Ayi Escalona()

Ariel is not a poet nor a writer but arranging words is his way of assassinating boredom.
A Honduras Con Amor

Cómo podría vencer la soledad de la noche
Cuando cada chispa de la quema de los pensamientos es el dolor de
Y ese corazón bombea lágrimas y la sangre no
Voy a seguir llorando y esperar a que la herida sane
O solo beso de despedida de las huellas de antaño.

Cómo podía escuchar su risa
Cuando su alegría se desvanece eco en la distancia
Voy a sobrevivir cada corte brutal de silencio
Voy a correr como loco y ladró a la luna
O coger las estrellas y jugar con la noche

Cómo podría ver su rostro
Cuando se talló una sonrisa maravillosa
Voy a mirar al sol y soportar el calor cegador
O dejar que la iluminación de cortar los cielos
Y ruego que el trueno a gritar mi anhelo

Cómo podía oler el aroma de su susurro
Cuando cada respiración que tomar es robada por el espacio
............. y ¿cómo iba a besarla cuando Im todavía despierto
Los sueños vienen........... y volar hasta ella orillas distantes
A la tierra que abrazó a su ternura
A Honduras con el amor .....te amo

(i dont speak Spanish, please let me know if this translation is right... thank you everyone)

Ayi Escalona
A Little Email

i could get tired reading a novel
trudging through all the chapters
paragraph by paragraph
line upon line
and digest all the sentences
to get thrilled

to the greatest romance
to most hostile war
to the greatest discoveries
to the deepest mysteries
to the most aweful horror stories
to the greatest undertakings

but none of those amuses me
none of those excites me
none of those marveled me
none of those inspired me
except....
a precious little email from M.E.

Ayi Escalona
Bang!

the door goes bang

he leaves
with no assurance that he is returning

she stays
and something went bang!

could be a gun
and her hands and her head and her bed

he does not want to know
out there

in the island of himself
where a surf and a tide lies
in his solitude

back to the door
that went

bang

and the real bang
of the head

some prayers need to be offered

Ayi Escalona
Beautiful Hands

are hands
that work

Ayi Escalona
Celebration

flickers of silver lights
    traversed the skies
        roaring like thunder's
            glaring despise....
                whistling bombs
                    take its toll
                        deafening the
                            ears of every soul

It's christmas...
    the christians celebrate
        the time to ponder
            on the saviour's birthdate
                in the manger that once
                    a holy child laid
                        missioned to save
                            the earthling's misdeed

Ayi Escalona
Christmas, Day After

The roads are unusually silent
Like a tuneless music room
I felt so deaf to listen to nothing
Aimlessly I am drifted to no where

Outside, the unused road gathered dust
Settled thick like enthusiastic migrants
Anywhere from the treacherous trip
And it’s good for the road because

While its thickness accumulate
To my pocket is a kind of different
There are only few stories to tell
When Christmas leaves the air

Yesterday’s celebration was quite fine
Firecrackers and carols are here and there
Those hungry and inconvenient sounds
Partly emptied my pity and echoing pockets

Foods are scattered everywhere
As if there are no mouths to fed tomorrow
But it is Christmas, and as they say
It is good to give

In the morning, I woke up tired
I crawled unhealthy but high in spirits
Last night’s crystal glass is so tempting
I just can’t evade the sparkles of this treacherous liquid

Good! the fridge, is not completely empty
There are still recipients of electricity... bottled water
I lazily turned my head...and see
The table occupied with stink leftovers

The floors are marked with the muddy footstep
Meaning... a later tons of sweat
Still groggy...I head towards the gate
I “looked up” and see the soil...lush
I “looked down” the sky it’s blue, misalignment
Wow upside down...and with the scorching heat
The wine’s angry spirit sadly left
Yes. Yesterday was Christmas

In a little more time..i got to go and work
To recover what was lost in the celebration
One day millionaire...three months laborer......
Merry Christmas

Ayi Escalona
Claiming Religious

She wrote so soft as if an angel
And as if she sang a hymn
More so..she prayed to save others
She knelt for hours

But the wolf is not new
So does the cloth she wore
But sadly....it's not good to judge
And we knew it well
But, for good sake

I hope she will scrape her mask
Because her real face is protruding
Ask me, how did I know
Because I'm just a millimeter away

Ayi Escalona
Foolish Heartbeat

The day is gone leaving scattered emblems
Of once picturesque skies
A cool shadow, flickers of gold
Shimmering beauty captured in vast thoughts

I sit motionless dazed to the sheer wonder
A perfect backdrop of my outspoken desire
While my heart sings tireless rhythm
My thought leaped a thousand miles

Faster than beams of relentless sun
Trudging through the thick yet fading clouds
Surging up powerful emotions
To cheer the early night’s gloomy disposition

Night is approaching
But my eyes can’t easily give in
To the long night’s departure
As countless words come so easily

I listened to your heartbeat from a thousand miles
Heard your laughter every time you smile
For in my deepest thoughts you linger...
The very thirst of my soul to begin

Ayi Escalona
Her Email (To Honduras With Love Vi)

Darkness creeps into the bluest skies
And alas, there are your words
The very essence and purpose
Of my day is about to begin
Line upon precious line
Like swift and sensual
Breeze on a humid day
Like beams of powerful sun
Trudging to gray clouds
When rain has ceased
Like tiny droplets of luscious water
Soothing my tongue
When thirst is my craving
Such is your effect
And 'tis is my greatest joy
As I read your email
I can hear your heartbeat
From a thousand miles
Hear heavens open
Everytime you smile
Words pulsating through me
Like a river to the sea
Take my troubles away
Take away my grief
Take away my heartache
Like a thief of the night
Make me feel better
Makes me whole
Makes me mellow
Into my very soul
And my little hearfelt response
Ended with goodbyes
But behind those simple words
Are my ardent thoughts
Know that
To leave
Is to look forward
Of seeing you again
......then i press SEND
Ayi Escalona
His Life

his life is like the dead tree
shedding off leaves
drying under the sun
blown by the wind
to all the directions of
this earth

each leaf
arrives to each destination
putting on a new name
disowning him

Ayi Escalona
I Dropped The Second Bomb In Hiroshima

Like a thirsty man trapped in the sanctuary of thoughts
I tread in the tranquility of Hiroshima’s memorial of peace
There, I imbibe every frame of destruction
My innocence wandered to all corners faster than a child
But my matured heart weeps amidst the painful remains

As I peeped through delicate glass covered keepsake
My tears dropped and exploded in the dust
I breathe hard and more but my lungs refused
Now, I can only sigh...on the day it was
Hate and sufferings are only captured souvenirs

On top, the sun drenched dome
Where the twisted steel is keeping its word
But the shattered wall can’t evade to display its pain
The wound and sufferings are all that glitters
In the tranquil Hiroshima’s memorial of peace

The day I dared to disturb your serenity
I noticed myself getting heavier
And as tears go my sight went blurred
I think my heart had exploded! ! ! !
I guessed, I dropped the second bomb in Hiroshima

Ayi Escalona
I Get Wet Because I'm Dry

It’s cold and dark everywhere
The clouds kissed the mountains near
The hungry rivers are shouting and swelling
Help! The grassland is drowning

The dampen bird ceased to fly
An old horse prayed to calm the sky
In the other end, there’s the disgusted mare
The frog’s endless cry she claimed to beauty is bare

The angry thunder in heavens begun to roar
But the lighting is quick and warned to moor
To the overly drunk trees in the forest
Hold tight the dampen bird to your chest!

The night falls but of no distinction
The day’s sun is as dark as the midnight moon
But in the gloom, a circle of light appeared
It’s from a hungry feline’s eyes dazzled red

Hours, days, nights, weeks, birds, frogs, horse passed
Oh dear, the torment has ultimately stopped
The dampen birds found hope and start to hop
The old horse hugs the mare and slashes the loop

Sadly, no singing frog welcomed the new day
Because the hungry cat ended his song instantly
And the mare slept well all that night
The next morning is a goodbye to the bird’s faraway flight.

Ayi Escalona
I Miss You (To Honduras With Love V)

Almost as if in mourning
I typed these words
Quite not precisely like mourning
Yet there is a deep sense of loss
Where have you been my dearest
The email that used to brighten
My morning has ceased
And with it has deepest thoughts
For without the slightest word from you
I am nothing
I am a mere individual
Scoping the earth’s vastness
With no direction
And of course without joy
I sit alone yet with everyone
Wondering where you are
Wondering if ever I will hear you again
For in my deepest thoughts, you linger
Almost etched and engraved in my memory
Of course for countless revision
I do miss your words
Maybe you are busy
Maybe you are tired
But know one thing
My days are now repetitions
Of ongoing processes
Simply of just to be alive
However once was a pleasure
Even the very thirst of my soul
To begin a new day
Reading what phenomenal things you see
From your talented eyes

Ayi Escalona
In Poetry There Is No Poverty

there is no poverty in poetry: it is a rich world of flowers and magic, of images that imaginations create. a warm sun, the deep blue sea, some mysteries of words that come and seemingly carry with them a bounty of meanings.

liberation, oblation, jubilation expression birds coming out from our mouths butterflies from our stomachs fireworks from our minds in multicolors to the darkest skies of this earth

where can poverty be in a world of freedom: to say what you want to say to think what you want to think to dream to imagine to find meanings where others think there are none?

the secret garden a path a gate a hiding place for all of us who still believe about life and afterlife and life after life

temporary deaths and temporary losses a jump a leap to the world beyond us to eternity we are meant
this i think is poetry and surely
there can never be

poverty

Ayi Escalona
Judge Ting

Clothed in glossy black
Armed with wooden hammer in hand
He climbs to the elevated counter
Overlooking fault and truth of yet to hear

When the dull sound of his hammer ruled
Arguments began to fill the space
There is then the trade of facts and avoidance
Artistically articulated by tuxedo wearing legal representatives

Plaintiff against respondents
defendants against complainants
Dios mio my friend Ric
These legal terms are mesmerizing me

Because in my under grad
Polical Science is not much a subject for me
I got 3W in the midterm
But my beautiful teacher caught me
Staring at her beauty, so in finals I got 3.0...

Careful spectators, beware of opening your mouth
Put your cellphones in silent mode
Otherwise Judge Ric will put you in contempt
My good friend Ric disliked being bothered

My friend had already sent offenders to other town
Fenced with steel especially ordered
To keep them stay until the sin is fully paid
Long live my friend, without your bravery...
  There will be a disordered country

Yes...my friend is clothed in glossy black
You see he is only armed with wooden hammer
But watch out...there’s 357 and caliber 45 in tucked
As he climbs to the elevated counter
Careful...his hands are not in wooden table
Law Of Bouyancy

when the object
is submerged in the liquid
most probably
it gets wet :)

Ayi Escalona
My Wish (To Honduras With Love Vi)

in these lonely summer nights
i occasionally place my bed
in the uppermost floor of my simple abode
it is directly underneath the skies
having only a hip-high structure
on each sides
to secure me when in deep slumber
there are no sheets of steel
no taller columns to block my sight
and with no ugly sounds to bother

and with me, is only my bold confidence
to lay down and spend here the night
in a bed directly beneath the star filled skies....
but as the lonely night grew deeper
my environment resembled like a pool
filled with chilly breeze, and
my frozen thoughts wandered that night
it start to count the distant the stars...
oh yes, i’m pleased to see the sparkles
but I mourned to witness when one, fall

the falling star, it plunged fast
penning a semi-straight line of fire
and for a second... it’s spectacular! !
and then it ’s gone forever, it melted in the dark
to nowhere, leaving...
my wish....”to be with her”
to hold her hand... forever
even when my very own sparkles
fade like falling star...
and may it shine again
in another skies..I hope..i hope

Ayi Escalona
Not Just The Wine

my longing eyes are deeply staring
at the lying empty bottles of wine
and not so far away, is a misty glass
in it, is a chunk of haply floating diamond
melting fast, against the buoyancy
of the unfriendly and acidic liquid

not far away too, is a virtual riverbed
that extends between my drying throats
down to the provocative and tempting glass
gulp! gulp! in every lump of fluid that comes
is a commotion to my system
what had happened ....and look!

there are stars produced in the air
but only my weary eyes could see,
ohhh... did the skies came close?
i could only wonder
or the wine drifted close to my heart
washing away sticky painful thoughts

but the glass is empty now
the space is void of hope
but the dawning sun
caused my optimism to grow
when the silver curtain breaks....
she came running with open arms

please...please.... please
don’t wake me
yes....

I’m still dreaming

Ayi Escalona
One Day, Close To The Labor Room

I sit alone and yet with everyone
Confined with two great thoughts
One: A baby so soon, and
Two: the fees thereafter...

Outside the labor room
My excitement never ceased to grow
I am so touched to hear numerous cries
Of women giving birth to a new life...

Push. push. push. a lady dress in white bellowed
And with every woman’s ultimate shout
Is a newborn life
At last it was my little offspring’s cry
To the world and to the bath tub

She said farewell to the fresh blood
Flowing from her body down the drain

Excitement...an old emotion is just fine

The technology is just great
Not to mention the delivery fees
Deadlier than giving birth
After few days, it’s homeward bound
I forgot the fees I just borrowed
Because her warmth signified hope

Ayi Escalona
Paradox

life is a paradox..
what you WANT
you dont get
what you GET
you dont ENJOY
what you enjoy
is not PERMANENT
what's permanent
is BORING
That's LIFE..............

from a text message, send by my friend Mario, the original source is not known...posted just for fun..and not intended to hurt the opposite sex

Ayi Escalona
i dream building a nipa hut
on the side of a hill
under a big talisay tree
and all i need is a shade
a little space
where i sit and then gaze
around me
and then close my eyes
and lose myself
inside
the vast space
of unconsciousness

and then tonight
shall be the moon and myself
there is no use
of any word

in this solitude

Ayi Escalona
Song To My Beloved

O' damsel I caressed
Of sweet love i praised
the lass i sanctify
a goddess of my eye
her lips like marmalade
soft and sweet like bee's need

at dusk after a vivid day
reflections of my beloved in mind stay
and dream a deep slumber
awake in thoughts that ember
memories, memories, a motley clown
o'er my head a golden clown

o' dearest why are thee
when thoust away my mirth flee
distress in heart prostrates
that no maiden exhilarates
then beneath the tedious moon
flux of tears create a pale lagoon

Ayi Escalona
The Only Children

ha ha ha ha ha ha
i knew you will criticize me
because this is grammatically pity
but please hear this little story

a great lovely couple
has an only son
so dear so loved
but what about the expectations

ohh...his name is Bernardo
a very macho man
but...what happen...
unexpectedly she acted like a woman

my goodness Bernado
by day, he is a man
but by night, she is Bernadeth
The only child....became..the only children

hahahahahaha

Ayi Escalona
The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword

If the fight
happens to be
inside a drum

Ayi Escalona
The Typhoon (6/20/08)

the sun's golden ray escaped
faster than 4 o'clock
the merry day
were forced to become black
but not so easy
and compromised for gray

and gray becomes grayer
then next to the escaping light
is the sound of whirling wind
the voice of terror
sounded like furious cymbals
stirring the tranquil abode

the tense trees danced like hell
swaying in a painful rhythm
the wondrous lyrics
of the wind's chant
is a mixture of fear and pain
not only the trees can tell

from my simple abode
i listened to the wreckage
peeped outside from the clearer spot
of the blurred glass windows
the devastation outside is vast
horrendous foe that cant be matched

the dark day
the furious wind
the horizontal rain
he inundated streams
the falling hills
the treacherous waves

then.....miraculously
after days of fright and failed optimism
the clear sky appeared
the nature's cleansing work is over
so dear...so costly
nonetheless...we paid it with life

Ayi Escalona
Third World Enemies

haply i say
that the
enemies of these countries
are only three
namely;
breakfast
lunch
and
supper

Ayi Escalona
Those Days

Not much of a time to recall
When days were young
And nights are filled with dreams
In my innocent life...
It’s difficult on where to start
My memories are filed in cluster
Yet, its vivid and clear, but
It’s the sequence that worries me
Probably need a little work
And who cares
Only me..
I did not count the nights
But I love days to last
But in my little life, I woke up here...
There’s always my mother
I walked holding my mom’s hand
It was the ultimate safety I ever thought
But when my limbs get stronger
The world means play...
My running is endless.
Chasing other people of my age
This is the best thing beauty has ever produced
Not just my childish opinion
Running..
It’s amazing to bathe in sweat
And my mother needs to capture me
Just to change my clothing
I slept with cat on top of my breast
I guess I was that naughty
Or just a superb child
Because I outrun Tresa..my fierce dog
Fierce because she bites more than a dozen
On the call of her duty...
Anyway...the days after
Are censored stories
But I can only say
It’s a lot of fun growing
Yet there’s a lot pain knowing life
We are here...simply breathing

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
To keep one’s self alive

Ayi Escalona
To Honduras With Love

How could I conquer the loneliness of night
When every spark of burning thoughts is pain
And this heart pumped tears and not blood
Shall I keep on weeping and wait for the wound to heal
Or simply kiss goodbye the footprints of yesteryears.

How could I listen to her laughter
When her echoing joy fades in the distance
Will I survive every brutal slash of silence
Shall I run like crazy and barked at the moon
Or catch the stars and play with the night

How could I see her face
When a wonderful smile is carved
Shall I stare at the sun and endure the blinding heat
Or let the lighting rip the skies
And beg the thunder to yell my longing

How could I smell the scent of her whisper
When every breath I take is stolen by space
.........and.....how could I kiss her when im still awake
Dreams.....come.....and fly me to her distant shores
To the land that embraced her tenderness
To Honduras with love.....te amo

Ayi Escalona
To Honduras With Love (Part II)

There are times when life
Is a question mark
A complex jigsaw puzzle
Scattered over the endless
Inquiries of my mind
I’ve often stood alone
Juggling my thoughts
Trying to decide on the
Absurdity and notion
The senseless and the sanity
The strangeness and yet
The reality of innocent vision..........,
Between our islands
The sea.... lurks
Like a ghastly storm
Wrapped in the obscurity of my thoughts...
Let the chilly breeze
Take your sweet fragrance
And touch these shores
To run freely forever
When the sun's ray
Kissed the hazy morning
And the dangling clouds ruptured
When waves depart
And my soul will mourn
When the wind is upset
And rays paint the dusk...
My heart weaves wonderful thoughts
Because you are several colors
Of the rainbow...my life...

Ayi Escalona
To Honduras With Love (Part III)

The day is yet another blessing
In my simple life and with it
The joy of having thoughts from you
Is everything beauty has ever produced
Yet much more I smile with sheer delight
As I open my eyes to the beckoning sun
Because I know there's your email
My source of utter and immense joy
The task of having to prepare for the day
Seem so mere compared to the thoughts
That I have carefully collect
When I email you my dearest
Today words flow from
My inner sanction, not quite as freely
As past times, it might be because
I am so tired that just to keep my eye-lids
From slipping and giving into sweet slumber
Is causing me a great turmoil
But also might be that this time
I can no longer see you.....
At this very moment of my life
You have left me speechless
I have racked my brain searching for the place
Where I store precious thoughts of you
Yet to my dismay I cannot find them
Maybe it is because they have taken a detour
To where I know they will be safe
Deep in the safety of my warm heart
And words could not do justice
To what make you feel
And what great joy you bring to me
But know that it is more simple words
That I type for you this very day..............
I sit in the awe of you
The picture that you gave me
To see your face bring me
That extra bit closer to you
And my wish that maybe I could be again
In the presence of such an astonishing woman
Maybe just to touch once more your hands
In which all my thoughts run
Smoothly and wonderfully
Across the distance of a thousand miles
Today, I thank god, for he has blessed me
With so much more that I am worthy of
And you are surely my greatest blessing
I leave you now yet only for a short while
To hear from you again is still and will forever
Be my greatest treasured happiness
In whatever you do know that I am here
And sweet, warm thoughts of you are with me

Ayi Escalona
To Honduras With Love (Part Iv)

The weekend has come and gone
Like a torrent of repeated events
That once seemed to envelop
Wonderful events that only
The weekend could bring
Not to mention the rest period
From the hectic and cruel week
But as I sit here, I feel so very glad
Ecstatic in fact, for I know
This is just a beginning of another week
That I can wonderfully spend
Sharing your thoughts...
How have you been my dearest?
I sit here, the warmth and beauty of day
Beacons me to enjoy it
But I sit here stunned and astonished
Just having read your old emails
And this joy is complete for one day
I shall not occupy any more of your time
I hope that you are enjoying your work
I assume you are there and if not
Know that I am on the other side of the world
Thinking of you so fondly
Praying that no harm come to someone
So heart warming and so perfect
In whatever you do
Take care and know that I care

Ayi Escalona
To Much Sun

With the evacuation of darkness
Comes the lovely sunrays
Creeping slow like fierce beast
Devouring shadows last night left

The burning heat is of no respect
To my pity back, it tried to melt
The scorching heat of no fun
Yes, it gives life to keep us run

Run to the rainbow of dreams
See the color of painted sunbeams
The scorching sun, the hurt thought
Burned skin, the need of endless soothe

To much sun, to much fear
Hot summer, frigid winter
What marriage they may bring
When the seasons are just fling

Ayi Escalona
Why Work

After months of tedious
Boring, heavy, tiresome
Atrocious, appalling, nude
Light, offensive and etc. work
The next best thing to happen
Is receiving the pay
It's good and who will argue
But before the pay
Landed into our sad and starving wallets
It undergoes a myriad of colorful
Miserable and inevitable circumstance
These sad things man himself invented
The deductions unlimited...
Deduct Deduct Deduct Deduct
Personal Income Tax, Medical Dental
Retirement Tax, Property Tax
Professional Tax, Business Tax
Thumb Tucks, Tax.....whewww! ! !
And after the first screening
The second follows...
The Loans, Salary Loan
Policy Loan, Emergency Loan
Calamity Loan, Insurance.
At last, the grain Is so fine
Here comes the hard earned money
The Take Home Pay
And whose waiting..
Electric Bills, Water Bills, Cable Bills, Telephone Bills
So.....I drink cheap wine too...and ignore the erotic pie

Ayi Escalona