

Poetry Series

J.B. Baronda
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

J.B. Baronda()

Bitterly Sweet

Love, a venom that could flow into our veins,
or perhaps an emotion to cure all pain?
Love gives and love takes,
Love could teach us learn from all of our mistakes.

We desire and lust with hate and pride,
But in the end, It's the care and love we set aside.
We sometimes feel weak, We sometimes feel discouraged,
We often feel stupid in doing things we've always encourage.

Love speaks through words and actions,
Envy and jealousy always create heart-breaking accusations.
Intimacy often lead to obsession,
An overflowing desire of love and passion.

Is it the desire of lust that makes me stay?
or is it you whom is melting away?
The flower that is slowly withering upon me,
Acceptance is the key, But It cannot be.

J.B. Baronda

Black Valentine

Making love? Is it all I want? Do I really care for you?
These Questions are on my mind, passing through...
Kisses, Hugs and Roses.
Stuffed-dolls, chocolates and the voices...
Saying 'I Love You.'

It's been many years of 'I Love You',
Tears and laughs that together we've been through.
Thousand of kisses, hugs and wishes.
You know love is the reason why did I wrote this...

Black Valentine, No, Don't Approach me,
Let 's arrow rip right through me.
Make this day as red as the roses,
Keep me away from broken-up promises!

Black Valentine, Black Valentine,
Never play with this heart of mine.
Let me be your soul mate, Let us blend.
Let the days of heart-break come to an end.

Flowers and chocolates could make you smile,
But would our love last for even a mile?
I could hear your voice and see your face,
But between us how come I feel a huge space?

Black Valentine, Black Valentine,
Even though you are always with me all the time,
I know that whatever I do, You can never be mine...

J.B. Baronda

Doubts

Though our shells are here,
Inside this watery sphere.
I think I am intoxicated my dear,
I am filled up with fear.
Will there be a sun for tomorrow?
or a dime we could burrow?
I think time had run out,
messed up things and doubts.
I maybe crying for tonight,
but I swear to you I'll fight.
This world is such an inspiration,
Imaginary things in a vision.
My heart is barely screaming,
This moment's really tormenting.
I feel like an emo for writing such poetry,
or maybe a song will somebody sing for me?
So sick of the violence,
I'm trapped in ignorance.
Waves of maturity,
Slay the fiends of stupidity.
Sorrow of the farewell,
I've learned from the gospels.
I hated myself from what is learnt,
for all of my actions, evil is what I've earned.
Running out of words to say,
I think it's time to end the day.

J.B. Baronda

Eye Ecstasy

I see those tides of imperfection,
Failure and miscommunication.
These crimes violently arise,
Living in world that's filled with lies.
I feel there's no emotion,
In this awkward situation.

There's this time that when we argued,
I've realized that life was so rude.
We've just laughed and cried,
While the most precious things are set aside.
GOD, I know my time is almost done,
Is there nothing I can do but run?

I want to fade away, burn with the stars.
I want to runaway, ease all this scattered scars.
These voices that surrounds me is driving me insane,
I am now breaking and tears are falling down like rain.
Fear is not an issue but yet I feel so unsecured,
This sensational feeling I always feel pursued.

I am lost again, lost in roulette of life I play,
My soul is Jumping, Enjoying the sun today.
The ecstasy of life, I wish you indulge me somehow.
Help me not to see things I've realized just by now.
I want to be stopped but yet my mind continues wandering,
Shall I stop writing? Goodbye Now, life is so amazing.

J.B. Baronda

Half Written Poem

In every story there is an end,
Certain things could be broken and cannot be mend.
There will be the end of the road,
The point where stars grow old and explodes.
Plants and trees wither out,
Food and consumables expires out.
All hearts will stop beating,
There's a day when rain stops from pouring.
We run out of cards and eventually lose the game,
Stars lose their shine and fall from fame.
Everyone of us has an age and time.
Someday, somehow we'll reach the end of the line.

J.B. Baronda

I (Eye)

I'm no wanna-be,
I'm just a man trying to express what is in me.
These compositions of poetry,
Are merely nothing, but all that I did see.
Attention? Is that what I truly desire?
Or is this a passage from my self-built empire?
I'm a person using words which aren't mine,
but with these letters I know my story would be stuck in time.

I was born with the pity and with the dream that I cannot be,
Without any treasures I wasn't sad because I know I still got me.
These things we see and experience in our daily lives,
Are like the lyrics of songs we idolize.
Sweetly amusing though heart-breaking,
Life is so bizarre and exaggeratedly amazing!
Some people use drugs to experience it's sweetness,
But little they know, they are the fools whom lost their awareness.

One may not achieve glory nor victory,
But always remember my friend that you, yourself is your own treasury.
Life could be hard as it seems,
Things might have not work out like in our dreams.
Every soul is precious, though in our naked eyes,
That each day is tormenting in our meaningless lives.
Life is restless and full of difficulties,
But you, by yourself know what is your skills and capabilities.

Another composition of what do I feel today,
It might inspire somebody or result dismay.
A soul for this composition and addition to my compilation,
Now I question myself, Poetry. Is it a composition of expression?
Or an other realm of dimension made by our imagination?
Perhaps I someday, may be able to answer that question.
Wisdom and brilliance could be a key to guidance,
But sometimes, they are the demons of fear and disturbance.

J.B. Baronda

Love & Neglection

Love, a cloth that covers all the grudge I feel inside,
A passion that burns in these hearts that collide.
These silly words sprouting out of my head,
Embarrassing actions and things I've said.
Moments with you is perfection,
My love, My pleasure and My inspiration.

You are the flower of my garden,
The angel of my heaven.
My heart says that I want you,
My minds yells I need you.
Girl, I love you so,
My heart is shrieking, How I wish you know.

Had just left my gang to love you,
I've abandoned my brothers to have you.
Left the hell where I used to wander,
Now I'm here with you forever.

J.B. Baronda

Not To Impress You

I failed to impress you and all the things I do is nothing,
Everything was planned out but yet failing.
I learned to be someone new,
Thought of so many things just to satisfy you.
You said that you don't need me.
But considering all my attempts, How can't you see?

The leaves of this tree is rapidly withering,
The compassion and care is no longer here within.
I used to love this place, where I thought I did belong.
All those memories we've shared for years makes me strong.
But yet, I'm crushed by my obsession to please you.
And I know that it will never come true.

The lies I used to enjoy them,
Their giving me the courage to believe again.
Seems like luck has left me,
I can no longer see any beauty.

I could feel all the depression,
I've lost most of my emotion.
Now I feel no pain nor pity,
I'll just live my life merrily.

I'll bid goodbye to the prism of misery,
These cursed chains of responsibility.
For I believe that there's a new tomorrow,
A new beginning where there is no regret and sorrow.

J.B. Baronda

Rhythm Of My Head

Stop, halt, Pause,
The life of a rebel without any cause.
Lost in this moment,
Puzzled on what this wave meant.

Hate, Love, Joy, Pain,
Emotions scramble and drives my head insane.
I am mad of emotions! Sick of such situations!
A life of appreciation, cautious decision.

Half of our lives are thrown to education.
Venomous knowledge given by the television.
The pain screech into my head!
The earth itself is like a talking undead!

Poisonous foods we consume nowadays,
The cause and reason of the ailments on all race.
Half-blinded eye, we use to see,
Where artificiality makes the reality.
My brain argues with me while writing these things,
like something stops me from defining the real meanings.

J.B. Baronda

Said Myself

When you are down and weary.
Yes you cry feeling so lonely.
You close your eyes and mesmerize all happy things...

Things you love and merely remember,
All the joy and excitement you treasure.
It helps somehow to make the pain fade away...

The scent of the nicotine in your skin,
tells you how bitter life has been.

You want to fade with the sunset,
cause deep within, you feel you'll never make it.
It may seem so dark and hard.
cause the troubles and misery invades your heart.
You know that in the cycle of life, there is a trump card.
and by yourself, you'll know your part.

No, you're not lost...
I'll guide you myself at all cost.
Trust me, yourself...
You know your own home, your shelf.

Don't feel blinded at the moment.
Fill yourself with hope and amusement.
Let our souls collide.
Let us be one one and let pain subside.

J.B. Baronda

Six Sided Depression

Was once alone and felt so helpless,
All the things seems to be useless.
This heart that binds all bitter memories,
This eyes whom wish to be blind to all it sees.
It's like the nightmare of your dreams,
The garbage of your stream.

When your escape seems to be a trap,
And your life has been a crap.
You'd just wish that you'd just die now,
Maybe the pain we'll go out somehow.
No, your shriek doesn't help at all,
A sudden push and then you fall.

How I wish I've perfected life,
And everything could have turned out right.
When you feel so dumb,
All your emotions get numb,
Valentine turns black,
It's like suffering from a fatal heart attack.

It's like you're falling,
You are failing.
And all that you did seems so wrong,
Sometimes you wish your life was just a song.
Where everything is right and perfect.
Wherein you have all the love and respect.

J.B. Baronda