessed Be The Lonely On Earth!

Blessed Be the Lonely on Earth

Loneliness, loneliness, loneliness!
It is something we feel,
encounter, speak about
or never bother to accept
that it exists so deep inside us.

It can prick us, confront us
when we are alone in so many nights
or even when we are in a big crowd.
It comes in memories we hold dear
and in memories so painful to revisit.

In the midst of dazzling lights, music
and craze with the company of friends,
colleagues or relatives, loneliness strikes us.
Even if we reach the highest top
of the Mt. Everest, loneliness is also
there - a baggage we need to carry on - in
all the dangerous roads or routes we take.

Loneliness is there in all relationships,
in working places and faiths.
Blessed be the lonely on earth
bearing loneliness as real as their own
breath - a continuing baggage for strength -
in their continuing journey to live and serve.

(2nd poem of EPO in 2019, January 12)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Bloodbath In Paris

The world wakes up
to the horror when hate
rules over the hearts
of terrorists, seeking
only to kill and destroy.

Darkness covers
the morning to
a daylight of tears
and mourning.
Lovers of freedom
are aborted from
celebrating life.

And yet, the call
continues to resound:
No amount of terror
can silence and destroy
the forces of solidarity,
freedom and democracy.

shocked about the massacre in Paris, November 14,2015
Lord, have mercy over hearts given to demonic hate.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Boulevard 42 On Valentine's Day

Along this boulevard we stroll and cycle
We pledge our vows of our love eternal
You look at me and shyly I look at you
We laugh and giggle at the magic of life.

Along this boulevard we summon the doves
and pigeons to surround us as we feed them
by crumbs of bread from our lunch boxes.
Here they dance, open to our magic touches.

Along this boulevard we carve our names
for the future, a lovely pair to march
in the church aisle, a married couple
to declare before our guests and families.

Boulevard 42 is part of our common nest
where we lay down our eggs of hope and courage.
It is the boulevard of dreams, a boulevard
of our love that gives birth to our child.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Break The Long Pause In Silence

There is a pause in everything
a pause from playing
a pause from dancing
a pause from eating
and a pause from writing.

I have lived in silence
for some days, weeks
and months, having the
pause from writing letters
and words, sentences and
images, stories and poems.

The pause in silence
should not be much longer
My heart beats again
to go back to letters and
words, to images, thoughts
and feelings to tell stories
and write poems.

Now I am back to life.
From silence and from a long
pause in silence, I want
to celebrate life again
by going back to writing.

November 23,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Breathe And Wear Masks

Breathe and find that the air
You breathe is no longer clear
Breathe and look at the blue sky
which has turned dark to the eyes.

Breathe and see that in a noon day
the roads turn so dark and foggy
Breathe and see the dark smoke from
factories and other high-technologies.

Breathe and witness that your babies
search for clean air for their lungs
in hospitals and cannot wear the masks
You take to your work each day.

Breathe and see how we all scream
for bright, clean, free-polluted days.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Brother Roger Of Taize

□

A humble and fragile man
with a great heart
for respect, love and dialogue
among peoples of all nations.

With a call in your heart
you establish a community
of peace in Taize' -
a taste of God's kingdom on earth.

Yet you died a cruel death
never invoking revenge and hate
And even if your innocent blood
was oozing out of your breath
your brothers and ambassadors
of peace continued to sing the
Songs of Taize.

Brother Roger, thanks
for leaving us all
a great legacy of love,
fellowship and humility.

Recalling the loving life of Brother Roger, the leader of the Taize community who died at the hands of an assassin. A peaceful man of God who died under violent hands. I would like to honor his memory by this short verse.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Burying Her Ashes

Strange!

A person with great height
and weight is now turned
into an urn of ashes.

Down deep into a
little hole of the ground,
she is laid down
without music
and elegance.

Strange!

She, an equation
by contraction
or reduction!

And this life
of great height
and grandeur
is now inside
a metallic urn!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Calais Jungle

They find this jungle a place
to rest from their escape or journey
between life and death,
claiming a space on earth
as temporary home and transit.

They're called refugees,
Illegal aliens or immigrants -
arriving by fragile boats,
stowing away in trains and ferries,
smuggled or hidden in lorries.

Feared and looked at
as eyesores in a jungle,
their temporary homes
are once again dismantled-
denying them this little
space on earth where
they could rest and wait.

Thanks to the faithful volunteers
who know them by their names
and stand by them in Calais Jungle.

October 23,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Call To Blessing (Haiku)

The distant echo
from the mountains high resounds!
Come and bless our land!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Capsule Of Joy

Not sugar coated
Not soaked in colours
Not packed by silver papers
But it comes from the heart
In its purest mixture
Capsulated by laughter
Coded by rhymes and music
Mesmerized by goodness
Intoxicated by love underserved.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Catch A Dream

Catch a dream in your mind
Nurture the dream in your heart
Share the dream with your loved ones.

Let the dream grow as a voyage
On the high seas, toyed with high waves
And yet seeking to freely float
Along with the strong currents.

Let this dream drift to a number
of directions until it finds
a secure home, the shore.
And let this dream be planted in
the shoreline of joy and hope.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Celebrate Life!

Celebrate life! Celebrate!
Celebrate life in fellowship
of friends, acquaintances and families!
Celebrate life in wine, food, dance,
dialogues, songs and music!
Celebrate life in uplifting speeches,
encouraging phrases and creative lyrics.
Give time to celebrate!
Celebrate it with passion,
joy and utter dedication!
Celebrate life
and affirm
that life is truly great!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Christina Green, An Angel In Arizona

I see the tears of your father while
he retrieves the morning you come to
wake up him up and call him dad.

I see your proud mother beaming
with pride, finding you a loving angel
snatched and taken away from her sight.

You were born when thousands mourned
over the heinous attack in September morn
And your birth brought hope to the hearts
of sorrow, a new life born out of decay and fall.

Nine years of shining light of an angel
radiating from your face and one day
in one political rally, you fell down
counted among the dead and wounded.

What a short life of an angel
to remind us of the human madness
engined by power, vengeance and hate!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Christmas (Acrostic)

C is for Christ, a God-given gift to mankind
H is for hope of the world that is dark and cold
R is for reason of this great celebration
I is for ideals to make this world safer to live in
S is for the song of the angels, asking us not to fear
T is for time, sharing gifts with strangers and loved ones
M is merriment on the birth of Jesus
A is acceptance of the gift in our hearts
S is salvation to all who receive him.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Christmas And Detoxification

Food, drinks and presents,
Lavish food and lavish giving
Christmas parties, Christmas delights,
Christmas trees and sparkling lights!

Christmas for families and loved ones
Christmas for haves and have-nots,
Time for spending, time for eating
Time for giving, time for sharing.

Detox Christmas from excesses
Seen only from what can be fished
Out from our accounts and wallets,
from what we can feed our tummies.

Detox Christmas by welcoming
The gift of Love and Grace into
our being, removing toxins of greed,
of hate, fear, and doubt in human heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Christmas And Magic

Christmas is a trip to the Wonderland
when darkness turns into nights of sparkling lights
when despair is met by the Star of Hope
when want is reached by generous hands.

Christmas is a trip to God's Kingdom
when oppressive rulers in the land are checked
by the lowly and humble Servant,
when hatred is overcome by Love,
when the sinned-against grant forgiveness
to the sinners; and when blessings
are shared so that all may abundantly live.

Christmas is magic and myth
and yet made real in the historical Jesus.
The magic of love cleanses and renews human hearts.
The myth of magic, the Hope of Mankind,
points to the Lord and Savior, Jesus the Christ.

December 27,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Cold And Dark Evening In Autumn

Darkness envelops outside and it's dark inside
Even if this lamp shines over my computer,
I still feel the cold and dark autumn
Now claiming its rule over spring and summer.

In the garden and across the pavement
Lie the fallen red and yellow leaves, waiting
for caring hands to collect them for compost;
Burn or deliver them to containers for garbage.

It is cold inside and it's dark outside
My heart longs for bursting flowers,
for butterflies, for green fields and singing birds,
for long days with freedom and sunshine.

Drops of rain kiss the ground and our skin -
Announcing the cold and dark days in the air.
Just be prepared for another change:
the coming of much colder,
longer and darker winter.

October 18,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Come And Play Your Music Well

When the ghost of disease
cripples my fantasies,
I must strum my guitar
and sing a song of peace.

When bright days are haunted
by dark clouds of pain and fears,
I must harmonize my strings
and play the sweetest melodies.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Come And Dance

Dance with the music
Dance with the beats of your heart
Dance in the morning.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Come, Let Us Sleep And Dream

Let us sleep and dream
Let us pluck out the stars
From heaven and plant them
in the ocean of mermaids.

Let us explore the castle
of fairies and paint the
stories of their flights
in long and lonely nights.

Let us sleep and dream
Let us sleep and dream
when days leave us scars
that let us cry and scream.

Come, let us sleep and dream
knowing that in our sleep
there we find mermaids
and fairies, tending our scars
by the magic of their sweet voice
and their mystic loving hands.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Concert In The Church

Music soothes the soul
In silence music rings
to my ears as pure delight.

With closed eyes I listen
to the music of J.S. Bach
with Toccata, Adagio
and Fuga in C-major,

to Jesper Madsen's 4 Intermezzi:
Lento espressivo, Distinto
Omaggio Distinto and Molto Marcato,

to Hans Matthison Hansen's
Fantasy for organ number 3
and to Leon Bölmann's
Menuet Gothique, Pierre a' Notre-Dame
and Toccata.

Music dances into my mind
and heart, bringing me to
the height of inward harmony.

Feb.22, 2015 listening to the concert of Inga Lindmark in the church today.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Congratulations To Elisa!

Elisa, Congratulations!

Elisa, congratulations for your great day!
For today you pluck the fruit of your labour
For today you can shout to the whole world
That you have made it in spite of
the difficult Danish language,
in spite of the emptiness and tiredness
as a divorced woman, a mother
a stranger and a breadwinner.

Elisa, congratulations for your great day!
For today you can look back your old
story, your pain in the heart and torture in
the soul of being left alone and hurt to the bone.
For today you can declare that you have changed
the thorns into roses, you have shaped the tears
into ripples of gladness,
you can mark this day as your success.

Elisa, congratulations! For your graduation
is a window to the test of your will as a person
of your courage to stand in all the seasons,
your dreams fulfilled with faith in your Creator,
your faithfulness to your family and friends.

Elisa, congratulations!

For today you stand as a new person-
a person with many possibilities
a person you have chosen to be
by the education you have attained.
Tillykke!

For Elisa`s graduation

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Congratulations, Spain!

Hurrah, hurrah for Spain
and its gold medal she gained!
Handball match was hatched
and Spain won the game.

Now Spain is the champion,
the champion of this world game!
Handball is played by these men
and Spain is this year's master.

35 scores she made and Denmark
had its hard time to catch up;
with only 19 scores for Denmark
the game was not really tough.

Anyway, congratulations Spain!
Congratulations for your fame!
The value of your gold is only
ensured by the silver of Denmark.

Spain won in the World Championship in Handball making the scores of 35 over and against Denmark's 19. Spain won the gold medal and Denmark, the silver one.

January 27,2013

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Congratulations, Usa!

Today you gather and dance
Celebrate the great moments
in your history, inaugurate
Barack and Joe to lead you.

Today you honour your virtues
and values, the creed by which
your founders have laid down
the fundamental law of the land.

Today you sing your hymn,
Pay tribute to your flag
And recite the credo of freedom,
equality and human dignity.

Today is the moment to mark
yourself as one nation, bounded
by the common hope and vision
as individuals and community
under God's blessings and mercy.

Congratulations, USA!
Tillykke! Mabuhay! Hurrah!

January 21,2013

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Conquest At The Hospice

For saying yes to be admitted
into the hospice, she has actually
accepted the seriousness of her
health case, that she is now
at the mouth of death.

She sends sms to dear friends
not telling that she is right at
the hospice but only wishing them
all the best in life that they
may keep their trust in God
to the very end of their days.

She knows how her daughters
have been saddened by her case
The medical treatment at the hospital,
taken so diligently each passing day,
has not really relieved her from
the agony in her mortal body.

And yet, during her last days,
as long as her lungs tolerate to breathe,
she uses the time to talk to friends,
sends them sms and wishes them all the best.
This hospice is her fortress of hope,
of courage to look at death face to face.

And we, who mourn over her last days,
realize how at this hospice, she has
vanquished the ugliness of death.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Cook Your Poem

Cook it simple
Cook it short
Blend it with passion
Knead it with ingredients
Let it simmer
Let it boil
Let the images prevail
behind the bubbles.
Serve it with colors
And let it look more palatable.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Corona (Acrostic)

Crown of the Devil
Ostracizing the sick victims as lepers.
Respecting no borders on land and air.
Obstinate in its will to spread itself and kill
Navigating in human body as ticking bomb
And arming people to give up their freedom.

March 18,2020

Take care, everyone!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Corona, The Beast

So it has forced itself to enter into our world
as a beast that devours lives by thousands
separating us from our loved ones
depriving us to see our beloved on their death beds;
never able to say goodbye during their
last breathe, and disabling us to arrange
their funerals in front of friends and relatives.

The beast has come without our notice
The beast spreads the virus of fear and hate -
separating us from touching and hugging,
putting up the barbed walls, away from
human meetings and fellowships.
But the beast is a beast,
which can be toppled only
by the strength of united humans
who love, forgive and serve.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Countdown To Surgery: A Prayer

In my dark hours of doubt
and dark moments of fear,
I beseech you, dear Lord,
to grant me courage to be.

In my tears of pain
and sighs of relief
I ask you, Lord,
to hold me by your hand
and let me see your face.

Abide in me
in this glooming sea of darkness
And let me swim
into your shore of hope and peace.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Dance In The Night

Dance in the night
and enter into the world of dreams,
where mermaids invite sailors
and angels guide travellers.
Dance in the night and let
your dreamy nights be days
devoid of worries of wars.

Dance in the night
and close your eyes from the burdens
of daily life, from hard work and labor,
from nightmares and depression,
from fears and future schedules,
from ignorance, suppressed doubts
and nagging questions.

Dance in the night
And sleep well tonight, and let your eyes
rest from uninterrupted TV channels,
from internet links and virus programs,
from websites, profiles on Facebook
and Twitter, sms messages,
spams and telephone calls.

Dance in the night
Sleep well and close your eyes.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Dancing With God And Angels

In darkness and light
You follow me.
In my sighs and cries
You hold my hand.
In my anger and despair
You show me the way out.
In my own poverty as human
You send me angels to guide.

You dance with me
each day and night
Though I dance awkwardly,
You continue to coach me.
In my ripples of joy
I hear you laugh.

Thanks for dancing with me
You, the love of my life,
You, my Creator, Redeemer,
my Savior, Refuge and Rock!

I have kept on running
away from you
But you caught me
by your strong hands
asking me only
to dance with you.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Danish Language

With vowels and consonants
like English or Cebuano
but with ø, å and æ,
strange vowels to read
What is seen or read
is not the same as heard or said.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Dear Mother From Your Child

You nurtured me inside your womb
You said prayers that I might be born
clothed with beauty, health and sanity.
You followed my growth and giggled
at the way I kicked your soft belly.

You woke up each night as I cried
Picked me up, danced and sang me lullabies
At late night, dawn, and early morn,
you cuddled me by your hands so divine.
and wrapped me by your dreams of might.

I heard your voice and breathed your presence
Of pure sweetness and fragrant elegance
You were no longer alone or a wife to man
Your world became intertwined to mine.
I was destined to be with you as one.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Death

How fragile life is that death can claim it!
But has death the last word over life?
How precious life is that we need to keep it!
But our days on earth are short and numbered.
As leaves that fall to the ground rot and decay
So is the human body when death overtakes it.
Every song has its last note, every poem its last verse
Every human life has its last breathe.
Beware that this short-lived life-
This life that rots and decays
This life that is able to breathe its last goodbye
Finds itself united with the Giver of life.
For in Him death is conquered.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Death Knocks At Our Doors

With fragile hands death knocks
at our doors; knocking at day time,
noontime, evening or dawn.
With harsh voice, it clothes
us with the claws of fears
as we feel our body being
rocked by unspeakable pain.

The same voice of death
insistently knocks at our doors
prompting us to see her own image
in accidents, natural calamities and
inhumane violence against mankind.
And we shudder in shock and tears
when we see its own image
stamped even on the faces of those
who in our hearts, we hold dear.

Death knocks at our doors
without regard of our age,
sex, carrier, religion and position.
It keeps on knocking at our doors
in all times and in all seasons.
As death knocks, let us talk in person
to the Life's Shepherd and Creator
upon whom death was once won.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Dementia

They loved and loved each other
with all their heart and mind
Their children thought
That their love could never end
as husband and wife.

But one day his memory failed
He could not remember
this woman, kissing him
and greeting him - "Good morning";
So sad to be surrounded by strangers
even by this stranger, his own wife.

His mind went black
and his past, present and future
no longer bore some colors
From a short walk outside,
He could not find his way home.

But his wife continued to greet him
and love him each morning
and evening, feeling the pain
and loneliness to be left alone.

March 10, 2017

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Despair

When colours are all grey and black
When shining lights turn gloomy and dark
When hope for now and the future
Is switched off by the violence of the past
Then the focal point on life's meaning
Grows dim to the eye of the beholder.

How necessary it is to rise up from despair
To see the blinding, dazzling colours and lights
To face the future with courage and not fear
To wrestle with pain and accept it is there
To see meaning in all that's happening
To lift up the face of despair as part of life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Despair Over Waves Of Terror

I feel I vomit
When I hear terrorists
for an Islamic state
beheading prisoners
and selling children
and women as slaves.

For what is a world
when intolerance rules—
saying no to other faiths,
no to music and
no to innate freedom
as humans
but just be swallowed
by an ideology
of terror that seeks to rule
and dominate!

How can our world
be delivered from this
doom of savage hate
when these beasts
are also met
by violence and bullets?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Devoured Spring

Like cotton candy flakes
they fall on the ground
white and stiff as sand.

In few minutes they turn
the streets and fields
into a silent sea of ice.

Passengers are stranded
Drivers fear to glide
Buses and cars collide.

Why is this long winter
devouring the great
colors of sunny spring?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Divorce

Why do we have to slaughter
our love in the gallows
of rudeness and indifference?

Why do we have
to chop off our love
with the sharp knives
of hate, anger and fear?

Why do we have to come
to these gallows
and slaughter our love?

Why do we have to proclaim
the death of our love?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Do You Know Your Woman?

A woman who knows tenderness
in the way things are said
a woman who knows kindness
in the way a man looks at her eyes.

Do you know your woman?
She, a woman wanting your presence,
your tender words of praise,
challenge, comfort and caresses.

Do you know your woman?
She who wants to be in your heart,
your soul mate, craving your full ears
and focus, not just a mere appendix.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Domino Effect

When one sows, one reaps
When ever there is violence,
people flee, gripped with fear
When ever there is corruption,
few elite masters are created
and hungry millions beg for mercy.

When a candle is lighted
darkness is driven out.
When love is extended
hope in the heart grows as seed.
When forgiveness is granted
Behold the conquest of hate!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Dreams Aspire To Reach The Sky When Doves Fly

Dreams Aspire to Reach the Sky, "When Doves Fly"

The day is done when dreams
are lodged in the mount of Olympus
Nations come and fly to reach the sky -
the summit of friendship, the summit
of sportsmanship; strength and endurance
tested, will and elegance displayed.

Dreams collide on Mount Olympus
when doves fly to reach the sky -
Dreams to win, dreams to pluck
gold medals and honourable names.
The flame is lighted, songs and history
sang and retold, and dreams recounted.

Here as the torch is lighted, the flame
of dreams to reach the sky is ignited.
And these dreams will continue to linger long.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Drink From The River Of Silence

Drink from the River of Silence
Visit this river, this silent river of life.
See its secrets hidden in the deepest bottom
Measure its height, its width and breadth
And know that you are before a river of silence
So deep, so wide, so high - beyond measure,
A river of silence it is within the bells of time
Even as it empties itself to a far-flung ocean.

Drink from this river the water of life

Refresh your thirst for love, hope and faith
Wash your hands from the blood of violence
Fill your tongue by the honey from this water
Transforming fiery words to soothing words
Of comfort; bathe yourself, put on new clothes!
And only then, you can sing your song of joy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Drink From The River Of Silence'

Visit this river, this silent river of life
See its secrets hidden in the deepest bottom
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And know that you are before a river of silence
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Of comfort; bathe yourself, put on new clothes!
And only then, you can sing your song of joy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Drive To Nowhere

The wheels rolled on
passing by fields and valleys,
bridges and silent rivers.
We spoke without words
saved only by the roaring
of the dull machine.

The car drove on
And the rays of the sun
almost blinded our tired eyes
And yet we just
could not stop our aimless drive.

We continued to pretend
that silence and muteness
were part of our world,
consumed by the noise
of that moving little car.

And as long as silence
and muteness prevail,
we simply drive to nowhere.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Earthquake In Central Italy (L` aquila, April 6,2009)

The earth- crust collides
The ground shakes
And those who sleep
awake with fright.

The earth opens her mouth
The buildings collapse
And those who are not
lucky enough are swallowed,
hidden and buried alive.

Who can predict nature
when it unleashes its
fury over humanity?

Fragile men and women are we
in absolute dependence
on God's mercy!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Easy Life?

Is there such an easy life?
Each moment calls one to decide:
To rise up or to sleep
To work or to report sick
To care for someone or neglect
To hide or to face with courage
To speak up or avoid noise
To calculate or to risk
To march on or give up.
Each moment calls for a decision
Is there such an easy life
when each day is posed
with choices to make?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Ebola (Acrostic)

Enemy to the human body
Bolting and locking the door of hope
Ocean of fears and worries
Languish and flood human memories
All stop the magic of human touch.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Egyptian Revolution 2011

After 30 years
of silence and repression,
here they march on the streets
raising their voices
of discontent and neglect.

Here on the streets
the pros and cons in
the conflict meet
And the battle for
each other's interests.
is being waged.

Piles of stones and
stones after stones
are hurled at each other
as fists, and the more
powerful with their whips
and machineries of bullets
reign on the streets.

The unfortunates are counted
among the dead and wounded
The journalists, too, cannot
escape from blows and whips.

And yet they continue to gather
in broad day light and nights
dreaming for the rebirth
of their beloved Egypt.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Elephant Day

From Kenya to Tanzania,
from Mozambique to
many more corners in Africa
and Asia, you spread your beauty
which mesmerize all our eyes.

You, the king in the jungle,
You, the transport vehicle
You, a friend to tourists
in their sight-seeing ventures
You, the powerful and invincible!

But everyday you and your kind
are conquered, shot dead, fallen
to the ground, butchered, desecrated;
stolen of your beautiful tusks
for the market of lovers of art.

And we think that great art is found
in dead life, upon your rotting bones
and abandoned skeletons?
Shame on humans who see art
in dead and stolen beautiful life!

A little contribution to the celebration of the International Day of the Elephants in
the month of August 2015.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Emptiness, Loneliness

Emptiness! Loneliness!
They too find a place
in human hearts
They sneak in any time
and demand attention.

Sometimes we give
them a special place
And sometimes we
simply ignore them
as if they don't exist.

But deep in the
human heart
one can experience
them as whispers
of deep human pain.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Empty Civilization

Our modern civilization is empty-
Emptied of insight and wisdom
On face of wars and conflicts.
So emptied of insight and wisdom
So empty and rotten it is
when its only solution is
power behind weapons.

On the long Syrian war

Power behind weapons.

On the 6th year of the Syrian war.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Enough Of Your Weapons!

Enough of your weapons
To window power and arrogance!
Enough of your words of justice
to defend the defenseless!
Enough of this bloodshed!

Enough of the tribal wars,
religious wars, political wars!
Smash your guns and war heads!
Enough of the blood pacts
And own interests to protect!

The human heart cannot be
Conquered by revenge and hatred
Only love can bend the heart of steel
Of the most aggressive and violent!
Only love can make peace dwell again.

Not by war, not by weapons!
Not over the corpses and blood
of men. women and children
should we build up peace again
but only from the heart of love!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Enter Into Our Jerusalem, Jesus

We bid you, Jesus,
come into our Jerusalem.
Enter into our hearts
where hatred and bitterness
can possibly lurk and thrive,
cutting out the petals of love.

We bid you, Jesus,
come into our Jerusalem.
Enter into our family life
where love and faithfulness
can possibly be choked
by thistles of fear and mistrust.

We bid you, Jesus,
come into our Jerusalem.
Enter into our working places
where stress, boredom and
discontent may eat away
all our joy and energy.

We bid you, Jesus,
come into our Jerusalem.
Enter into our churches, synagogues,
mosques and temples
where power struggles and
personal interests blind us from
living in God's way.

Enter into our Jerusalem, Jesus,
on this Palm Sunday.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Everyone Sleeps

The morning sun goes down
and the moon appears in the sky
as mother prepares bed for her child.
The birds find branches of trees
to perch on as they fold their wings
in the night; the candle is lighted
and soon it flickers and disappears.

The baby is born in the morning,
rises up at noon and sleeps in the evening;
from youth to adulthood he becomes,
and must succumb to the reality
of his precious mortal body;
Like the sun and moon, the birds
and the candle, this mortal man
finds his grave his mortal bed.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Farewell In The Night

Goodbye to you, dear friend
The birds begin to perch on branches
It is time to sleep, time to rest.
The moon is waning, the sun
hides her face and saves her rays.

Goodbye to you, dear friend
as your mortal body resigns
from active labour, from nights
and days of hard work and leisure
to peace in your distant, forlorn grave.

Goodbye to you, dear friend
Let us cry our tears of regret
for not exchanging the last goodbyes
Let us fill the air with the aroma of
your memories in many dark nights.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Father's Legacy

He was my Pa, I used to call him.
Everyday this was the word
He would often tell me:
"Never keep your anger
beyond the setting of the sun."

In his own Cebuano language
He would recite these words:
"Ayaw pasalupi
sa adlaw ang imong kasuko, "
while looking at my young eyes.

To my ears as a small child
his words were soft and tender;
few words in a sentence and
never did I realize that his words
point to life's great principle.

Never go to bed with anger,
hostility, revenge and hate;
Clean the heart from all anger
before the sun sets down
and enliven that capacity to forgive.

September 16,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Fear Not

Don't be afraid to cry
Pour out your tears
before the throne of God
and know that God weeps
as we weep.

'Fear not', the angels sing.
There is reason to let joy
dwell again in our hearts.

After every storm,
comes the stillness
When we laugh,
God laughs with us.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Fear To Love

There is cold silence
between man and woman
silence that severs
the marrow of their own bones.

There is disgust
and anger between man and woman
disgust and anger
that cripple their passion
to celebrate the presence
of each other.

There is fear in cold silence
There is fear in disgust and anger
the deathly fear of being rejected,
the fear to love
the fear of losing the other.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Feel The Moment

Feel the moment
And be present.
Smell the aroma of the moment
And never show that you are absent.

Feel the moment
The moment of dialogue
The moment of possibilities
The moment of expectation.
The moment of love.

Grab the moment
Treasure it as a priceless jewel
Claim it as a great gift
Hold it as your very own.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Flight 370, How Long?

How long will you show your face
as debris on the surface of the sea
or as ghost in the deepest ocean?

Where is your black box buried
or hidden to give us a clue
to what must have happened?

How long should families
of 239 passengers wait to
continually hope and lament?

April 5, after March 8, 2014.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Flight From Reality

Alcohol, wine bottles
Hash, pot, marijuana
Cocaine, coke, cracks
Amphetamines, hallucinogens
Ecstasy, doping pills
And others to sniff and inhale.

These and more are accessories
To the flight to the dazzling unknown
And yet making the passengers
Very difficult to safely return home.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Flight Mh 370

Where in the world
have you flown?
Your loved ones are waiting
crying and hoping...

Nobody can tell
Nobody can explain
Where in the world
have you flown away...
over clouds, hills and mountains,
forests, lakes and rivers,
seas and all shores.

Why do you disappear
without trace as
invisible bubbles?
But your loved ones
and the world
are waiting for
your safe return.

A Malaysian aircraft with 239 passengers, heading to China, but was lost and did not reach the destination.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Flood (Acrostic)

Filling waters in all sideways and byways
Leaking through all alleys and subways
Overflowing canals, rivers and bays
Overflowing streets, stations and houses
Driving people into despair and madness.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Footprints And The Grains Of Labor

Footprints and the Grains of Labor

Hold the grains of sand
in your hand and taste them
by the buds of your tongue.

Retrace your footprints
on the sand and read life's pages
in Creator's hand.

Harvest the seasons
and the grains of your labor
leave footprints in life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Footprints And The Grains Of Labor (Haiku)

Hold the grains of sand
in your hand and taste them
by the buds of your tongue.

Retrace your footprints
on the sand and read life's pages
in Creator's hand.

Harvest the seasons
and the grains of your labor
leave footprints in life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Fountain Of God's Grace

The water is there -
ever-flowing, bursting
singing, dripping, cascading...
The flow may be fast;
it maybe slow.
But the water is there
never emptied, never dried.

It flows to empty
and aching hearts.
It reaches out to
to the rich and mighty.
It embraces those
who are left with nothing
except the choice to come
closer to this fountain.

And yes, this fountain of God's grace
grants the water of hope, the water of life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Fragrance Of The Virtue Rises To Heavens

The fire is lighted
the smoke of the flame spreads
like fingers groping,
tickling, touching
even the hidden and hardest fibers.

The prayer is uttered
like lotus flowers
opening their petals
on the lake.

Words form in circles-
heated, condensed,
evaporated, turning into gas
invisible to human eyes
and yet audible to the ears
of the Great Creator.

The fragrance of a flower,
though in tact or crushed,
fills the air and lungs
and precipitates joy in the heart.

The fragrance gets purified
in the fire of growth
and in the hands of prayer.
Such a fragrance of virtue
rises up to the mighty heavens
from whom beauty
was once designed.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Friendship

Friendship is a seed
that sprouts from the ground
when an open hand is extended
when smiles and laughters are shared
when exchange of stories is heard.

Friendship is a plant
that thrives on the ground
when drops of rain fall down
when sunshine breaks through
the leaves to make food for life.

Friendship sprouts and grows
when love and care are extended
when deepest thoughts are understood
when laughters and tears are shared
when wrongs are forgiven for a fresh start.

Friendship is a seed, a plant
which sprouts and grows
when its common food
on the leaves and from the ground
feeds the mind and heart
to bear and sustain friendship
in all the good and bad times.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

From The Perspective Of Heaven, Mountainous Burdens Of Man Turn To Be Tiny Spots Of Light

The plane soars up high
beneath and above the clouds
of Cirrus, Cumulus and Nimbus
it flies.

Below the ground we see
the houses and companies
of man and woman
turn to be tiny spots of light.

We search the skies
And bear the mountainous
Burdens in life
burdens we think
enough to kill us alive

And yet from the perspective
of the heavens,
these mountainous burdens
are simply small spots
of light when brought forward
to the heart of God.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Give Me A Poem

Touch my heart
so I can catch
the images so much alive.
Touch my ears
so I can hear
the tone and rhythm of sounds.
Touch my fingers
so I can build
the right words to write.
Touch my mind
so I can guard
the flow of my lines.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Give Me The Sea

Give me the sea
which hosts the seaweeds, sea stars,
the sea snakes and the sea urchins.

Open the rocks and pick up seashells
And touch the sea horse.
Give me the ocean
And watch the dolphins and the whales
dancing like the swaying daffodils.

Give me your heart
And tell me if it can host
Your love for joy and life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Give, Essential To Our Being Human

Give as we have received
the air that we breathe
and the food we eat.

Give as we have received
life from the Author of Life.
Give as we are meant to
give and receive.

Blessings flow and should
not be hoarded by greed.
Give as we are humans,
meant to receive and give.

May 26,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Glimpse Of Beauty (Haiku)

A petal opens
Newness comes to light and lives there
Beauty to eyes surrounds.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Glimpse Of The Resurrection

She is 98 years old,
an old lady bound to a wheel chair
with pain on her face
as she tried to move her body.
She looked at me and said, "I am sorry,
I cannot do things anymore."

An active woman in the past
who could not stand and wait
is now sitting helpless
only aided by her nurse
who looked after her
day and night, and by
her son in the house
who refused to hold
holidays outside because
of his mother's illness.

I told her: "You have
served us well for many
years; now is your turn
to be cared for."
She showed a weak smile
on her face, maybe not well convinced...

Then she closed her eyes.
opened them up in few minutes
and closed them again
only disturbed by my right hand
which landed on her shoulder.

I just wanted to hear more
words from her mouth.
I asked her, "Why are you
closing your eyes often? "
She said, "I am praying."

In her I saw a glimpse of
the resurrection -

the inward hope in
body and soul from the
Resurrected Christ-
the guarded hope
even in the midst
of pain, old age and death.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Gloria, Excelsis Deo (Acrostic)

Give heed to the sounds between earth and sky!
Let this sound reach the heart of all humans!
Others will reject this; others will openly receive
Resounding trumpet of our Creator
who dwells in our midst-
Incarnation, mysterious dwelling in human flesh!
Alleluias, the angels raise
their mighty voices of praise!

Earth moves under my feet as heaven is reached
Xenophobia runs away and hides in the grave
Carols and hymns sing the glorious message
Lovers renew their vows; enemies reconcile.
Salutations to the most High!
Incandescent lamps replaced by stars in the night
Sages prophesize the birth of a Child.

Dance with the shepherds and the trumpet of the angels!
Exclaim and proclaim that God is Emmanuel!
Overflowing grace from heaven above comes down!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

God, Emmanuel

Be by my side
Heal my heart and mind.

Come to my anger
Come to my failure
Come to my sorrow
Come to my pain.

Turn off my fire of anger
Bend my arrow of failure
Empty my sea of pain and sorrow.

Come to me, God Emmanuel,
Let me feel your presence
on this fire, this arrow and sea
Let me dwell in your presence
with the healing touch of your wind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Going Beyond Love

What is beyond science
when space is explored
and atom is controlled?

What is beyond the stars
when the sun's distance
from the earth is measured?

What is beyond love
when hope is restored
and faith is renewed?

Science investigates,
measures and weighs
everything in God's creation.

But where is purpose
and meaning found?
It is in God who loves
and is beyond love.

December 14,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Good Night

Good night and close your eyes.
A day is gone; the new day will come.
Good night and close your eyes.
Close your eyes from worries in life
Welcome your dreams in the night.

Thank the sun for setting down
Thank the stars and the moon for
shining even in this cold night.
Thank your body for demanding you
to lie down on your bed and pillow.

Good night and close your eyes.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Good Night And New Day

Sleep well and
dream sweet dreams!

Sleep and resign
from the demands
of heavy days;
And let the winds
massage your nerves
and let the sounds of the waves
dull your senses.

Enter into another world
of colors and music,
of people and new journeys.

Let your dreams
take you to another world
of new chances and possibilities
Start a new day with hope.

New Year 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Good Night For New Year

Sleep well and
dream sweet dreams!

Sleep and resign
from the demands
of heavy days;
And let the winds
massage your nerves
and let the sounds of the waves
dull your senses.

Enter into another world
of colors and music,
of people and new journeys.

Let your dreams
take you to another world
of new chances and possibilities
Start a new day with hope.

New Year 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Good Night!

Good Night!

Go to bed
Close your eyes and
end your day by resting your body.

The day is over
The sun has set
The birds do rest on branches.

Give thanks to the night!
Give thanks to the day!
Give thanks to the Creator
who made known to us the
difference between night and day
between rest and labor -
between life and death.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Great Pause With White Snow

On the first day of December
we get the first glimpse of real snow-
white, pure white, falling and falling.
I want to taste her in my mouth,
want to hold her in my hand
and her beauty simply stands.

Early morning she fills the ground
with streets, roads, rooftops
and trees at her great command.
She clothes the earth with purity
and allows us to slowdown
from our hectic and stressful day.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Green, Greener

Our world is green.

Greener is the earth
when more trees are planted
Greener is the garden
when nurtured by loving hands
Greener is a tree with
leaves on its branches
Greener is the ground
when seeds for grasses are sown.

Greener is human life
when there's piece of land to toil
Greener is life of man and woman
when trees, grasses and garden
thrive best to serve mankind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Haiti Survivor

The earth shook
And the buildings collapsed
She and her friends were trapped
Total eclipse.
Light left no trace
In darkness she heard
herself and her friends
crying, sobbing, moaning
in pain so unbearable to bear.

She could not move her legs
Only her hands could touch
a stone, wanting to embrace
her friends but she could not.
Dusts filled her lungs
She coughed, yes, they coughed.
They continued to sob and moan
She screamed calling for help
She yelled in all despair
but nobody heard her.

Those outside had to survive
They were running to find
shelter from the after shocks.
They were pulling bodies
of those whose legs and hands
they could see and touch
But she and her friends were trapped
Down deep in the ruins of dark dungeon.

One week passed
The voices of her friends
were heard no more
Two weeks and three days passed
And there was no voice for her to shout.
She prayed, she slept, she dreamed
She saw light, she saw herself
willing to start a new life
Then she woke up

to this new dream, to this last hope
and to this new lease of life.

With the last hope in her voice
She cried for help again
And her last voice echoed
to the ears of the French rescuers
Then slowly the light entered
Her will to live on won.
Out from the ruins and rubbles,
she was pulled out from total eclipse
to the full shining lights of sun and moon.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Halloween In The Deep Night

Festival in the deep night
Parade of colours and masks
Time to dwell in darkness
And what it can bring to life.

It is time in the year when
People pose in disguise,
playing the role of the good
the bad, the sinners and saints.

Let us celebrate this night
of Halloween in fear and delight
Let us pose in disguise and see
Ourselves behind our own masks.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Halloween! Halloween!

Ghosts and witches in the sky
Vampires and Draculas in the graves
Bats and fireflies in the air
Zombies and skeletons on the run
Darkness dwells
driven out by light.

Actors in darkness gather
to spread fear on others
Plans for destruction, laid out
in their secret dark domain.

And yet light shines
to reveal the secrets
of death and darkness,
letting the lost Jack
carry a pumpkin of light.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Happy Valentine! (Acrostic)

Happy!
Alive!
Past!
Present!
Yonder!

Vine is climbing up our old fence
Ascending to the top without stop
Listening to the melodious waves
Entertained by the singing mermaids
Nourished by touch, love, sun and rain
Tortured by the mighty blows of wind
Innocent and longing for the Promised Land
Nurtured by the soothing breeze of nights
Eternal vine continues to climb the fence of life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'He Who The Cap Fits, Let Him Wear It'

Pick up the cap you want to sit firmly on your head:

Here's the cap of arrogance to let you shine above the stars.

Here's the cap of excellence to display you as the number one.

Here's the cap of egoism to feed only yourself above others' cries.

Here's the cap of violence that buries the voice of conscience.

Here, pick up the cap you want to sit firmly on your head

Hold it firmly and tightly and know that you alone can wear it.

Here is the cap of service to serve the poor and the lowly

Here's the cap of justice to defend the rights of the victims

Here's the cap of compassion to bring love and mercy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Healing Of Broken Wings

I saw a bird
hit by a stone from
a child's slingshot.
And the bird fell
to the ground
wiggled in pain
and surrendered
to her own defeat
to have now fallen
to the ground
unable to fly
Unable to soar up high.

But a caring human hand
took up the bird
Touched the broken wings
Nursed the bird's wound
Fed and let the bird sleep
in some days and nights, and
forget her flights for a while;
the bird found strength
again to fly and fly
across the seas and skies.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Healing Touch Of Music At Palmyra

You flee from fires and bombs
You scream over the loss of your loved ones
You bear the scars in your body
retrieving fallen hopes and dreams.

You rise up one morning
When the sun begins to shine
The dark clouds in the sky
have fallen down as heavy rains.

You rub your eyes
wanting to find if
there are still tears left to shed
after your many deaths.

Then you hear the music
on the air, reverberating
into your bones and tendons,
different from shelling and bombings
that have shattered your eardrums.

Familiar music is now played
before broken towers and ruins
of your childhood and youth.
This music, this piece of music
speaks to your broken heart -
allowing you to cry again,
refreshed and renewed to
rediscover a new sense of hope.

March 5,2017

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Heart (Acrostic)

□

Honor and glory be to you -
Eternal Father, Creator and Savior!
Accept our humble worship;
Resounding joy, thanks and praise
To your throne of grace, we raise.

December 25,2013, heart at Christmas

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Heartbeats For Japan

What words to say
What verses to write
when watching the earthquake
and tsunami, casting their fury
over the House of the Rising Sun?

Who can measure fear
when watching death
before one's eyes?
Who can measure tears
shed upon those who die?

Who can bring back
lives and treasures
long time laboured
which simply disappear
at a wink of an eye?

Fragile humans are we
who by nature's fury
are like crumpled papers
and floating debris
on the earth's open sea.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Heavily Snowing

Snow falling
Snow falling
Cleansing, purifying.
Snow falling
Snow falling
Insulating, covering
Snow falling
Snow falling
Blocking, changing.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hello, Tree!

What makes you
stand erect and content,
silent and majestic,
undisturbed by the noise of time?

Why do birds find
you their home, the safe
haven to build their nests
and lay their eggs?

Why do you stand there
erect and content,
silent and majestic,
bathed by sunshine and rain?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Her Whispers Of Love

It has its voice, a thundering voice
that calls for undivided attention,
Wanting only to be engulfed
by the voice and flame of love.

Look into her eyes! Listen!
When she speaks to you,
Do not turn your head away
Look into her eyes; feel her heart
Unite with her in mind and body.

Listen to her whispers
Answer her questions
And never be disturbed
by her lack of logic or redundancy.
Let her repeat her whispers
Do not be bored and sleepy.

What is love without silence?
What is love without words
to break the silence by whispers?
Listen to the voice of love!
Let her whisper the voice of love
And listen to her whispers
for her heart has spoken.

December 29,2014

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hiroshima And Nagasaki Remembered

66 years ago the atomic bomb blasted
below the heads of those in these towns.
How many hundreds, yes, how many thousands
were left to die, consumed by man-made fire?

66 years ago, the incredible showed its face
that death by hundreds or by thousands
be decreed by man, that the green land
and waters should stand barren and poisoned.

Never again should another atomic bomb
be blasted on another town or towns!
Never again should another Nagasaki
and Hiroshima be doomed to atomic curse!

But let their story be told to generations
Let the ashes of the dead float in the seas
and rivers, an eternal reminder of human fault.
Let this story be remembered and retold.

August 9,2011

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hope In Nature (Haiku)

Birds still sing and chirp
in spite of cold and darkness
Nature sings, bears hope.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hope In The Morning (Haiku)

Dark, deep darkness dwells
hope, hope for freedom prevails
the morning bird sings.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hope When We Gather

There is hope when we gather around a table
hope when words are heard and listened to
hope when we nod our heads to understand
hope when we can say "No" to disagree
hope when silence is respected
hope when we rejoice in chorus
hope when we pause from talking
giving the silent ones their voice.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Hospitality (Haiku)

You open your door
Wash my feet, rub me with oil,
petals and perfume.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Human Plea (Haiku)

The distant echo
from the mountains high resounds!
Come and bless our land!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

I Have Crossed The Mile

I have crossed the mile
With patience and perseverance
I have crossed the mile
pushing beyond my limits
hoping against hope.

I have crossed the mile
Like a crawling snail on a parched land,
I have counted every step
and every second to draw me closer
to the end of the line.

I have crossed the mile
Like a sportsman on a race,
I have run without stopping
gasping for my last breath
yet smiling to discover
that I have crossed the mile.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

I Wish For Star And Sun

When nights are cold
when my sobbing blends
with silence in darkness,
I wish for a star to twinkle,
a star that smiles
to illumine my dark room.

When my days are dreary
when my sighs are too weak
to pour out the pain
that has lingered long,
I wish for a sun -
a bright shining sun
with rays to penetrate
into my cold and sobbing heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

If I Were A Child In Riches

If I lived in riches as a child
with servants all around
to attend all my needs,
I wouldn't have learned
to labor by my own hands
and see how each seed
should grow from the ground.

If I lived in riches as a child
with everything provided,
ready made for my taste
and pleasure, I wouldn't have
learned the mystery from want
and the will to produce
for life's survival.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'If I Were An Ornament On A Christmas Tree'

If I were an ornament on a Christmas tree,
I would be an angel, swinging and moving
from every twig and branch.

I would strip the Christmas tree
of its burning candles and replace them
with the burning flame in human hearts.

I would move away the wrapped presents
under the Christmas tree and order
those with flaming love in their hearts
to give the wrapped presents
to those who do not have.

I would sing hymns of long time ago
of the coming of the most awaited Savior.
I would let the Christmas tree
stand as promised abundant life
to every woman, man, youth and child.

I would be an angel, a living ornament,
giving life to a lifeless Christmas tree.

As response to the title challenge of Westly

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'If The World Seems Cold To You, Kindle Fires To Warm It '

Cold, cold, cold, when rain falls to the ground
Without let up, forming raging waves,
that wash up houses beyond distant shores,
tearing trees and farmlands -
making people scream for hope.
Let us kindle fires of solidarity
to reach out the victims of nature's fury.

Cold, cold, cold, when the human heart
is enthroned by revenge and hatred
sending herds of refugees running for life
Riding on boats, crossing the Mediterranean -
drowned and swallowed by the deep seas.
Let us kindle fires of love, never to fan hate.
Let us welcome refugees - a chance to live.

Cold, cold, cold when humans
look at wars and terror the way to rule
and dominate; cold, cold when
when guns and bombs sow seeds of fear,
killing lives by tens and thousands.
Cold cold, when tears are shed
over the deaths of our precious beloved.
Let us kindle the fire of hope
And build bridges of love as people
in need for peace and justice.

_____written this poem as response to Nishu M's title challenge at

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Images Of Hunger

A child weeps on
the bamboo floor
while mother
looks at the empty pot.

Father comes home
from the storm
stooping
like his lonely boat.

□

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Immutability

The friends you know today
decide to live far away from you.
The newly wed couple next door
suddenly announces their divorce.

The once-great talent groomed
to excellence, who performs before
the audience's deafening applause,
is now found dead with suicidal note.

The once strong and invincible
can hardly stand up or walk.
Like a sick child, the healthy and witty
who often lead and guide, now
suffer from insomnia and lost memory.

The life you keep today
is something you may lose
tomorrow, or something
you may keep for seconds,
or minutes, days, months and years.
Nobody knows.

The day turns into night
and the night into day.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Impotence To Love

Hands are closed
from giving and sharing
Eyes are blind
to see the other side.
Ears are deaf
to others' pleas and cries.
Feet refuse to walk
another sacrificial mile
Such is the human heart
made impotent to love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

In Every Woman, A Diana

In every woman is a river of love
that flows to all lands
that feels, that comforts and understands.

In every woman is a sea of pain
when rejected, when unwanted
by those whom she commits to live with.

In every woman is a dark cloud
of uncertainty of one`s identity
projected in many mysterious ways.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

In Search For A Promised Land

Four dark years without sight of dawn
They march out of daily gloom
from bombs, terror and destruction,
they have to see life that should bloom.

They march through thorns and thistles
over ice, fire and storms; they push
through their limits, hiding and limping,
soaked with sweat; in thirst and in hunger.

Towards Europe, they march forward
over closed borders and barbed wires;
They could not stop their search
for their Promised Land on earth.

To their eyes Europe becomes a new heaven
where the powerful do not destroy
their own people; where freedom of
speech and religion does not torture
and kill lives of people.

Syrian refugees, September 17,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

In Silence Before Your Altar

Before your altar
where your cross and
Your Word
stand open to our eyes,

Here I sit in silence
in one of the empty pews
trying to listen to your own voice-
Your voice of love
calling me to depend upon
You as your own child.

Here I am
met by your love divine
excelling all my pain and fears;
embraced by your wings
of compassion- stronger
and greater than my tears.

Here before your altar
I come face to face
with the purity of your heart
wanting me only
to follow your way of
Reconciling Love.

Feb.8,2015, one of the poems written during my 2 days- stay at a Danish monastery, Mariadøtrene (Daughters of Mary) , as break from daily rhythm and signs of stress.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

In The Island

Amidst the coral, the reef, the sea
Amidst the crowd of folks, of farmers
and fishermen like me
Amidst their dirty faced children
and tiny huts, we see ourselves
stranded in the island of lost paradise.

For who brought this abundance
to this green island?
Who sowed this seed of innocence
to find their want amidst abundance?
Who took away their blood, their life?

And yet at one end of this island
is a place, set in a pedestal
where those who don't labor at all
laze around and live
in mighty abundance.
And those below their might
only find themselves
dreaming
for a once-lost paradise.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

In The Stillness Of Your Presence

In the Stillness of your Presence

My heart longs for you, O Lord,
In the stillness of your presence
I see your holiness.

In the stillness of your presence, O Lord,
I see myself before you, a sinner-
a seeker of lusts.

My heart longs for you, O Lord,
to partake of your holiness
to stand in awe of your presence
so pure and white as snow.

Rense me from my dirty spots
In your presence of awe and wonder,
let me dwell and find rest,
to be renewed in my inside
by the stillness of your presence.

Restore to me
a clean heart and mind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Inter-Religious Dialogue

What should we talk about?

If we dwell in dogmatics and apologetics,
We will be lost in the sea of endless debates.

If we talk about history
And justify our faults and prejudices,
we will continue to dwell
in the private spheres
of our piety and purity.

If we read the holy scriptures
of our religions to the letter
without the eyes of faith,
we will be ever marching
in a dry land of vast wilderness.

If we magnify our differences
through lofty texts and fiery speeches,
wrapping up theologies and ideologies
in incomprehensible staccato language,
we will never reach the end road of conflicts.

But if we begin to meet those of
other religions as real humans
with their stories to tell on life and death,
with their dreams and work for peace,
love, mercy and justice,
then there is hope when
we meet as people
of different religious faiths.

written after attending the Nordic Conference on Religious Dialogue at
Sigtunastifelsen in Stockholm, Sweden, March 26-28,2014

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of different religious faiths.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Jenny's Graduation

You will march today to mark the end
of your midnight candles before books,
notes, bulk of papers and reminders;
marking, too, the end of restless nights
while facing practical tests and final exams.

Today you will march together
to be watched by great crowd of parents,
relatives and friends; today you will
receive your diploma of your hope and labor.

And today I watch you with great pride
and delight as your mother, looking at you
as a new registered nurse, who passed
your studies with incredible flying colors.

Congratulations, dear child!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Jesus, Agent Of Change

Jesus, the Lord, The Agent of Change

From darkness to light
by the Lord of Freedom

From disease to wholeness
by the Restorer of Life

From despair to hope
by the Lord of Courage

From fear to trust
by the Lord of Grace

From hatred to love
by the Lord of Forgiveness

From poverty to abundance
by the Lord of Generosity
and Loving Hospitality.

Such is Jesus, the Lord,
the agent of change
in human life and in our world.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Jesus, The Agent Of Change

From darkness to light
by the Lord of Freedom

From disease to wholeness
by the Restorer of Life

From despair to hope
by the Lord of Courage

From fear to trust
by the Lord of Grace

From hatred to love
by the Lord of Forgiveness

From poverty to abundance
by the Lord of Generosity

Such is Jesus, the Lord,
The omnipotent agent of change.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Jordan River

This is a river of life
where John baptized Jesus;
This is a river in history
where companions of Muhammed
were buried near the banks
of this river of life.

This is the same river
of life where captives and slaves
wept for freedom, and where Jews
crossed through this river
to reach their Promised Land.

Now this river looks dead
turned brown or red by human neglect
The once fresh water has turned
black and foul by sewage
from homes and factories.

This river will rise up again
as long as we do not forget
Jordan River's role in life
and history of God and mankind.
Save our life!
Save our history!
Let Jordan River breathe alive!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Just Write!

Write and compose your words
as music in your breasts
Use your pen or computer
Give life to the past that has faded
Give life to the dark coming days
Keep the faith alive
in spite of chaos and darkness
and behold light in the skies!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Lampedusa (Acrostic)

Long journey to paradise and good life
Arise, let us now row our boats forward
Marking our will to cross the Mediterranean
Passing by seas of storm, rain and fire
Emulating the Superman, we fantasize to fly
Driven only by the ardent desire to be free man, woman and child.
Under the blue sky, we close our eyes
Searching for our blessed new life in Europe
And yet the strong waves cast us out from our fragile boat,
and deliver us to the bosom of the sea as forgotten corpses.

_____ ,

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Landmines And Amputees

From Angola to Cambodia
from Mozambique to Bosnia
from Afghanistan to Iraq and Iran
from Egypt, Kuwait to Somalia,
we are the amputees, the living witness,
to the ghosts of war.

Why are landmines
planted in the soil of our existence -
in our farms, in our parks,
in our forests and playgrounds,
in all the sacred corners
of our lives?

Why are they planted
to betray our freedom
to take away our trust
in the soil of our existence
to steal away our innocence
and laughter and
to transform our days and nights
into screams of pain and horror?

How many Dianas will come and visit us?
How many Ottawa Conventions
should be signed?
How many Nobel Peace Prize winners
should be named
before our soil of existence
can be declared
as safety zones?
How many more wars should men
in the world create
to agonize
our spirits and bodies?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Language From Womb To Tomb

It is heard from mother's womb,
taught and learned through the days
and years; repeated, remembered,
quoted, mimicked, twisted,
spoken to bless and to curse.

It is to make one
come across the border lines
It is to feel a part of the whole
It is to understand and be understood.
It is seed that grows through the years
It is a pen that records the scars and stars
It is present in the years of our life
the years lost and gone
and the years to come.

It is language
from mother's womb
to our own tomb
It is language of jubilation,
of judgment and adoration
It is law and order
It is history-
document and monument.
It is victory and defeat.

It is the language of love
It is the language of hate.
It is the language of life
and the language of death.

May 7,2010

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Last Flower And Last Letter

I've just delivered to your room
the last flower and my last letter
It's a flower you no longer can behold
It's a letter you no longer can read.

You still breathe
but cannot wake up
Your body is warm
but it can never rise up.

Minute after minute
your family surrounds you
touching your fingers and forehead
and shaking their heads in disbelief.
They too must wait
for God's verdict.

And the flower I delivered
to your room stands lonely
on a lonely table
And my last letter to you
on the platter remains unread.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Laughter And Tears

Laughter and Tears

Laugh and fill your surroundings
with your loud laughs.

In your loud laughs
you will find it easier
to shed your tears.

Always give to your inside being
a room for joy and laughter
and in your loud and long laughs
accept, through the power of love,
the waves of tears in some storms.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Let Us Simply Dance

When the day is tainted with sorrow
When the shadow of death walks in
When the notes of would-have-beens
Fill the mind with some regrets,
Please stand up anyway and join the dance.

Listen to the music of joy and hope
Make your feet and body move
Smile at the camera man
Fill the air with the aroma of thanksgiving
For the days that have been lived.

Keep on dancing
Until the music ends
You know that music and our dance
Are in symphony with beginning and end.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Let Me Embrace Lonely Distance

First, I got the message you were sick
then the message that you were admitted
then came the message of your death.

It's just a matter of days when distance
between life and death could be counted,
just a matter of days to your funeral service.

Let me embrace this lonely distance
by joining in your funeral even in absence
Let me embrace your memory alive today.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Let Me Sleep Longer Today

Let me sleep longer
the bed keeps on calling
while duties also knock at the door.
Let me sleep longer
as my eyes want to rest long
let me dream dreams some more.

Let me sleep and rest longer
let this be a special day
when I manage to pamper my body
Let it lie down without worries,
without deadlines and must-duties,
without telephone calls, net and TV.
Let me sleep longer today.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Let Time Heal

A cut in the finger
heals as time moves on
by every tick of a second.

A wound in the heart
heals as time swoops down
to sweep away
all hurts into sea of strength
all fears to confidence
all anger to pinch of love.

Let time heal
the nasty cut on your finger
Let time heal
the bleeding wound
in your heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Let Your Life Slightly Dance

Let your life lightly dance
Dance... tiptoeing, crawling
on the edges of time
as if now is the moment
and the end of time.

Dance with all your grace
with all your might
Move to the rhythm
of the music, give life
to its dullness, give life
to its refrains and pauses.

Listen to the dance
of life which ends
at a passage of time
like dew on the tip of a leaf
which falls down by a wisp
of wind or which soon dries up.

Let your life lightly dance
to the music of love,
to the music of faith,
to the music of trust
although such life
simply comes from dust.

From the title challenge of our dear poet Nishu, combining quotations from JM
Barrie and Rabindranath Tagore, September 6,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Life`s Polarities

Why is there life?
Why is there death?
Why are there tragedies?
Why are there feasts?

Why is there evil?
Why is there good?
Why is there care?
Why is there neglect?

Why are there memories
Why is there forgetfulness?
Why is there despair
Why is there hope?

Why is there childhood?
Why is there adulthood?
Why is there disease?
Why is there health?

Funny and mysterious life
with all its polarities!
Hold on to its fulcrum
as its polarities rotate!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Light A Candle...'

Come on, let's light candles
Only light can drive out darkness
in a blank, empty and open space.

Come on, let us bring hope
to the weary and lost souls
Let our candles lead the way through.

Come on, let us break walls
Let the candles melt the
chains that imprison and divide us all.

And so, let us beat the drums
Dance when morning comes
And let our candles
Be lighted in all our nights.

Peninnah's 59th title challenge... Thanks

October 6,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Likeness Between You And Me

Box me, hit me, slap me,
Ignore me, spit at me,
Reject me, oppress me,
Mock me, laugh at me,
Forget me, erase me!

And yet there is one thing
which stands still and true:
I am a person with
innate dignity like you.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Loneliness

It is down deep in one`s being
It is feeling alone in a crowd
It is speaking without being
listened to.

It is singing without a tune.
It is dancing without rhythm
It is eating without taste.

Loneliness comes and dwells
in one's own being uninvited.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Long Winter (Haiku)

The heaven empties her bosom
droplets of snowflakes, falling
Mountains of snow, blocking.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Longing (Haiku)

The distant echo
from the mountains high resounds!
Come and bless our land!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Longing Of A Hungry Landless

Give me the field
to plant my food -
vegetable seeds
of all sorts.

Let the heaven
pour down the rain
to bless growth.

And should
the vegetable plants
sprout,
let us rejoice
that the land
can yield us food.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Lord, I Trust In You

□

Oh, Lord, I trust in you
when days are cold and dry
whenever doubt brings fear
and hope seems far behind.

Chorus:

You never leave me
Your Word has spoken
in Christ, the Savior
your presence is eternal.

You never leave us
though earth will tremble
in joy and sorrow
you hold us by your hand.

O Lord, I trust in you
when rain gets into my eyes
when joy in heart is gone
to you I lift up my hand.

Chorus:

You never leave me
Your Word has spoken
in Christ, the Savior
your presence is eternal.

You never leave us
though earth will tremble
in joy and sorrow
you hold us by your hand.

(meant to be sung, written on the train station, while waiting for my bus to Christiansfeld, sung with guitar chords, Elizabeth Padillo Olesen)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Loss Of The Magic Wand

When what comes out of the mouth
is blaming, complaining, shouting -
bitter herbs that poison the act of loving

When one is not able to welcome
neither give back any loving act
but instead receive it without thanking

When one ignores the other
as non-existent, not worthy to be talked with
neither worthy enough to be listened to,

Then the heart of the other,
the seat of love for everyone,
stands as a fallen red rose, forgotten
to be watered, untouched by a magic wand.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love

It is abstract
but has her face
in the hands that touch with compassion
in the eyes that seek only the face of the beloved
in the words uttered, seeking only to uplift
and not humiliate,
in complete giving
without expecting to receive,
in laying down one`s life
so that the beloved may live.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love And Hate

Our world is filled with conflicts and death-
death from wars, from oppression and greed
The heart is made the dwelling place of hate
instead of a throne of love
Love is swallowed by the fire of hate.

We wonder when will humans enthrone love
in human hearts - love to overcome hate?
Hate enslaves and victimizes us as lesser humans
Hate deprives us from the joy- the innate joy in love.
Hate leads us to darkness without hope.
Love brings life, restores joy and peace
in ourselves and with others.

But our love can easily turn to hate
at a click of a second
Our joy and peace can easily be shattered -
declaring ourselves defeated and hopeless;
and with surging hate,
wanting only to inflict pain on those outside us

We need to come closer
to the real source of love -Jesus-
the way to love and forgive.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love And The Lake (Haiku Poem)

I love you, sweetheart!
Lotus opens her petals
The lake hosts our love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love Beyond Measure

Who can fathom its depth
when it touches the heart
to rejoice and mourn?

Who can conquer its height
when it elevates one to
the apex of delirium and success?

Who can hoard its fragrance
when to hide it
murders the beauty
of both man and woman?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love In Its Purity

Love is a language of the heart-
It is prose and poetry
It is in film or comedy
And yet nothing can fathom
its own depth, height or breadth.

Love is a dream in every heart,
an object of conquest and war
It mirrors greed, pride and honor
And yet love's own purity remains
above intrigues and heroic motives.

Love is a gift from above -
an agape love from the heart of God
We humans can abuse it,
ignore it, trample on it, burn it
but love surfaces out so purely
in its inmost beauty to protect,
affirm, preserve and uphold life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love, Acrostic

Loving and living
oath sharing
vine spreading
eternity affirming.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love, Acrostics

L= is for life to be lived, developed and protected.

O= is order in creation of giving, receiving and renewing.

V= is a vine of network for the life to live and survive.

E= is for eternity that measures time in terms of hope and longing in the heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love, Anchors Of New Beginnings

Another day, another morning
Another chance for a new beginning.
Feel the warmth of the sun;
the leaves refreshed by dewdrops.

You too can be refreshed as dying leaves
You too can be reached by light of the new day
Love can renew our mind and heart
giving us the chance to live our life
as beginnings of great surprises and delights!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love, Can You Tell Me?

Who can speak of love
and describe it as it is?
It is the subject of the day
on the lips of those in love
this Valentine's Day -
fourteenth of February.

Why 14? Why not ten or fifteen?
Or the first or the last day?
Why in the middle of February?
Can somebody tell me?

Why flowers of red roses?
Why red wine and perfume?
Why wrapped gifts with
red hearts and more surprises to guess?

Can love be measured
by how much one gives
and by what one receives?

February 14, 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Love, The Heart Of Religion

Jesus was insulted,
spat at, whipped,
mocked and crucified
And never did he ask
his followers to kill
those who insulted him,
those who mocked him,
those who whipped him
and those who crucified him.

Instead he asked them
to forgive, to love and give,
to love and forgive-
to love and give
so in abundance all may live.
Let every religion find
its own heart, the heart
of love, the heart to protect,
build up and sustain life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Married For A Cow

And her father gave her to marriage
to an old man in town, he who
owned a piece of land and cows.
So one cow was her price to be
as bride to a strange man in town.

The man's party came to fetch her
And she cried in great fear
She was taught to simply behave
and keep quiet as obedient wife.
The cow had been delivered
to her family and she might
as well accept her destiny.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Megaphones Of Injustice

Here on the busy streets
where jeepneys and cars meet
blowing their horns as masters
that seem cannot wait for
the road signs to alternate.

Here on the small alleys
where students in uniform, workers
and other passers-by clutch on -
to their bags from unwanted snatchers
as they head their way
to mega malls and local stores
with their long shopping lists.

I see these dirty men and women
with their small naked small kids
lying down on the further end
of the street, sleeping under
the noonday heat and the noise
of all this running transport
without the purchasing power
for their own daily needs.

Here on this street they sleep
without a roof of their head
Here on the street they rest
and feel the empty pangs of
their tummy and the violence
of a heavy rainfall upon their bodies
Here they are on these open streets
And I see them as daily megaphones
of society's injustice.

(Along the streets in Cebu City, Philippines, holiday visit, July 2011)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Menstrual Blood

Filling, flowing, emptying, birthing
A cycle of seasons
Connected to nature's
Resting, growing and cleansing.

Menstrual blood,
Menstrual cycle,
A woman's life-giving story
In the heart of creation.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Modern Day Vampires

They suck human blood as hungry leeches
Screaming for life from dried up rivers.
They wander in darkness finding victims -
Attracted by their angelic poses
Energized by their slogans of success,
Power, greatness and happiness.

Vampires in the night, they have only
to attend to their own survival,
feeding and bloating their own egos
and haunting in fear those who oppose them.
They sacrifice children and women in the ovens of
their lust by their teeth like knives.

They wander as zombies in dark nights
Finding victims whom to suck blood;
They demand victims' full allegiance
And give them a trophy for transient paradise.
They sow seeds of fear and death
Each day they open their sharp mouth.

And the victims of vampires
begin to believe that all days are only nights.
And the vampires are masters
over their own fresh blood.

October 26,2016

Halloween in our human history

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Money, Money

Money, Money, give me some more
And the thirst for money never ends
Money, Money, give me some more
And the drive to get more money
Deprives the needy from the use of money.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Money, Money, Give Me Some More

We all crave and long for money;
the rich, the poor, the young
and old cry for money to keep and hold.

We crave to be masters of money
or end up to be slaves.
We fall into the pit
if money becomes our masters
and we end up -trapped, enslaved.

Money is only a gift to use and share
It cannot last for long, for like water,
it flows and evaporates.
Ask for money and work for it
but let it not be your master
to be served, but a simple resource
to use, give and share with those in need.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Monsters' Ghostly Shadow

Gassed with poison
Struggling to keep life
but poison seeps into
their nerves and tendons
and death shuts off life.

Children stop their crying
And the body halts from
Shaking, eyes are bulging
And the mind is switched
Off from endless thinking.

Who is the monster
responsible for this crime
against the innocent people?
And nobody claims
to be the monster.

And the only active response
We hear is the military weapon
against the ghostly offender.
And the killings after the monstrous
gassing continues to shut off
the life of the Syrian people.

September 8,2013
Gas poisoning in Syria

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Morning After The Drought

I open the windows
just in time when the day breaks
to meet the sun in tune
with the strength from deep sleep.

I open the window
and joyfully meet the rain, the rain
indeed after such a long drought.

Trees and grasses are reborn
and the parched ground
is saved from long thirst.
Dirty faced children are
once again cleansed.

I must go down to feel the rain.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Morning Dew (Haiku)

The morning whispers:
See fresh dew, fresh beginning!
Laugh! Live life again!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Morning Light

Morning light descends from above
Like messenger of hope, it breaks
through darkness and shadows.
As waves reflected and deflected,
it touches the bottom
of earth's time and space
giving life and hope
to all things that breathe and move.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Mother Theresa

Your loving hands
mother the sick, the strangers,
the homeless and the orphans.

You walk through the streets
of Calcutta and Bombay to find
these unfortunates;
hug and embrace them as God's jewels,
give them food, roof
and bed for their head.

You are a servant
ascended to the heavens
to be counted among the real stars.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Mother To A Child (Haiku)

Mother of seasons
Mother of life, love and light
Dwells in a child's heart.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Mother's Face

She's the cradle of mankind
that sings to me lullabies.

She's the everlasting chord
that binds me to my birth and life.

She's a diamond in the nights
that reflects prayers
to heavens above.

She's an anchor on the seafloor
when my life's boat is tossed
by storms and cyclones.

She is my mother, our mother-
our life, anchor and guide.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Mothers, We Salute You!

The homemakers that build up the house with
the robust hammers of joy, hope and faith,
The life givers that breast-milk the child
with the liquid of trust, patience and confidence,
The miracle magicians that turn the dark days
into colourful feasts of expectations and openness.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Mourning Over Terror

Our hearts mourn, oh Lord,
when people are killed
in places where people
rejoice to celebrate life.

Our hearts mourn, oh God,
when fear grips us
with haunting memories
from shocking images
when sanctity of life
is trampled and rejected.

Come to us as our Creator,
Restore to us our humanity
of love; let not hate and
revenge take control in our hearts.
Let your spirit of love dwell
and win over this war against terror.

mourning over victims of terror attack in Nice Paris, July 14,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

My Lonely Guitar

□

At a corner my guitar waves her hand
inviting me to pick her up, to strum her
strings, to find out if all her chords
blend in harmony with my fingers.

It is waving her hand before my eyes
as in those birthdays, meetings, teaching,
and parties where her strings were made
busy to play melodies to people around.

Tonight she waves her hand again
calling me to play with her our common
game of songs which others can sing along.
But I just cannot play with my guitar today.

For whatever reason let this lonely night
find out; let me sleep and let sweet melody
sleep with me in my dreams and
let my guitar help me find the right chords
for my lonely song.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

My Shepherd On The Road To Emmaus

In the valley of death
you come as a Shepherd
bearing the lamb away
from thorns and wolves.

In the road of darkness
you light the star above
to shine over us, convincing
doubting hearts that
the Saviour has watched.

In moments of my lingering pain
you offer the balm
from your loving hand
tending my wounds and scars.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'My Train Is Running At Its Fastest'

Humans as we are
We love to run a race
by foot, by sail, by horse,
by car, by airplane or by train.
We love to be the fastest
We long to win the race.

Vain and self-centered humans
as we are, we love to be on stage-
to be the best, the first,
the quickest, the smartest
the most popular in our time and age.

We search through the heights,
the depths, and the widths -
We explore the sky and
what goes beyond the grave,
and in our relationships we
use quick links in the net and cyberspace.

Humans as we are
We have our own limits -
Our race even in the fastest train
Cannot forever make us the first.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Narrator Of Spaces In Between'

There are letters and words
with punctuation marks
and pauses to be read.
With his pen,
the writer tells his story,
or writes his poetry.

The reader picks up
the work of a writer;
reads, narrates to be heard,
revives the life in the written words
of the writer's poem or story.

Line after line,
the narrator reads;
values the spaces
between the lines, and
glances at his audience.

The spaces between the lines
which he reads
bridge his own world
to the world of his listeners.

April 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

New Beginning (Haiku)

Year ends, New Year enters
Rapture of lights here tonight
Let's celebrate life!

January 1,2014

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

New Day And New Beginning

Another day, another morning
Another chance for a new beginning.
Feel the warmth of the sun;
the leaves refreshed by dewdrops.

You too can be refreshed as dying leaves
You too can be reached by light of the new day
Love can renew our mind and heart
giving us the chance to live our life
as beginnings of great surprises and delights!

and the heart and

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

New Year's Resolution, Take It Or Leave It

Less intake of sugar or say no to sweeties
To help starve the cancer cells in the body.
Less meat, coloured and canned goods
Eliminate the body from more toxic wastes
Free the body from invisible toxins by more intake
of water-content foods - fruits and vegetables.
Go to bed earlier this year and never wait
until the body tells you to sleep and retire.

Close your computer and all electric devices
and let your eyes rest from their constant rays.
Say a prayer each day and night
as you open and close your eyes.
Remember your loved ones, friends and strangers
Bless them and say thanks for their life.
Never let anger or bitterness fill and dwell
in your heart as you sleep and wake up.

Do not miss your breakfast and other meals
Be attuned to the body's food consumption,
digestion, absorption and elimination
By them, be more conscious of what you eat
and the rhythms of these processes.
Shop and buy only what you can use
And do not flood your space by much un-necessity.
Learn to distribute your goodies
to those who are in dire need.

Try to sort out your garbage
between organic and non-organic
metals, papers and plastics
combustible and non-combustible
degradable and non-degradable
and know where to dispose them.
Try to embrace Mother Nature
and resolve to be kind to her bosom.

Think that each year is only a
short passing year and welcome it

as the only year in your life.
There is much to do and remember
But let this New Year be long enough
To give us the chance to live a healthy life.

December 31,2012 for 2013

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

News Of Her Passing Away

The message of her death
makes me silent and lonely
Life comes and life goes
at a wink of an eye
a beloved person in our life
is gone like the passing wind.

Silence makes us journey
to the bundles of memories
the beloved has left behind;
they are traces of our beloved's presence
which cannot be erased
by the passing of time.

Let me celebrate her
in my heart and mind.

July 11,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Nuclear Testing

Nuclear tests in the Marshall Islands
Nuclear tests in the Soviet`s Kazakhstan
A mushroom of clouds
from the ground and the ocean
leaves a never ending legacy
of disfigured faces,
of mothers with jellyfish babies
of graves from cancerous tumors
in the human bodies,
and the continuing horror
of the rays of atomic tests.

Nuclear test in its horror
and legacy will forever dwell
in the memory of our fragile humanity.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Nuclear Tests

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Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Of Rice Grains And Thieves

You are shot dead for pilfering a sack of rice
and they call you a thief, a robber,
an immoral, a violator of the law
that sets peace and order
and so that leaves him in authority
who shot you dead justified and free.

You are among those dirty humans
on the city roads, dressed like lesser humans
who have never ceased the fondness to life and
who upon seeing a cargo of sacks and sacks of rice, crawl like the Biblical
Lazarus
that claim the right to eat the grains
that fall from the rich man`s table.
And you are shot dead
over your claim for some grains
because we call you a thief, a robber,
a violator of the peace and order.

You are weak indeed for you have come
like the visible devil,
outstripped of hipocrisy
for at the eyes of the moral guardians
you stand condemned though you may have
exercised the subtle art of hiding
your own violation
from the brave and watchful eyes.
You are smart indeed because your visibility
comes like the dust riding on the sun
and the shot of a cocked barrel
easily puts an end
to your clear visible figure.
You are weak indeed even to hide yourself.

But I see your act of pilfering a sack of rice
a bold claim for grains for immediate release
from hunger, a claim for immediate survival
amidst this economic crises of our time,
a claim that doesn`t have to be shown

in pretense or in secret
for the lack of food that makes hungry cramps
on your belly and those of your loved ones
is a violence itself
that needs to be calmed down.

But our own decorum brands you a thief,
a robber, a violator of the peace and order
that is quick to give the immediate dosage
of letting you go at the end of the barrel
for you are looked at as an eyesore, a dirt,
a devil that should not resurrect once killed.

But your presence will ever crawl in our land
as long as hunger thrives
as long as we look at you a devil
at the public eyes
as long as we blind ourselves
to the greater robbers and thieves in our time
whose arrogance and greed
make them safe and invisible
as long as we continue to heal
only the symptoms
and not the gamut of the whole situation.

For pilfering a sack of rice,
you are shot dead
over and against your weakness.

For the millions of funds
amassed in the name of your weakness,
the real robbers and thieves
are kept safe
from the barrel of the moral guardians.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Of Saying Goodbye

It`s not the first time
I`m used to it now
The cold span of time and space
is ethereal years of longing
in the heart and mind.

When to meet again
when to speak in person
when to reach out
to hold each one`s hand?

The going, the saying of goodbye
eats up our voice in the quibbling lips
and releases our hearts
by tears flowing by.

Yes, I am used to it now.
Distance and space though
bridged by human inventions
are still there
between our own seas.

(Departure from the Philippines to Denmark)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Of Scars And Stories

They are scars in history
of wars and deaths
of violence and misdeeds
of sense of duty and endless guilt.

They are scars in the body
in broken limbs and tortured
minds, in nights without sleep
and constant flash of past images.

They are scars in communities
in segregation and isolation
in the false search for security
by built up high walls against neighbors.

They are scars in the human soul
for having chosen hate instead of love,
for inflicting pain on others and
bearing the pain in our own being,
for building walls instead of bridges
among all faiths and communities.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Of Stars And Servants

The stars shine in the nights
and on the stage, they sparkle
with much elegance and might.
They are idolized, iconized,
and spectators get infected
by this great fever as the stars
sparkle and shine.

While from below the ground
the servants lay their lives
in the remotest mountains,
slums, villages and valleys
where human needs are attended,
love and compassion, extended-
not seeking the grandeur
to sparkle and shine on the great stage
but willing to lose themselves-
excluded, secluded, persecuted.

The stars shine in elegance
for themselves
The servants lose themselves
to serve.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Of Victims And Victors

We are all victims and victors
of our choices and decisions!
Each day our innate freedom
makes us journey to the
known and unknown heights.
We can act with precision
or act with faith in the heart.

We are victims of our own
limitations as humans
when our plans and efforts fail
no matter how hard we try;
We are not masters over nature
We are not masters over
others' choices and decisions.

We can only do what we can
as limited and mortal humans
But if I were to choose
given the chance to be victors
over the chance to be victims,
I would rather choose
just to keep my responsible freedom.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Oh, America!

America, America!

You have fought for freedom,
Marched many battles against
Slavery, hate and divisions
But you have reached the mountain
of truth of the innate equality of all.

You are a country of native dreamers,
immigrants and welcomed strangers,
upholding freedom and democracy for all.
You look at your freedom much related
to the freedom of others; hence you
take part in the global act for liberation.

But today's presidential election
shakes the very foundation of your
Statue of Liberty when building walls
against the others
is mouthed as slogan and goal;
when assaults on women
are highlighted and accepted.

When insults and bullies reverberate
in microphones and conspiracy theories
condition the mind to accept only success
and not defeat; when greatness of a
country is measured by mega success
in wealth, power and
own self protection;
When truth is difficult to find
in files of lies and from hearts that hate.

October 17,2016,22 days before US election

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Oh, Wake Me Up To A New Day Of Love

□

Oh, wake me up, wake me up
to a new day, to a new day
when a husband tells his wife
"Darling, I love you. ";

Oh, wake me up, wake me up
to this new day, to this new day
when parents hug their child
and say, "Dear child, we love you.";

Oh, wake me up, wake me up
to this new day, this new day
when a neighbour drops by
and says, "How can I help you? ";

Oh, wake me up, wake me up
to this new day, to this new day
when a stranger finds a door
with a sign, "Welcome here.";

Oh, wake me up, wake me up
to this new day, this new day
when the world sings the tune,
"Let us fill the world with love";.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

On The Sands Of Time, I Place My Print

On the Sands of Time, I Place my Print

Sands on the ground are below our feet,
They are there before we were born
And they are there even after our death.

Sands are like rings of time under the sun
They are there in drought or when monsoon comes
They are there in floods and in high and low tides.

Sands are part of God's creative hands
They are there to serve us as we walk on them
And they are there to be served by us.

Sands hear the secrets in our mind and heart
As we walk on them, bearing our own stories
Of joy and pain, fear and doubt, despair and hope.

Let us place our print in the sands of time:

Our print of courage as we face death
Our print of hope when despair comes
Our print of service as we give and receive;

Our print of solidarity as we share each other's burdens
Our print of unity with creation as responsible humanity.
Let the sands of time record the footprints we leave behind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Our Need For Light

It is light that drives away darkness
It is light that opens our eyes to the new day
It is light that gives food to our body.

Think if we lived in total darkness
Think if we could not wake up to a new morning
Think if there was no light to make food?

Oh, Light of Power, shine over us
and dispel darkness of gloom and doom!

Oh, Light of Wisdom, guide our minds and hearts
to a new vision and wonderful insights!

Oh, Light of Life, supply us with the
food for renewal in the eternal cycle of our lives!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Out Of A Window From A Bus In Kathmandu

Poetic sense is awakened
as this river breathes life
gushing from rocks
bursting into bubbles
at every encounter
with protruding stones and pebbles.

Yes, life goes on
like this river that keeps a flowing;
the breathe of life is a current
that touches the deepest bottom
like a violent revolution.
In its flow- rocks,
stones or pebbles
stand as barriers
but the flow keeps on.

As this river flows
with life, there is no
end of poetic sense
being awakened.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Over The Corpses Of Our Beloved After Haiyan

Over the corpses of our beloved
we continue to weep -
weeping our tears of guilt,
not able to hold them and protect;
weeping our tears of despair
over flattened homes and lost memories.

Over the corpses of our beloved
we continue to weep -
weeping our tears of regrets,
not able to recover them
from heavy heaps of ruins;
weeping our tears of anguish
that we cannot take them
to a decent burial place.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Pain And Feasts

The pain in my body
Is pulsating -
Screaming!
Alarming!

And yet I have
to go out and feast
I must shallow the palliatives
from songs, art, prayer and dance
I must lock my pain
In the box of oblivion
Until the day is done.

Let me beautify all around me
With my smiles and laughter
Let me fully feast and celebrate
With friends and loved ones
Till the day is done.

And when the day is done,
Let me listen to the murmurs
And tortures of my bodily pain
And let me swing my cradle
With the wings of joy
Gleaned from the life
of merry field feasts.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Pain, Sign Of Human Mortality

Pain pulsates
as the clock tick tocks
Should pain be dependent
on medicines?
And what if medicines
cannot appease
the pulsating pain?
When can every one
be freed from
the malady of pain?
Why is pain made
the sign of the coming end?
Why is there pain
to announce
our mortal human frame?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Peace And Enemies

Peace, peace, peace!
We cry for peace
And we think that
by killing our enemies
peace can be achieved.

But peace can never
dwell in our midst
by killing our enemies.

For as many are killed
as many are the thousands
of the silent ones
who will rise up
to avenge these deaths!

There is never peace
in the cycle of revenge and hate.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Peace Award To Barack Obama

Awarded to one head of nation
Who thinks he doesn't deserve
But feels honoured to be
in the company of those
who in centuries have worked for peace.

Awarded to one head of a nation
with his shared vision on peace
in political campaigns, dialogues
and speeches, a shared aspiration
of all the international communities..

An award to one head of states, worthy
to be shared with those who actively
and silently have worked for peace
and upheld the dignity of all persons
irrespective of their colour, sex and ages.

A Nobel Peace Prize of Peace to Obama,
a common award worthy to be shared
with soldiers and mothers, common citizens
and philanthropists, students, teachers, scientists
and activists and all those who fight that the world
we live in maybe a safe habitat for all.

Yes, let this shared peace award to one head of state
be a continuous call to common action
against the grave economic crises in treasuries,
the climate change in the globe of earth,
the escalation of military weapons
and the wage against the tentacles of terror.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Pentecost (Acrostic)

People as real and common as they are
Experience something spectacular
Naked before the stretched out heaven
Tantalized by fresh and oozing wind
Elevated by the heavenly touch of fire
Consumed by love and compassion
Out they spread the fire lodged in the heart
Speaking different tongues as they serve
Thriving on faith from that mystery of love.

-

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Poem For Our Bishop

Tribute to a Bishop

I can taste my tears
as they stream down my cheeks
and as I write this verse.

Why on earth, a dear person
of young age like yours
should leave us on earth?

You were a father, grandfather,
husband, bishop and priest,
You were wisdom, courage, friend,
counsellor, inspiration and talents
And like other humans
You share our common destiny
From busy life to coffin and grave.

Let my tears turn to flames of prayers
Thanking God for your faithful life
for the church and communities,
Asking him to bless all your loved ones
And should we meet again in heaven
I hope you open the Gate to Life
As our very own Bishop.

written after knowing the death of Bishop Niels Henrik Arendt in Haderslev Stift
in Denmark.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Politics, Oh Politics!

Politics, oh politics
you promise and you promise
for good times and abundant times;
You promise lofty promises
which often turn into ashes.

Politics, oh politics
you make convincing,
rehearsed and excellent speeches,
often responded by
by resounding applauses.

Make your speeches
short and simple!
Make your promises tangible!
Politics, oh politics,
You exist to bring peace and justice!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Powerful Hurricane Sandy

Sandy gathered strength
from rivers and seas
flooding homes, fields,
markets and subways.

Sandy made a pact
with the strongest winds
knocking down trees,
buildings and other
man-made creations.

Sandy declared her power
over technological inventions
sending houses and streets
into days and nights
of darkness and cold.

Powerful Sandy
has just declared
her invincible power
over powerful humans!

October 30,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Prayer

Prayer is
a cry in the wilderness
when the water jug is emptied.

It is scream in the dark
when fear seeks to put out
the last ray of light.

It is dance in the morning
when hope is found even
in the darkest hours.

Prayer is
oneness in fellowship
It is hope in despair
It is trembling in the awesomeness
before a holy and loving Presence,
and dwelling under God's wings.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Prayer In The Dark (A Common Prayer For Japan After Tsunami 2011)

□

In these dark days in March
for the suffering people in Japan
We ask you, Lord, to show your light,
light to reach out those who are
are buried alive, light to lead
the rescuers to find all those
who have lost their lives.

In these hours of endless waiting
for the their beloved's return
we ask you, Lord, to rekindle their hope,
hope in spite of despair over tragic loss
hope to see your presence even in ruins
hope to will to live though it means
so difficult to dwell and rebuild.

In these hours of fear and sorrow
when nuclear plants are exploding
and leaking, we ask you, Lord,
to bear the Japanese people
with the calmness of Your spirit
and we ask your wisdom
to lead the leaders
and all those
who have the know-how
to join hands
in delivering us from
this great calamity
in our time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Prayer In The Wilderness

It starts as a cry,
a cry in the wilderness
when the water jug is emptied,
a cry to hallucinate images of water in mind
to feed the murdering thirst.

It starts as a scream,
a scream of horror and despair,
like coming to the end of time.
It is a scream in the dark
when the last ray of light
is almost out of sight.

It comes like dance
in the morning when hope
shivers and lingers
Upon the sight of
Someone whom one can trust-
Of Someone bigger and
higher, stronger and mightier-
of one
Who is the Source of Life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Precious Moments Of Mothering

□

Here inside this church
We sat on the same pew.
While others focused
their eyes at the front aisle
and towards the pulpit,
here beside me, I found
this woman cuddling
her own baby.

She held her child
close to her bosom,
hugged her
with all her warmth,
whispered words
to her ears
and drowned her child
with her loving smiles.

The child giggled,
closed her eyes and slept,
secured and contented
in her mother's robust arms
cuddled and assured
of a peaceful world.

Here beside this woman
I remembered my three girls
who now have moved out
to manage their own life.
Here on a Sunday in this church
I journeyed to the past days.

This woman's hugging
her own child
This mother's enfolding
her child by her two

strong arms
This mother's peace
while holding her child
touched deeply my heart.

Silently tears ran through
my cheeks as silent whispers
of such a great wave of emotions
of missing my own children
while recalling the precious moments
of mothering a child.

□

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Protect Our Waters

Protect our Waters

Let us pollute our lakes, rivers, oceans and seas
As graves of our own garbage
Let us suffocate our lungs and health
By all these - we have invested.

Let us be driven by the lusts of our own senses
to emit to the atmosphere
heat and carbon rays as we please.

Let us exploit the earth
as our own slave and look at ourselves
as masters, the absolute.

Let us wake up to find one day
that the earth enslaved
will seek to free itself
even if it would cost the masters to bleed.

June 8,2017

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

REFUGEES (Acrostic)

Run! Run! Run!
Escape from death, hunger and war!
Find new life on earth!
Under the sun, over high walls and barbed wires
Go! go over hills, mountains and seas!
Enter into closed borders by foot or fragile boats
Encounter rejection or generosity of your hosts
Security and peace you also deserve.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rain And Run! (Haiku)

Rain kisses the ground
The parched land is freed from sun
Run, rejoice and dance!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rain And Tears

I hear the rain
and its constant knocking
asking me to be conscious
of its presence and existence.

The rain is there
during day or night
after the shining rays
of the sun or in time
when the moon
reveals her face
from its hiding place.

Rain, rain, rain!
You fall like tears
as I weep at day time
or nighttime.
I cannot ignore you
as you claim your place
to water a broken heart.

September 20,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rain Falls, Knocks And Invites

Rain falls, knocks and invites

Rain keeps on falling on my rooftop
waking me up after midnight.
Every drop comes as gentle knocking
at the door of my heart.

What a blessed night
when rain unites earth and sky!
What a blessed invitation
by rain, knocking at my door
to commune with God!

September 7,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rain, Rain And Let Us Till The Soil

Rain, rain, rain, how nice it is to have rain!
Plants are feasting, bathing, giggling!
Rain, rain, rain, thanks for pouring in -
Into our rooftops, water containers and rivers!

Rain, rain, rain, thanks for your coming
to serve us with your loving touch!
Keep on falling, keep on serving but
Be sure you allow us to till the soil!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Reacting To A Medical Verdict

I came to wish to hear the good
I wish to be free from hospital visits
or from more slicing of the flesh.
But the doctor said, 'Yes, you must
accept our offer to help you.
Trust that medical personnels
are also agents of God's healing grace.'

So I asked for days or weeks
to think about it, to reflect on life-
its sanctity and preciousness
on why it has to be guarded or healed.
I come home to write lines
to paint colours, to touch my cat,
speak to the flowers, trees and grasses,
to smell the garden and order
the cancer cells to stop from spreading.

I laugh thinking of the preciousness
of life, the songs I have sung
or the poems I have written,
the people I have encountered
and the lives that have been blessed.
And I cry to realize that our days
are indeed numbered either by
disease or death, accident or
violence; life is a treasure
only shortly borrowed
within a short period of time.

Tears can dispel sorrow or fear
But life's challenges must
with courage be faced.
As long as we live in our borrowed time
hope dwells and never disappears.

September 29,2010 (recovering some verses written during my health struggle
from 2010) .

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Refugee On The Run (Haiku)

Come and sing with me
Let us cross hills and valleys
A new dawn awaits.

Rise up, eat and dance
Never give in to despair
The sun's still shining.

September 6,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Refugees

Once there lived a man, woman and child
They tilled the land, cooked their food
built their school and built their house.
The birds and rivers sang as they danced,
and they went to bed when the sun went down.

Once there lived a man with his gun
He thought the land, the food, the school
and the house of other man, woman and child
could be his with his gun
He could not sleep and so he started
shooting at the birds, the rivers and the stars
He dreamed that all the land and all in it
could be his with his gun.

Then the man, the woman and the child
in their own land, their house and their farm
could not sleep on their bed, and could not
listen anymore to the singing of the birds
and rivers, for they had to leave, to leave
in much hurry, that there was nothing
at all they could carry.

They walked and walked through the miles
without sandals on their feet,
searched for food and rested on the shades of the trees
Their hearts began to dance in great delight
as they, from a distance, could see
some signs of life, of crowded communities,
whom they thought could have bid them in
for food, water and bed.
But all the while, they were called strangers
and must stay out of the borders.

Until now the man, the woman, and the child
keep on wandering from one land to another
waiting to be invited to come in
in a border when they can build
their house, a school for their child

where they can cook their food,
dig a well and farm a piece of land.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Refugees In Our Time

Uprooted, spread to corners in the globe
accepted, helped, rejected or cursed,
they ran away from their homeland
away from bombs, ruins and fires,
from hunger, violence and fears
in search for peaceful and better life.

They bank at the doors of
Mediterranean seas in small boats
played by middle men who charge
them high fees on top of their miseries;
They hitch hike or hide in big lorries
and the unfortunate others turn as cadavers.

Some of them cross the borders
as animals herded as criminals
or illegal trespassers, kept in police custody
or in prison cells; others spread their body
on the streets to sleep, wondering where
to find a toilet, food and water to quench their thirst.

And those in power continue
to discuss who are the right refugees
And build walls to protect their own borders,
scared to be over burdened and drowned
by the human duty to help the needy.

August 31,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rejoice Over Summer!

Summer, summer is here
See the bursting flowers-
the trees in green
and the grasses as mats
to sleep on under the laughing sun.

Summer, summer is here!
Watch the new colors-
the color of hope
the color of change and newness
from boring daily routines.

July 9, 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rejoice Over This Reunion And Encounter

Illness of a friend
brings reunion
and fresh encounter
as families and old friends.

Here we find time to recall
past memories, to laugh
at past mistakes
and to extend a helping Hand
to this friend who once was strong
and now stands much dependent
because of his serious illness.

It 's just a matter of time
that this fresh encounter
will also have its end
as this friend will cross
the border in life
to that new heaven of peace.

Life is short; we cannot will
to let it continue in so
many linear years.
Life is a gift given, and also
a gift that is taken away by death.
We might as well accept
the fact that every life
has its end and its death.

Let us simply make the best
of this fresh reunion and encounter
with our precious friend and beloved.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Remembering Haiti

Imagine waking up from sleep
and be imprisoned by the heap
of rubbles and other falling debris!

Imagine waking up from sleep
and seeing your own home
swallowed by the open mouth of earth!

Imagine waking up from sleep
and knowing that your loved ones
cannot wake up from death!

Haiti, we lament with you!
We share your tears
as you try to rub your eyes
from the deep sleep of
loss, pain and sorrow!

(January 14,2010)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Renewal

Renewed from hatred
that strangulates the flow of love.

Renewed from anger
that bulldozes a mountain of understanding.

Renewed from pain
that shatters the windows of tomorrows.

Renewed from fear
that makes all days to dark nights.

Renewed from despair
that drowns the promise of hope.

Renew us, O Lord, from the malady
of hatred, anger, pain,
fear and despair.
And restore us to the bountiful promise
of strength, joy, faith and service
from the heart of Jesus.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rescued Chile Miners, A Miracle Of Faith

From August 5 to October 13
in the year of our Lord 2010
69 days you were held in prison
down deep in earth's dungeon.

69 days of stolen rays of
the sun and stolen valleys of rest
33 miners you were buried alive
in earth's seven hundred meters-deep.

Who could have imagined
finding you alive and still
with your spirits up high?

Who could have imagined
that the tears of your loved ones
and those of your countrymen
could be changed to the cymbals
of dancing and rejoicing?

But yes, on the ground where
you were buried alive, you raised
your eyes to your Mighty Creator
And in the camping sites
of your loved ones, persistent prayers
were raised to the heavenly door.

And among your politicians
and engineered men and women
a solidarity plan to rescue you were
conceived in sleepless days and nights.

Here is your story, Chileans,
a miracle of faith in our time!
And the world claps her hands
because the weeping is changed into
an overflow of tears of rejoicing
on this great mountain of joy.

Resting And Rising Angels

An angel falls asleep,
tired of the chaos below
of hate and conflicts,
wars and calamities,
obsession with
self-protection
and self- elevation;
while millions go hungry
bleeding and dying
by powers that only
seek to subjugate
and dominate.

Let the tired and sleeping
angels in you and me
wake up and rise up.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Restore Humanity (Haiku)

Denounce violence
Work for peace, the way of life
We are all humans.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Rewind The Clock

Rewind the clock
back to the memoirs of youth,
and back to the memoirs of childhood.

See this fragile babe
wanting to live
sucking mother's breast.

Behold the day
as she managed to walk
and explored her world.

Rewind the clock
to see her bike
with her first schoolbag.

Gather the candles
being burned in the nights
in her choice of education.

See her rise up
each joyous morning
to take care of her job.

Smell the aroma
of her presence
as she smiled and laughed.

Taste the courage
of her daily struggles
as young mother and wife.

Follow her to the
dungeon of disease
and fear of the unknown.

Share the hope in her heart
as she winked at the world
Goodbye.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Right To Weapons

From age to age men discover
Their tools and weapons to survive
Men draw and execute their plans
And produce weapons or tools
to make life easier for survival.

These simple tools and weapons
Are developed, improved, perfected
Even extended to kill by the hundreds
In wars, alliances and betrayals
Sealed by creeds and vows of allegiance.

And the right to weapons is taken
As a human right to defend and protect life
Guarded by the law of the land
Mouthed and quoted by those who
Ever want to hold on to this right.

But enemies are defined by weapons
Weapons corrupt the corrupt power
And by weapons we can never be secure.

December 28,2012

Following the debate on the right to weapons after the shooting of 20 small children and 7 adults in Connecticut, USA.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Road To Damascus

You were once a meeting place
of human goodness -
of the Good Samaritan, saving
the fallen victim of the hiding thieves,
a road to friendship
against the bridge of enemies,
the road to humility
with the ability to forgive.

You were once a meeting point
of human newness -
of Saul, the intolerant,
persecutor of Christians,
blinded by light,
and yet rode back to this road
as Paul with renewed eyesight.

Damascus, a meeting road
of human goodness and newness
met by the Lord of Light,
and yet today has turned
to be an open graveyard
guarded by violence and blood.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Roots, Part Of Who I Am

Roots of existence
Roots under the ground
Roots that draw out food
from the ground, to feed
the leaves, stems and branches.

Roots of human existence
Roots make the tree stand
Roots connect the tree to the ground
Roots hold the tree intact
though it is flushed out by flood.

Roots of my existence
are there in my own ground
wherever I am planted
My roots continue to channel food
to help identify who I am.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Sacred Election

Sacred
sacred right,
the right to vote.

Sacred
sacred right
to be elected.

The people's votes are tallied
The best choice is declared.

Let no one manipulate the result
Let no one tamper the votes
Let no one buy people's votes
and strip the voters
their sacred right to choose.

Let this election
truly reflect
people's sacred rights.

November 6,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Sad Tones After Haiyan

" I am the only survivor in my family
I would just like to find out
if there is someone who is still alive",
says the young lady with a hat on.

" We are like infants here and
it is really very very difficult.
The shops and the warehouses
for food are emptied", said the
sad girl with tears
trickling down her face.

The group of Filipinos in England
met in a room, and sang in chorus,
"Amazing Grace" and one of them
declared, " They are suffering out there
in the Philippines but we are also suffering
here while looking at their own suffering."

An older woman spoke before
the microphone, "I have lost everything
I would be happy if I could get even
just one blouse. "

A younger girl, called on her mother,
whom she could not find.
And out to the blue, she declared,
"Mother, I am alive, I just
need food, mother, please."
And she cried.

A walking survivor was greeted
by a journalist, "Do you have something to say? "
The man, without looking back, said,
"I am still on a deep shock".

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Savage Hate

It abducts the human heart
to the dungeon where
dragons stretch their tongues of fire
to kill and burn what others have built and owned.
It is the dungeon, where modern draculas live and hide
to modernize their weapons and
extract river pools of blood from the innocents.

It trains the human heart
to abort and reject love, and to taste
only the bitter herbs of hate and vengeance
And soak them in the screaming blood of the victims
inspired by the promise of the false paradise.

This savage hate, this savage hate of
violence and war, of terror and arrogance
to be the little gods bring us all down.

And yet the remaining goodness,
which cannot be destroyed
by the darkness in this dungeon
neither by the bitter herbs of poison
that kill more and more,
continues to dwell in the human heart
ever whispering
lamenting,
craving,
convincing
to enthrone the gospel of hope in our time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Saying Goodbye In A Funeral

I attended the funeral of your dear one.
I heard your loud sobbing and screaming
As the coffin of your deceased husband
was carried out from the church aisle.

The black limousine was waiting outside
The caretaker looked at his watch
Each one picked up a white rose and
laid it on the coffin of your dear one.

Still the undertaker looked at you and waited;
You held on to the coffin and would not
Let the limousine drive off your husband-
to the burning heat of the crematorium.

The undertaker started the engine
You stood still sobbing, speaking and moaning
You drowned your heart in anguish so deep
But the funeral service should be culminated.

And the coffin was taken away by that black limousine
With a weak voice, you called, "Please come back".
And you continued to sob without let up
The sting of death crushed your heart.

And there you stood with the presence
and comfort of your family and friends
No longer alone or bereft in the world
You were surrounded by those who wept
with you, who stood beside you,
waiting when your anguish could subside.

Funeral of Frannie's husband, September 5,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Searching God In The Purity Of The Heart

Lord, deliver me
from fantasies of grandeur
that seek to elevate myself
as the center of my existence,
that cut off the chords
between you and me
that see myself
as the sole shining star
in your whole universe.

Let me see you
with my pure heart,
pure mind and tongue.
Let me seek to keep you
the center of praise and worship.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

See This Man

I see him as a young and lonely man.
He is a refugee from his own devastated land.
Tired and confused, he comes often
to this silent corner in town
to watch people and cars passing by
and to listen to the silent thoughts in his mind.

He turns around, sits down and focuses
his black eyes into the open blue sky.
And there comes rushing into his mind
the painful memories of his past -
the horrible experience of war
that separates him from his own loved ones.

Yes, see this man, this refugee in Denmark
He dreams of peace
He dreams of his friends
and longs to see them,
He dreams of a job
and a final return
to his beloved land
that is bleeding because of war.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Seeking God In The Purity Of The Heart

Lord, deliver me
from fantasies of self grandeur
that seek to elevate myself
as the center of my own existence,
that cut off the chords
between you and me
and see myself as the sole shining star
in your created universe.

Let me see you
with my pure heart,
pure mind and tongue.
Let me seek to keep you
the center of praise and worship.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Seize Not The Treasure From Us''

Clothed in orange robes,
paraded on the street
with a gun pointed
at our back
and in front of us,

Made to kneel down and
ordered to denounce our faith
in Jesus, the Christ,

Denied of water and food,
Shown the sharp edge of knives
To sever our heads from our body,

We bow down our heads
in complete surrender
only to our Lord, the Christ.

We welcome death
Not seeking to inflict pain
on those who take us as enemies;
Not seeking for revenge
Not giving hate a chance
to dominate.

Seize not the treasure from us
The greatest treasure for world peace
The greatest treasure for our violence
And man-made deaths
Seize not the treasure from us,
that is JESUS!

21 Egyptian Coptic Christians beheaded by ISIS in Libya, written as response to the 54th title challenge of our co-poet, Rufus.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

September 11

The human mind remembers,
commemorates and celebrates
what happened in our history
of linear time; who could forget
when thousands got trapped
under a burning inferno
of buildings, smashed
by airplanes, fueled by
terrorists' burning hate?

Innocent souls were laid
down in the Ground Zero
And for their innocence
each will be remembered
every September 11;
And let each celebration
declare an oath to sweep
the human hearts
from hate and revenge.
We owe it to the dead:
Only fill this world with love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Shadows Of Despair

When colours are all grey and black
When shining lights turn gloomy and dark
When hope for now and the future
Is switched off by the violence of the past
Then the focal point on life's meaning
Grows dim to the eye of the beholder.

How necessary it is to rise up from despair
To see the blinding, dazzling colours and lights
To face the future with courage and not fear
To wrestle with pain and accept it is there
To see meaning in all that's happening
To lift up the face of despair as part of life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Sheer Egoism At Ramasola

□

Who else would not love his own image?
Even the crude Narcissius loved himself
in a pool of water.

We feed and worship our image
from the crude shadows in the still waters
to the bright reflections of the silver mirrors
and to the wise manipulations over the lenses
of the camera men.

We pose and change suits
giggle at the transfer of life
into the shiny papers and borrowed colors,
tailor our dead sizes,
enlarge these still-pictures
in frames and hang them on walls.

We pay the high cost of joy
of our tailored image
stamped on papers and tucked on wood,
kissed by glasses and adhesives.

And never will the price alter
the rising and ebbing tide
of the ego`s worship
to our own human form.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Silence

The heart longs for silence-
a break from the staccato of chaos
in the murmuring violence,
sobbing and screamings
many corners in our one world.

Away from human madness
that seeks to kill and destroy
the others, and laughs at the
sight of blood and deaths
of the fallen innocents.

The heart longs for silence
in the pulse of love
wanting only to embrace
and reach out those who are
are crying and dying...

For it is in silence
that one can go deeper
into the source of love
that is greater than pain,
human madness and violence.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Silence In Front Of The Running Water

The sound of the running water,
falling on cascades,
breathing a life
through its sounds-
Music to the ears
of the one searching
for peace and comfort
on hand.

Water, crystal clear,
pure, clean and simple -
running, falling, reverberating
on the stone layers.

Out of the stone layers
breaks forth a green plant,
a symbol of life,
claiming its place
among the hard and solid rocks,
finding life`s fragility
and purpose of springing
in spite of the rocks'
toughness and rigidity.

In the running water,
I see Jesus the symbol of life -
sustaining, reverberating
upholding the fragile life
in a plant and mine.

Jesus, the living water,
the running, cascading music
reverberating, calling for us
never to give up living.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Silence, A Privilege

In silence I move beyond myself
from the prison of chaos and worries
I listen to the pulse of my heart
and the breathing through my nose.

In silence I open my ears
to the songs of the morning birds,
to the ticking of the clock,
and the sounds of cicadas in the nights.

In silence I stand in awe
before the Presence of God
who formed me in my mother's womb
and wonder why He has kept me alive.

In silence I open my being
to the Source of Life -
Greater, Higher and Mightier than I am
Upon whom I find my life's anchor.

February 14,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Slaughter Of The Innocents

Where is music when children,
men and women are slaughtered
with merciless religion of hate?
Where is poetry when blood
of the innocents is spilled
over the barren ground of hope?
Where is conscience when peace
is buried in silence
by the rule of weapons
and the ideology
to exterminate
a group of people?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Slavery In Our Ugly History

Stolen, separated from their own families,
Whipped, sold, paraded with price tags;
Hanged or moved from one master to another.
Taught of God's love yet beaten day and night.

Called slaves, niggers and blacks
They're tortured and promised of
God's paradise, but first to please
their masters and forget their own scars.

But they sang their hope in spite of death
They danced their pain in spite of tears
And only when the spirit of freedom
Moved the hearts of those in truth
when their chains as slaves were removed.

January 17,2014

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Sleep And Close Your Eyes

Sleep when the dogs begin to bark
When cicadas start to sing their songs-
Sleep when the moon shines no more
When the radio and TV are turned off
And what remains is silence in the night.

Sleep, my dear, and close your eyes
Forget your troubles which sadden your heart
Sleep and dream sweet dreams of hope
To bring you to the new day of delight
Sleep, my dear, and close your eyes.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Small Children In Prison

'I only steal from the rich
Not from the poor,
I steal because I am hungry',
said the nine year old boy
as he was interviewed in jail.

Imprisoned for crimes
like stealing food to appease
hunger in the tummy,
Etsoy and others are caged like animals
sharing a pot of rice among
11 or 15 in-mates three times a day.

Mixed with adult criminals
charged with heinous crimes,
here they are in jail without pencil,
books, crayons and oil lamp,
Here they dread going to sleep,
scared of being raped.

And they look at the high fences
of concrete walls,
invincible by their bare hands
Here are fences that blind their eyes
from seeing the meeting point
between earth and sky.

Here are walls that deny them
to gaze at the sea, the boats,
the jeepneys, the ships and passers-by,
the birds perching on trees
and the rice fields at harvest time.
Yes, Etsoy and many more
Etsoys are in this jail
imprisoned, imprisoned
behind these high impenetrable walls.

Yes, the small children like Etsoy
behind these concrete walls.

are only called by numbers
or nicknames for who dare
to know their precious names?

Behind these high concrete walls
they are forgotten,
denied of their childhood and life.
And this prison
is their own
university of life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Snowy Morning

It's bright. It's cold!
The morning is glistening!
The snow insists to make
her presence seen, pulsating.

Traffic is halted!
Workmen increase their speed!
The fallen snow is driven out
to sideways, given time to melt.

Snow keeps on falling
unmindful of halted traffic
or work men on alert!
Snow insists to make her generous visit.

December 5,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Sound Of Music

It is difficult sitting here alone
feeling the cold from the windows
the sound of the running cars
the confusion in my thoughts.

Music sings to my soul
soothes the pain in my heart,
lulls me to hope, to dream
and to walk again
on this pathway of confusion
in our own time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Speak To Me, O Lord

God, speak to my inner being
Give me the calmness of your spirit
that I may take up the course in life
without running and gasping.

Give me the calmness of your spirit, O Lord,
to be able to cry when life hurts
but without giving up the hope in you.

Give me the calmness of your spirit, O Lord,
that I may not seek to prove what I can
to be affirmed of my own worth.

Deliver me, O Lord,
from the self-seeking nature.

Deliver me, O Lord,
from the stress and hazzles
of surviving and striving.

Speak to my inner being, dear God,
that I may find your peace
and purpose in living
that I may find my worth
as your child
without running the hectic race
to compete for greatness.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Squabbles In The Courtrooms

Shoes fly in the courtroom
hitting the judge, the lawyers
and the other spectators.
The verdict seems intolerable.

These moral men
cannot hold their temper
and therefore display violence
as the last measure.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Squatters (Slum-Dwellers)

□

We cleaned the Dorm this morning
and found the dead rat
The Matron said it stank
and must be thrown out.
I suggested a good grave
but she said,
"Throw it into the garbage."

I pity the innocent rat
helpless at the dreadful
claws of the cat.

So we argued.
She said, "Rats are dreadful!
and cats are the protectors! "
She complained about her loss
Mentioned about the her torn,
Tattered rags and cartoons.
She said, "Rats must be exterminated
That the City of man gets rid
Of the ugly and grotesque! "

But I said,
"They need their right home
and if dead, they need
the right grave."

I see no longer the native rats
because of the wild cats
No more torn, tattered rags,
papers and cartoons.
And the wild cats rejoice
over the order and new wonders
for which the Matron -
the recipient of congratulations.

"Rats must not contaminate

the City of Man, "
the Matron said.
And she added,
"They are eyesores
They smell and stink
so throw them
into the garbage."

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Stars Above

Look at the stars above-
grand destiny to the eyes
They are there to behold
as one struggles for freedom
and peace in mind.

Look at the stars above-
heavenly abode of silence and light.
Beautifully they shine over us
moving before your eyes
and letting us dream of
beautiful life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Stop Bombing Aleppo!

Aleppo, Aleppo, Aleppo!
Maybe many have not heard of you
Maybe your name is so strange
To find in the world map in classrooms
But you are a voice in the wilderness
Screaming for help and salvation
From bombs that keep on falling
also from the mighty claws of power
meeting in Geneva round talk tables.

Aleppo, Aleppo, Aleppo!
Your children are fished out from rubles
Dead or fortunate enough to be rescued alive
Your children are screaming for food
And water, denied access to these basics to life.
Your children are gasping for breath
As they wrestle with chemical gas on air.

Aleppo, Aleppo, Aleppo
Let us join you in your scream
from the last breath of your lungs:
Please stop bombing, Aleppo!

September 11,2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Stop Crying (Haiku)

Why are you crying?
Bird, stop your sobbing and moaning
Your eggs are hatching.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Stop Your Sobbing (Haiku)

Why are you crying?
Bird, stop your sobbing and moaning
Your eggs are hatching.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Syria (Acrostic)

Screaming in pain through many years
Youth, children and adults, daily buried
Raising fists of hope, faith and courage
International friends, looked for and pleaded
Agony, wounds and ruins cannot defeat them.

April 10,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Syrian Refugees

They run away from bombs
and deafening sounds
They flee from gas poison
that suffocates their lungs.

Houses stand in ruins
No running water to drink
No electricity for the nights
No shop that sells food
And they must flee from fright.

ISIS overtakes their town
And also conquers their soul
The faithful strong are beheaded
to wage a reign of terror.

They flee from their land
Gasping to reach any place
That may offer them solace.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Teacher, Teacher



Teacher, teacher, teacher, teach me now
Teacher, teacher, teacher, guide me now
Teacher, teacher, teacher, show the way
You are my light
You are my guide.

Teacher, teacher, teacher, comfort me
Give your listening ears when I cry
Help me find the strength in what I can
You are my help
You are my guide.

Teacher, teacher, teacher, build me up
When I do wrong, show me what is right
Teacher, teacher, teacher, let us laugh
You are my friend
You are my guide.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tears And The Lillies

Tears in the valleys
water the lilies.
They are salty.
They are not so sweet to taste.
But they are there
as we swim down deep
into the waters
where the lilies live.
Let the beauty of the lilies
transform the bad taste
of tears to sweet nectar
of courage.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tears Of Life

I welcome tears:
tears of joy
and tears of sorrows.

Tears lead us deeper
into the human heart -
to the heights
and depths of life.

Tears can overflow,
and flood hearts
into the lowest lows;

And yet when heated
by the warmth of love,
they can turn into vapor -
which cleanses, purifies
and renews our inside.

March 26,2019

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tears Of Pain Over Massacred Angels

It was cold cold December when
a human heart ceased to love
but filled it with hate and evil,
when lovely innocent angels
at 6 to 7 years old shamed
his own aimless, cold and mad life.

These 20 children in classrooms
confronted him with the truth
of his aimless wandering and
the only way he could accept
himself was to hide himself in his
version of power, his deadly guns.

He marched into 2 classrooms
like a wicked soldier of war,
aiming only to get rid of those who are
heavenly to his sight in contrast
to the hellish state of his own life.

With his deadly weapons, he massacred
the sweet angels and their guardians
and shattered the hearts of parents,
friends, grandparents and communities
and all around the globe, wherever
this news of the massacre has been known,
people continue to shed their tears of pain.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Terrorism, Her Name

□

And they do their best
to give voice to their hate:
hate and revenge against
Imperialism of the West,
hate and revenge against
religions with their mission,
hate against any form of
discrimination and segregation,
hate against what is conceived
as long term human oppression.

And these voices are heard
over parks, markets, land and seas,
in suicide bombs and kidnappings
of foreign and local interests;
seen in secret training camps
for fighters and defenders of the voice,
seen in the sacred mountains
of silent and boiling countries.

And these voices are further
heard in the flowing blood
of the innocents spread in fields,
roads and bridges, seen in
shattered homes and ruined hopes.
And the helpless, who stand terrified
by this madness, call these voices
the rising tide of terrorism.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Battered Woman

It is not the first time
that you land in a hospital
Here silently you lie down
with the blue marks on your
face, your arms and legs.
This time you are staying
for some more days and weeks
You have broken your feet.

It is not the first time
That you come here
And you call for help
from the monster you live with
who when drunk, beats you
like a horrible beast.

You have called for police
He has been put in prison
for a number of days
to pay for the price
of your awful bruises

But after a short while
You invite him again
to a toast of glasses of wine
in your memorial nights
only to batter you
again and again without limit.

But you continue to be with him
in spite of the many torments
you have received.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Beast In Humans

It hisses inside like a serpent
spitting its venom of hate,
giving birth to vengeance
spattered by blood and death.

The serpent of hate, the
birth and rebirth of vengeance,
gives no room for peace,
no room for forgiveness.

And the kingdom of the beast
is recoiled by the serpent
that hisses without rest.
And the venom spreads darkness.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Beats Of Love

The Beats of Love

It's a feeling inside a man and woman
starting as sweet melody from nowhere
bringing immense joy beyond measure.

It `s a constant knocking, a persistent
beating and pounding of the heart, wanting
only to get a glimpse of the beloved.

And when the beloved responds
by a smile and words of acceptance,
the world turns into a perfect array
of dance and ever sparkling lights.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Bell Tolls

The bell tolls not to alarm us
about a break of war
The bell tolls not to announce
the funeral of a great magician
The bell tolls not for classes
to start the school-year calendar.

But it is ringing for you and me
to bend our knees,
To intercede for our land
and for ourselves
The bell tolls to say a prayer
that opens up
avenues to God's love and mercy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Boxing Match

Two contenders on the ring
jumping, hitting and smashing each other
with gloves on, they fight like
the modern jaguars with the target of money
and the grand title the ring can offer.

As they punch each other
with the sole goal of winning,
they cease to look at each other
in the eye as friends in the lonely jungle
but as enemies in the fight over
who is weaker and who has more the power.

Never mind the blood that spills over!
Never mind the fall of the other contender!

The watching crowd shares
the nature of the tigers,
they, too, growl and cheer
when the other is knocked down.

Hurrah to the more powerful!

The boxing match becomes
the jungle of humans
caring only for the strong
and condemning the weak.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Chilling Wind

And he leaves her
in silence, without any word -
just the cold silence
that leaves a chilling wind.

And he closes the door
as if no one is left behind;
starts the motor of the car
and disappears from her sight.

The chilling wind
makes her shiver in the cold
The chilling silence fills the house
and floods her heart with tears.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Cold Hands Of Loneliness

Asking but without being heard
Asking but without being answered
Asking but without being looked at in the eyes.

Silence and food is not shared on the same table
Silence and the sounds are the loud tunes in TV programs.
Silence and the door is slammed without saying goodbye

Gasping and the daily chores roll on
Gasping and the days repeat in great monotone
Gasping, feeling left all alone in the cold corner in town.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Crowing Of The Roosters

Come to the village
and listen to the crowing roosters
up the branches of the trees
announcing the breaking
of a bright new day.

Come to the village
Walk the miles of the road
Have a pause from the roaring buses,
The dazzles on the streets
And the endless list of activities.

Come to the village
And learn from the roosters
Resting on the silent trees
Communing with nature
And speaking to man and woman
The great early morning of peace.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Dance In The Green (Haiku)

Let the bamboos swing
Let the seasons change colours
Let the green seeds bloom.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Dawning Of Autumn

How gorgeous to watch
when leaves turn gold
And when they fall down
to give life once more
to the thirsty ground.

There is silence
in the fog that
darkens the roads.
The sky is black
painting signs of
the coming rain.

I watch autumn
from my window
and marvel at this change
when autumn turns
over the key to
the cold winter.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Day After The Hurricane

And they return home
after the quick evacuation
home to their homelessness,
home to the loss of their properties
built up for years and decades
now pounded and crumpled by waves.

And they return home,
home to their parks and businesses
bulldozed by giant monsters in the night.
And they return home
home to their ports and shores
finding houses of their neighbors
uprooted and thrown into deep seas.

And they return home,
home to their childhood and memories
recorded in albums and documents
videos, CDs and files in computers
now drowned by waters
and covered by piles of dirt and mud.

And they return home,
home to their own town or city
which once was lighted with much glee.
And here they now return
to this gloom of darkness
with live wires that may soon
explode into big flames of fires.

Such a tragic home coming
from the fury of the Super Power Sandy!
Have mercy, O Lord, on the victims
of this merciless hurricane.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Earth Trembles (Nepal)

When the earth trembles,
then creations of human hands
also turn into rubbles.
In some split seconds
lives are lost and gone
buried alive or waiting to be
rescued by helping hands.

When the earth trembles,
we see how fragile we are
with nothing to boast of our
Power, dominance and might.
Everything we own is something
we lose at a wink of an eye
even our own precious life.

When the earth trembles,
there is not much to be done:
Find and count the dead
Cry with those who cry
Rebuild what is to be rebuilt
Give and share resources
for the victims to start a new life.

Very much saddened by the natural calamity, hitting Nepal Earthquake, April 25, 2015 with a death toll, rising to 2,300 persons.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Earth's Call For Responsible Stewards

It is calling for compassion
It is calling for responsible hands
It is calling for stewards,
stewards to see and listen,
stewards to learn and act,
stewards to protect and love.

The earth is crying,
crying over destruction
in her hills and mountains,
fields, valleys and air,
seas, lakes and rivers,
plants, animals and humans.

The earth is calling
men, women, youth and
children to do their share
as stewards: responsible stewards
of what has been entrusted
from the beginning of time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Forgotten Child In The Manger

We buy and buy
We give and give
Give to the ones we know
Give to the ones who give us
Give to the ones we love
Within our own circle who know us.

But Christmas is also giving
To those who are unknown
To those whose names are hidden
And only called by numbers
To those who have lost their names
To those who have lost everything
To those who have nothing.

Jesus in the manger was not born in a palace
But in a most humble place of the lowly on earth
The Three Kings travelled to find him
And gave him the gifts from their hearts
May we find the humble Jesus among the
forgotten, the poor, the marginalized,
the rejected, the refugees, the victims
as subject of our gifts of love on Christmas.

Christmas 2016

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Forgotten Syria!

Your scattered children
are covered by ashes;
inhaling smoke and poison,
as bombs and blasts
continue to rule
the ground and air
both endless days and nights.

Houses and buildings-
law and order,
cars and parks,
shops and schools
history and museums
and human lives
are fallen and ruined
as lost treasures-
devoured by hungry gluttons.

Syria! Syria! Syria!
Your mothers cannot shed
tears no more...
Your children have lost
their language to tell
about what lies there in.
And the world remains
deaf to your endless cries.

March 18,2014

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Game Of Mistrust

I am tired of your childish wars,
Israel and Palestine!
I am tired of your violent politics
in the pretext of self-defense!
Nothing is won in your wars
except the loss of innocents!
Nothing is gained by your wars
except the rising hatred
from both your sides!
Nothing is won by
your game of mistrust
except the stain of screaming blood
in both your hands!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Healing Touch Of Music

It is difficult sitting here alone,
feeling the cold from the windows,
the sound of the running cars,
the confusion in my thoughts.

Music sings to my soul,
soothes the pain in my heart,
lulls me to hope, to dream
and to walk again on this
pathway of confusion
in our own time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Heart Of A Woman

The heart of a woman is a well
from that well, one can draw water
to quench one`s thirst;
through it plants and grasses
are reborn to life
after constant care and nurture.

The heart of a woman is a well
from it oozes and sprinkles
the warm drops of love
flowing on the open ground
to save life from thirst and death.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Homeless Woman At Kolding Station

To live each day
with plastic bags of all that she has
To sleep each night without a bed
to lay down her head.
To eat and chew food
without toilet and a kitchen
for her plate, spoon and fork.
To put on the same dress
unwashed through all the seasons.
To sit on a bench, only talking
to herself as her only friend
must be a lonely journey
for this woman at the Kolding Station
whom we see everyday.

She is there even if we close our eyes.
She is there in the morning and evening
sitting and standing, walking or stopping
She is there with her plastic bags,
uncombed hair and tattered rugs
She is there night and day to remind us
of life`s simplicity and our common responsibility.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Human Will

The human will cannot be imprisoned
by despair, ruins and rubbles
It seeks to crawl
and find its way out of gloom
Human will insists
to try even the impossible.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Icelandic Volcano

Such a beauty to the eye
Of immense height
That blends in the sky!

Like a sleeping princess,
She dances with mankind
In their waking and sleeping.

But in a shining April
2010 in a budding spring time
she vomits her lava and smoke.

Strangely enough, her beauty
Ejects fire and black smoke
that suffocate the sky

Thousands of flights are halted
Passengers are stranded.
Flight companies lose their assets.

Who can tell that
Such an immense beauty
Can prick us all to fear
the fury of mother nature?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Little One

What mystery this little one brings
when his birth in a bright spring
fills my heart with endless songs?
What mystery he comes with
bringing sunlight every hour
even if rain falls to the ground?

Oh, my, oh my...this priceless
jewel to my eyes that continues
to glow even in my dark nights!
How precious this little one is
to watch him grow each hour
And watch the first smile
and first giggle he offers to life.

mesmerized by the joy and beauty of the first grandchild, his fifth month.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Lonely And The Sky (Haiku)

Forsaken, lonely
Humming a song, swinging high,
He looks up to reach the sky.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Loss Of A Beloved

The loss of a beloved
brings thorns, punching
the human heart,
making one shed
flood of tears
at every touch of silence
that flashes
waves of memories
of beloved's presence
and constant goodness.

upon receiving news of the death of Pedit, dear friend and sister, July 20,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Miracle Of Pain

The start of labour, a gasp of pain
like a terror from nowhere
then an interruption of relief
the same cycle that goes on
for hours or even for days.

Pain at every contraction
of the mother`s womb
airs out a groan, a biting of lips
or a screaming for God`s rescue
or mama`s help.

Then at the last push
when the water bag is finally broken,
and when the new life descends
from the birth canal, when the baby
is finally pulled out into the new world
of life from the great womb of peace,
giving out the innocent cries of fear,
the woman, she, a mother, rejoices
over the blessing of pain.

Pain with its beginning
has its reason, end and fruit
Pain is both a gift
and a miracle to the human will.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Missing Link

I play my guitar
I sing from my heart
and people clap.

There is this short
moment, a moment
of being heard,
a moment of being
valued on the scene.

At the end of the show
people say thanks,
words of appreciation,
words that warm the heart
and elevate the mind.

It is only a brief moment,
a brief moment
of feeling different,
as someone special
among the crowd.

And after this moment,
comes the monotone
moments of feeling alone,
of being lost in the dark.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Nightmare Of Man

Man works throughout life
from childhood to adulthood.
He builds his place in heaven
sitting leap years in classrooms
harvesting diplomas for his career,
saying the best words of himself
as investment for job applications.

He daily climbs up the ladder as goal
He is obsessed of success and ambition.
From a house to land, bank savings
or loans, he continues to strive on.
But at a wink of an eye, all that he
has struggled for, all that he collects
to own, are lost and gone irreparable.

For sure enough, the flames of fire
eat up all what he has acquired
within his years and decades in life.
Typhoon, tsunami, flood and cyclone
drown all what he has long labored.
Earthquake, disease and transient thieves
swallow up even his last bank loan.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Power Of Words

They can be written
spoken, whispered,
hidden, forbidden,
remembered,
forgotten.

They have their power
to be listened to,
to be read,
to be reflected,
accepted
or rejected.

They can build,
and rebuild
They can destroy
They can comfort
and heal.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Promised Land For Both Jews And Palestinians

Jews and Palestinians

Share the common story of exile
Of wandering in the desert, uprooted
Slaughtered, silenced, driven out!

They both share the common hope
To dwell in the Promised Land,
Flowing with milk and honey
Living in peace and prosperity!

Not by the Mandate of Partition by Balfour
Not by agreements of manipulative coercion
Not by the Intifida of hate and destruction
Not by the tentacles of fear and terror
Nor by the summons of super powers
Around negotiating tables
Can bring Jews and Palestinians closer
To the portal of their longed Promised Home.

But it is in seeing themselves
as one people with their equal rights
in their journey to their own liberation.
It is in ceasing to mark their stones
Of generations by much waste of blood.
It is in marching together
To the Holy Mountain of their Promised Land
Where they can lay down their weapons.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Rhythm Of Life

The Rhythm of LIfe

Rhythm of life is there for every eye
There is life and there is death,
there is hope and there is despair
the heart beats and the beating stops.
Every song has its last line
Every journey reaches its destiny.

Winter changes into spring
Spring into summer, and summer
into autumn of golden leaves.
There is hunting season and
a season to halt hunting.
There is a season for planting
and a season for harvesting.

We all sow and reap
work and earn
invest and gain
play and win
lose and play again.

The rhythm of life continues
in every human breath
in every song and heartbeats
in every journey on the road
in every season and struggle
to win and replay the same old rhythms.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Shepherd And Abundant Life

Let me breathe the fragrance of the flowers
Let me taste the sweetness of the new day
Let me see the freedom of the oppressed
Ushered in by people who live in liberty.

Let us hear the Voice of the Shepherd
Calling His flock away from devouring wolves
Let us join in our common destiny
to share Life with others much more abundantly.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Singing Dolphins In Taiji

Their songs turn into weeping
as harpoons pierce through their lungs.
Their songs of trust and friendship
with mankind is silenced
by cruel hands.

Blood flows and fills
the blue lagoon now made
-the stage of the great slaughter-
of one of the greatest friends to man-
the dolphins.

And let their songs now
which turn into weeping
and silent tones
torture our conscience.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Sky, Our Blanket

The sky, our blanket,
puts us to sleep,
drowns our eyes
with darkness
and assigns
the stars and moon
to lighten our nights.

The sky, our blanket,
greet us with smiles,
opens our eyes
to the new day
and bids the sun
to bathe us
with her loving warmth.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Sleeping Angel

An angel has fallen to sleep
Tired of much chaos below
her feet: people in hate
and conflict, protectionism
and self- aggrandizement.

When will this angel
wake up from her sleep?
Does it matter if the sun
Shines over her head, or
if rain could make her wet?

Wake up, dear angel, wake up
Bring us to the Easter dawn of
newness, loving instead of hating;
serving and involving others
in our common search for
common good and purpose.

April 6,2018

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Sun, The Moon And Truth Cannot Be Hidden

The sun shines and brightens our days
seeping waters up to the sky and
and pouring them back to earth as rain.
The sun is real to our own eyes.

The moon shines during nights
as full moon, half moon,
new moon or no moon;
it rotates on earth's axis
bringing to us our months in milleniums.
The moon is real before our eyes.

The sun and the moon are faces of
truth during days and nights in our lives:
never alternative truths, never half truths,
never fake truths of our digital genius.

Truth is there in time and beyond time
revealed by lights from sun and moon
reflecting concience of the human mind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Syrian Lady With A Boyfriend Left Behind In War

As night draws late, she worries for her beloved.
Is he ok and does he think of her? Is he safe amidst
hunger, bombs, dusts and ashes in the air?
Will they see each other again under one sunny day?

When will this war come to an end?
When will her feelings stop torturing her?
Why should seconds or minutes seem
to be endless months, years or empty decades?

She holds the memories on her necklace
Sleeping on her nightly pillows of tears
And in silent dark nights, she raises her voice:
why war has robbed her joy with her beloved.

October 17,2017

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Tears Of Masho

□

She gave her child away
She had AIDS, they say
Her children should have
Parents to care of them
when she by death
should say goodbye to life.

And her dear own child was
sent to adoption
to a far away land, to a land
she had never been before-
A strange paradise
for her child and which
She as mother could not reach
by her bare feet or sandals.

She did not get the
address of the new parents
She could not write
them in her own tongue
She was not even allowed
to see the last glimpse
of her dear own child,
to give her last embrace
and words of goodbye.

And this child, Masho, who
used to be cuddled by her
own dear mother,
cried day and night
in the new land thought to
be a new paradise.
She watered her pillow

with her own tears and longing.

And she could not understand
why she had to leave her
own mother and playmates
in her own village far away
just because her mother
is condemned to die
by AIDS, they say.

Response to the debate of adoption of children in Denmark, to a particular case
of the Ethiopian child, Masho. November 27,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Unforgettable Las Vegas

And their joy turned into screams of horror
Their joy - aborted, stolen, killed and silenced.
Music became "the enemy of the devil";
The grand stage - emptied; notes, scattered;
Musicians and spectators sought for escape.

59 died at the wink of an eye; more than
500 wounded, struggling for their lives.
The world stands in shock and horror!
The shooter is dead, not leaving a trace
on the reason and meaning of his terror.
Victims tell stories of their instant heroes
amidst fear, despair in seeming eternal chaos.

But violence, like in Las Vegas, repeats itself
in our age of terror; in the right of everyone
to buy and keep weapons for self protection;
in the hearts of those who live by hate and revenge,
in the hands of those who play guns as
powerful toys to shoot, kill and destroy...
Our violent films also serve as models.

October 2, 2017

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Visit Of The Monster, Haiyan

How could a monster visit my island
And leave so much pain and anguish
to the heart, mind and eyes?
How could a monster sweep away our homes,
our fields, our schools and playgrounds,
and all our means to live on
and left us with nothing to cook, eat,
drink, wear and sleep on?

How could a monster like Haiyan
Gather our tears over dead bodies
of our loved ones, blotting and bursting
under heavy rains and the hot sun?
Still others, never to be found, perhaps
rotting in the bottom of our ocean
or buried in the heap of ruins and sand?
How could a monster Haiyan
deny us from giving decent burial
to our fallen loved ones?

How could we sing our songs of joy
When our children, parents,
brothers and sisters in these
damned towns and fishing islands
scream for hunger, cold and thirst
even days after the horror and nightmare
brought by the visit of this monster, Haiyan?

Haiyan is name for Super Typhoon that struck the Philippine islands in the Visayas region, killing thousands and depriving the survivors means to live on.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Voice Of Love

It is tender and warm,
full of sweet melodies,
as it summons
the beloved to rest,
trust and believe
in love that is great.

It invites not to fear
neither doubt nor reject
his offer of love so deep.
It calls one to receive -
to open one's heart
to that mystery of love
which emanates from
the Source of Perfect Love.

September 20,2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Walls Of My Room

If you didn't knock on the walls,
I wouldn't have known them there.
I wouldn't have known I'm inside.
I would have kept on writing poems
seeing no inklines on the white sheets of paper,
feeling no pen between my fingers,
hearing no silence in the night.

If you did not knock on my walls,
I would have kept on reading and reading my books
knowing not that they're cold and dry
knowing not that they're loud and stone deaf.
But if you didn't knock on the walls
I wouldn't have known you were there,
I wouldn't have gone outside.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Whispers Of Love

It has its voice, a thundering voice
that calls for undivided attention,
Wanting only to be engulfed
by the voice and flame of your heart.

Look into her eyes! Listen!
When she speaks to you,
Do not turn away your head
Look into her eyes; feel her heart
unite with you in mind and body.

Listen to her whispers
Answer her questions
And never be disturbed
by her lack of logic or redundancy.
Let her repeat her whispers
Do not be bored and sleepy.

What is love without silence?
What is love without words
to break the silence by whispers?
Listen to the voice of love!
Let her whisper the voice of love
And listen to her whispers
for her heart has spoken.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Wind

Who has seen the wind?
Not me, not you, not them
can see the wind even
those with eyes as big as balls.
The wind passes by without
traffic control and sets her pace
to directions, without our invitation.
The wind touches our skin with
her soft fingers or rages like
fire that eats up the standing embers.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The Woman, Stoned To Death

She's put on trial
convicted of a crime
for having betrayed her husband.

For violating
the moral code
of the land,
she stands in front
of the crowd
while men throw stones at her
until she falls down.

Hurrah to the law of the land
as the woman is carried
out of the arena of shame
to her own grave of rest
without a name.

And she is stoned to death
for her crime
because she is a woman
under the Sharia land.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

The World Cup, A Common Stage

The World Cup is a common stage
It is an arena for winners
and an arena for losers
Without the losers, there is no
proclamation of winners.

The winners may rejoice
to have scored more
But their victory only happens
because there are those who
have scored less.

As a common arena in life's
test of strength and wits,
the winners can rejoice
but still without forgetting
that they win because others lose.

Those who lose do not lose
their great value in that common stage.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Theophanies(Divine Appearances)

I see God in the clouds
that seed rain to water the fields.
I see God in the sky
that blankets humans
from the searing heat of the sun.
I see God in the blooming flowers
bursting with fragrance and elegance.

I see God in the newborn child
conceived by love between man and woman.
I see God in seas, lakes and rivers
that host life to feed mankind.
I see God in human hands
extended to help those
who are victims in our time.

I see God in each person or peoples
convinced how they did wrong.
I see God in hearts that cry
confronted with forgiveness,
acceptance and in life, a new chance.
I see God in the voices of
those who choose to work
for peace, justice and love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Think About It

Think if all were healthy
and no one felt so unhappy.
Think if all were in perfect form
and no one else look malformed.
Think if only there were laughter
and eyes were empty of tears.

Think if all days were sunny
and drops of rain would never fall?
Could we really love our health and body?
Could we really value joy over sorrow?
Could we really set our eyes on what is whole?
Could we really see life in its real form?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Three Kings And The Star Of Hope

□

Three wise men of nowhere
Without medals and kingdoms to claim
From the East they marched forward
To find the child beneath the shining star.

Three wise men in their glorious attire
Journeyed long to find the shining star
Stopped by the soldiers of Herod`s iron hand
Ordered to tell where the child could be found.

Three wise men of hope without certain ground
Only guided by the shining star in their mind
Continued to journey to find the child
And met the shepherds who in their search came by.

Three wise men led by the shining star
Reached the stable to find the child
They offered their gifts- gold, frankincense and
myrrh to a child, cradled by voices of angels.

Three wise men in our time
Only with their names and gifts from their hands
Filled with hope from the shining star
Met Jesus, the child, the end of the
long journey so worthwhile to try.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tired Of Corona

Just tired of Corona,
Tired of Covid 19 in 2020
Tired of the global pandemic
That has given us so many headaches.

There are health worries,
Worries over finances
Worries of losing jobs
And worries of losing lives.

We worry over our food
housing and medical bills
We cry like small children
Not able to say goodbye
where our beloved dies.

Tired of rising infections
Tired of Corona tests
Tired of facemasks
Tired of denying ourselves of giving
Friends and beloved hugs and kisses.

Tired of washing hands
by soap and disinfectants.
Tired of hand masks
And tired of fears
of touching anything
Which others have touched.

O, Corona, Corona
Why have you entered into our world
With your own rules of social distancing,
isolation and fears of space and air?

Why have you won to stop us
from hugging and kissing,
from talking and singing
from gathering as earth's
joyful and contented people?

October 25,2020

When Corona infections, tested positive to Covid 19 in Denmark, on this particular day rise to 945 cases. Just attempting to share the general sentiments of people around the world regarding Corona crisis.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To Be Alive

It is to hear rhythmic melodies
in the breathing of your own lungs.
It is to marvel at the vast space
between earth and sky
It is finding yourself as simple dot
in the vastness of space
and yet with great importance
as the fingers of stars and moon
wink at your sleepy eyes,
as the generous sun
bathes your whole body
with pleasure and warmth.
It is watching the flowers
opening their petals of smiles.
It is listening to the laughing trees
beside you, purifying the toxic air
which enters into your lungs.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To My Brother, Arturo

To My Brother, Arturo

I have just started to put together all
your letters, and discover how many years
you have written messages from your heart
sealed in envelopes with your shaking fingers.
You have your own art in making yourself
understood, raising your sighs and pain in life.

I still hear your voice from the last
visit in July this year and only to find out
that in my next visit in our home island
you will not be there anymore among the crowd
to tell your stories and the stories
of the struggles of our home people.

Strange that you leave us behind
without saying tearful goodbyes.
By death you are now fully separated
from the living, and cannot be touched
cannot be talked to for things that need
to be challenged and asked.

I think I miss you and I wonder why
Death claims its right over your life.
I can only give you back
to the Hands of God.

after knowing the passing away of my dear brother, Arturo Padillo, on October
12 in the Ubay, Hospital, Bohol, Philippines

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To Nelson Mandela

Today the world bids goodbye
to you, wanting to see your
face for the last time,
wishing to hear your
challenges in our time.

You, a prisoner for freedom
within 27 years with a smile,
You, a husband, separated
from the side of your wife,
You, a father, denied to attend
the funeral of your dear child.

What made you nurture
the seeds of freedom and justice
without remorse, revenge and hate?
What made you survive
drinking only the elixirs
for reconciliation and peace?

Now the world pays tribute
to the trace of your greatness;
Now the world buries your body
to the ground and remembering
what you have left behind.

A trace of God's heart of love
is printed on your eternal face.
Thanks for your servant life;
Sleep well and enter into
the bliss of peace in God's paradise.

December 15,2013

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To Our Dear Marie

To Our Dear Marie

How did I come to know this beautiful woman
In curly hair, who smiles in spite of pain
Who writes without let up
and buries her sorrow in verses with tears?

How can one ignore her voice
That tells the truth about life's struggles
About courage and endurance
About hope that makes life worthwhile?

O, dear Marie, at last you surrender
Your last breath on the final scene
When you encounter peace and beauty
Also in silence when your struggles end.

Thanks for your life of goodness
Thanks for your poems of hope
Thanks for your life, a witness to truth
To that hope that one can take
even to one's own grave.

Marie, died after her long battle of cancer but during
the years of her illness, she continued to write poems.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To Susan In Brøndby Strand

A child of ten summers
an adolescent with
freedom to move around,
you have Brøndby Strand
as your home-
the lucky recipient
of your beauty,
innocence and smiles.

And one Friday night
you disappeared
like a bubble in thin air.
For seven days
we have sought for you
have waited and followed
the news of your safe return.
For seven days you`ve become
the object of our worries,
fears, theories and silent prayers.

Our hearts scream in protest
when conceiving a glimpse
of a frightening ordeal
you must have gone through
as a young child
with our helplessness
to deliver you
saved only by the hope
that goodness should
triumph over evil.

But on Friday, the seventh night
after you disappeared,
you are found dead
in a locked basement in Tranumparken,
wrapped in paper boxes
lifeless- your body, rotting, desecrated,
reduced into a mere garbage.

Susan, we cry for you
we cry with your family
and loved ones.

Brøndby Strand, your home,
has ceased to be your home
and has ceased to be our home
as long as the offender runs free.
And as long as the offender runs free,
Brøndby Strand will ever be blanketed
by darkness, horror and uncertainty.

Forgive us for our inability to help you
Forgive us for our slowness to action
Forgive us for having ceased
to live as a community but
as detached individuals
imprisoned by concrete walls.

Thank you for your life
that forever reminds us
of the fragility and beauty of child`s life.
And let our aborted love for you
shine in our hearts and minds
to wage a battle
against abuses
done to little children like you.

(written with tears after having known that the dead corpse of Susan was found.
Susan was our neighbor in Brøndby Strand)

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To The Lord Of Creation

Fires in Greece and Indonesia
tidal waves in Papua New Guine
bombs in Tanzania and Kenya
bombs of revenge for Sudan and Afghanistan
bombs for freedom in Ireland, Israel and Palestine
floods in the Gangtze rivers of China and Korea
nuclear boasts of Pakistan and India
nuclear tests unleashed in your lands and seas.

Here we stand again
before the ugly monsters
that eat up our shelters,
farms and other means to live on.

Here we come again
face to face with monsters
that gobble up lives of people
by the hundreds, by the thousands
and by millions and billions of lost currencies.

Here we are again
face to face
with the monsters of greed,
hate, pride and power.

Save us, Lord, from greed
that makes us harvest the fury of nature.

Save us, Lord, from hatred
that makes us bury
your gift of love and service.

Save us, Lord, from pride
that seeks to elevate ourselves
the center of power.

Pour upon us your spirit
in these last days
to protect your creation

to sow seeds of love among peoples
to affirm you as the Lord of Creation,
the center of our life and universe.

Save us, Lord, from the ugly monsters in our time.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To The Lord On Parenting

□

You give way for love
to grow in the hearts
of both man and woman.

Thank you, Lord, for being
the source and fountain of love.

You give them a vow
to seal into a covenant
in marriage to seek
to build a home.

Thank you, Lord, for being
the carpenter of our families.

You give the gift of life
in a womb, a seed to nurture,
a life that can withstand
the strong winds of the time.

Thank you, Lord, for being
the sower and the sustainer.

You give us the joy
to parent a life
to be nurtured in love
and to give out love again.

Thank, Lord, for your being a servant
and a true parent of us all.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

To The Massacred Children From Oklahoma To Scotland

You are the salt in our sea of humanity
You bring delight to our eyes as you play
and giggle at the little wonders in life.

At the bottom of our lonely ocean
you spring forth as the seed of hope
for our future, the salt of innocense
from whom we all can learn from.

You are the salt in our sea of humanity
A priceless gift to life: growing, waiting
a taste of delight to our tongues and lonely
hearts, unfolding beauty at each sunny day.

You are salt in our sea of humanity-
in our cold, polluted ocean of disease,
violence, grief and sadness
Removed from our ocean, you are
sacrificed for cleansing our own filth.

Our sea of humanity, our sick, mad ocean
shall always look back to you-you,
the massacred children from Oklahoma to Scotland.
You, the salt in your innocense and beauty
shall over dwell over the face of our cold humanity.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Too Lightly On Life's Scale, Compassion Weighs'

With a hand extended
friendship is bridged.
With a smile on the lips
the joy of the spirit is shared.
With an open arm
pain finds its release.

With listening ears
crumbling walls fall.
With an open purse
the generous heart overflows.
With an open mind,
the light of truth shines.

With a helping hand
a mountain is moved.
With the singing heart
hope for the future is assured.
With unconditional love
the suffering world is embraced.

With joined hearts and minds
a ripple of oneness expands
through all seas and lands.
It doesn't need much weight.
It only starts from a mysterious
light scale in life,
Compassion weighs.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Touch Of Autumn

It is blowing, it is getting cold
Birds are chirping, birds are resting!
The long sunny day is gone
replaced by the sudden onset of night!

Leaves from trees, fruits like apples,
peaches, berries and grapes fall down.
My beans and squash seem ready
to sleep and abort the budding of flowers.

The green colours turn golden and
cover the living soil and ground.
September, October and November,
the golden long autumn months
of fallen leaves from windy heights.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Traditions For My Christmas Soul'

What traditions to count
When Christmas comes?
Awake, oh my Soul, to mark
Advent with lights of candles
And sing the Advent songs
of waiting and great expectation.

Rise up, oh my Soul, and in the
forest find a lovely tree
And perfect it with hangings
and trimmings from your creative
fingers, and underneath
adorn it with wrapped presents
to be opened by your loved ones.

Awake, oh my Soul, from boredom
and stress in everyday life
to this magic of lights, and fellowship
in church songs, prayers and service
to celebrate the birth of Jesus-
The Savior and Emmanuel-
as God's great gift to mankind.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Transcendence

Once in our lifetime we celebrate
life in laughter and in joy,
at another time, the celebration
comes like a weeping over a bitter cup
Then again, we yearn for wholeness
that which we call, the original state.

What is it beyond our bodies
we want to migrate from?
What is it beyond our minds
we want to grasp?
What is it within us
that is so restless?
What is beyond our time and space?

Is it that makes life mortal, immortal?
Is it that makes finitude, an infinity?
Is it an eternity that calls us
beyond rubles or bitter cups?
Is it God within and beyond us?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Travel

We come.

We go.

Like the wheels on the trail
we leave traces that can be erased.

Like a sparkle in the sky,
we appear and disappear.

Like a seed on the ground,
we sprout and die.

Every road we take
shows the starting point in life.

Every step that we make
leads to the end of time.

Whether we go forward
or we move backward
our travel bears fruits
only our heart and mind
can keep as priceless treasures.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'Treasures Beyond Measure '

Statue of Liberty -
welcoming strangers,
the poor, the tired
after their long journey
to the portals of freedom on earth.

March on the streets -
airing out voices of protest
to be counted in history
to uphold and protect innate freedom
of everyone, and not only for Americans.

Social media -
denounced as Fake News
but continues to persist and insist
Its role to give a glimpse of truth
and not an alternative truth.

Satire and comedies -
bring us back to life,
to laugh and giggle at what is bizarre
and idiotic in humans, even among
the powerful; keeping us laughing
to ease the atmosphere of uncertainty and fear.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Trees Within Us (Haiku)

Trees under the sun,
trees, hosting man and woman
Trees, our own clean lungs!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tribute To A Bishop

I can taste my tears
as they stream down my cheeks
and as I write this verse.
Why on earth, a dear person
of young age like yours
should leave us on earth?

You were a father, grandfather,
husband, bishop and priest,
You were wisdom, courage, friend,
counselor, inspiration and talents
And like other humans,
You share our common destiny
From busy life to coffin and grave.

Let my tears turn to flames of prayers
Thanking God for your faithful life
for the church and communities
Asking him to bless all your loved ones
And should we meet again in heaven
I hope you open the Gate to Life
As our very own Bishop.

Tearful response to the news of the death
of Bishop Niels Henrik Arendt of Haderslev Diocese
August 2015

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Triumphs And Tragedies

Triumphs and Tragedies

As we live through the circle of life,
triumphs and tragedies we meet:

We win, we lose
we lose, we find
we mourn, we feast
we fail, we pass
we struggle, we fall
we live, we die.

We seek to triumph
and triumph to dominate
or enslave those below our feet.
We seek to triumph over tragedies
and affirm our supremacy and greatness
over the weak and those we reject.

But real triumph comes only after
real encounter with tragedies:
knowing our own weakness and last day
shedding tears with those who cry
finding strength in unity
and bearing the flame
of love and compassion
to the suffering humanity.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Tsunami And The Angel Of Death

You spread your wings and cover the earth
with the claws of your fingers
You touch the bottom of the Indian Ocean
and unleash your fury to many lands.

The waters, the source of life,
become the bosom of death
The fishes miss their homes
Children, men and women,
tourists and local inhabitants
lose their names
and like garbage they are dumped
into mud and mass graves.

Your strange visit at Christmas time
sends a revolting shock that gives birth
to unbearable anguish and pain
and those who remain cannot hide
from the shadows of your wings.

And yet the waves of destruction you create
resonate waves of compassion
that enable each one to shed a tear
and offer a helping hand.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Twenty Five Years Ago

Twenty Five Years Ago

(A poem written and read to the 25th Year Jubilee Celebration of Tværkulturelt Center in Copenhagen, its 25 years of service for immigrants and refugees in Denmark)

Twenty five years ago you were born -
Naked, clothed simply and humbly:
A child of hope for the church
to welcome strangers on the road.

Twenty five years ago, you came as
Vision of Light in the human mind -
awakening human hearts to unleash
God's gifts of compassion, love and mercy.

After twenty five years, now you stand -
No longer naked and a fragile child
But a confident youth, grounded on
Your conceived identity and purpose in Christ.

Within twenty five years, you have labored
Visiting refugees, strangers and foreigners,
Writing their stories, giving them voice
In print, dialogues and conferences.

You have gathered churches, fellowships,
mission societies, leaders of faiths
and religions, volunteers and authorities
to rally around for the cause
of the strangers and the unwanted.

Within twenty five years, you have raised the flag
for solidarity, acceptance and tolerance
Enabling us to taste food of strangers in our tongue
Opening our ears to their language, history and songs
Making us see the product of their creative hands.

For twenty five years, you have opened the Church of Christ
Beyond her rigid walls, reminding us the God who hears
the cries of the afflicted, extending her hands of hospitality,
Enriched by the life and cultures in multi-ethnic beauty.

Congratulations for being a channel of God's grace
In Denmark and beyond the Danish borders and coastlines!
Congratulations to your employees, volunteers, supporters!
Congratulations to all Danes and new Danes and all -
who have been a part in Tværkulturelt Centers'long journey.

Let us celebrate this day in November 2019
The Jubilee Year for our beloved Tværkulturelt Center,
A Thanksgiving Day for the Lord for bringing a beacon of hope
to refugees, immigrants, guest workers andstrangers -
A whispering voice of conscience to churches
To be the Samaritans in our own context in history.

Thanks for stopping by on the Road in Life
For seeing the need and offering your generous hand
Thanks for accepting, molding, welcoming,
Healing, reconciling and for letting us be.
Thanks for being a channel of God's love and mercy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Welcomed, accepted, invited to participate, integrated by Tværkulturelt
Center'sloving arms.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Typhoon Belt

It is the belt you wear on your waist
Every time storms begin to play their games
It is the belt of strength as waves rise up
To pound your gates and fences and wash out
All the standing small huts along shores,

It is the belt of fury and madness
As you drag out and drown the small boats
and ships from the pillars of their anchor.
It is the belt of death, fiercely lashing
Victims by your whips and leaving
Them buried in mud, landslides and flood.

And you continue
to wear this belt
day in and day out!
My beloved, Philippines,
When can this belt
Be untied from your waist?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Typhoon, Typhoon, An Appeal

Many times in a year you come,
visit this land with your own rage;
Each raging visit you make
makes people homeless,
hungry, naked and restless.

Typhoon, typhoon, you clothed
yourself as Yolanda or Haiyan
or Koppu or Lando, bearing
the first letter in your names
the 26 letters in our alphabet.

Typhoon, typhoon you visit us
about 26 times in a year or more
You drag people down and
let them rebuild what you
have gobbled up toppled down.

Typhoon, typhoon, thanks
for letting us call
on the Almighty Hand,
but please, can you
give us a long break
from your constant visits?

After the super typhoon Haiyan, the Philippines is now hit by another super typhoon, Lando, which submerge many provinces in the North.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Under A Cobalt Machine

Under a cobalt machine
I lie down and count your grace
Under the cobalt machine
I see myself a small microcosm
In your wide and deep universe.

Under a cobalt machine
I see how fragile life is
Much dependent on the rays
Of your mercy and grace.
Let me lie down here
Believing that the cobalt rays
Are your fingers that touch me.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Ups And Downs (Haiku)

Leaves fall down and rot
Buried seeds sprout from the ground
In spring, flowers bloom.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Us Presidential Race

Hear ye all in the North, the South,
The East and the West, hear ye, hear!

Hear the great event in the annals
of USA, the Giant Power in century!
After the dark Halloween and
the real horror of the Great Hurricane,
the American people will cast their ballots
for a president of their best choice.

Barack Obama and Mitt Romney
dominate attention on the stage and on
the screens; small children get tired
of their mumblings and hope that
their noise will soon end.

Rallies are held in many states
to harvest more electoral votes
Both candidates boast of their
great power and calibre
with their subtle way of
mud slaying each other.

Hear ye, hear ye, the election
of USA for a president!
Between Obama and Romney
Who is the fortunate to win?
Between the Democrats
And the Republicans
Who will hold the victory feast
in the night of November 6?

May the best win for the
Next heavy four years.

Eve of the US presidential election, November 5,2012

Usa's Victory Dance

Ring the bells!
Play the drums!
Turn on all the lights!
And let the music sound!
Let all tears and laughter
blend as sweet honey
to taste and drink!

Dance around the fire,
the fire of freedom
the fire of hope
the fire of dreams
as one nation
in our one world!
Let this fire of joy
brighten the way
to the future!

Congratulations Obama! Congratulations USA! November 7,2012

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Violent Silence

We seal our mouths
with herbs of bitterness
and drown the words
which communicate.

We let our cold silence
creep in our midst
and let the days
nurture the hurts
that have been long kept
in the cupboards
of our own memories.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Waiting

Waiting for phone calls
waiting for letters
waiting for tip toes of arrival
waiting for a knock at the door.

waiting is exciting
when time is set for coming
waiting is celebrating
when meeting is assured
with that one been waited for.

waiting is fearing
when the clock continues
to tick tock without the knocking
of that who's been waited for.

Waiting is torture
when the telephone calls
do not leave an answer
when what is heard is cold silence
calling for more endless waiting.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Waiting And Hoping

Every waiting for something has its end.
The waiting may take time
Or it may soon end at a wink of an eye.
Every waiting can be measured
by seconds, minutes, days or weeks
months, or years or even by decades.
The human heart waits and longs
for that which is waited for.

It may be a start of a journey
or retirement plan,
a visit of a friend,
a taste of food in the tongue,
a birth of a child,
healing from illness,
or many more to mourn and celebrate.

There is absence of waiting
when hope is shattered,
when windows are covered
to hinder the lights to pass through.
Let us rather continue to wait
and hope for the lights to shine
than never wait and hope at all.

written on May 30,2016, while waiting for the train, having missed connecting train from Frankfurt to Hamburg because of some delays.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Wall, Wall, Wall!

Who can climb the wall?
Who said so that by building a wall
others are disabled
from climbing at all?

Wall, wall, wall!
It could be a wall
of strongest fiber or metal
It could be made of finest stones
So high and impregnable
with electric horrors and thorns.

But the human will on its
long journey to freedom
cannot be hindered
or imprisoned by man-made walls.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Wanderings In The Wilderness

There are times in our life
when we find ourselves
wandering in a wilderness,
in a harsh and thirsty land,
in a vast and dreadful desert
where " venomous snakes
and scorpions thrive."

And in this wilderness, in this
desert, in this waterless land,
where we are stranded
we wonder if God is passing by.

And yet the howling of winds,
this mighty storm that blows
us away from where we stand,
this scorching heat of the sun
which blinds the retina in our eyes,
still speak to the depths in our heart
that God is there even in this wasteland.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

War, War, War!

War, war, war!
Who gives birth to war?
Is it greed for power
that craves for more and more?
Is it the I in you and me
dreaming to be the crowning glory?

War, war, war!
You are often born
around the table of arrogance
and power, wanting only to win
the childish game over
and against the screaming innocents.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Watch A Flower Today

Spring is over
and autumn is here!
The cold wings of winter are coming!
Get a glimpse of the last flower in my garden.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Water! Water! Water!

Water, Water, Water!
Water for life -
to quench thirst
to wash away dirt
to sustain life
if food is denied.

Water, water, water,
diluted by toxic
coated by lead and copper;
bringing illness and rashes,
fear and hazard to everyone's life.

Oh, water, water, water
What has mankind done
to make you so unkind?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Water, Water, Water!

Water for life
to quench thirst
to wash away dirt
to sustain life
if food is denied.

Water, water, water,
wrapped up by toxic chemicals
filled with lead and copper;
bringing illness and rashes,
fear and hazard to everyone's life.

Oh, water, water, water
What has mankind done
to make you so unkind?

Remembering water crisis in Michigan

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

We Cry For Food And They Give Us Bullets

Food! Food! Food!
It is all that we need
It is all that we need
to calm down our spirits!

It is food that fills
that fills the empty pangs
of our stomachs,
pangs that make us yawn
but cannot sleep
that make us gulp
but cannot vomit,
that make our saliva
taste sour and acidic!

We cry for food
like the helpless little children
with the art to attract attention
by our street demonstrations.
Yes, we cry for food like little children
to calm down our spirits,
that the cry cannot at all be neglected
for it is food,
it is food that soothes our spirits.

But you give us bullets
on the streets where we stage
our cry for food
You give us bullets
instead of food.

But even bullets cannot silence
our cry for food
for as long as we`re hungry
we shall be like little children
that will ever cry for food.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

We Have Danced Tango

We have danced tango in exploiting the earth
We stamp our feet as we move to explore
the whole dancing space on the stage
We only look into the gaiety in our own eyes
as we seek to declare ourselves the winner
in our mastery of the magical move of our body
We explore the mother earth, making believe
that the whole stage is ours to exploit without limit.

With the rhythm of our tango dance
we create atom bombs and other weapons
for the countless crowd
We choke the trees, plants and animals
with our inventions and chemicals
We stuff our water and air
with poison and carbon from our own hands.
We continue to dance our tango dance
claiming that the whole stage is ours.

And we dance and dance our tango dance
until music ceases to be replayed
for the mother earth announces
that our own clever dance and music
choke her to death and our tango on
the great stage cannot at all continue.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'We Live In Times Of Deep Regrets'

The clock keeps on ticking
and we fill the night with our loud
snoring; wanting peace and rest,
dreaming paradise in a far away land.
And suddenly we realize
that time is lost and gone.

Tsunamis and super typhoons
tornados, floods and cyclones
pound our shelters and treasures;
burying memories of our childhood
and even our loved ones, and here
we drown ourselves by deep regrets
that we cannot keep them alive.

Time comes and goes by
Minutes and hours we cannot add
They continue to run whether we live or die.
Nature's fury banks our doors
like thieves in the nights
We build and rebuild, collect and hide
all the treasures we can touch and hold on
But at a wink of an eye, they too
can slip away from our fragile hands.

Keep on regretting
if regretting you must,
But never forget to look ahead
for days with warm sunshine
because surely they will come.

response to the title challenge of Alan Brown.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Web Of Freedom



Yes, here it is-
freedom as our
mark as humans.

Whether we live or
die, we live or die
dreaming to be
humans with freedom.

We celebrate life,
rejoice and cry
and even bleed
if only freedom
should be lived.

You and I share
our common destiny
as people with freedom
and dignity.

You and I cannot declare
our true freedom
when others still languish
in slavery.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'We're All On A Journey'

We're all on a journey
on a journey of human arrogance
looking at ourselves as the best
and others as animals and pests
to be whipped and enslaved.

We're all on a journey
on a journey of human hate and greed
with the evil heart of merciless savages
sucking all resources into our own bellies,
killing and eliminating those
who are against our way.

We're all on a journey
on a journey of death
taking the loneliest route
of vengeance and violence
dancing and bathing
in the rivers of blood of the innocents.

We're all on a journey
on a journey of life
with hope and courage
paving the road to forgiveness
and healing, to the greater choice
to uphold and protect every human life.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

What A Mess!

Politics, oh politics
to rule and dominate
to appoint and dismiss appointees
and people wonder
what's the mess!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

What Are Tears For?

"Why are you crying, " asks the parrot high up on a tree.
The little mouse hides her face and sips the tears from her eyes.
"Something sharp has entered into my eyes, " she says.

"Why are you crying, " asks the bird up high up on a branch.
The little mouse looks up and wipes away the tears from her eyes.
"Oh, you see, tears help me bear my own pain and sorrow."

"Why are you crying; " asks the lizard crawling beneath the tree.
The little mouse examines the roots and pours her tears on the ground.
"Oh, tears are my jewels to help me overcome the tests of time."

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

What Makes Your Birthday So Special?

Sing a birthday song
Pick a flower from the garden
Or let your florist deliver your roses.
Wrap a present from a shop
Send sms, a letter or an e-mail,
a telegram, ring or on Skype simply chat.

There is something special
when one is a birthday celebrant
He or she becomes the focus
of great concern- of greetings
and best wishes far and wide
on Face book and Twitter or in blogs
a hundred posts say a special word.

'Why is this day so special? "
Asks the celebrant.
So the poet answers:
"Birthing a child
from a mother's womb
only happened once."

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When A Child Is Lost

When a child is lost,
lost to unknown circumstances,
lost to suspicion of persons
with evil intentions,
then to the eyes of the parents
the lights of sun, moon and stars
have ceased to shine,
the blooming flowers in October
lose their fragrance,
and food doesn't taste
in the tongue.

When a child is lost,
then parents who plea
for their child's return
move us to tears
because children are not
goods to be stolen
but priceless treasure
to be cared for.

When the child is lost,
we share the universal pain
of losing our beloved.
Let us pray that the human goodness
in the heart of the person
who stole the child prevail
and that the lost child
be found.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When A Child Moves Out

There is vacuum in the house
when a child moves out;
There is vacuum in the house
when what used to be presence
is now changed to silent absence.

As a mother, I still cling on
to the memories of my child
in her room, in this house
where she slept, giggled and lived.

There is that loneliness
in bearing the vacuum
of my child's absence, in realizing
that she's no longer a little
child who used to giggle and cry.

She has grown up and has moved out
Her absence is now merged
with the presence of her own freedom.
And I, as a mother, cannot ask for more.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When A Friend Is Dying

When a friend is dying,
then we begin to think
of life's injustice when
the one we love has to
be taken away from us.

When a friend is dying,
then we begin to see
how fragile life is
that at a wink of an eye
it disappears and dies.

When a friend is dying,
then we begin to
collect memories
of the time we've shared
and in our hearts we treasure.

When a friend is dying,
then we begin to fetch
strength and hope
from the scriptures
of our own religion.

When a friend is dying,
we shed tears and find
comfort in the embrace
and presence of all those
who with us also mourn.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When Elephants Cry

They used to master the road
as means of transport for man
They used to laugh and giggle
as they nurture their young.

But too soon their joy is aborted;
Poor elephants hide from man
as they are hunted as enemies-
not for meat but for high profit!

Their tusks are disengaged
from their bodies, chiseled as dead art!
Scared of their strength, poachers
shoot them, and never leave them alive!

The holy ground where elephants
used to stroll around with their young ones
is now turned to be a great anomaly of man!
Here's the spot, the killing fields of our elephants!

when the world celebrates World Elephant Day in August

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When Friends Are There

When friends are there,
the sorrows in life
are easier to bear.

When friends are there,
giggles and laughter
sound much louder.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When Mr. Snow Plays With Humans

□

When snow plays with humans,
the roads are blocked for the
game of Mr. Snow should not be stopped.
Schools are closed because
children should only play
Snow Man in their own backyards.

When snow plays with humans,
churches and markets are far-away
targets to walk to or drive.
The homeless shiver in cold
dreaming for generous homes
to open their gates and closed doors.

When Mr. Snow plays with humans,
his power takes the upper hand!
We rejoice over his presence
but we hide in cold and hope
that the game he plays with us
should soon end and simply stop.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When One Is Sick

When one is sick,
one begins to see the world as round
around the axis of north, south, east and west.
One begins to see one's body
within the cycle of time and seasons
within the morning star of Venus
and the shining moon till dawn.

When one is sick,
one begins to see one's self
as part to everything that exists
in the leaves that offer oxygen
in the trees that sweep away the toxins
in the factories or companies
driven by profit and millions of assets
and in diseases that spread out
even to the remotest riverbeds.

When one is sick,
one begins to be so conscious
about what one eats.
One thinks of the cows, lamb, goats,
birds, chickens and pigs
and on how they are reared and butchered.
One thinks of the habitat
of vegetables and fruits,
of seaweeds, seashells and fishes
And wonders if they, too, have found
the freedom, health and peace
which we as persons have often wished.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'When Two Hearts Beat As One'

When two hearts beat as one,
the bells ring out tunes of great melody.
The angels bow down and offer their hands
to bring these two hearts to the mountain
where joy and beauty reign in ecstasy.

When two hearts beat as one,
the burden ceases to be a yoke to carry.
New roads are found in the common journey.
The empty ground bursts out with trees
and the river speaks to birds and flowers.

When two hearts beat as one,
eyes are born to see the needs around.
Hands are lifted up, given, extended,
serving others beyond their own habitat
and the new song of love forever lasts.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

When We Sing Together

When we sing together
We hear our voices as one
We move our bodies
In freedom and freely smile.

When we sing together
We sing our chorus in one voice
A blessed community of melodies
Towards a celestial door of great joy.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Where Do I See Love?

I see love in a mother, singing lullaby to her child
Every night and day of mother's busy life.
I see love in lovers, holding each other's hand
And looking at each other - deep into their eyes.

I see love in every child, secure at the touch and care
Of the adults around her by her own mom and dad
And by the circle in a family life with uncles, aunties,
Grandparents and the presence of friends and relatives.

I see love in brother and sister, sharing their food and toys,
Also offering them to strangers who knock at their door.
I see love in every worker, pretty much engrossed to execute
And finish the plan of the day with joy in heart and mind.

I see love in every student, burning the midnight candle
Seeking to understand and study with great passion
I see love in every teacher, guiding students
To be the best in their chosen professions.

I see love in every family and individual
Opening their heart and home to foreigners
I see love in every nation, opting to live in peace
and justice among peoples in spite of utter differences.

May 2018(during the trip to Germany via train)
Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Why Death, Lord?

When my own father died of heart attack,
And died before reaching the hospital
I asked the Lord why?
When my auntie died of bone cancer,
And saw her body crumpled in pain each day
I asked the Lord why?
When my own brother died of high blood pressure,
and lost his ability to speak and move his body,
I asked the Lord why.

When twenty innocent kids at 6-7 years old
plus 6 adults among their teachers and principal
had their bodies riddled by bullets of a gunman,
I asked the Lord why?
Where is God? Where is He as Creator and Protector?
Where is He when men are gripped by the power of evil?
Where is He when precious blood is spilled off and wasted?
Where is He when violence takes control over humanity?

But I hear the silent whisper at Christmas time
The whisper of angels of the birth of Jesus, the little baby
wrapped up by swaddling clothes by Mary, wrapping life's
own fragility, holding and protecting the child
from the grip of death
in Herod's intent to kill Jesus, the child.

At Christmas time, I see the star above
pointing to the stable where Jesus was born
Not in a palace or castle where everything was secure
But here in the lowly stable the fragile child Jesus
was born, subject to threats of disease and death,
subject to violence by those who had power
in their hands to eradicate the child.

At Christmas time, I see the angels
pointing to the star above,
to the lights of hope
even if our hearts weep in pain
The child Jesus is born and God is Emmanuel,

here with us in our fragility and our mortality.
Emmanuel is God with us even if we wrestle
with the death of those we dearly love.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Why Do I Write?

Write because you have learned words as a child
Write because you have pen between your fingers
Or have a blinking computer before your eyes.
Write because you love to play and dance with music
in running waterfalls, streams, lakes and rivers.

Write because you are alive with humming notes in your mind;
Write because you have ears to the strings of flute and mandolin
Write because you have eyes to nature's harmony and perfection
in the songs of birds, the birth of seeds and budding of flowers.
Write because you are a witness to the great voices of life.

Write because your heart is pumping blood
through your arteries, veins and vital organs
Write because you have much to write about..
Write because poetry in your heart beacons you to write.
Keep on writing, dear friend, and start right now!

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Winter Is Calling

□

Winter is moving,
coming to claim
her space in open fields,
roof tops and traffic jams.

She comes winking,
proclaiming her time
and calling people to
feel her cold hands
and chilly warmth.

Now is time to open
the old wardrobes.
Take out the hats, gloves,
and other winter clothes.

Prepare them as winter
spreads her cape to
wherever she passes by
And smile as winter winks
at you with her generous hand.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Wish For An Angel Tonight

Tonight let us sleep
and feel the angelic touch
Tonight let us rest
and let worries subside.

Let this evening
be an evening of peace
Let this night
be a night of angels' watch.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

'With Pen In Hand, My Thoughts I Give'

Give me a pen or a pencil
I am poor and I cannot afford a computer
But a with a pen or pencil
you give to my hand
let me journey to a world of hope
a world where seeds are planted
to bear trees and fruits for
for every man, woman and child;
where the clouds and sky
serve as blankets for our protection,
where seas, lakes and rivers,
fields and farmlands give
us our daily food.

With a pen or pencil you give
to my hand, let me keep the
surroundings green where everyone
has a piece of land to toil,
in a village, city or town
where no one goes to bed
hungry, sick and naked.

With my pen and pencil
let me see the earth
responsively protected
by everyone, not as objects
to dominate and abuse
but as dear partners
for our own survival.

With this pen and pencil
let me mark the vision
to be shared by all humans
as co- protectors of our own specie
as created humans, and protectors
of nature in all kingdoms of plants
and animals which have been endowed
to us all from the beginning of time.

Written as poetic response to the 56th title challenge of Betty Janko

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Wolves Are Roaming Around Our Schools

Why do schools of our innocent kids
are made the playground of insane jackals
who ran amok in classrooms with their guns
and think that they are in the forest
to kill birds perching on trees' branches?

Why should schools, the sacred ground
for training our innocent kids,
turn to be the favourite targets
of desperate wolves who plunge
their deadly claws into the innocents
and devour all those who try to stop
their beastly plan to eradicate
whom ever they meet?

Why, why, why, why, why?
Why do insane jackals and
desperate and hungry wolves get the chance
to enter into the schools of our dear kids?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Woman And Shame Of Men

A woman of beauty, guarded by morality,
now stands fallen after the gang rape
by men who see her as mere commodity.

She, a young girl of tender age, is attacked
by beastly men to feed their eros and egos..

And they leave her alone on the open road
like a trampled and rotten flower and
left her behind to die in shame before a dark future
in the land that exalts sexual purity of these women.

The law of the land that is more patriarchal
refused to see the crime of these beastly men
and covered the case by closing its ears and eyes.

Now the public is fed up: people come marching on
the streets to demand that this beastly attack
should stop and must not happen again to any woman.

Let their march shame the men who look at women
as objects of lust to attack, trample and pluck.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Woman!

Are you the Eve
that tempts Adam
or the snake that
hisses around
to spit its venom
on its prey, the man?

Or are you the woman
in the Garden of Eden
born out of the womb
of your mother,
clothed in the wings
of your freedom and passion?

Are you the woman
proud of your culture and origin
who cannot be damned to hell
by the forefathers' heaven
of long-waged patriarchy?

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Woman, Made A Punching Bag Of Man

A woman, beaten by the cruel hands of her man
Beaten as she raises her voice to challenge his words
Beaten as she goes out to celebrate her freedom
Beaten as she refuses to do what he orders and wants.

And the battered woman accepts her tragic lot
Bearing the marks of violence on her own body
Longing for golden days of love and romance
Lamenting on her destiny as punching bag of man.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Woman's Defeat

Riding on a lonely sea
Of being not wanted
Of being not asked
Of being not listened to
Of being not loved,
She cries and laughs.

The lonely journey
Is cold and stormy
Far away from the Tower Light,
She then plunges herself
Into the arms of the waves
Accepting her lonely fate.

-

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Women In Beijing In One September

Women by the thousands
come marching by
to mark history among nations.

Never again should women
be sold, battered and raped.

Never again should girl
fetuses in the mother`s womb
be doomed to death.

Never again should the women`s
spirit be extinguished.

Can a gathering of women
among nations make up a change?

The marching of women
prompts attention -
a human bomb to announce
that women`s issues are
crucial to our world`s survival.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Women Trafficking

Sold as cheap goods
abducted, aborted,
deceived, treated as slaves.

Like robots they move,
told what to eat and wear
how to react and sell.

Raped, maltreated,
they earn some pennies
with the greater share
for the wallets of their masters.

Women, women, women
from many corners in the globe
trafficked as cheap commodities,
a living witness
to our society of lust and greed.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Work, Work, Work!

Work in the morning
Work at noon
Work in the afternoon
and work in the night.

Work, work, work
One wakes up thinking of work
eating and planning for work
sleeping and dreaming of work.

Work, work, work
work with passion
work with obsession
derive joy from work
or take work as the sole end.

Work, work, work
Give work the chance
never to rule over your life.
Work is only a tiny part
of who you are.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Write And Give Life

Write and compose your words
in your breasts
Give life to the past that has faded
Give life to the dark coming days
Keep the faith alive
in spite of chaos and darkness
and behold light in your heart
and in the skies.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Write, Write Your Story

It is delving into the ocean of childhood days
It is giving words and life to great memories
It is mapping the mind with rich fantasies
It is wrestling between fiction and realities.

Write and get your pen, write, write and swim
As you paddle your boat on the ocean of creativity.
Write, write, and raise your pen, as you unfold
your wings to fly to doors and worlds far and near.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Your Birthday Party, Dingding

How can you gather 50 men and women
in your own home to eat the food you cook
to find their place in all the nook and corners
of your home without complaining for a space!

How can you manage to let them share
their talents to sing and dance over melodies
stemming from karaoke and microphone,
with the movement and rhythm in their body!

Such a great party you manage to run
every time you hold your birthday and
the birthdays of your loved ones.
Think how many times we have come!

You're such a great woman
with your charm to gather friends
and loved ones with your great hospitality
in the fellowship of celebrating life
over food, music and personal stories.

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen

Your Body, Behold!

You have only one body,
one body to live with,
one body to care for and feed.

You have only one body
given as a heavenly gift
a sacred body as created.

Take care of this body-
this body, which only once
was given as your precious gift.

□

Elizabeth Padillo Olesen