

Poetry Series

**Allan Martin Abao Dosdos**

**II**

**- poems -**

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# Allan Martin Abao Dosdos II()

# “breathing The Fragrance Of Death; Distorted World”

Empty mind with void reminders  
Makes me so clouded;  
I need you now!  
Henceforth, the time is not moving  
and I am equating my last fear  
To escape reality,  
and ride into a new deceit and die

I am now imprisoned inside the prism of fear  
Long, I am so eager to escape  
For now, my nostrils smoke like a chimney  
Reaching and touching the rusty skies above  
Looking for something to kill the pain

Let me borrow your shovel!  
Let me dig my own graveyard!  
So let it be, for you like it,  
and not me!  
Oh! How can I accept you for loving,  
if you are here fetching me so early?

Allan Martin Abao Dosdos II

## "i Love Thee, Death"

A ruined tomb sings harshly "Happy Birthday"  
To me, He is a neighbor of grip for everyday  
Yet I taste no existence; no presence to feel Thy coming  
How? Thus, why? You made no how!  
Farcical for You and me, speak now!

Ego: "I want it now"  
Telegram: "No any letters yet".  
Ego: "Let me engrave it on my means".  
Telegram: "He will be fuming".

How to write the unforeseen letter of demise, by me?  
I want it now soon as much He'll come  
I like to tang the spirit of my scorching blood of torment!  
It clouds me to scribe my name early in the stone of eternal sleep  
No! I cannot do it more.

Knew how to impede life's olden days  
For I myself, don't really like the way life is!  
Should I kiss the pale face of end?  
Henceforth, I can still murmur Thy will,  
For end would be my final quest!

Allan Martin Abao Dossdos II

## “wait, Receive, And Flight”

I waited under the inky-black sky  
The blue butterflies I ever dreamed  
Hope, faith and love kept me alive  
But century had passed it never arrive  
Into my pale frigid hands  
Should I now surrender the blue butterflies that I ever wondered?

The long waiting made me slept  
In the ground of vain, I laid myself  
Watering the plants through my flood of tears  
Feeling so weak that almost killed me  
Now, I do not know what is happening to me

Suddenly I saw a surprise in the sky  
It opened its darkness into bright  
When it opened, I saw a halo encircling a round glass  
Then it flushed every second, every minute,  
That almost blinded my sight  
With a surprise it poured out the blue butterflies I dreamed  
The shape of the moon entered my face and I danced  
Together with the mushrooms in the sand  
Looking to those forms of beauty, I felt so happy  
Shimmering up in the open air  
And cascaded blue-silver pigment on their wings  
Until it reached the palm of my hand and I kissed thee gladly

The time made me feel like the good embrace  
Of a long forgotten lace  
In the wheat field full of taste  
I remembered all the flying days  
All were still in a low gravity  
That state was like for eternity  
No need to leave my opportunity

In the midst of good melody

I felt the incoming presence of melancholy  
A strong wind sucked them all  
I was complaining like a fool  
Dreaded by the loss of them all  
The strong wind killed my only joy  
Crushing them like my childhood toys  
From the stage of mirth into the terror taste of flight  
Everything wanted to say a second time  
As if everything that had happened was not really mine

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# In Pain And Cling To A New Wisdom

All I felt was a world of ugly arts.  
Destructs my inner ego to sighs.  
Fill in my worries by my past.  
Cried until a new world began.

Never thought of another side;  
that the world was not an enemy but a friend.  
Thus, took me care even in my silence.

How good it was a time for recovery!  
Forgetting almost the world by me,  
and now it woke me up to a new day.

I, myself cannot believe on this dream,  
that the world did not leave me instead by me.  
How can I now give thanks to Thee?

And now I am wiser than before,  
and the falsehood of appearance cannot anymore fool me  
for I have now the wisdom of strength and of a new beginning.

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