

Poetry Series

Eric Roxas
- poems -

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Eric Roxas()

My one true passion is writing poems- love poems. Though my writings are not always perfect, one thing is for certain, they are always from the most honest place in me. I am possessed now by the spirits to share them, in the hope that I improve one way or another. So please just read on and feel free to comment... :)

Autism

I am fond of looking up, every so often

To search for a trace

Or even just a crooked shadow

That might still be lingering amidst my sky.

For those whitest whips, curls and twirls-

Etched tenderly in my memory.

For that abandoned cloud who once danced

And swirled accross

My clear and crisp timebound morning.

It seemed too odd.

Too strange, too unique for some.

Yet, it is still that same peculiar cloud,

My eyes crave to chance upon.

That stubborn cotton mist,

Who swiftly sizzled away from my sight- too soon.

Though all that's left now is

A speck of its sweetness over my lips,

I am forever sheltered in this hunger-

Knowing somehow someday,

This darkness I see will shed

To let my smiley cloud out

And play in my sky again.

Eric Roxas

Don'T Be Shy Now

I long-
To see a sunnier day,
Than what you forced me to face.

An old friend once taught me
How to see that silver lining,
Even the dimmest ones.

That's why I hold faith today!

I trust the love I hear,
Speaking between those hurtful sentences
You are saying now.

Go ahead!
Wound me again with your fist.
I will stay still
And even learn to appreciate
The feel of your skin
Pressing against mine.

But, till then,
I will just cling on to my bruises
And proclaim them as ours,
And,
Once I do,

I will wear a smile too!

For I know the lover
In you, was just too shy
To show up
Last night.

Eric Roxas

Falling In Line

I feel the need

To grow out my stems

And be plucked from

This field of wheat

My roots are planted on.

I sense a change of season coming-

The wind tells me so.

Though, the stretch makes my petals wilt.

I understand,

That, I need to nestle in patience!

Because, I too, someday

Will see my seeds ripen in a destined sunlight.

And, in that fruitful moment,

When I flourish like the rest,

And be amongst the blooms and harvest.

I can thank myself-

For falling in line.

Eric Roxas

Fingers Linger

I feel the softest finger end
Caress my every lip
Drifting wildly until I bend
To bite its very tip

As it fondles sweet sensations
My mouth opens so wide
Then I welcome the flirtations
Flooding from all sides

Moistened inches in and out
To pour my skin with sin
From my swirling water's spout
Each finger's lingering

Now, so warm and very wet
With dripping nectar flow
To my hidden treasure chest
They ripple as they go

But, before they reach the spot
I hear a busy tone
The line just drops, now there is not
A woman on the phone

And so, the truths to me converse
How could I've not known?
These randy fingers are not hers
And, they are my own!

Eric Roxas

Forgive My Oxymorons

This is much real,
Than the poetry I write,
I will not compare this,
To a dark cloud hanging behind
The silver sun,
Or a flock of birds,
Flying above an endless crimson tide,
Over mountains and grasslands,
Just to find the driest piece of land.
This is my truth you read,
More than that of a misplaced growl,
Of a tiger deserted in a
Rainforest of loneliness.
Not just another fearless fire blazing across
Towns of dreamy passion.
This is all of me you now see.
My flesh, bones and blood.
Not just about waterfalls of tears,
Oceans of rose petals,
Orange dusks and crystal dawns,

Or blackest inks and smoothest paper.

It's more than all the similes,

Metaphors and personification.

Alliteration and oxymorons.

This is 'us' I am talking about.

You and me, and the real world.

Not just another inspiration.

Not another piece of my so called 'art'.

You're more than that.

This is real.

My love is real.

Yes, I am a poet.

But I am also a man-

Simply hurting for his woman.

Eric Roxas

I Am Forgetful

Don't you dare forget
To say how much you love me
On our most silent days,
On our most simple nights,
Let your words cling on
From your lips to mine,
Let our vines intertwine,
And be married in sweetness,
In the most casual moments
Of our everyday life.

Like a dew to a rosebud,
Keep your lips close to my ears,
For I want to hear you clearly,
I like to be reminded,
Of that same love we carried
So softly in the wombs of our hearts for long,
And let me etch it carefully
On the stones of my memory,
And not just
In the sands of our shifting life.

I want to hear you love me,
When I least expect it,
Not when I show I love you too,
Not in the rosier day of the season,
Not when the river runs shallow
And words fly by like a springtime breeze,
But, say it when you mean it
And when I truly need it from you.

Eric Roxas

Littered Glitters

We rise above the silver line
Hymning our sparkling tune

Peaking amidst the cloudy night
Beneath the beaming moon

Littered glitters are all we are
Sewn in the evening screen

Dancing, twirling to formation
With our choreographed routine

Way up here, we see the sun
Sleeping fast and sound

As we blanket, its deep slumber
We tiptoe round and round

Its rested bonfire, wheezing still
Warms our pointed ends

Surging us all to shed more shine
To where the brightness bends

Eric Roxas

My Today, Your Tomorrow

You say much-
About how you love tomorrows.
You say-
They are much like you,
Young and innocent.
Their two hopeful skinny arms
Wide open; Ever ready to embrace
Bouquets of your possibilities-
Chances and promises.
A blinding shimmer
Amidst the dimmest
Attempts of your now.
So you, shy away
In a quiet corner
With one curious eye.
All the while, praying
They come Not a second late.

But, just a thought!

Isn't today the tomorrow
You were waiting for yesterday?

Eric Roxas

Ocean Eyes

The blue lagoon resting
Against the curved tip of your eyes
Seems very tempted to swell,
And lay upon my dimpled lips.
And as this liquid dream
Gets traced in my recall,
Like your hands' sketch on my waist,
I choose to stay closer
And remain mirrored
In your ocean eyes,
In those timid crimson tides-
I glimmer like a handsome moonlight.
Waters settling in its bend-
Too eager to fall.
Too impatient,
Too weary,
In its waiting
For my goodnight kiss.
Eric Roxas

Parallel Lines

Still-

We are bound to an infinity
Naive to the
Straightness of the other,
Drawn as one,
We seem.

Synchronized,
And aligned perfectly,
Shaded by a single path
Upon a purposeful paper.

But, if the pencil scribbles another mark-
We might find the honesty in

The half inch space of emptiness
In between us.

Finally, wake up to the reality-
That we are now,
But-
Two parallel lines-
Meant
To complement
And never more
Curve and intersect

Eric Roxas

Periwinkle Boy

I am no better-

Than an impatient

Petal of a hillside periwinkle

Hurrying to break away

From its stems

And roots

Just

To falter

And mingle freely

With mountain dusts.

Till it lays

Motionlessly

Over Earth's open mouth.

I am impermanent.

Just another momentary failure

In your life.

Ever-deceitful.

I am sorry,

For being a 'boy'

The Date

Do I smell good?
Do I look better now?
How about my shirt?
Look at my hair!
Just the way you like it, ey?
I brought my biggest smile
And bought the prettiest pink roses
I can find.
Like the ones I bought you before.
All these-
Just to impress you.
Just to let you know,
I am doing much better now.
And, I am ready to start all over.
I must admit...
I'm all sweaty because
I'm quite nervous.
Like, there are giant butterflies
Flying inside my stomach.
Forgive me for that!
I know!
It took me quite some time,
To muster the courage and
See you again.
How long has it been anyway?
Hmmm... Yeah...
About a year and a half now, right?
You know what?
I was deeply hurt, when you left me.
Because it was so sudden.
You made me so angry.
And, I really had a hard time accepting it.
And, I had to heal all the wounds first.
And, I know you understand me.
You have always been that way...
Nothing less than understanding
And forgiving.
That's why I loved you.
And, I always will.

Let me tell you this...
I really missed you...
I missed you so much!
Every single thing
That you do-
I am missing deeply!
Your smile.
Your laugh.
Your embrace.
Your stories.
Our story.
I miss them all.
I know you're missing me too.
Because I dreamt about you last week.
For real.
And there, you told me you want to see me.
That's why I decided to come.
I can't believe! I am finally here!
Talking to you!
There's so much I
Want to tell you.
I have a new love.
I have a new house.
I have a new job.
I have everything,
Except you...
I'll just tell you all about it when I come back,
Tomorrow, most probably...
Because, now, I'm already late for work.
So I really need to go.
Don't worry!
I'll spend more time with you... I promise!
I'll just leave the flowers by your headstone.
Okay?
I love you Grandma!

Eric Roxas

The Sweetest Spot In The Middle Of Goodbye

Goodbye is difficult.

It is bitter.

Sad.

A torture.

A slapstick comedy,

A parody of a promise,

A pleasantry exchange.

Tiresome and hurtful.

But, right in the middle

Of words unspoken.

Among the emotionless

Motions,

Beneath the silence

We seem to scream,

Beyond, the melodramatic

Memories long-playing

In our crying hearts,

Goodbye is a revelation.

A celebration of our truths.

It's a humble acceptance

Of what we cannot be.

And that's what I choose to see.

Our reality!

That tiny speck of honesty-

The sweetest spot

In the middle of

Our goodbye.

Eric Roxas