

Poetry Series

Artchil Daug

- poems -

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Artchil Daug()

A Child Playing

A unit of experts, positioning themselves,
the grenadier, the machine gunner
the common soldier, the sniper
the platoon leader, and those faceless few
who are setting up an ambush

in the folds of my blanket
ready to strike two giants:
a huge racing car, made
of cheap plastic from China;
and a gargantuan truck, made from
hard labor, my father's creation
from a pseudo-stem of a banana plant,
that grew at the back

of my imagination, exploding,
the men and the cars, surprised by
the atomic explosion from a pillow
that slammed these characters as if
they are dissipated
in the light of reason.

Artchil Daug

A Joke

Whether there is indeed such a thing as nothingness
I leave it to the accomplished thinkers of our city
and the robed minority who are obsessed with their bars and
suffixes without even knowing that the system corrupted
them by its philosophy and ethics— that ignoble invention

of man to keep his hands clean from making his mind to a
decision—a kind of fear injected in the veins of
anything supposedly socially courageous, a lawyer
that must scheme with lies to set the truth free from his attaché case
or the college professor who can fight for his employee rank but

cannot struggle to break from his fondness for the familiar,
a politician who despite what he learned at school cannot
do away with the decrepit political tradition that bereft his country
of any real hope and development leaving
such things in the hands of God's representatives

to promises of heaven and eternal life for the life that exists in this
world have become insufferable as a badly baked pie
from an amateur baker who strictly followed the recipe book
without asking but cannot rely on his common sense
which must have left to another world in search of

the least common of man and the least common of societies
for the people of this city are now governed by schemers
who already withdrew their will to the wanting of the system
creating smiles in everyone's faces, albeit fake smiles
for in a world that have gone sour in hope
we are left with only a question:

Why so serious? !

Artchil Daug

A Photon On The Move

The doorknob felt the knock
that came with the pounding
of a thousand foot soldiers
who are to arrest a man
for stealing a watch from
a diamond store in the corner
of his heart:

Forgiveness, there is no forgiveness!
Trust not!
He who never fell in the ripples of space!
The eyes that were blind now see what the soul cannot!

The doorknob felt the firm grip
that opened another path towards the liquor store outside
where a pie awaits,
where the inquisition lies.

Artchil Daug

A Prelude To Bukowski's 'A Man'

To the untrained eye
an empty space is just like that,
empty,
the first reaction, there is nothing
poetic about the space
between thoughts and symbols,
a black hole that stares back,
depth found in two dimensions,
the second reaction, the hollow
lamentations of billions
who died in the clash of translations,
the stench of blood in the hands
of preachers, rumor mongers, war merchants
in silence, a space for every failure
at capturing the essence of life,
the third reaction, there is confusion,
deconstruction, tearing down,
images remain images,
no signification,
the definition of a man blowing up
and Bukowski must un-text it
like this:

Artchil Daug

A World Gone Sour In Hope

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I leave it to the accomplished thinkers of our city
and the robed minority who are obsessed with their bars and
suffixes without even knowing that the system corrupted
them by its philosophy and ethics— that ignoble invention

of man to keep his hands clean from making his mind to a
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anything supposedly socially courageous like a lawyer
that must scheme with lies to set the truth free from his attaché case
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Why so serious? !

Artchil Daug

Accidental Firing

Gunshots, enveloping,
the second layer of security,
catapulting, wickedness.
Turning the saleslady
to a ghost, a mannequin
imprisoned in
gunshots,
paranoia of death, approaching
in seconds, leaving
in seconds, quick. Outbursts,
woken up through
gunshots.
The world smaller, to a point
in space, time, accident,
the maladies lost,
towers shaken, crumbling,
in the sound of
gunshots.
A second long, nanoseconds
in still frames, slowly creeping
fear, an instant,
time taken, having time,
before life moves on,
forgetting, disrupted by way of
gunshots,
the people soldiers on.

Artchil Daug

Advanced Engineering

Three elevators got stuck
the day I opened my father's life
to the eyes of Matroska dolls:
a businessman was trapped, helpless,
in the sixtieth floor, where
the commodities of living transformed
him to a bug, Kafka's bug, not unlike
the common bloke, caught between
the presidential suite and
the anthill somewhere in the lower
sections, north of ground level,
where an addict,
lobotomized by social constraints,
was found pushing the lowest button
in the elevator panel, believing
he was on the highest floor
of the building that never even
made its way to the blueprint commission.

Artchil Daug

Agitation

Sunday morning,
a boy was found
listening to spoken
sounds and murmurs,
near the table
where the rats played
the other night,
never minding
sanctity, nature's enemy
flowing from the mouth
of ancient slaves
speaking hieroglyphs.

Artchil Daug

Air In The Afternoon

He asked not perdition yet
the world opened, carried
in the air of the afternoon
his eyes to hers, translucent
messenger of the nymph
behind the screen of
the cellular phone resting
in his pocket of contemplation.

Pray not the air change
in the middle of speech, inside
the rolls of conversations that
seek not the blunders
of correctness, the ideals
that the nymph embraced
in the fleeting eyes of this
childish messenger, who
outdid the message

in the cold air, after a drizzle,
on the ancient buildings
of sentiments and emotion,
the nymph forgotten, the world
looking the gaps in time,
he chided and decided, inept
before letting her go
to the chambers of his heart.

Artchil Daug

An Accident In Barcelona

Sadness,
we spoke of it
in the café, unable to drink,
with freedom, the well roasted
emotions, found in the emptiness
of the Plaça Reial that Saturday night,
palm trees swaying, in the dim lights
of old lamps, the Mediterranean air
dancing on the leaves, whispering
to the young lovers near the fountain
of their desires, the heat
set free in moist fumes of the humble beverage
caught between
the delicacy underneath the table
and the moonlight sonata
that hid in the shadows of opaque moods
my trembling hands from
the tears of sadness it brought
to the sweet aroma of old Barcelona.

Artchil Daug

Anomie

A child wept by the shoulder
of the road
leading nowhere north
of the blind airport,

the full moon that followed wept
on the broken sand castle
swept by an incessant sea.

Artchil Daug

Apocalyptic

Early in the evening
in the minuscule gaze
of fainted stars, overlooking
the deserted part
of a wilderness surrounding
roving garbage dumps, parked
just outside an old bookshop,
filled surprisingly with people,
the heavy air of civilization
turned into the glaring heat
of the sun, producing
a mirage of intelligence, as I
looked outside from the empty street,
standing, contemplating,
the end of the world.

Artchil Daug

Arousal

Of heaven's light, the morning smiles beauty
the flower's dance upon the sight of you,
whose eyes cast spell beneath that purity,
looks so tender that fills my soul anew.

Facing ideals with an angel's breath,
humbles this heart in winds' whisper;
to you I can soothe and kiss away death,
in no cloud of desire can it hinder.

But how I wish to kiss those rosy lips,
that prolific and burning temptation;
thy sweet sculpture and the fire it equips
fill this mind with turbulent addiction;

For the happiness thy raw splendor brings,
offers confusion between love and things.

Artchil Daug

Ashera

The things I do for love, as the cliché goes on
the stream of emotion that begets a man to follow the wings
of a photon and, as if by magic, travel across
the galaxies without even leaving the embrace
of one's predicament of becoming into many types
of men just to merge horizons, my sunrises and sunsets with
the flowers of spring that bloom in the meadows
of your smile that summer of great uncertainties

I am not a friend as though a toothpick that supports
the structure of your monument in a time of great earthquakes,
or that good 'ol marshmallow that acts as a soft cushion
in your lovely mouth after the cracking flames of your emotion

I am not your father who seeks to change the ramparts
of your being to my liking just as the great snake of the past
devour the sun in the hope of curtailing its energy and
letting what shows itself show in that manner that I want

I am not a spy that can forever hide in the shadow
of that bleak waiting shed, or in the illusion of sms messages
that buzzed through your cellphone screen every minute of the day
so I can remain a John Doe to those who reared you

I am not your teacher who preaches the way of the sacred ancients
in the matters of life and love in that cycle of translation
that caught your mind in a hermeneutic arc, imprisoning it
as though words and signs can move your stars towards mine

I am not defined with too much internet, dota and social networking
I am not content with the ideals and dreams of the carpenter
I am not a usurper of your emotions that arrest you by midnight
I am not those, for in the industrial garden of the lost Eden
I am the apple that God forbade and

the snake that ate the forbidding.
You are me as I you.

Atheistic Humanism

Three non-believers told me that they
believe that they don't believe in God
and that the roots of Descartes' tree
turned to ashes through the fires of science—
I stink therefore I am;
they reminded me of that town farmer who
I used to bargain vegetables with,
who went to school for the education
he was told he sorely needed and
thus, believing in his teacher also
talked of that man in Jerusalem who
walked on water, turned water into wine,
raised a man from the dead, and
raise himself from the fate on the
cross through the resurrection;
they reminded me of those four sheep
in the stables of the logos who caught
my mind's eyes the other week or so
bleating annoyingly of a French Revolution
and enlightenment, the lighting of the torch
of reason and logic, the number of the beast,
mimicry and salvation through
Robespierre's goddess, and that profound
bending of faith towards men,

and

there in their lips: humanity's claim for godhood
as if, man was indeed
measured, weighed
yet found
wanting.

Artchil Daug

Awakening

My pencil, craving
the lines of clouds
on much bluer skies,
a resolve, a certainty,
producing a sunrise,
creating the sun,
inventing a land,
with people asking
for the easiest answers
found in a sketch
of a statue
with a head shining
in golden assurance,
a bodice that radiates
silver linings that hold
the brass covered scripture
sitting on lead shades
feeling the snap of the tip
that left its mark
on the paper, forever,
awakened from slumber.

Artchil Daug

Battleship

I thought of love, and yet no love from thee
the cold pat of the sea on this sad coast,
with pebbles resembling broken mem'ries
this glass that shatter with no form to boast.

In this dark night filled by the saddest lines
my soul expunged in an ocean of tears
flowing from thy lips that this heart enshrines
to the pedestal now left forlorn in sneers.

But the sun always finds a way to rise
as birds know how to fly after a storm,
and to stay stationary is unwise
in a world of flux I cannot but conform;

for when this heart of mine started casting
this ship can withstand rough tides of beating.

Artchil Daug

Being

What is Being?

The philosophers chuckle on
the depth of the question,
obnoxious, irrelevant,
a song for the deaf, a snow
in the winter of our disbelief,
this world, not a world, humbled
to the level of
illusions, abstractions of the senses,
the smell of newly baked bread
containing the essence
of a breakfast, metaphysical
the visions of another world, not
this world, the realm beyond
hills, rainbows, palaces, gardens,
happy people with happy faces,
kissing lions and sleeping with dragons,
outside the taste that be,
to be is to be 'ing',
the untrustworthy sound
of unparalleled delusions.

Artchil Daug

Being And Time (Haiku)

I.

Summer sky turning
Fly you clouds of days bygone
The past wants craving

II.

That autumn sunrise
Leaves floating on damp crayon
Present time bridging

III.

Winter ice melting
Went those waters in warm dawn
The future creeping

IV.

Spring waters rushing
Chaotic leaves swimming on
The art of living

Artchil Daug

Blake's Night

The Moon galloped sleepy hills,
Black robe, purple and silver;
Dreams like lightning riding thrills
All in the mind, a quiver,
Thorns with pois'nous tips, none this soul equips.

Artchil Daug

Boracay Island

The sun was preparing to hide as hundreds
of people gathered by the beach answering the call
of their invisible alarm clocks that probably stayed silent
in their respective rooms after their masters decided to partake
in the delirium of Boracay Island after the setting sun;

an old American couple found themselves sitting
by the pizza house talking of the sunsets they shared most
of their lives and the futility of love in a
post-modern world like flowers that felt the need to bloom
in an autumn never seen in the Philippines;

they found themselves anticipating the fire dancers
who usually come at night to mimic the occasional fireflies
that dotted the island many full moons back into
a time when only the native Indian danced with the fire
of their imagination bathing in the moonlight, in the island

that is now haven for hotels, resorts and shopping galleries
that most of the country folks visit, ignoring the beach and
its rare sands as if stores are things of rarity in a place full
of artificial merchants that ranged from Muslims selling carvings
of that Catholic idolatry to faggots offering fellatio

in the corner of all those broken inhibitions set up
by the numerous crucifixes and scientific superstition
of society drowned in the beat and buzz of islander lifestyles
that the city-dwelling guests so fondly needed out
of the metropolitan indifference that found itself being stirred

in the cup of dark espresso in my hand just outside Starbucks
as an innocent Indian stared at me without a sense of recognition
of the explosions set off by the music of chaos.

Artchil Daug

Boundaries

They told me to stop me from loving you
that in their scaffold I must live a lie
and chain me with the calling of a few
to have me in line and for you to cry.

These preachers of love, should they hate us so
placing walls that cover your soul from me
as if between us cold oceans must flow
ferocious men that cannot let love be.

But my love for you is a trumpet
and a staff that can command the waters
as in the powers of the great prophet
with those pillars of fire that never falters;

Here in my hand I offer you freedom
from the hard grip of their social serfdom.

Artchil Daug

Childhood Solitude

There is me, the I am,
then there is the other me
that binds the color
of the trees to the dignity
that flowed forth from
the monastery of unfulfilled
emotions, hiding in the chapel
where the hooves from
voices far, in the deserts
of sand people and their pyramids
to the giants and flowing honey
of the chosen ones, kneeling,
the servant of God, through
the young legs, younger still
the soul that requests
an end to the turbulence
of childhood, in the hymn
of angels, in the flesh and blood
of the Christ, who is neither
here nor there, in the back alley
where a priest was found
lying down with his puke,
face bruised, after a day's
drunken ejaculation.

Artchil Daug

Contemptuousness

I stopped receiving awards,
the moment receiving ended
a Rubik's cube, an almost unending
series of bad solutions to
the problem of meaning
in life, in living, in the cascading
episodes of wanting to want
to become the crest in the tide
of the jumpers in a zoo, outside
the city of hopes and ambitions
inside a syringe, a series
of immunizations to the social
constructs, set before me
by people still searching, looking
but never finding their lost
Shangri-La, the elusive fish
that trudged the river, only
after, the sun sets in the horizon.

But everyone is afraid of the dusk
so I stopped receiving awards, that
add only weight on my younger frame
in the coming night of searching
for that motion in the water.

Artchil Daug

Dasein

The stairs by mid-day felt slippery
as heat enveloped my mind after
books unchained me towards
that incandescent lamp giving off
the illusion of light moths bathe
crying for a piece of heaven, and
great expectations for nothing more
than another dream to explore.

I relinquished sacredness and
humanity—that man who once lived as man
began to see the path the camel took
before becoming a lion
before becoming the child
that could open the locked gates
of virtue—I left it out, a filth needed
to be thrown with the incandescent lamp
in that afternoon after cleaning one's closet.

A madman stood by watching
he taught me to see a world beyond
the light that shines within a star
spewing its energy for that supernova
that can murky the waters
of that river flowing beneath my feet
bringing with it the music
of the other stars that dotted existence
with ironies and conflicts, with truth and lies.

The ghost of the local priest, who helped him
from the yoke of a kind of ignorance, appeared
with the teacher who welcomed him
in the station of philosophy where they set me
off to a new journey on the river where
two ferrymen once achieved
enlightenment.

Artchil Daug

Death

We believe it a dream this fate called death
a whisper in the fog of uncertainty
this murd'rous devil for our soul it cometh
reaping corns in fields of avidity;

Grow not wings that fly us from our visions
of lights cascading, rewards approaching
or chains of fire, dire admonitions
trapped between the old scripture's engraving;

Look at thy body and this world afresh
the pain and sorrow that thy mind possess
doubt not thy life and that torn in the flesh
rest easy bearing the words I profess:

The phantoms of this world in dreams persist
know that when thine eyes closed they don't exist.

Artchil Daug

Deathcore

The headphone slams into his eardrum a nail
that growls blood inch by inch towards his shallow
Sunday morning spent standing by the sidewalks
and nesting in local stores in that little city of Bais
in the coast of Negros that remained unreachable in Google Maps
because of an anomaly in space-time that enveloped
the entire place with a steel placenta covering its secrets
with deathcore white noise that tickles the fancy
of this boy who taught himself an imagination surpassed
only by his lack of—Sorry, we have no imagery here.

the computer app complained in a way it can do,
unable perhaps to process the number of bits found
for la ciudad de los muertos capable of culturing uncultured
people and the boy we found ourselves plagued with
a fascinating case of deathcore dementia present in
humans incapable of existing beyond the
horizon of their—Sorry, we have no imagery here.

another error, most likely a result of continually deluding
himself of participating in the ruckus of metal concerts
in Manila or the bourgeois island life of Boracay, both
eluding him because of his very poor predisposition in life
demonstrated by the scars of his existence presented as tattoos,
which appear as chaotic tubes ready to supply his blood
with alcohol, a result of deathcore—Sorry, we have no imagery here.

ignoring the error, the boy believed to drink himself to death
as if he was still alive when he was lying in the city plaza dying
from an explosion of deathcore playing in his eardrum—

Sorry, we have
no imagery

here.

Artchil Daug

Discotheque Breeze

Two fireflies strutted out one night
near my hut beside the noise of the
highway and the city, in the charms of a July breeze
two of them touching
in the tropical music of the wind and the crickets,
the lurking frogs, the occasional bats and the nearby beat
of the local disco, which sound waves blowing,
as if giving them a push,
towards this stroking night of a life in a remote province;
two of them playing the traditional 70's
puffing the magic dragon with the elastic
dance floor that knows no boundaries;
one of them with lights blinking as if to signal the partner
of the knot that binds them in seductive entanglement:
here a tango, calculated but gentle on the leaves of bananas
under the many coconut trees stiff from decades of use;
there a waltz, slow and begging with the garden gumamelas
kissing the tip of the stigma pads for they too were pollens
to be sprayed on other grounds;

they went further...and further
getting deeper... and deeper
into the wet crevice of the void, swinging towards the throat
of the forest that lies behind the swamp and the stream;

But I lost them with ecstasy in the kaleidoscope of shadows
There was a moment of silence
as if my ear was covered by that hand that now
settled by my feet,
She erased the traces of the footsteps that
earlier danced the night away, now fading into the stillness
as those fireflies that finally went blank among the trees;

and what remained was a smile
as she wiped away the longings
of a drunken night

Artchil Daug

Dreams

Terrible, vile, and ruthless ambition
devouring a man's soul with such control,
mighty indeed in right and attention
doubting visions that blind thy dismal soul;

Many are those who attempt such fervor
when wicked failures must hide its presence;
the heart may endure the thirst for splendor,
the dagger of grandeur sought not moments;

But none doth rise without hands that falter
that distinct desire to conquer a life,
full of pain and hunger for character,
full of astonishment, distrust, and strife;

The fiery edge of a knife so benign,
have altered thy stars that were oh so fine.

Artchil Daug

Early Morn

Those archers
see not their target
for need not their eyes

in the glare
that the morning sun
heaves upon
the bleeding roses.

The shadows of the moon
retreating in the forests
with voices dwindling,
echoes that move the leaves.

O, mysterious arrows
seek thy shelter
with no mind,
love is blind!

Artchil Daug

Experienced Innocence

Here is such a dilemma of dilemmas common in tune
that bequeaths a girl's soul to the blind woman's scale,
many have fallen to the gregarious laugh of the wicked loon;
can these friends withstand such pressure with brains so frail?

Look and stare at this moment that you may yet be learning,
learn with wisdom the essence of every crucial judgment;
in this generation of emptiness and hollow yearning,
actions governed with haste and hallowed defilement!

Witness the terrible downpour of misdirected youthful energy,
passed as reason the mechanisms of high octane pressure;
be defeated by the gravity pull of a company's synergy
left her wits drowned by the eyes of pride and soul insecure;

In a burning candle which light warming sandy deserts,
she's blown by wicked storms of sands and unknown perverses!

Artchil Daug

Faithfulness

The faithful pigeons
near the Filipino chimney
competed for attention
against the pigs
and chickens, animals
near the hut,
which brought them
tasty treats, making
their faithfulness a food
for the thought.

Artchil Daug

Falling Late One Night In Hong Kong

They made the alarm clock shout late in the evening so
they can stand over my drawer over what
they thought
they witnessed in the lonely corner in Robinson road
they usually visit for the Faustian shopkeeper as if
they walked without batteries believing that
they lost it to some ladies market leprechaun
they let inside that tiny hole of their conscience
they created with the smoke of Chinese candles
they bought near the sunset in a Victoria Peak
they captured in their super smart phones that
they sanctified with the howling sound of the railway that
they whispered near the botanical garden where
they celebrated the victory of the fumes
they conjured in the frying pan of an Italian restaurant
they worshiped near Rednaxela St. where the electrical signal halted as I hang
the phone thinking of

they.

Artchil Daug

First Memory

Soft cushion, touching
my softer skin, within
reach, a lullaby on
the table, I crawled
towards the dark shades
of my memory, a frontier
in the process
of remembering
the first lights,
the light I shed
on the world.

Artchil Daug

Freedom

Let each one finds his way from troubled stars
in this cold night of shadows and darkness,
amidst the flickering of shiny bars
that barred the mind in this wicked stillness;

Free thyself from this wretched becoming
lest be swept away by foiled ignorance.
defeat temptation and wanton bleeding
or forever shall be shackled in nuisance;

Behold! The reduced shall rise with power,
might shall crumble the gods of whom thou spar,
glory and honor bestow the lower
once proud hearts bow in anguish from afar;

For freedom makes man desire without pain,
then let freedom be realized in vain.

Artchil Daug

Fun Run For Progress

They run, moving forward,
as gazelles, jumping over mountains,
past oceans of agriculture, near lakes
of suburban shacks, temporary Roman villas
that can vanish in smoke,
a badly positioned fart on eyes
deaf and beyond description,
running, steam locomotives, lost
in the provincial sunrise, hostage,
those ignorant fidelities in hill camps, embers
of an infantile disease, covered,
dressed in bourgeois Teflon coatings,
unchanged within, nihilistic newly colored rose,
undeniably native, a steamship in two decks,
decades ago, still not throwing its anchors,
flying over graveyards, subdivisions,
with their customary chapels, without
the cemented crucifixes, engines running
methamphetamine photo galleries,
snapshots, advanced artificial intelligence,
running on bridges, sandy, ivy,
technological bulldozers, piledrivers, hollow
constructs of fleeting dreams
leaving me as a symbol, a monument
of bygone days, when running meant
something other than a fun run.

Artchil Daug

Glory In The Buddha's Head

Sonata of all sonatas, music beyond cores,
melodic nutcracker no sweet almond can win—
none in this universe, to the sands sprinkled
in space, none your flesh, your fruit, just you.

Feel the gathering mind collect its flock;
your soul cries for the eternity of oneness,
and the tears flow, rising and falling, escaping
the light of being your soul illuminates,

the world is arranged by the notes born of chaos,
a halo in and around your imaginary transcendence.
Bow now venerable one, for you are but a speck of dust
in the stars of the night that can outlive your death.

Artchil Daug

Guilty Lovers

A single dropp of water
resulted from
a pushing dew in the early morning
after the midnight train left
hours after
it was chased by the shadows
of a black cat near the station
where two lovers exchanged glances
over the dark minotaur
that watches them intently from
the corner of his eyes
trying to tell them beneath its robe
that he too knew the secret
of the dawn that resulted with
a single dropp of water.

Artchil Daug

Hijab

It was Thursday when I woke up dying
to feel the conundrum of your shadow
that hide away beneath that cloth swaying
curtains that cover an open window.

A pale face smiled growing weary inside
you, a prisoner of that forgotten war
seeking freedom in the rustic wayside
from sand storms wreaking havoc from afar.

Put away that mask and show me vigor,
learn from the actors of the old theaters
who lost their impulse in the script's rigor
but retained sound mind as their heart flutters.

Life is not a dress worn to please the gods
nor texts written by those few desert sods.

Artchil Daug

Historical

I am cursed to see the imprint of my actions
in the ladder of consciousness they slide
these ghosts of time-passing apparitions
exerting gravity no one can hide.

I see those falling roses of summer
and the sorrows that bleed of oblivion,
trapped in emotions never getting dimmer
wrecked stranded blinded to the alluvion.

But came other lands in the flow of life
sediments and driftwoods that form anew
promises that march in the sound of fife,
thus I opened new horizons in view;

for the past is not a fixed prison cell
that takes my future away where I dwell.

Artchil Daug

Holy Rosary

Rosary beads are
hanging on the roadside
post, beside a cliff,
reminding people that
to be free, is to throw away
the things that can
make you not free.
A passerby, a woman,
member of a cult
in the nearby mountain pass,
crossed, and jumped off the cliff.
A soldier passing through
notice the sign but
not the crime, saddened,
took his last grenade,
pulled the pin and threw it
after the woman.
The good Samaritan, oblivious
of the preceding events,
took his mining tools,
removed the post
and threw it away
as the rosary beads fell
on the ground, a reminder,
another sign for
the next passerby.

Artchil Daug

Hopeless

Imagine the sea in the afternoon,
feel the melody it shrieks in silence;
think of the words uttered by that buffoon
who signaled the coming of turbulence.

Must we neglect the beast that came with spite
from man's pride, the arrows of ambition
creating a world no lord can ignite
full of phantoms and lost adoration.

But see the multitude break the border
with metaphysics and the hammer found
in the rotting corpse of the old order
as the murky sea trembled in dreams abound.

And in the twilight their came a whisper
the death of God announced in a thunder.

Artchil Daug

I Am

I AM

the writings on the wall,
not that kind of writing,
a vandalism, chalk on
the dashboard of life
still uneventful, pronouncing

I AM

the first two syllables,
before a name can be said,
a river that flows
on the forest of shadows,
still playing, signifying

I AM

the ego asserting, coming
out of the voice, the shriek
of the beleaguered teacher
patiently marking
the tongue, that went playing

I AM

the blank slate, not completely
blank, in the echo of the
unheard notes, from the empty
stairway, clasping the railings,
reason, the passion for continuing

I AM,
who?

Artchil Daug

Idleness

Idleness

is injurious, but
not to the cat
sleeping in the cabinet,
without dreams,
cats cannot remember
the insightful sleep
with moments of visions
of not being a cat,
hence not knowing
that idleness
is injurious, only
to the guy that puts
a check
to the repeat option.

Artchil Daug

Incompatible

The underground mistress
of the lost frog came
to find her way
in the tunnels of life,
running rivers across
dimensions of living,
as she must withstand
the ripples of his leaving.

Artchil Daug

John Doe On Caffeine

The fumes of the newly brewed coffee
escaped beneath the buzzing sound of my table lamp

as shadows heaved itself in the living room
on that cold January dusk preparing to swallow me in bits

as heavy traffic clogged the streets just outside the windows
bellowing both human progress and street children just

like any other day that passed through as regular as
it can be nothing unusual and no breaking the metronome

that started in a morning that brought no novel meaning
only the repeating mantra of the placid river across town

raining leeches on several teachers that went berserk
at school today because of a proletarian education without taste

like that nauseating bump into the local priest with all his
thou shalts and thou shalt nots and the moral acid that melts

the beautiful sunset reminding me of things more worthwhile
than textbooks, moral or otherwise; there I was

sitting down on my puny industrial chair frolicking over
sweet caffeine the sadness of the world with my dignity intact

but remain faceless in a society antagonized by differences
and the incessant assertion that all men are created equal.

Artchil Daug

Journey

The pale face of a portrait, keeping
still, everyone loses a color
in every life-affirming music constructed
from the notes and lines of the unknown,
the unknowable, the unconscious;
you can travel, beyond constraints,
far and wide in a magic carpet,
but you still have to rub the lamp
that unleashes the genie, the maker
of the carpet; your lamp is
your world.

Artchil Daug

Lichtung

I long for thee to drown in bitter sea
that thy axis not swallow the sun deep
in your folds, I wish to give light to thee
that I know myself and which me to keep;

Thou hast limit these eyes with that thin line
in which I cannot go beyond what's fixed,
thus, I see the stars leading with a sign
only to fail reaching that crease betwixt;

But then the star continued a rising
from the netherworld it came with new soul
that this line have a great world a bringing
for them to see what these eyes doth control;

O! Ubiquitous horizon that lies
in smoke and reason you know not replies!

Artchil Daug

Love

What if my heart can no longer love thee
and the yearly spring is gone from this world
leaving it barren with no life to be
as my soul cries for the devil to hold?

Watch the lakes dry up in blank coldness
near rivers with no passion left to run,
as if winter seeks its own happiness
plowing though it can never be outdone.

But my mind still thinks of many mem'ries
when this life was magic and love a spell
those flames of emotions and bewitcheries
that can root a seed no winter can quell.

In the desert of the heart giving up
all it takes is an hist'ry from a cup.

Artchil Daug

Love, Now

The rocket of a ball
that passed through before
her eyes, antedated eyes,
was as fast as a bullet
train that serve, connecting,
two far off nerve endings
in the opposite sides
of the branches of the Japanese spine
modulating the electrical signals
sent by the hypothalamus
to Tokyo, receiving and releasing
the chemical reactions
in the blur of exhausted tempers.

Artchil Daug

Masks And Madness

What do we really look like,
you and I?
Beneath the mask,
in the unfolding of the flask
Breathe into the face
a common sigh
A yea,
a nay
and a common
sobriquet.

Artchil Daug

Meaningful

The goat in the backyard
chewed the delicacy
known only as
human purpose, which,
unlike the leaves
of the jackfruit tree,
is tasty only to
the inquisitive mind.

Artchil Daug

Moonlight Sonata

Grey footsteps crept through, tickled,
this penumbra of the soul, a hungry murmur
from the drops of rain that trickled
by the shiny side of this breath, this armor.

Knife, thine eyes, my lovely sweet
piercing through the atomic masquerade
of charms and lust, shaken in this music's beat
the smiles and laughter of our charade.

Must we dance in the tune of moonlight,
sonata in the scent of wild flowers, blooming
in these hands I sense the tense of the night,
a touch in the madness, fingers electrifying.

Masks undone, in the garden of sin we lay,
the silver light tasting the contours of thine body,
we smell the noise of our skin though it may
be the gasp of thunder in thine bosom's beauty.

Turning, we transcend this world anew,
those notes that wriggle in the erotic sound
of satisfying sensations, the power of gods withdrew
outside the temple of thine unforgiving ground.

Artchil Daug

Neighborhood Fire

Three dogs were running amok
in the middle of the town
when a fire broke out like
a tidal wave, swallowing
merchants and beggars,
preachers and unbelievers,
and everyone else in whatever
color of the spectrum
they belong, in the fangs
of the hounds that tag away
any signs of life and importance,
thieves from hell, that I am
to find, drawn from rumors,
which source I hold in my hand,
a burnt matchstick in the middle
of busy peoples walking about
in and out of frantic shops,
as three dogs approached for a throw.

Artchil Daug

No Leaf For Walt Whitman

A RAINBOW for the murals of being!
You intimate time observers hiding in ages few!
You on the mountains, tall and short, beneath the skies of Mindanao!
You smoke belchers and environmentalists! You bigots!
You followers! The quagmire of humanity that took the earth out
of position. I wish to affirm myself as different from you,
for lonesome is a rainbow that casts away other colors
in the murals of being!

Artchil Daug

Occupy Madness

I found myself standing in the middle of the floor
with men caught clapping by the sound of a bell they adore
black suits, black souls they're wearing listening to a bore
while opening their mouths talking without vestige of rapport

thus, I started screaming, screaming on this ugly floor
on the death of a god they're aching, aching to adore
these sheep got lost wandering these noisy flock what a bore
all they hear is that loud ringing, a bell without rapport

thus, I started whispering to the unity on the floor
but all is white noise sounding in the crowd that adore
even if with grenades they're ignoring me, a bore
listening to that final sound ringing without rapport

thus, I pulled the pins walking, hurrying on the floor
as the grenades swiveled spreading on this room they adore
then all I heard was the screaming, ending the noisy bore
replaced by that silence singing, with joy and rapport;

death was god and god a dreaming,
smiling 'til there's nothing

nothing on death's door.

Artchil Daug

Oilslam

Those dwellers of the sand
covered the moon with blood
that Wednesday afternoon when
the empire went into the mud
and all it took was a cry
in the cave of His shadow
from the dirge of prayerful slaves
sleeping with what they hallow.
Mists of sand covered their eyes
with the mirage of paradise
beyond the stars and galaxies
of their self-inflicted lies;
beneath the humming of machines
and other running doodads
on this oasis cradled in an ocean
of oil mined by nomads.
Here they stand with a longing
for the moon's second coming.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman

The night arrived, bringing the voices of unborn children in the form of a demon disturbing the peace of slumber with a sulfuric whisper, 'I bless thee, O venerable child, thou art alpha and omega, the eternal apocalypse, the child of evolution, yet an anomaly of equations, without purpose, without the mechanistic limits of the time arrow, '

the demon showed me a world in the river of sorrow, 'see the madness thou species brought, roses turned to bombs, colors turned to grey, insulting the very unmeaning of existence;

'thus, I give thee a gift, to do unto others what they cannot do unto themselves, I bestow to thee the senses long abandoned in the corner of the longing for another world, another life, another lie.'

Night turned to day in matters of giggles, I found myself surrounded by children, 'Why do you do such gestures stranger?' asked one of them, the light is bright only contrasted with the sad eyes filling the playground, the instant stage;

I felt the sharp blade in my pocket, I wanted to say something, but the universe stayed at the tip of my tongue, no words, disgruntled, realizing what to do, the gift of the demon:

In ev'ry sarcasm this world ignites, this torch aflame be the devil's delights!

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Atonement

Atonement is the reflection in the mirror
of ourselves struggling to reconcile
the broken structures of our ego caused
by the confusion between the images
of that seemingly fleeting hyperreality
and the physical world that crawled
before our eyes passing
as shadows emanating from the realm
of forms and objective reality imagined
from the subjectivity of experience,
especially that down-to-earth and god-fearing
spirit that you dated yesterday,
a man who remained faceless beneath
the ideals that float in a fog over his body,
or that time when you made love
to activism and became sapiosexual
leading you to believe that relationships
are as temporary as your mood swings
or the fleeting pictures of celluloid and diodes
because what matters to you was the idea
and not the interactions of the flesh
nor the magnetic sensations of the body
which you rejected away as shadows
in a cave that blinded your eyes from
simple actualities that now appear to you
as reflections of images appearing
on those mirror pieces that I inserted
in your sockets to replace your dead eyes
and now serve as your atonement—
as mirrors to my soul.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Becoming

I walk on blinded alleyways covered in the dust of broken canopies that fell in the moonless night of our becoming,

fallen bread crumbs from half-destroyed crosses over half-destroyed minarets
achingly singing praises in the streaks of light

passing like a needle in the weave of early morning tantrums from the beggar
who shouted salvation but received only coins.

Freedom! Freedom! The empty preacher of the hollow sanctities whispering in
their tattered robes and beleaguered probes flying recklessly

over the nature of man, over the nature of women, over the crowded trains of
sweat in proletarian LRTs buzzing like blinking eyes

in the railway of over fed egos that ironically assembled themselves from self-
esteems drowning beneath Manila Bay like swimming mermaids,

on oceans of uncertainty, crisis of identity taken from scriptures that rained down
from university castles higher than the clouds

thrown by half-dazed intellectuals looking for lighters that can free the academic
smokes inside the invisible cigars born of abstraction

humanisms, bisexualisms, psychologisms, sociologisms, historicisms, the
arrogance of self-proclaimed angels drenched in universal jisms,

bathing in their delusional horizons, replacing religious spirit with the menacing
stare of manly prostitution and ambitious rage in contemporary Ermitas.

Progress! Progress! These water lilies shouting while clogging the dams of Lake
Lanao with plastic manhoods and clobbered pussies.

There is something wrong with being a man, there is something wrong with
being a woman, the new mantras of modern-day tarantulas.

Ejaculations for progress, progress, progress, progress, progress, progress,
progress, progress, progress, progress, children of evolution

holding the magic wand of creation and using it in the howling caves of
unrestricted liberty, subway passages devoid of exploding stars,

fingering contentment in the middle of black holes wet in the slippery and erotic
coverings of bits and bytes that flow from neurotic longings.

Become a woman and feel her wizardry in calming any hurricane and in
sheathing any sword that knows that she too is a force, but you are not a woman
that causes quantum leaps over Copenhagen, unashamed of her vagina and the
clasping will to control the destinies of men.

Become a man, that eager slave of women's pheromones, the captain in the
mixing of water and chocolate in the avenue of her smell, but you are not a man,

a sword of reason and intellect that slices through the fabric of women's dreams
yet becomes part of her beyond the delirious orgasms produced in the reflection
of the gods.

You scream the shouts of Stone Wall and dared talk to me a backwardness only
existing in the garden of social constructs that drove away your nectarine shit,
be grateful of this tailor that took your vows and sewed your necks in proper
bodies, for once you are nothing you become woman and she becomes man in a
baptism of blood.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Crucifixion

The circumstances of our position nail you
to that cross, crucified in Golgotha
impugned for tax evasion and prophetic visions,
you now suffer for much simpler mishaps
without that thing that hangs over there,
given yet used in more metaphysical ways than it should;
we turned out more arrogant than he,
with our illusions of human rights
and static virtues from a mob gone wild
in unrestrained freedom, as if there is free will;
the nails I hammered on your palms and feet
are more real than the abstractions
you created out of disrespect for your
earthly body—that stink of the unreal—
you twisted words as though they are lollies
made for the perusal and arousal
of your mouth that now feel the sting
of fresh stitches that used to hide
your devilish tongue, which found its way
glued to the tip of your former manhood;
we did have our science grasping the universe
and the essences of everything in the light
of our subjective technology that built highways
from mind to mind, from matter to space,
yet despite the cloud of smoke left by
the nuclear collisions of our powers, you stay
uncertain of yourself, a product of a being
incessantly interpreted and translated in
the inner linings of your pride commanding
the sphincter of your delusions that is attacked
by that barbed-wired-stick up your decadent
machine spilling blood with that crown of thorns
you carry as a goddess among men.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Damnation

Blessed is the man who sinned from the highway incantations that resonated
from roadside flowers

growing out of madness turned to his brothers and sisters, the footsteps of the
carpenter's hammer

hammering, hammering, hammering the resentful nails you offered as
prescription drugs for industrial depressions,

the drum of acid you use for ablution is incomparable to the poisonous ocean
dripping from your fingers

burdened with hand-propelled ecstasies, chemical reactions boiling in the dust of
incarcerated typewriters

carving images of virgins inserted between broken tablets of Sinai stones and
deconstructed fishermen beatitudes,

sermon on the wet mound, the smell of Tacos in vaginas denied with hypocritical
oaths stirred in a cup of semen

man is man as long as man takes the drugs from the goblet of chastity, an
engine disguised as a moral clockwork

behind the belfry of antiquated submissions, the thousand voices of a thousand
castrated children, sounding off

warnings to the alley ways of hypnotic dichotomies, a world in cartoonish black
and white deprived of symphonies

from light emitting diodes that followed the crystal cracks of lightning in the
corner where Santiago Nasar became a god particle,

imagine the contempt he had for the spoiled honey flowing from the mouths of
self-proclaimed helms of the divine,

wise men from the slums of murdered libraries, servants of the unwritten words
from which everything began

words that were casted by ancient witches in the forests of Sierra Madre,
acceptable only when dressed with monotheism

that general rule of the inquisition, applied on hesitant flocks who knelt and
prayed and know not he

who signaled the twilight of pardonable sex, contented in using that damned cock
to the defloration of sanctified poor boys,

victims of the holy spirit, fucked by ephemeral devils clothed as saints among
sinners, spreading divine juices to blank faces

justifying wicked villainies "with odd old ends stolen forth from holy
writ" - William Shakespeare, Richard III, bedeviled scripture wielded

tying you upside down in the catacombs of this old church, remembering the
tattered flags of the Crusades falling on moral grounds

in vain and in gratitude to the actor who never discovered the secrets of the
alchemist, failed to turn god to man

transformed instead the flesh to a metronomic host that awaited salvation from
male cunts abused and misused

by the blade of Abraham, the staff of Moses, and the Spear of Destiny, thieves
that snatch away sanity,

faith, you are the lamb, my lamb, sacrificed to the fires of demagogic hymns,
fueled by the gasoline of salvation

that ate the rope of death that graced your belly with discipline, but separates
you from the moral acid.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Heaven

The undergrowth were lost in the shadows of closed doors and underused chlorophyll, pale faces covered with blue clothes

hiding the gleaming sunlight that burned unconvinced egos of the assembly line with the folly of aluminum eyes,

ingrates turning down rainbows, unicorns, toy guns and plastic light sabers, occurring in the fires of starving dragons,

the fertile terrain in radiant imaginations crushed with bulldozers, drowned in alcoholic neckties,

the necktie of twisted tomes and nihilistic crucifixes, the garrote, the weight of invisible cars attached

to mighty fountain pens running on masochistic ink forced from bleeding ambitions in the gallows

of a workplace filled with mimes, and sadistic smiles, the continuous masturbation for promotion

delivering the sanguinary threads to a savior searching for infidels on rooftops of stupid buildings,

anthills of our civilization, the new pyramidal communities of confusing cubicles of web-less spiders

innocent of the constellations assembling themselves in arrays of stars given birth in childhood explosions

breaking the four walls of premature cells created by obsolete parenthood fond of human domestication,

preparations for the great devourer, society cursed by the esophageal streets of Ginsberg's Moloch

making canes out of eye-popping skyscrapers constructed from vague eyeglasses and broken microscopes of virtues

constantly fixed from the process of erosion, bullshit after bullshit, swallowing another bullshit, the casual immodesty of peoples

wings of lies that rocketed them towards the heavens fucked by suffocating smog in the light of undying transubstantiation

brought to ground only in realizations of losses, in the digital sarcophagus, the loss of property, capital, investments, whatever, never

memories of embittered attachments seldom embraced for embraces were not market-driven, not the counting numbers,

the continuous tick tock, their indifferent time clocks, arresting them in a panopticon that offered their wrists with handcuffs,

their pupils, their cerebrum, all are suffering necrotizing fasciitis, moderated by noises in the televisions and computer fans,

funnels of hyperreality, inhuman ringtones that shout at anybody, pretentious of itself,

mocking the need to answer anything, everything, placing the phone on top of the priority list, until its use conformed to the sound

of the signaling messiah, yelling, angered, afraid in the long buzzing whisper of silence emanating from severed voice boxes,

singing the music of cherubims in the flow of red tears that glitter in gratitude to the resoluteness of my blade.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Infidelity

The moon discovered for the authorities
in the sixth night of April, the fourth lamb
sacrificed to the social discotheque in an era
of personality contests and beauty queens
with their soluble masks and sordid
lipsticks that stink of blood on their
superficial faces victims of a reality game show
that captured their soul for entertainment
purposes which they love inside the boob tube
that connected their nerves
to the electrical veins sustaining
their cravings for fame and acceptance
in the name of self-esteem and
a purpose-driven carousel
of lights, camera, action in an episode
good for a melodrama in a personal channel
in the internet that promotes the
"show me your boobs and fake smile" tradition
that evolved into an "I'll show you my life"
insanity for that fifteen minutes circus
good for Barnum's suckers but not enough
to compete against the immortality
I provided with the scalpel in my hand
turning their dreams of stardom into
reality—with the entrails inside out and
with extended lips of a smile colored
in an authentic red made more real
by high definition and the screams
she produced as my blade went softly
traversing the naked body of this new talent
who now performs with incontestable reality
the role as the seventh lamb of superficiality.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Salvation

Floating, fleeting, drifting, swimming in the belly of galaxies blinking from car bulbs in nighttime edsa opening massive ego trips

for parochial magnates of the peaceful doves flying low on proletarian posters depicting masks that look the same, feel the same, smile the same

at shady necromancers in black togas offering education for overrated church goers, delusional entrepreneurs, and imbecile politicians

commuting tight ass circuit trains and yellow submarines on spoiled linings of intestines spreading like roots from decaying monuments

reading with a confused face, book devouring you, tube that swayed believers for Boy Abunda, hero of the new objective consumerism selling bullshit to addicts,

blinded truth, spoken truth, anything but the truth, dressed up beggars shopping in the river of bile near pigeon houses in Marikina,

techno-peasants with sweat filling liquefied screens, sponsoring television debaucheries on the digital panels of the barangay-minded petty bourgeoisie

with eyes like closed circuit cameras, bulging pale retinas looking to separate colorful wolves from the army of grey citizens

roaming the streets with smarter phones, while mingling with industrial zombies, models of the charismatic brain drain over equalized brain waves

reading six, six, six, the sign of the leveling off of cities by the grinding jaws of penal codes and vaginal laws found in neurotic flat screens begging

post it, like it, share it over million dazed eyes in social networks that cut off anything social, driven by robots running on microprocessors

that technologize absurd reflections on binary mirrors to your three dimensional avatars, turning hands into hybrid electrical rodents

rummaging through the pipes and sewers of the information superhighway made of fiber optic broadband cables that replaced the nervous system,

Jesse Robredo throwing ethical bombs after drowning of sour milk gushing from
the cracks of Malacañan Palace, a corpse animated by satellite signals

flat-lining organisms with hypnotic sitcoms and horny telenovelas portraying
legions of the undead fucking rhinos and eating lead,

inspirations for hallucinating citizens who turned Manila and Cebu to open-space
catacombs housing necropolitans in suits and ties,

the post-modern setting for the post-modern dead films drenched in
cosmopolitan boredom and engineered life deconstruction,

deconstruction, deconstruction, overly deconstructed lives tied to the fingers of
puppet masters sending chills over the nights of the living dead in Baguio or
some provincial ghettos

wasting waking hours dreaming of Hispanic churches throwing you out from the
belfry of your salvation to the decaying citadels of flesh and semiotic
superficialities,

you are Jonah, trapped in the scent of ammonia beneath eerie grounds in the far
end of a pre-departure of area that hanged high tech crosses;

you are Jonah, camping in the silence of the netherworld, away from the noise of
never ending advertisements and erotic propaganda;

you are Jonah, buried alive and sleeping from the restlessness of moving dates
and flying timepieces that resound in screaming alarm clocks;

you are Jonah, the prophet of Armageddon, messenger of giggling apples and
soft windows turned on by wireless infidelities and psychological glitches;

Jonah, Jonah, Jonah, rider of the pale horse, to you I bestow life beneath the
tombstones where the traces of the dead becomes the erratic memory of the
living.

Artchil Daug

Pantomime Of A Madman: Vilification

We are obsessed with watching ourselves
in the channel of overexerted senses
a lighthouse that turned its beams
to the dark clouds hoping
for a reflection, for a bounce from
the void that it blankly stares at
from a meager position of an unknown
stranger lost in the sea of pretensions
with the hope of receiving the heirlooms
of the greatness in men driven by
the cunning of zeitgeist, and chanting
the poetic ejaculations of the self
as the source of meanings in prayers—
that old tradition in a bygone era
of fear and trembling in the sight
of one's pride singing
a banshee in the dead of night
when reason slept in the recesses
of the unconscious,
now the internet plays your face,
writes your imaginary world in blogs,
and recites your bad poems as if you matter,
a man that focused his eyes on the screen
showing himself focusing his eyes on the screen
showing himself focusing his eyes on the screen
showing himself focusing his eyes
on and on and on this badly performed scene in Citizen Kane;
I took your eyelids away so you can savor
the feeling of narcissism in the form
of ego masturbation through your eyes,
which together with your nose, I left untouched
so you can smell the delicacy of vanity
from the parts of your brain I cooked with the fires of propriety.

Artchil Daug

Placid Penitent

A horse stumped over the carcass of banality
in this grim wilderness, no lightning dared bolt forth meaning;
accepted the resounding echoes of undying fidelity
to a machine and a system strong to withstand almost anything;
Love left its rightful place to rest in the towers of Valhalla
in the deep caress of Valkyries it dwells upon oblivion
while vipers and monsters played on earth with any agenda;
Buffoons and baboons, smirking belt of Orion
with happiness settling easily in the hearts of the decadents
resentment filling the essence of their loving soul;
Producing the wretched becoming of indecent arrangements
this bastard love confused beings overrule

With love denied in the fondness of critical hypocrisy
the world is plunged into the depths of perverse insanity!

But wait, there's more
Those who don't understood any single word I said,
decadence and degeneration characterize the dead;
continue to live in caves and accustom yourselves to shadows,
in this senseless world, no poetry thereby follows!

Artchil Daug

Plato

I bow my shadow to you oh great one,
I fling my arms to the cloud of the real,
and dance in earnest to that foul boatman
that thou may awaken from his vile squeal!

The light from thy cave still flicker in shame
creating madness with these senses fail,
we see the shadow rotting souls aflame,
that black and white world this moves will impale!

But in this dance I give honor to thee
who gave birth to footnotes in lonely pages
worry not that thy dreams fell on deaf sea
thy netherworld still creep to the ages;

For as long as man is divided in two
thou shalt not rest nor bid this world adieu!

Artchil Daug

Platonic Love

I doubt the sun will not rise tomorrow
or the moon will crawl with its mild corpus
whether we found ourselves in deep sorrow
while standing on a cliff without purpose.

Spare me all the accolades of reason
for the heart neither thinks nor breathe logic
and to believe otherwise is treason
most lovers act an ending most tragic.

But man is a flowing river in cloaks
facing those noble truths and certitudes
wearing a dull costume for unwise blokes
leaving out the heart on high altitudes.

Love is not an incomplete equation
for man to test these two souls' ablution.

Artchil Daug

Please Give These Flowers To Madame Henrietta

Please give these flowers to Madame Henrietta,
just before the ravens signal the arrival of Nephthys
that she may see me in the land of her dreams
and remember the first time I cast my feelings
on her enigmatic pose near the old statue of Liberty,
or the way she stared at my eyes by that river
where we had ourselves swimming in an ocean
of heightened desires that mixed sweat and water
in the heat of our first translation of love as a verb,
or the night we danced in Vegas before
deciding to gamble our lives and futures
by playing the game of marriage in the noon sun
that mingled with the intensity of our love,
or the life we shared as a single organism trying
to wade through the leaves of jealousy and the niche
of old age in the jungle of married life;

please give these flowers that she may recall me
crying by her side after the gods saw it fit
to deliver her to the boat of Charon and
pierced my heart with these flowers
of everlasting sorrow.

Artchil Daug

Portrait Of A Sleeper As Professor

The professor gently tucked in his chair
in that little corner of the office he called home
while he is in school teaching philosophy classes
within the cave on the top floor just enough
for a little sunlight to enter for he fears
the world outside the cave
contented in chasing shadows and
whispering through the stalactites and stalagmites
the echoes he learned while sniffing the sulfur
that intoxicated his mind or whatever was left of it
giving him odd notions of having the wild ability
to refute and topple the greatest minds of history
with his sardonic smile,
a result of the painkillers he suffered in injuries
on the road to the high mountains where Nietzsche
wrote his Zarathustra or
that time in London where he fell from
the Museum Library while attempting to
circumnavigate the atomism of Russell using
that old Aquinas ship flown by the winds of
Aristotelianism;

there was no saving from the drugs
that circulated in his system as he calmly
walked at the gates of the school
that pampered him in the manner of a mental asylum
leaving his mind in the mist of the cave unable to
wake up from the profundity of his dream.

Artchil Daug

Procrastination

Procrastination,
the floating feather,
on soft air, melodic
rhythms of
one lazy afternoon,
bending space,
taking time,
having one, in unison
now, as abstract as
here, as tormented
by the cloud of dust
left by passing objects.

Artchil Daug

Prognostications

I blinked to see the horizon I sought
a light in the wilderness of the void,
giving life to the world the senses brought
in riddles I speak, that you can't avoid;

Approve of me the mantra of the real,
of a present the living past projects
and those what will be is now what I feel
being is not what our lined time protects;

But to be is not a talent bestowed
to arrogant man there is a breaking
from the fork of twilight being is owed
to suff'ring man this darkness is stealing;

For being doth provide a world with scopes
not for man to tinker with his false hopes.

Artchil Daug

Progress

A glass goblet in
a party during
a celebration
of a law passed,
a level accomplished, and
a promotion received,
fell on the floor,
smashed,
broken,
to myriads of pieces,
a melting candle
taking another form,
never returning
to what it once was,
es equals kay log double you;
thus, we move forward
in the arrow
that was never there.

Artchil Daug

Purpose

A fish in the tank
sitting, comfortable,
unmoving, the essence
of removing
the self from the wagon
of fulfillment,
outside the nets
that bind fishes
with other fishes,
born in and with others,
to not ask questions like:
what is the purpose
of a fish.

Artchil Daug

Reading Readiness

The art of basic reading
is achieved in fingers
that pointed the syllables
and target the sound
to the curiosity of a cat
that helped a frog learn
how to use a bat
for the late afternoon
apple run, from the
upper side of the alphabet
to the lower sound
of zed, the last amphibian
attacked by the walking
stick in front of a fly
struggling to fly
in the heat of a forced
literature, confined in
the tears for freedom
from the agonizing syrup
of a blasphemous sound:
Read!

Artchil Daug

Remembering The Dead

Death in the morning,
death in the evening,
stormy death, peaceful death;

When a man dies, he is dead,
for it is the point of dying,
riveting live, good life,
ending in the bubble burst,
no traces, all in the fancy,
these strings, resurrecting
the dead in the head,
puppet for the ambitious,
for the attention grabber,
as if never tiring, the dead man
walking in the catwalk
made of water, disintegrating
the would have, should have,

probabilities disappearing,
life left pondering:
Is not life worth dying?

Artchil Daug

Restraint

The heavens are looking at me with fire
in the echoing heat of Hephaestus;
I bowed... despair to the one with the lyre,
shackles to the wings of this Pegasus

Let no love die in this night of aghast
the devil may come to stop this aching,
thunders may strike as if it was their last,
I kneel before thy grace to stop this bleeding

I pray to the very great gods before me
to spare my soul from this lone existence,
and taste this blade and forever might be
destroyed in sight for this ambivalence!

Tonight cry I with this soul to extol
in memory of my dismal parole.

Artchil Daug

Rights

An onion
was found murdered
near the lying remains
of three innocent
garlics, mutilated
in the name of progress
and the human right
for a fragrant kitchen.

Artchil Daug

Scriptures

The purpose
of garbage
is the garbage
of purpose,
not the eventful
finding of the meaning
of being, trapped
in a man's head
while listening
to the white noise
of blank texts
provided by
searching souls.

Artchil Daug

Shahada

A turtle is found moving
among the crags and boulders beside
the river that snaked through
the adjacent side of a local habitat

like an old man slowed down
by a gust of wind in the nearby desert

it remained focused on its soft steps
making sure the slippery algae cannot

turn his path upside down with
his back acting as an insurmountable fulcrum

towards the breaking of his house
in the awkwardness of such a position

for the turtle does have a destination
to be cradled in the constellations of space

that lights up as a map in the forest prepared
from the ashes of former divinities that lay

dead beneath the most supreme and merciful
that resound from the caverns of the hearts of men

the turtle listened to their oath of submission.

Artchil Daug

Social Networking And A Notepad

The cursor on the screen remained
trapped in supreme whiteness

unable to move itself despite
the huge space of the 1080p monitor

that projects the sentiment
of a billion people on earth searching

for a semblance of purpose
domesticated by the huge spider

with its electronic legs buffering
in your head the heavy loaded spinach

caught in the web of technological
ropes that bind man to medieval schools

tied to the wired typewriter and
the inorganic mouse beneath the knowing

fingers that sought the comfort
of the underwater graveyard in my closet.

Artchil Daug

Techno-Barangay

The barangay,
in the country sides,
is a small satellite,
transmitting
the pregnancy of
young girls,
the underachievers,
or the local playboy,
to radio antennas
broadcasting signals
from waiting sheds
in strategic positions
to human dishes,
eating words
as the local past time.

Artchil Daug

The Camel In The Desert

The house on the hill embraced
the desert of desolation that lies beyond
the town of Pied Cow north of the Atlantean clouds
and beneath the rocks of the earth, where a camel
lived in isolation without servants nor disciples
to converse with in the ways of being a camel and
the storm that brought him there in that house
on the hill that exerts gravity on the sands of the desert
like the sun that created ripples and formed orbits
around the camel that sat calmly on his earthly chair
without a world to suffer with alone in contemplation
as if a monk who in his journey on the scriptures of
his faith finally learned to stop being a shadow of a papyrus
and experience the heat of the sun without
the cover of spirit or the emoluments of the soul
which the camel also buried in the dunes of forgetfulness
only to be remembered when he

the camel becomes a lion.

Artchil Daug

The Church Of Latter Day Atheists

When the rising and setting is at end
and all these numbers doth found its center
we then seek only those errors to mend
to see life's pivot this mind must conquer.

Listen to the gravels of existence:
creation is just a mode of taking,
negation a mere act of essence,
and causation a way of conceiving.

But fear not this idle void that comes to thee,
let not the universe be a question
instead, only light what thine eyes must see
or bury the world with blunt confusion;

For the world is nothing that you must find
no reason, nor truth or are your eyes blind?

Artchil Daug

The Enigma Machine

To ask is not
necessarily asking

when the answers
elude the questions

because the one
who is asking cannot

understand the answer
that to him is an

enigma—a word
he does not know.

Artchil Daug

The First Books

Books on travels,
travelling books,
as the world unravels,
with its little nooks,
set the light free,
talk to me

in simple symbols,
travel me to your pages,
give me those angles,
I will cherish in ages,
eyes I do not possess,
color the world I confess;

Be for me a good witch,
infused, turn on the switch.

Artchil Daug

The Gamer

The swinging axe, my axe, disturbed,
beneath the grim and bitter skies
of Skyrim, the orcs and elves, werewolves
and witches, the great Geralt the Witcher from
the streaming bits of slumber in
my hard disk drive where dwells
Agent 47, the mysteries of a past
undisclosed through a garrote and the suppressed sound
of his longing for answers;
Max Payne, always in the borderline
of past and present, watered by the blood
resulting from hypertension and psychosis;
and the Batman looking for purpose over the dark clouds of old
New York, an asylum caged in moral contradictions,
smashed by Nico Bellic from countryside Russia followed
with an invasion of lonely grenade launchers
and advanced superweapons that felt light
in the motion caused by the commotion in the call of duty,
following that infrared bottom of the mouse, moving
in the hollow shell of the operating system, causing
the continuous pounding of
the GTX 690 dual Kepler core GPU with
the unlocked Sandy Bridge-E octacore flowing to
the 24 gigabytes DDR3 RAM, creating
the magnificent painting of Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray, never old
in an array of solid state drives that turned the monitor
into a netherworld so real, a world so real
that I deserted the real world and disturbed another
by sitting and clicking, within this simulacra that is covering
the emptiness of my becoming.

Artchil Daug

The Quest Of A Firefly One Summer Evening

The trees are calm this very happy night,
no wind to strain, no leaves are shivering...

Darkness shrouds every object with a slight,
Yet a movement amidst the quivering;

A firefly dances over the treetops—
little speck of a tap over the trees,

Moving the peaceful leaves with little hops...
Such firefly is not lonely like the seas;

The night air brought about a special slob,
hopping along the stillness of nature

to chase the little one like a freshly dub;
but whose light began to be in demure

The scent of love seeks those who are blinded,
and not all fireflies like to be chided.

Artchil Daug

The Tribe

The Higaunon,
lost, in time
not knowing, time
never getting tired,
of duration,
no history, creating
the huge morsels
of imagination,
plucked from
the fleeting spirit
of peaceful living.

Artchil Daug

The Ugliest Man In Town

He was the ugliest man in town
for beauty resides in
their most delicious cake found
from the bakery
of the greatest baker that ever lived
in the golden government building
made through the crude notes
in the heavy traffic of strings
inside the music book owned
by the most beautiful man
in the twilight of eyesight;

he returned home after shaking
the hand of the baker
as if the world lost all differences;

he was not a lovable man then
and the baker not the most beautiful.

Artchil Daug

The Watchman

Where did his feet go,
walking, the dreaded steps
of the night watchman,
turning the flashlight
into a net, unto himself,
twisting and hiding
from the shadows
of a candle left burning
inside the classroom, filled
with alarm clocks,
eager chickens, laying eggs
for the future, the paradox:
which came first:
the watchful eye of the serpent
or the arthritic feet of the tree,
in groans and sighs,
unable to break free.

Artchil Daug

Their Ears Were Not Enough

Their ears were not enough
for the words I uttered.
They heard the sound
but listening mattered.

Children of reason
the man in the firm say
followers of truth
or whatever might pay.

The keepers of virtue
stand high and mighty
in the ladder of morals
judgments are feisty.

Charlatans of knowledge
grab their wise textbooks
a nice new bible for many
of those research crooks.

This desert of the free
and open-minded saints
worshiping the familiar
with new kinds of paints.

So my words came altered
nails as sharp and tough
wicked to those who heard
their ears were not enough.

Artchil Daug

They Cried For The Moon

Those dwellers of the sand
covered the moon with blood
that Wednesday afternoon when
the empire went into the mud
and all it took was a cry
in the cave of His shadow
from the dirge of prayerful slaves
sleeping with what they hallow.
Mists of sand covered their eyes
with the mirage of paradise
beyond the stars and galaxies
of their self-inflicted lies;
beneath the humming of machines
and other running doodads
on this oasis cradled in an ocean
of oil mined by nomads.
Here they stand with a longing
for the moon's second coming.

Artchil Daug

Tickle

What is it in a tickle?
it takes a little gesture
to cloud the senses
shrouds the mind
with a little touch too
it creeps the soul
a fire that engulfs one
with a better known laughter
with a subtle frown mystery...

What is it in a tickle?
A worm trudging in an apple.

Artchil Daug

Twilight (Haiku)

I.

Winds of autumn sing
The leaves of trees are humming
Went blindly the soul

II.

The ground left shaking
Those jumping granule of sands
Monsters blindly left

III.

Heat of the sun gone
Calm radiance on horizon
Blindly reason burnt

IV.

Red shade of sunset
The waves splashing by the shore
God went blindly by

Artchil Daug

Unpoetic Rumblings For An Unpoetic Age

They told me I cannot write
something remote like the sand and pebbles
of a secluded beach in Siquijor
stranded in isolation by the tides
that push the island away from the radar
of conscious speculation or
those waterfalls and caves in Rogongon
that remain a mystery to those accustomed
with the slums and maggot-infested corners
of a Capital with no passion for the idyllic
instead I must write of the realities of life
and quit imagining the heavenly fog
that bearded Mt. Apo one Tuesday afternoon
as I found myself marching to its peak
cradled with the silence and whispers of nature
away from the disturbed realities
that gripped the lives of the inhabitants
of a Manila that is giving way
to the intellectual high rise that
reach the poisonous smog in Makati and
the technocratic walls that hide away the stink
of its illegal shanties from its bourgeois-minded
mall swingers and coffee shop fanatics
reading the facade of their intelligences
which are like the books they skim
are as empty as a bottle of rum
left by drunk construction workers and
intoxicated spoiled brats that flooded
the city together with the provincial servants
of the capitalist slaves in their
business suits and American dreams
that prove to be more

idyllic and remote than good ol' poetry.

Artchil Daug

Where Is Lost.

Lost is where
they found the dead squirrel
up the attic below
the family boxes and photo albums
with its blood dripping
over the window sill
of time slices
kept in the luggage
a pound of smoke
held inside a woman's purse
inside a taxi
in the midst of a world contained
in the stale air
of unmoving sound.

Artchil Daug

White Noise

Four fighting cocks
gossiping, which one of them
is the best fighter,
the champion, the greatest
of gossipers, beaten only
by the farmer,
and his stick, that stink
of discipline, the indestructible
force, clashing with
an immovable object,
these chickens, like
the religious fanatics,
are ironically hopeless.

Artchil Daug

Wise Until He Opened His Mouth

The wisest of men learned not
to speak,
that art, a despicable one, yet still
the wires that connect the mind,
foolish mind, creative mind, lonesome
happiness flowing in the strings
of imagination, no man is an island
to other minds, happy thoughts, sad
memories, the continuous creation
of skyscrapers and bridges,
the transcendent signified
that turned to words and signs
in the scaffold
of a longing to satisfy
the threads on the web of interaction,
limited in scope,
limited in limitation,
turning wisdom,
a formation of clay,
easily reformed, remodeled, remolded
to the fashion of unwise speech.

Artchil Daug

Working Buffalo (Haiku)

I.

Crickets signal night
In the pond the frogs croaking
Sound of life resting

II.

Blade of grass caught sight
Air kept still this foreboding
A storm is brewing

III.

Smell of flowers might
Fleet in the wind by morning
The land looks daunting

Artchil Daug

Wrong Side Of Midnight

There is nothing
more worse than waking up
in the wrong side of midnight
when the silence of the streets
amplifies the vacuum of the
other world that lies between
the eroticism towards that
father figure called god
and the right hemisphere
of the human brain;
its weight enough to turn
a man into a holy Atlas
that either carries his own
Atlantis with the grace of
a boot-wearing ballerina
or implodes in the pressure
like that hypertension caused
by devouring too much filth;

and yet the neighborhood is
well asleep in the unheard of notes
of a society left in stupor by
the magnitude of its dream.

Artchil Daug