

Poetry Series

Hime Hiroda
- poems -

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Hime Hiroda()

Ang Dakilang Adhika

Mahigit tatlong siglo ng dusa, dugo at luha
Tiniis nila para sa 'sang dakilang adhika
Para sa hinaharap, bayani'y nagpaalipin
Kahimanawari'y kalayaa'y sa 'tin masalin
Kahit pa sila'y silain ng mga puting uwak
Para sa 'ting bandila, kanilang dugo'y dumanak

Asul na ang langit at ang ilog ay 'di na pula
Ngunit si Inay, tayo pa rin ang inaalala;
Ang umasa ang Pinoy sa dayuha'y 'sang patibong!
Sila'y manlulupig na pakunwari'y tumutulong
Hahayaan bang maghari ang pang-aalipusta?
'Di kaya'y sa mga bayani'y ito'y pangdurusta?

Hime Hiroda

Aoi No Requiem

Once serene this cerulean face untroubled
The golden orb with warm kisses it smothered
The playful zephyrs to it daily sends
Scents of plum, of roses and of the dame of night
To which the peaceful blue resigns in delight.

The water from below this peaceful blue
Swims fast and hard, frothy and true;
For every rock, it dodges, for every twist, it bends
Unlike this watchful and reluctant azure
That seems content with its niche so sure.

Sweet swift wind, the blue it gives a warm embrace
The soft fertile ground keeps the blue in a safe place,
The bamboo entertains with its rhythmic sways and bends
While the verdant leaves dance to the beat of the air;
Just as the birds render songs sung by naiads fair.

A lethargic peace bound this restful azure so tight
That this peace became its only life and delight;
Daily, blue languished in its sea of friends
Just as a princess might bathe in a soothing fragrant pool,
Or just as one might, in summer, lie under a shade so cool.

But one fateful night while the blue was sound asleep
The cogs of fate started turning within the secret deep;
With the sands of time, tranquility ends
As this peaceful life that made this naïve azure elated
Is snatched by destiny to make chaos reinstated.

The violent tempest, while brewing, blue ignored
Now has come with its vast multitudinous horde;
Cold blooded, it slayed blue's friends
Upon these deaths, blue's suffering heightened
With all the gore, even the light it frightened.

The raid ended and blue was left aghast
To gaze at the fields where the battle was lost.
To Hades, blue's tears it sends

So that he to the departed friends may give,
Before he accompanies them on their leave.

Now blue mournfully treads on carmine ground
A place once peaceful, where friends were found;
Just as there are beginnings, there are ends
Just as there is holding on, there is letting go;
Blue has to suffer, this was fated so.

In front of the graves, a requiem blue sings
And wilted flowers to them it brings;
Gone are the songs, the beats, and the bends
Gone is the smile from the calm cerulean face,
Gone are the scents, the kisses, and the warm embrace.

Now blue walks with a façade- a mask
Always with a burden, blue does every task;
Even blue's happiness' zenith grief transcends.
Azure gaiety, peace and safety are nowhere to be found;
There is only this mournful, blood-tinted ground.

This cerulean face is now greatly troubled
Once a single ripple now is tripled;
Once, there were games and fun and friends,
Now there is only merciless shedding of blood...
Now, only grief-laden tears come to flood.

Then, tears only well up because of laughter
Now, those moments are gone forever and ever;
To blue goodbyes have been said by the dearest friends.
Because of the bloody sword, of tempest's battle of gore,
Blue's pure heartfelt smile shall be nevermore.

Hime Hiroda

Boku No Ai

Why does it always seem to end for me this way
Feeling such heart-wrenching longings day by day?
The sweet summer sun shone so bright for me earlier
But why could I not feel its usual warm caress
Or play with the winds that ruffle my dress?

I feel that behind this sly, deceptive mask
There's a yearning so deep, like a bottomless flask;
I know I think I could never have been happier,
But still, something's missing from this fragmented soul;
There's a pitch black abyss - an emptiness, a hole.

I believe I have everything provided for:
Success, a loving family, and friends galore
And yet here in my heart lies a huge dark barrier
That makes me feel so empty inside,
All the joy for me seems restricted outside.

I see my peers having steaming encounters
Coming from youthful adventurous hearts that flounder;
Sometimes I wish that like them I'd be an adventurer,
But a stigma in my mind cautions me to hold back
This, to my confidant I said, is the courage I lack.

People seem to view me from a clear glass window
They see me gazing high and not stooping low.
Yet, here I am, with burdens getting heavier;
I wish they could feel that I'm not at all that brave
For I, too, am waiting for that someone who is to save.

I long to find a companion – my better half
Oh, it may seem so ludicrous you could just laugh;
But here, for this broken heart nothing is scarier
Than to go by myself and live in this wasted land
A cursed creature that has 'loneliness' for a brand.

I guess I could say that I could give up on ambition
Like an assassin who's given up on a mission
All for a treasure found, a cause far worthier

Than all the ways and success that the world can give;
And that is to love – that's the true way to live.

I long to find that 'someone just for me'
So that my heart and passions can run free
Finally, my soul can break that ominous barrier
That keeps me from soaring to the zenith's heights,
That hinders me from reveling in pure delight.

I wish that these pains in my heart would cease
So that my soul would be given peace;
I believe that somehow, someday I'll be happier
When I've lost all caution for I've given my heart for free,
When, at last I've found that man who'll love me for me.

Hime Hiroda

Carpe Diem!

Ephemeral eyes of the Eternal soul
Never cease to seek that goal
Whether it be on Mount Olympus' zenith
Or in the depths of Hades' lair just beyond the river Styx.

How could it, something momentary
Strive for something that's wanted by so many?
How could I reach that lofty peak
Without performing an impossible feat?

I guess it all ends in faith, belief in the absurd
I think I just have to want it bad enough
To make the whole cosmos revolve
And make me realize, do what I Could.

Hime Hiroda

Deaducation

Wise education - is it true?
Wisdom in men, now it removes
Automatons - all they are
For striving to move and to prove
Without emotion, without passion
Just... meaningless, thoughtless action.

Thinking without acting
Acting without thinking
Both vipers deadly
Both are poison ivy
That encircle, that enslave
Both flagstones to the grave.

Hime Hiroda

Ferdz

Eighteen summers have come and gone
Another has passed and has been added as one;
And with that cycle of rising and setting
Comes another blessed, blissful morning.

To you my companion, my ever faithful friend,
The midnight dame, its pure fragrance sends.
Whenever you smell its calming, soothing scent,
I want you to remember moments together we spent.

You are the arrow in this vexing maze of life,
You are the peace amidst times of struggle and strife;
You, my friend, gave this senseless life direction
You revived that decayed, long lost inspiration.

In you, the wanderer has found a home
For you, the sparrow sang its lovely song;
Through you the wind set forth in its merry way
With you, this spirit soared to the zeniths of day.

As a compass to a tired, lonesome traveler
Or a sextant to a fearing nostalgic mariner,
You became my loyal, unfailing guide;
We, through the tempests, stood side by side.

This fragile mind could not have remained intact
Were it not for you company and tact;
This poor soul would have been in Hades' awful lair,
Bitterly suffering in the Styx's venomous snare.

Unending encouragements always come from you
Words uplifting, they always ring true;
Your presence helped me so much dear friend
That, and with your words left unsaid.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted and each wish resigned.

Because of these words that came from you
I found strength and a passion true;
Because of you my life has changed so much
To this crippled sould you gave a living crutch.

Hime Hiroda

Frustrating Emotion

'Tis torture! this onus I bear
The world with its standards and various cares.
Can I not, for one moment, be spared?
My heart cries out its agonies and swears
That it shall cease at once to care.

Drops, nay, rivulets come down hurriedly so
as the rivers might in their serpentine flows
As my core, its contents it shamelessly bared,
To all, to men, to the Being who knows;
My restraints, its shackles, I must let go.

Why must it be that 'tis I who by love
Must suffer and frustrated be?
Has the time come for me to be spurned?
Why, oh why and how could this be?
Hast thou willed it my Father above?

'Tis sincere that my heart so speaks
And pours forth it heavenly rhapsody;
The songs of the naiads fair it surpassed
By its rhythm of desire and lilting melody;
But lo! 'Tis but a single audience this song seeks.

So near that star I see so often
But to grasp it seems an improbable dream;
Still, I gaze, for in its rays I am gladdened;
My being it has touched by its alluring gleam,
Even my silver heart has come to soften.

This searing feeling of glowing ember
This seething firebrand of that love azure,
Has made my soul wildly conflagrated;
'Tis only one thing of which I am sure,
I desire this fire to burn forever.

Hime Hiroda

How?

My heart is heavy, to whom shall I confess my sorrows?
Everyone is burdened with their own troubles
Who can comfort me in this time of chaos?
My heart cries out to the Lord.

I lift up my heartaches
I lift up my cares
I present them to my Savior
I offer them to my king.

How can I keep on living when my whole world's falling apart?
How can I keep on singing when sorrow fills my heart?
Wave upon wave, gale after gale,
The tempests with in me make me frail.

What can I do when everything is out of my control?
What can a mere person do when falling off a waterfall?
What can I hold on to when I'm falling so fast?
When can my tear-blurred eyes see their last?

Heaven! Oh heaven! Hear me cry out.
Listen, my troubled mind cries out:
Comfort my grieving soul
Give me peace above all.

My king, my savior, my master
Give me strength to see this ordeal over
Give me light, give me power
My dear Lord, please give me an answer.

Hime Hiroda

In Praise Of The Wise

Admired are the meek
Protected are the innocent
Blessed are the naive
Praised are the silent.

What of the aware?
What becomes of those burdened by cares
What of those who dared
To be scorned for their knowledge laid bare?

Rejected for rebelling
Against a society unthinking
Fighting for and protecting
The way of the will and right living.

Shouldn't society rightfully praise
Those who dare absorb lore's stinging rays
And leaves of laurel on their brows be placed
For desiring ignorance be rid in their race?

Hime Hiroda

Just Around The River Bend

Spring has come! Rejoice my soul for the frost is gone;
The blue that encased is now melted,
And the trees with scents are now sprayed
All with blooms be dewed, arrayed.

The golden fingers of my Phoebus friend
Point me to the verdant path beyond the river bend
I smile and ask so sweetly what wonders shall be met,
But again he pointed and bid me to go, he, my Phoebus friend.

The sweet gentle zephyrs bid me tarry not
For they, ever so gently, pull on me and my what-not;
I smile for I am happy that spring is back to me
So I let go of my chains and let the winds carry me.

My feet never touched the earthen ground
All thanks to the airy friends whom I found
Who labored to get me quickly
To this soft, carpeted river bend.

And when my feet touched the humid bed
My lips parted in awe of the wonders my eyes met;
Jewel-crested petals of blooms all around
That bedecked the cozy carpeted ground.

And all around me, oh trees of wondrous might!
So unique, so beautiful, so pleasant to my sight.
But there, in the midst of the garden
Is a single tree, glittery with foliage golden.

Phoebus beckoned me to draw near
Light on it shone did he;
I smelled a scent and I fell into a trance;
I felt like a deity being offered incense.

But my Phoebus friend and flighty sisters
Brought me back to my senses;
Not only from the trance did they free me,
But from the ignorance that encumbered me.

My lady, my sister! said Phoebus to me,
See here this majestic and wonderful tree;
It shoots out bejeweled blooms of a thousand hues
All because of your love so pure, so true.

And that fragrant scent that suddenly entrances
That which takes one out of his senses
Is nothing else but your own selfless soul
That warms and comforts those weary and cold.

Look my beloved sister!
At the fruits with the silver glitter;
Be not deceived by their sheen and luster
Lest your life be cruel and you, a miser.

These fruits of silver in this tree of gold
Are but young, unripe, and not for you to hold.
Wait till they are of a crystalline hue,
Then, and only then, shall they be safe for you.

We brought you here, my rays and the zephyrs
To warn you, from the pits, to stay clear;
For we, in our hearts, hold you dear
And we wish not that you shed bitter tears.

Come, see here my sister fair
That tree of gold and glittering jewels?
That is for you and the only One
Only for the both of you - no one else.

So pick not the fruits until they are ready;
You have life ahead of you, you need not hurry
For now, content yourself with flowers and leaves of light,
Then you shall savor those fruits with such delight.

Pick not the fruits, climb not the branches
For if you fall, it will be more than scratches.
Great will be the pain for the ground is hard
And this here pain is that of a broken heart.

Rejoice, fair sister, in this loving garden that you have made
In here, faithfully, tirelessly you must wait.
And together, you and your one true love
Shall have a taste of the fruits from the branches above.

Pick not in haste the fruits unripe
For what use is luster when the taste is not right?
What is the value of a cold orb of silver
When you are dying of thirst and hunger?

To kindle love just at the right moment
Is, for all of us, a prayer fervent;
To be in the arms of the right lover
Is to bask in sunshine till the end of forever.

Grief to you will be as the east is from the west
It will be, for you, a traveler's rest.
It will be as if spring has become your friend,
And after that, glorious summers without an end.

And as to Phoebus I quietly listened,
I looked upon the waters of the river bend
It is a fitting mirror for my soul so mellow
Smooth, quiet, and the clear waters shallow.

On my lips formed a small, wistful smile
As an image formed on the waters after a while;
I looked on and thought all will be fine
For I heard a voice say, 'I will make you mine.'

This fine spring morning with my loves, One and all,
Did Phoebus and the zephyrs with their merriment enthrall.
'Tis a celebration of spring, of love's glorious ascent
'Tis a time for the fruits, the blooms, and the sweet alluring scents!

Hime Hiroda

L1

L – fleeting or forever?

Maybe. It depends.

L- is it real or just momentary?

Only the one who has it knows.

L- simple, yet so troublesome

Madness. Paradoxical

L- it is the blood

It is life and death.

Hime Hiroda

L2

I need it, you need it too
But do you know you have it?
It is the greatest gift
But least valued by those characterized by it.

Some fight for it
Some want to control it
But we have to enslave ourselves
Just to maintain it.

Hime Hiroda

Manevil

In the image of the creator
Yet so different
Ambitious yet limited
Free but enslaved.

War for peace
Violence for rectitude
Rationality – I think not
Absence in all is fault.

Angelic, fragile – ephemeral
Is it true?
Fallen from heaven,
They're all but outcasts of Eden.

Loved but unloving
Is this a creation of God?
Malicious, malevolent, manipulating
These are the names of men.

Hime Hiroda

Maybituin

Pitch black, the place is disorienting
A sonorous voice booms, sending the earth a-shaking
It gives radiance to the place
Stark bewilderment on my face.

'Can the waves rearrange the sands they displaced? '
'Can the volcanoes swallow, take back their violent rage? '
I know, both cannot - I think
Just like a ball falling up.

Awestruck, said I to the voice up high
'Why visit this evil-engulfed dome?
And from whence does such brightness come -
As bright as Apollo's chariot on its climb? '

Swift Mercury brings me a message
A prophecy from one great sage
I must learn, great Athena says,
From that thunderous melancholy voice.

A cliff must endure the pounding of the waves
A bird must fly against the furious gales
So must I, when I pluck off a rose,
Endure the stinging thorn of mournful woes.

I cannot take Apollo's orb
Without burning my mortal hands
I cannot reign in Hades' land
Lest I rival the lifeless horde.

Apollo's quiver has been pulled
The arrow has made it to the bull
And as the verdant leaves dance to the wily wind
So must the ends of my means be lived.

Again that deep golden voice I hear
Echo from far away as if it were near,
'I must go, I must desist
I am not needed - I do not exist.'

That wicked brilliance, so blinding the glitter
Now faded to the faintest glimmer
Back to the black from whence it came
Gone to play its favorite game.

What becomes of me, a mere mortal?
Given a key to open a portal
To a new universe - a paradigm shift!
The immortals mock me with their hemlock gift.

How the magi found and worshipped the little babe
Within the salient star's illuminated cave
Likewise, how fervently I sought this mission true!
Now, I have found it - this comet I pursue.

Now that dimming light from that North Star
Is slipping out of reach - to another great war
It was not the child of the Morning Star
It was born out of darkness, of blood, of gore...

I do not wish for it to go away
But it has already given me my Hamlet's play
For what use is its dazzling cosmic display
When the oppressing void has been made bright as day?

Hime Hiroda

My True Inspiration

Verse upon verse, rhymed and unmeasured
Burst forth from my joyful soul unfettered
My inspiration divine lives gloriously eternal
Though my mortal pen may prove ephemeral

What delight it is in my bosom found
That no language can it be expressed profound;
Let all the earth break out in melody
In a praise so great it rivals angelic rhapsody.

Let the verdant greens of the earth rejoice
At the sound of worship of the unearthly voice
Let all the winds in their high strung paths
Carry the revelry from start to last.

Let every fluttering leaf dance to the beat
Of all birds a-flying, sky's the limit;
Make the springs sing songs of unending love
And let the zephyrs bring them to the deity above.

Bask in the sun's dazzling cosmic display
As a sign that God's love endures day by day
Feel the tickling breeze caress your face
Revel in the warmth of your love's sweet embrace.

Hime Hiroda

Nature Reborn

Pitiful is this gracious sylph manhandled
By ungrateful children, avarice they're fueled
Her bounty ransacked, her riches squandered
Gaia's pristine resource relentlessly plundered.

Incessant logging has made her sylvan womb barren
Proliferating kaingins, her verdant face ashen;
With the wild torrents of her anguished tears
Come down mud and rubble that cost man dear.

Amidst the vengeful acidulous onslaught
The vehement polluted tempests brought,
From those sombre skies, shelter creations sought;
Tumultuous thunder is nature's voice distraught.

Below the waves blackend by oil so slick
Under plastics piled and filth so thick,
Into the depths of Poseidon's somnolent deep,
Grief-stricken, Mother Earth weeps.

Hear her, you blinded masters of the art!
Wield again science, your double-edged sword;
'Tis a burdensome duty your consciences impart
With technology, to have her ingeniously restored.

Stretch out your burly arms you able-bodied men
Sow seeds generously to make verdant desertified glens;
Reforest with saplings those mountaintops barren,
Agriculture mastered- make flora flourish in lands forgotten.

The air from smoke and fumes be given surcease
Let burning, pow'ring from fossil fuels cease;
Energy be drawn from water, wind and undulating light
That nature from poisons may be given respite.

Enliven the three R's with fervent action
Not just stagnant facts or futile public notions;
Sort the wastes and treat the sewage
Herculean your efforts be, but a roseate future's your wage.

Fortunate is Gaia relieved of ignominious scorn
She, like the eastern sun, radiates with rays resplendent;
With golden-red plumage refulgent, a phoenix from ashes reborn,
She shall rise once more- revived, transformed, magnificent.

Hime Hiroda

Ouch

What is the greatest pain in the world?
It is when the river meets with the sea
Where both recognize their likeness
But still, that shared smoldering feeling is extinguished.

The greatest hurt one can feel
Is to have spurned a love so real
And to have to endure every moment regretting
Letting go of that which is most valuable in life.

Wailing of the spirit unequaled in sadness
The wrenching of the heart rivals a violent death
Crimson letters fade into monotonous white
Great tempests brew in the wintry north.

Hime Hiroda

Smile, Dear Mother

Where is it, the glorious morning star?
That with its resplendent rays warms me from afar
Where can it be, now that the cold bites my face?
Now that the dreary cotton fluffs cloud the sky up high;
Methinks, Apollo's orb utters naught but a heavy sigh.

Where is it, that playful little zephyr?
That whispers delightful melodies to my ear
Where can it be, where goes its lovely grace?
I call high and low but all that comes back are lonely echoes;
Methinks, my gay little friend is in a bout of woes.

Where is the evening dame's calming perfumed spray?
That on its unfolding petals sweet dewdrops fairies lay;
That heavenly scent that in the early morn fills my place
Where is it, that wonderful alluring fragrance?
Methinks, my evening lady's given her last dance.

Why is it that on this fateful day
Should mother Gaia her beauty not display
When I desire joy and fragrant garlands to lace
Why, dear mother, do you not grace me with your blooms?
What is the thorn that made this melancholy loom?

Alas! My heart has been tainted with your sorrow
Though quenched now is my joy, ambers still glow for a new tomorrow
Worry not, your love formerly given I'll forever embrace
I wait, dear mother, for the day to come next;
Maybe, just maybe, my soul you will give rest.

Hime Hiroda

Stressed

I feel like crying.. I don't know what to do
It seems that nothing's ever going to satisfy
My desire to make a poem that
Is masterful, precious and strong.

What is happening?
Why is it so?
Up in the clouds or abysmally low,
I just don't know.

I'm vexed, I'm tired, I need rest.
A hiatus from all worries,
A separation from all cares;
All I need is peaceful, uninterrupted rest.

My feet are numb,
My knees are buckling,
My hands are shaking,
My breathing, wheezy.

Stop it! End it now...
Please, I need some space;
I need to relax,
To let loose my mind...

Hime Hiroda

The Curtain

Suspended from rings that hang delicately
From rods so thin, so frail, so skinny
The fabric dangles so loosely
What happens if someone should yank it free?

Will the thin rod hold the rings or break?
Will the rings be strong or give way
Or shall the skimpy fabric suffer
And tear from its so-called secured hanger?

Gently, it dances with the wind
Gracefully it moves about
But when the tempest pours its rage out
The sleek and the smooth shall be screened.

To survive, all parts must be thickened
All weak points - lessened
But the gaiety, beauty and grace
Shall be lessened by this strong embrace.

So what should it be?
Pulchritudinous but still so frail
Or hardened in case of gales,
Calloused, ugly and yet - so free?

Hime Hiroda

The Escalator

Yes, up they go again
With their stoic faces and unfazed demeanor
Young and old alike
They hold onto it as if it were their life.

Maybe it is – I think
They don't even care if someone gets hurt
If someone needs help - they don't
They just look up- not at the people with them.

It doesn't matter if they skip a few steps
If they push people, step on some even
Just to get to the top – high up
To the zenith where no soothing zephyr sings.

The trip is over – truly done
Their stoic faces, now so sullen, so glum
All life, all energy drained out of them
Sucked out into the dark abyss where all joy is undone.

Their once proud bearing, now with shoulders drooping
They seemed to have gone where I've already been
No matter how they hold on, when they get trapped
There's no other way to go but down.

I think they ought to have paid more attention
Not with their eyes looking yet unseeing,
But they should've been like me
Below them, just watching, where no man wants to be.

Hime Hiroda

The River

Everything seems so fast
As if I was caught in a whirlwind of action.
I never thought of it this way, you know?
Life as a never-ending flurry of activities.

Why do you think it has to be this way
Like everything's so of-the-moment
What has become of taking it easy?
Of letting the river take you with its currents?

Fast, slow, frothy, still - the river
I think that's the thing I missed
Where is it with its mur'mring waters
And soothing cerulean face?

That winding, serpentine flow that goes
And carves its own way- where is it?
It is gone, I think - gone with the
Narcissus flowers by the treacherous river bend.

Hime Hiroda