

Poetry Series

dee geyrozaga
- poems -

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dee geyrozaga(08/03/62)

A Man With No Name

A man with scars on his back, he cannot escape the past,
An agony of deceit for each moment that he live,
Every minute, an hour, a day, year after another,
There's a pattern he'd go along with and will imitate.

A man in a plastic capsule, wanting - but not daring
To just get out and explore the so-called human nature.
He doesn't pretend at all, even behind that thick wall
Of his heart's enormous pain, still calling somebody's name.

A man lost something there, will he ever find it here?
Emotion stirs the senses, contracting brows in displeasure.
Future is what he dreamed but reality is his present,
A life worn out by much conflict, jealousy and hatred.

There are questions hanging like cobwebs on his mind,
Needing all the answers on which he cannot find.

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A Night From A Struggling Writer

Batting eyelashes of these
sleepy eyes staring blankly.
Mentally blocked! Not now please.

Mind of mine, exhausted still.
with hands trembling nervously.
Deadline after me. Whoosh. Rush!

The chaos. Hunger. Flood. Strike.
remember them vividly.
Entangled words. Rearrange.

Fingers tapping. Hurry while
ideas flowing freely.
Done! I submit passively.

Reading the text one last time.
More relaxed now and with ease.
Now what's next? Scan then send. (Click)

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Clenched Fists

Freedom washed with tears rinsed by blood,
dried with heat of love from one's heart,
some unknown, but alone they're not,
to reap grounds where lilies once sprout.

Imperious pledge made by mightiest,
lies and deceits bloats their bellies,
of power themselves they hungered,
with much control they maneuvered.

Captured the air of truth they did,
slashed bodies with thorny whip,
a voice imprisoned, acts suppressed,
some lost of lives being disguised.

What sort of pain conflict inflicts?
not for privileged, not for rich
but them lowly impoverished,
all subdued by envy and greed.

Struggling to free oneself from sea
of cheats that drowned humanity,
fastened by metal links instead,
when compassion the needy begged.

Weeps behind unhealing worry,
chain restraints moral propriety,
crumpled dirt poor like you and me,
somber face cries reality.

Common cause together some strode,
foot in-front the other that's bold,
trying to mend broken spirits,
holding not but pair of clenched fists.

Wearing stained, disgraced emotions,
some unmasked hidden oppressions,
undying hope screams from inside,
crossing the road of pure unjust.

The tears and sweats all mixed with grief,
they all gathered with one belief,
for their rights, stood to win the fight,
to survive from the twisted life.

Freedom sought never come handy,
it's a journey and ride isn't free,
tracks embed to eternity,
beneath the heat of slavery.

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Colors Of My Dreams

White roses and reds,
Two colors that yields;
Assurance of affection,
To someone unknown.

Clouds have its grays,
Like some of my days;
Winds alter its course,
As fate of mine goes.

The blues of the sea,
It mirrors the sky;
Like depths of misery,
That overwhelms my eyes.

The greens of my garden,
High hope that it brings;
A lover worth wanting,
Will soon end the waiting.

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December To Remember

December... on a day I can't remember,
you suddenly came from nowhere.
We played the game and prayed to win,
never thought of loss or pain.

December...on a day I can't remember,
when we had our first quarrel.
We had tantrums so hard to cope,
yet we wished to see signs of hope.

Yes time came and time then went,
just like you and me my friend.
I never thought things would end,
never thought of broken heart to mend.

Now it's December once again -
everything was just like a dream.
I can feel the gentle cold wind,
the rain knocking on my windowpane.

But how can I learn to love another year?
If an old familiar dates disappear?
How can I explain Christmas day to come -
if I know too well that now you're gone?

River would move on and on,
As life would move just the same.
Through tears and laughters I'll pursue,
to remember them... to remember you.

Memories of you will remain,
Though Decembers to come
will never be the same again.
Goodbye dear old friend.

(December 1983-loss of a very special friend)

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Emotions On Hold

Tiny pebbles thrown in the pond,
Hear the ripples create a sound;
A wrestle from internal chaos,
Piling unwanted empty hours.

As rainy season drenched the grounds,
Like thine eyes from tears are drowned;
Mighty wind whips rain of arrows,
Revealing heart's grief and sorrows.

True vengeance for a genuine pain,
Petulantly stormed out from within;
A cry of one soul bound and chained,
Uttering what could morrow bring.

Seasons changing one to another,
Heat to cold as mellowed temper;
Hiding fears from claps of thunder,
Like subdued acts of rising dander.

Lost in crowded but silent space,
With lighted candles one hand waits;
Until then when secrets unfold,
Someone's emotions kept on hold.

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Fragmented Hopes

The dusk lapsed swiftly
Rising golden moon shadowed
Quiet, empty sea

I shoved the bottle
With unfulfilled promises
That were once uttered

Like a flightless bird
Lost in the midnight darkness
Nudged by evening breeze

Adrift it could stay
Or far away it could sail
It's free either way.

(9/22/08-6: 45pm)

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From A Lost Child

I went... Seeking a world for myself.
A world that's more than a place.
Somewhere to fit in...somewhere-
Where I belong.

I explored... A long journey.
A long walk. A narrow path.
No one by my side.
Nobody... no guide.
Nothing... not even a light

I'm lost... Then I stopped.
I glanced up the sky.
The sky so lonely as I.
Never bluer and more cruel
Unlike the days gone by.

I realized... I wasn't right.
Now, I can't find my way back.
I wish to be home again.
Welcomed... forgiven.
I hope there's still a chance.

I will wait ... When the dawn becomes day
and the day becomes night-
I'll be praying for that gentle touch,
or just a smile that could say so much-
"Arise and take my hand, dear child".

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Hanauma Bay

(Nature Preserve)

solid brown boulder
on Hanauma Bay - sunrise
reflects golden sea

shallow coral reefs
borders falling tide splashing
marine sanctuary

fishes and stingrays
gliding- can pet their bellies
don't feed! corn or peas

(in haiku form)

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Hypothetical Situation

I am a matter in one space,
A space packed with vertical lives,
Overflowing with so much noise,
Opportunities and heartbreaks.

There's a part of me still frightened,
That I might lose or miss something,
Another part wanted to rid,
Every broken and mismatched things.

Walking over damaged sidewalks,
Own sphere surrounded by movements,
With all these strangers running late,
Random memories surfaced.

Tired and annoyed, I pondered
On why I'm here - I still wondered,
Do I miss my treasured peace?
Or I'm just being nostalgic.

Drowning from too much exhaustion,
With some points of desperation,
I'm in a challenging position,
No turning back, just keep moving on.

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In Solitude

On this cold November setting,
Painted above is the old gray sky;
A glimpse from the sun in sight,
Wearing a mystique smile.

Softly, my dear, I speak-
I asked the winds to take my breath;
To brush your cheeks and kiss your lips.
Right this minute, you are missed.

Raging rain scene like my emotions,
It goes in all different directions;
My eyes staring with no boundaries,
They travelled so far with such perils.

Now as I sat here by the shore,
I whispered to the swelling seas;
To take my word, I asked the waves
To wake you up from a deep sleep.

We are torn by miles today,
And I miss you day after day;
Into words, I put these feelings,
And let a tear sealed my writings.

The mirror reflects not my face,
But of your beautiful image;
You who conquered the mountain,
Of my every wish and dream.

Ours is a story embroidered with legend,
Full of promises unprepared to bend;
But the angel of death took you away,
Long after God has sent you my way.

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Isolated

Slow rhythm of days,
like rhythm of tide and surf,
fine rain showers that
is plagued by monotony
with no sense of urgency.

Slipped into silence,
nothing stimulates yearning,
subdued private thoughts,
unspoken and imprisoned-
succumbed to desperation.

On midnight stillness,
under the sickle moon lies
senient part of me,
own voice whispering -
Be gone! alone, let me be.

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It Was When...Until Then

I remember our past and how it didn't last.
That magical moment when you captured my heart.
Reminiscences that made me let out a sigh.
It's really amazing how you transformed my life.

You were there through the good and the bad.
You were there if I was mad or sad.
I could count on you to make me smile.
It was then, you made my life worthwhile.

It's been a long time, I've never seen you,
Since the very day that I let you go.
Many times our paths had come so close,
And yet my love, never they have crossed.

Summer has passed, rainy days arrived,
From your love I was deeply deprived.
Wished to be with you if there's a way!
Sadly I know, apart we must stay.

Never will I find anyone close to you,
Never will I ever want to replace you.
There's always be a place for you in my heart,
If ever we decide to begin a good new start.

But until we meet again what could be fate.
I'll be here to hope, to pray and to just wait.

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Just A Thought

Forgetting I tried,
Yes, I thought I might.
And hurting was done,
Unsuccessful one.

Quarrels we made,
Goodbyes we bade,
And true indeed-
I left and hid.

With our hearts asunder,
Mine is always bitter.
Now, unheard reasons echoed.
And I truly understood -

That a chamber of my heart
Belongs to someone I really love.

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Magic Island

Bubbly rushing waves
blending with the singing birds
music to my ears

Gentle wind touching
white clouds on blue skies shading
fine, pearly, hot grains

Broken edges shells
crawling slow on sand so white
doves come flying high

(Haiku form)

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Maui

Enchanting the scenery
I agree,
When I visited this island
of Maui.

Waves are slow dancing
and wind
Gently touching the reds
and greens.

Gliding clouds beneath
this azure
sky, reflecting the vast
color of the sea.

Yes, truly amazing the
scenery
in this beautiful island
of Maui.

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My Great Woman

And then - it was nine.
You finally held my hand.

I was One, and I learned
to count each step I made.

Two, Three, Four and Five...
You were there to guide.

Six - when you let me learn
things and meet new friends.

Seven to Twelve - five long years,
You helped me confront all my fears.

At thirteen - no longer a child,
you told me to be more wise.

Fourteen to sixteen I was,
you guarded me so tight.

Seventeen to twenty-one,
a grown-up lady I become.

Twenty-two... I then offered you
a gift that was long due.

Five years after, here's what you said:
"Bless you and I wish you happiness."

And now ten years had passed,
I'm enjoying the life you once had.

I am now sharing your legacy,
to my kids - my own family.

On this mother's day MOM,
I wish you're still here with me.

To see how content and happy I am,
just like what you wanted me to be.

(for my mom-05/08/2008)

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My Moment Of Truth

I cried!
Not because you lied
but because you loved.

Yes I cried...
Nonchalantly you left
without a single word

You are gone.
Touching images I tried
Alas, my hands are numb.

You are gone.
I reasoned with hope but failed,
I yielded to my fate and prayed.

Now I'm alone.
To nestle with the night,
and nurture this wounded heart.

Alone.
Comforting what's left of me
And bury what's left of you...

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My Song For Kathy

She was young...

With a long dark curly hair,
Skin color that was so fair,
Eyes almost almond in shape,
She was innocent and sweet.

A girl with so much plan,
She fell in love to a man,
She was then a teener -
And yet she didn't care.

She played with the sunlight,
She danced in the moonlight,
Wished upon the stars at night,
She's a woman young at heart.

Ten thousand nine hundred
fifty days to be complete,
A new life to her was a gift,
Everything in her has changed.

She lay to bed one time,
Pretending she was fine,
Fragile body weakening,
But she's not complaining.

Then one cold lonely winter,
The angels came to take her,
Fifteen thousand six hundred
days to be exact, when she left.

She was young...
A simple petite woman,
Who learned to love a man,
She was a mother of one,
Now she's gone...

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Painted Scene (In Tanka Form)

Welter of white foam
covering the sandy beach
like whirlwind that chills
the ardent dropp of tear sees
an ominous surge of seas.

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Remembering Dad

When all the things went wrong for me,
you were always there to make them right.
When some of my days became gloomy,
you seemed to make them so bright.

I'll never forget the laughters we shared,
the fun we had and some toasts we made,
the game board chess that we've played,
driving lessons you unselfishly gave.

Always I'll remember groundings I get
when I tried to cross the limits you've set,
but then again comforting words you'd say
"you will understand everything one day".

Good things about you are fond memories,
brings tear in my eyes and smile on my face.
These black and white images of our past
are all treasures that I'll keep in my heart.

You gave me so much love that nobody can
you're a father and best friend rolled into one.

(06/14/08 10: 03am)

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Sentiments Of One's Heart

Often times now, we cannot get along.
It seems that everything just went wrong.
A lot of doubts are here within me,
Unhappiness, that nobody can see.

If you are far away- I wonder what you do.
Is there somebody else holding you?
Do you whisper that you love her too?
So attracted that you can't let go.

Sometimes when I look at you.
I ask myself do I know you?
Are you the one I've known for so many years
And now the reason why I shed these tears?

Always I grieve a while -I know I must.
Then I let my grief be comforted by trust.
I keep the memories within my heart,
To remember them always if we must part.

If my love is not enough for you,
Then I have to release you and let you go.
I too - have so many things to see and do.
But if you listen with your heart- you'll hear,
all my true love around you, soft and clear

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Silence In The Act Of Defiance

You hustled my inferiority.
Slumped. Collapsed and chained spirit
amid the corner. So lost,
confused. In pursuit of truth,
strained with conflicts of words.
I am trusting no more.

You thirst control of authority.
But why hunger me from modesty.
Hence, created purposely
stone wall to disunite us.
Numb and drowning, save me
from this black chaotic sea.

Drain my prosperity,
ravish the innocence,
crumple this dignity
that is left within me.
But not until the gift of life ends,
never deference to your wishes.

There'll be more to come.
They will take my place
to further the struggle
until the likes of you
will soon free a nobody like me.
And the process will continue.

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Skepticism

Searching for the grave
Where I buried the pain
Of this wounded heart
Who lost its desire.

I'm knocking and begging
To awaken the stars
Asked the moon's glance
To illuminate my path.

Praying earnestly
Dreaming fervently
Your shadow engulfing
My entire being.

Sun's rays traveled
Measuring distant sea
Cuddling mystic forest
Learning city's secrets.

Rippling surf leaving
Caressed by the wind
As I stood here waiting
To love me once again.

As I lay by the shore
I had my eyes closed
Still cannot get hold
Of the vows I was told.

Questions unanswered
To this present state
Will I ever find it
Until the ultimate?

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Soulmates

(Haiku)

two united souls
a mysterious completion
knows no condition

one soul's counterpart
returns to the ultimate
knows no boundaries

soulmate complements
spiritual self ascertains
oneness existence

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Storm Aftermath

Another nightmare passed,
The moon showed grim and pale,
Strong winds dropped and rain ceased,
Sibilant waves on the beach.

Ragged curtain of clouds,
Whirled away by the wind,
Ghost voices of the storm,
Are swallowed by the sea.

Fierce fanatic triumph,
Seen in one's bloodshot eyes,
Plunged in the undergrowth,
Singing with high, cracked voice.

It's the aftermath song,
For many houses blown,
Nameless refuse scattered,
And for some unknown deaths.

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Summer After Haikus

Feel the Zephyr kiss
Fragrant necks, rosy cold cheeks
Brushed by browns and reds

Chirping birds whirling
Colors on meadows blooming
Clouds aloft shifting

Greens mellowed slowly
Goldens falling graciously
Gliding stealthily

Thunderclap echoes
A howling of stormy winds
Pounding foamy surfs

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Thank You, In My Own Little Way

My timid smile, you freed
That was long ago concealed;
And when you tickled my heart,
I almost cried with hearty laugh.

You showed me the real world,
You read all the stories untold;
You bring out the best in me,
You really love me dearly.

You walk with me by the sand,
You take and hold my hand;
You listen long into the night,
You bring our dreams to life.

You always make me smile,
You make my day worthwhile;
You stir my sleeping heart,
You warm me with your touch.

You wake me up in the morning,
With your kisses, sweet and loving;
You light up my world with passion,
You are now my inspiration.

I wanted to weave some dreams,
You helped me make some patterns;
I planted the seeds of flower in beds,
And you filled the pockets with earth.

To write songs of love, I wished
You gave me the words I need;
Is there anything else I missed?
There's nothing more, I guess!

For these and more reasons unsaid,
A million thanks to you – I give.

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The Boy In The Gutter

Pair of eyes that mirrors a lonely soul,
with a crying face but no sound at all,
a wandering waif and so disheveled,
clad with filthy shirt and defenseless feet.

Hunger stricken one wandering the street,
frail little body consumed by sun's heat,
and on cold lonely nights he will come home,
to an unwall'd curb which he call his own.

A curly boy unclaimed and forsaken,
running errands he can make a living,
or if not from alms his hands could receive,
from someone's pocket he would surely pick.

What choice to survive lies for him to make,
the saddest fate he would have to accept,
to nourish hungry belly decent feed,
to dampen dry pale lips with a cold drink.

From a normal life he had been denied,
but with ignorance not a bit deprived,
a lesson he learned from this society,
just the alphabet of hostility.

A heart not with envy this lad had kept,
but tiny growing seed inflamed by rage,
the poorest of poor- he weeps not with shame,
but defies poverty that rich stood to gain.

Wishes no more to stars of the evening,
for sorrow engulfed his entire being,
he lost the faith from much equality,
driven disrespect to morality.

To each passersby he earnestly begs,
'til one day air of death extended his,
into this portal of the present state,
he discovered - an exit to escape.

To the gutter the boy huddles a sleep
little heart's laments never will be heard,
an innocent structure covered by grief,
"what a lonely sight", that's all can be said.

Countless of him roaming off the street,
not a pity but blame is all they get,
pair of eyes that mirrors a lonely soul,
with a crying face and no sound at all.

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Turning Point

With hands clasped...
we strolled together as silhouettes
against the shrinking sun over the horizon.
we took in the rich beauty and enchanting
sound of the rushing waves from the sea.
But then, we stepped
on the crumbling rocks,
we stumbled, we fell.
I suddenly felt a sadistic touch,
realizing that we,
like embers long after the fire
are now cold and barren.
we, a soundless cry, like silence
long after the tempest.
The love that I once had for you
chasing clouds and moonbeams
reaching for the stars and dreams
is now like a flame on a candle burning –
slowly dying.
The zypher touched my cheeks
drying the tears,
Of relief? Or of regrets?
You my love is now unknown,
like strange music of midnight song.
Here, I wander aimlessly,
away from this land so parched and dry,
away from a distraught human sea,
away from the memories of you and me.
LOVE...
like blurring bubbles swept by gentle wind
will soon be forgotten.
But essence of simple dream remains -
not with the laughter of time
and limits of existence...

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Uncertainty

Brooding helplessly,
chanting passages long gone
with you on my mind,
distraught and so exhausted,
I left questions unanswered.

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