Poetry Series

Eric Roxas - poems -

Publication Date: 2010

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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 possesed 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.

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.

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!

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 rosiest 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.

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

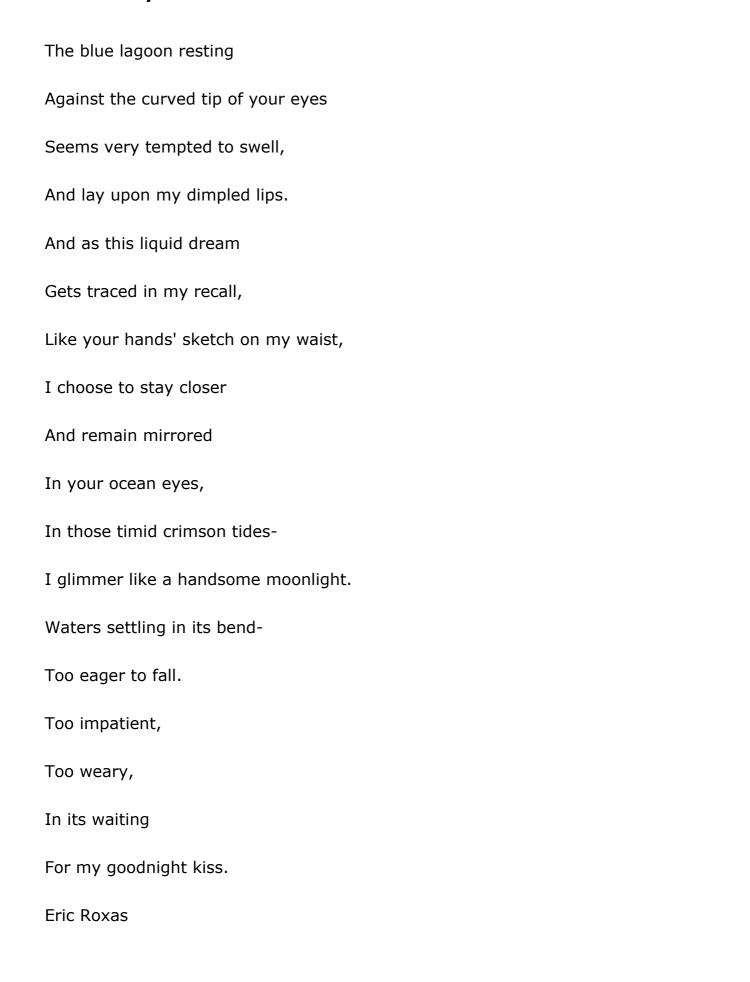
My Today, Your Tomorrow

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?

Ocean Eyes



Parallel Lines

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

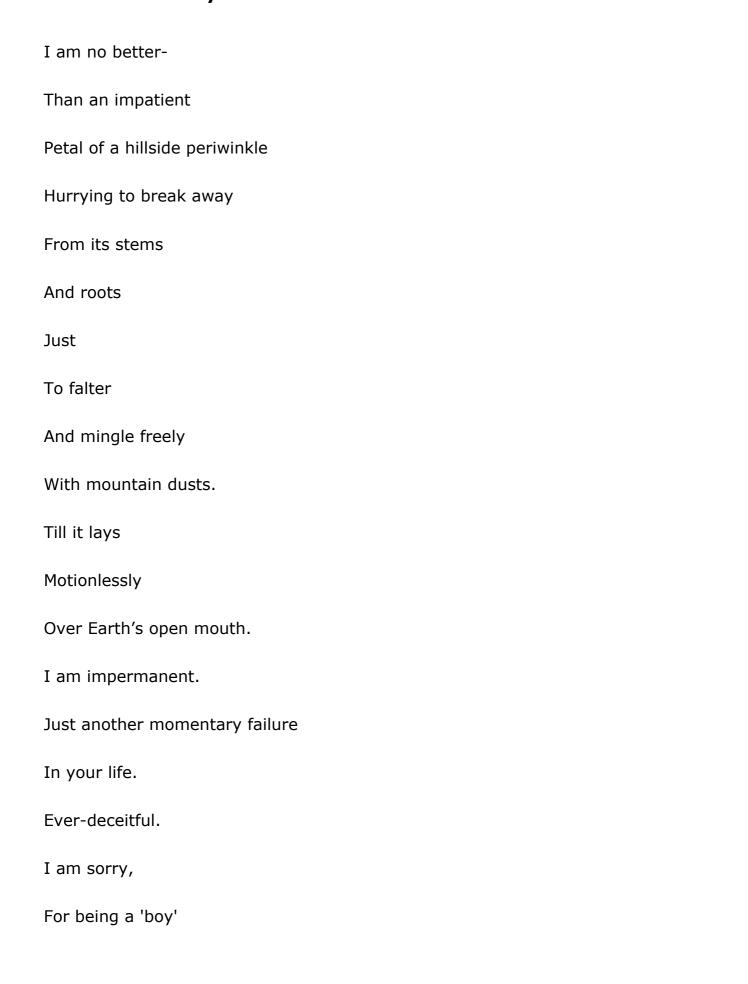
Synchronized, And aligned perfectly, Shaded by a single path Upon a purposeful paper.

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 realityThat we are now,
ButTwo parallel linesMeant
To complement
And never more
Curve and intersect

Periwinkle 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!

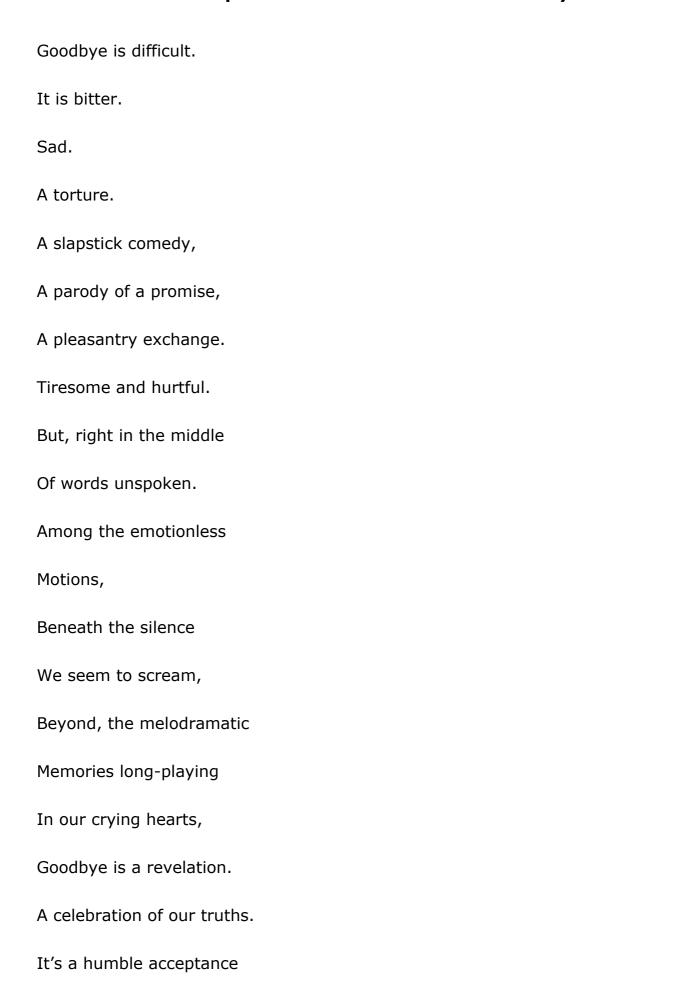
I'll spend more time with you... I promise!

I'll just leave the flowers by your headstone.

Okay?

I love you Grandma!

The Sweetest Spot In The Middle Of Goodbye



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.