

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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alexandria belle cabilida(jan 20,1985)

====i Guess I Moved On====

I feel great when i decided to get over you. It seems like waking up from a bad dream. I'm not considering you as a bad omen though, the feeling..YES!

Everything went bad. All the good things that was started turned out to be as bad as rainy days. It was so sad that all these things happened because they misinterpreted me. All these things happened because it was so awkward for me to talk about my feelings.

I know you did wish that i hadn't felt this way. We could've been friends if i was not so stubborn to pursue the things i want. We could've been so COOL to each other if i have been so easy-come and easy-go. I know i have been so stubborn to move on. I know all of the GUYS want me to be friends with you. Where words are not enough to explain why

i can be in that way with you, i might not be able to agree that, that's what i should do.

I've been wanting and needing to have a friendly feelings with you. To JUST smile at you without them teasing me. To JUST be around you without feeling the TENSE around the room. I would be so happy whenever you're around. I'm not wanting too much, more than what we have. I just want you to be there. I just want you to give me a blooming days. I just want you to lighten up my day. I just want you to be there to make me smile. I just want you to be a FRIEND.

I don't know why they misunderstood me. Is it because i was exaggerating all the things when i said something about you? Is it because i can't stop smiling when they talked about you? Is it the way i acted whenever you're around? Is it the way i wrote things about you on how you make me feel? or Is it because of all these why they thought i want you more than FRIENDSHIP?

I didn't mean to let them think like that. I didn't know i made them think what they thought. I didn't know why they think i'm making it a big deal whenever or every time you're around. It was nothing to me really. The only time that it meant alot to me was when they teased me. I admit I can't get over things that easily. It was nice to talked about it. It felt good to laugh about it. It felt light knowing that i have something to think about when that day ended. It was bitter-sweet when i realized it will just take a little mute to avoid exchanging thoughts with you. It will take a little blind to

avoid looking at you. It will take a little snub to avoid exchanging smile with you.

well, whatever it ver the things that was left unsaid and unexplained, i guess it was meant to keep as it was. For Closure. For peace of mind. For Better...

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Beautiful Mess

I take kindly the counsel of times
that we've been torn...
It's not that, we've decided to
give up the relationship we've own...
But at least you're always there
showing me reason to go on....
Though we realized this is a mess but
It's one of the beautiful feeling I've known....

We always have a share of fight
but who doesn't?
You tend to give this up and you
always know i wouldn't...
This relationship isn't perfect.
Imperfect it is, with you and me,
What the Heck? ..
Beautiful mess, indeed!
Leaving this feeling behind,
you'll find this heart dead....

It's a pretty risk,
scary that is!
How will you say, if you're
leaving this?
Will you say it bravely? or
hold my hand tight and stay? ..
You're in such a mess, i know...
Why you have to be a 'beautiful miss'? ..
Don't tell me it isn't so...

I wouldn't say, you have to do this!
I love you so much and all
I want is your happiness..
Seeing you sad, huts me so bad...
My life's always a mess, If i see
a single tear from you...
You always told me, you're not a good dough,
but they were not baked as beautiful as you....
for that i love you..xoxo

P.S:

this poem is for mydada..
love you much.
take care.. :)

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Bookworm Effect

I just finished the book "Into the woods" by V.C Andrews at exactly 11: 75. As usual I read because I can't sleep. Sure, it made me pondered to some lines, scared on the situation that the main character was in, cried, excited to go to the next page, cried again and then again, CRIED.

It strucked my heart everytime I read lines that I'm aware, it's true to me. As these lines goes;

"....Every new feeling, every new hunger, surely must fill us with terror. What if we don't ever satisfy ourselves? ... What if we tremble?and see ourselves as failing to find love, to find meaning? How long can we continue...? "

"What the F*..!" My mind screamed! Why writing such striking as these lines? It put me into thinking. I just sat there pondering all the things that I've been to. The situation I am in right now. The struggles that I am currently struggling [of course! you silly]. Alone in an apartment is really new to me. A big step. It made me excited, though! Imagining things that can happen. I started to smile. Nah... I shook my head slightly. "Im not stupid enough to let things uncontrollable. I had limits. I had set my rules". At least, that I did.

And then there's this;

"Sleep became an avenue of delightful escapes. I loved wrapping blanket around myself and drifting into the haze. There are no struggles, no hard memories to confront, no decisions to make. In sleep I was truly free and undisturbed. I felt no guilt. No security. I needed no defense".

"Yah right! ". I coudn't agree less. This has always been true to me. In sleep, I don't face guilt. No painful memories to remember. No denying. No lies to tell. No pretending. In sleep, I am a new me, no worries and hesitation. It's just like, taking my life a segue. Putting it to a hault for awhile. REST.... I actually, think there for a moment. What if i'll never wake up? That will end up life.... MY life! My suffering...my anguish to what I've done will be vanished. It delighted me. MY SELFISHNESS! However, it seems that "SLEEP" itself has it's limit. It's like it has strick rules to follow. Though, you can overslept...but not forever! . Forever sleep is DEATH. Right, death. Just DIE. Retire and surrender your soul...BE BRAVE TO DO IT!

THIS IS ENOUGH! Damn this book. So much pain. I lose alot of tears. I'll go

crazy if I would go on like this.

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Confuse Me

Is it okay if i said that 'i don't know the girl in me? '

Sometimes i acted so weird and i felt dismay

I hurt their heart and don't know why i did that?

Is it me, who i thought i am, that i am that?

Or i'm just assuming that i know myself as a fact?

why is it i never know myself so well?

I can't stand my decisions and my will.

I even get caught in the middle between what i said and what i feel

Why i can't seem to make myself clear

When everybody is asking me what will i feel..?

Am I not me, as what i thought as me?

or i'm just to mindful of what people will say?

Am I that bad enough to lie what is real?

Is it enough to say that it's not my own will..?

How am i supposed to make u understand what i feel?

I don't know if anybody can tell who am i..

Can u tell me how i feel while I cry?

Isn't it weird, if i ask someone to hurt me?

Because i know when i cry i am ME.

I can't tell when i will be Happy.

I can't even tell what makes me feel that way.

Who am I and who I want myself to be..?

I'm so Lonely and i need to know why i should be..

I'm confuse can't you see, Can You help me?

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Get Over Him

I saw you today.

I was flattered coz you smiled at me.

She said what's there to be happy for.

i said 'nothing, i just remember somthing when i stared at the door'.

She said sometimes, i'm a wierdo! !

I frowned to myself and said ' i wish i could tell you'.

I wish She'll get over him.

I wish she'll realize that she already have a boyfriend.

I don't want Him to be part of a friend's 'play',

Especially, He's sad. hurt and dismay from a relationships' memory.

I wish I could tell her to let go of him.

Stop talking that someday you will be friends.

What happen to me if that time will come?

Will I be crying under the rain OR to have fun under the sun?

She is my friend, I know.

But i can't be happy if she got you.

I wish I could tell her, straight to the face,

That 'I like Him' and 'let go of him, please...'.

How will i Get over this agony?

I really like to see you, everyday..

What will she feel, if she finds out, the feeling i have here.?

Would she hate me OR would she stay and be a friend?

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Intoxicated

I'm a little bit tipsy but I'm alright. Feeling unnoticed, unwelcome and uninvited. I pretended to be one of the crowd. I laughed.I smiled.I talked, I'm not sure if they were listening, I assumed they were. I managed to fake a smile when he talked about her. I drunk every turn, even if it's not mine. I wanna get drunk to make me feel numb. i wanted to get dizzy so that I could not hear them properly. I couldn't open my eyes properly, I'm about to pass-out but I don't want to. I pretended I'm enjoying the conversation. I pretended I'm fine, that I will not spoil the night. I'm about to throw-up, it's coming, I was holding it in. I wanted to let him know that I'm good at this. I wanted to let him see that I am strong. At last, I was able to hold it and forgot about it.

I pretended we're okay... that we're actually friends now. I assumed it was fine with me around in the room, IN his room.I pretended we're COOL. I pretended I'm not jealous. I pretended that it was okay. What i have seen was no malice at all. That it was nothing between him and her.I drunk one shot after the other, but i still feel the pain. I still feel the urge of going out and scream my mind out or perhaps go home. A long sound-sleep might take this evil mind at ease. However, I'm seizing that opportunity to stay the whole night in his room. I looked forward on feeling how it feels to see the morning light with his presence around.

Funny though, I didn't notice it. I'm sober. I got headache and so much heartache.I thought that getting hangover, that's when your head aches more than yours , that's not true to me..I'm just too sensitive on all things. I'm just like that. Feeling rejected....snubbed...and taken for granted!

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My Special Man

I've known you for all of my life.
But for all those years. i never seen you cry.
I heard you whined, because lot of problems that come in front of your eyes.
Still you stand and strong enough to fight.

You treat me as if I was yours forever.
And i'm glad and no regrets, ever.
I was so happy when i'm wrapped in your arms.
I felt safe and your kisses were so warm.

You've thought me things which before I don't understand.
You've talkked to me as if I was a man.
You never let me down, when everything gone wrong.
With your voice, that's now so harsh. I still wan't to hear your song.

I wished i could stay forever by your side.
But I should go for awhile and face my life.
I know i'm big girl now,
But still I wished I could play and ride at your back as if you're a cow.

Indeed, you've thought me great.
I became more than what you expect.
I'm glad I was yours, to scold.
'Coz look at me now, I'm strong and your spirit of greatness is in me, that's what they told.

I know, you will not, forever stay.
For you will go to some place, and I know you will be happy.
I'll be crying my heart out loud if that will come.
'COz on that time, in my life, you will forever be gone.

I Love You, Dad!

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Never Ending Agony

If you could only see,
How my heart breaking;
How much tears that I'm crying;
Asked for someone to stop me from crying;
Then maybe you will understand why I'm begging.: (

If you could only be in my shoe,
When you said to let go;
When you said 'we're through';
When you said 'there's no me and you';
Then maybe, you will understand, Why I'm asking you not to go.: (

If you could only feel,
How much I love you;
How much I wished I didn't fall for you;
How much I tried to forget the dreams I have for you;
Then maybe, I'm not here reminiscing the mem'ries of me and you.: (

Why does your heart doesn't beat the same way mine did?
Why does it's easy for you to set things as you did?
Why I got this feeling; my heart is dying...
breaking...
calling...
aching...
I feel like I could never love again.: (

Daisybelle

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Obsessions

Love is such a crazy 'll get jealous even if you're are not meant to be...Not all maybe, but i'm sure it's true to me.

I met this guy not so long ago. Everything was fine. He was so funny; he was making me laugh. He was so natural that's why I liked him. It was nothing to me then. I JUST LIKED HIM AS A FRI's it! But that was before!

Well, I'm not really sure if it is something constant. It is too early to conclude. The sure thing is, he is special to me now. I learned to love the world because he is in it. I learned to love my existence since he is already part of it. I learned to be quite when i'm with my people. Thinking of him, made me realize something. Having him into my mind, made me feel happy and contented.

However, change is constant as it is, that made me suffer. I learned to hate OUR world. He liked somebody else. The greater it's transparency, the greater the agony it affected me. I realized that the more i showed interest on him, the more he ignored me.

I hate losing... Losing my chances of knowing him. Losing my chances of seeing him smile at me again. Losing my chances of showing him the real me. I hate to think that he will not look at me again.., like the way he used to.

i don't want to stress my anguish to that SOMEBODY ELSE. It's nobody's had seen what his eyes looking can complete his can fulfill his curiously. Unfortunately, it's NOT WITH ME.

Yes, I fell inlove easily. I'm not hard to please. Every little thing CAN mean alot to me. Every little thing can tear me apart..... Those quick glances. Those short conversations. Those simple pick-up lines. Those useless paper that was scribbled by your hand. Those crazy tricks that twisted my mind. Those echoing laughter that was heard from you. These simple, little, crazy things tattooed a smile in my mind.

I may be EXAGGERATING it. I don't bother! THE HELL I CARE! It's NOT you, It's ME, and this is how I want it to be.

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Pathetic

@ Aug.13,2008

I can't sleep. I find it hard to sleep this past few days.
I know, I've been so paranoid thinking what's going on with you and with her and
the other , I guess it's time to think myself with others.

□

I've been so focused in everything about you. Everything that came out
from my mind to my pen was everything about you.
My whole life here in 'C' revolves around you. Why am i letting myself to be
drifted away? Like there's no other interesting stories that could ever happen to
me? I hate myself of liking you. Forcing myself not to think about you. Shutting
my mouth when i know i will talk about yo. Closing my eyes when I know i will
see g myself when i know we'll meet in the hallway. It's so stressful and I hate it.

I'm so tired of making myself believe that i was over you. Voice of reason I
forgot I have. Denying things which obviously I have. Some people forcing me to
feel what i don't feel whenever you're , I'm not over you but I'm not so into you.
Sometimes, I force myself not to care, like brushing you off of my g you off of
my vocabulary. Forgetting the things that once you rning those things that i
learned when I was with you. Erasing you from my history.

How will I know? Questions are too hard for me to throw. Clarifications... What is
his story? Does he have something for me? Does he talk about me?
What is it or what was it? Waiting in vain...I'm waiting for nothing...
Mind Bugling...Brain teasers.. Catching questions..you're that ALL!

alexandria belle cabilida

The Guy, You Are To Me

I know I would not be thinking this way,
but what could i possibly say?
You are more than a friend to me
but had to keep it, so u will stay.

why it's such a pain when you're making me laugh?
'Coz i might feel that you are all i've got.
I need to feel i'm just a friend,
if i may discover that to u im just the same,
I will never be hurt again.

Why i feel goOd when i know u care?
You say words that are hard to bare.
It's not that they are so harsh to hear,
but it always made me wonder,
'it's sweet but is it for real? '

i know for u im just a fellow
but for me u take away my sorrow!
It's not that im flirting here, for u to think of me,
It's just that, that's what i feel, when i think of u, silly!

Yes, it's you what i mean!
we might not so close to be called as friends,
but to me, you are just the same.
not so close but not so far, to be consider as friends.
-i hope u know what i mean.! !

I know You're not thinking this way
For you are a guy, who never forget to be friendly
You made people laugh with simple jokes,
Never care how far it took...

I'm happy to know a guy like you.!
You might not know that, but you're so true.
You made me smile even if i'm about to cry
I hope i could still feel this way
Even if you know i care for you and i felt this way.

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You

I whirled around and there i saw,
The guy in my dreams, that he never know,
I looked at him and my heart jumps
I always felt this way as if I was bumped.
What's in your eyes that made me stare?
What's in your cheeks that blush, for me, so clear.?
I really dont know why you're such a pain.
Everytime i see you my heart aches again.
How can i be so different from you,
You're charming and everybody loves you.
Do you have hatred and insecurities too?
If there is, i'll tell you there is no need for you.
I want to tell you, for me, you're perfect.
Mr. P, why is it that your eyes shows hate?
Am i right if i say your eyes shows your sad?
I can feel the tears that's there and anytime it will flood..
Did someone hurt your heart?
Well, she should be glad because she have your heart.

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