

Poetry Series

Jaypee Belarmino
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Jaypee Belarmino()

Jaypee Belarmino is a Freemason, a World Poet, an abstract painter and an amateur photographer. His background though is very far from his artistic and literary pursuits. He earned a degree in B.S. Agricultural Economics from the University of the Philippines Los Banos. Inspired by his family's active involvement in Philippine politics, he entered the University of Nueva Caceres School of Law to continue his father's advocacy to empower the masses. Disillusioned by the political unrest in his country, he gave up law school and left the country to pursue a peaceful and simple life as a dairy farmer in New Zealand. He is currently working as an assistant manager in a dairy farm company in Invercargill City, the coldest and southernmost city in New Zealand.

Jaypee has wide array of interests that include writing prose and poetry, photography, abstract painting, mixed media art and multimedia art and has been getting rave reviews on all of his works from the international community. It is his desire to express the contradicting and esoteric nature of life that has led him to these fields. Basically self-taught in all of these art and literary disciplines, his unrelenting passion to capture the essences of life's beauty distinctly manifests in his works. A proud father and a free soul, he dedicates every art and literary piece that he makes to his deepest inspiration, his lovely daughter, Sofia Gabrielle.

Jaypee is a member of the World Poetry International, the Writers International Network, the New Zealand Poetry Society and the Axlepin Publishing Organization. His works, both as an artist and a writer have appeared on several art and literary sites that include The Book Times, The Authors Den, The Poem Hunter, The Hubpages, The Flash Frontier, Pixoto, The World Poetry Reading Series, the Blogspot and the Summum Bonum Series of Publication by the Axlepin Publishing Organization. His poems had been aired live twice in internet-based television in the U.S., .

Jaypee's background as a member of the University of the Philippines' most famous fraternity, the Alpha Phi Omega International Collegiate Service Fraternity, keeps activism alive in his creations while his strong Jesuit education from the Ateneo de Naga University emboldens him to persist revolutionizing his artistry with unrelenting drive for excellence.

A Father's Innocence: The Princess Child

my soul who chooses
to live in solitude
has always cried in the winter cold -
seeking for your silky skin
to warm the snowy wave of air
that forms the morning dew.

in the green fields
beneath the mountain tops, my gaze
plays with the horizon between the lonely sky
and the grassy land i patiently till,
as tears fill up my emptiness
because it seeks for your heart.

my soul who chooses
to live in solitude
has always cried in the winter cold
like the soft white feathers from the heavens
that fall in the leafy woods,
lost, wandering -
deprived of the songs by the lake.

between the pristine sky
and the mountains of forests,
or the castle of our love
my heart shall seek for you
in vain, in infinity,
within the sweetness of innocence.

hear my heart from afar,
oh sweet songs of boundaries;
hear my heart from afar,
oh white doves of destiny;
for in the comforts of her embrace,
to her i shall rest, and for her i shall rest.

Jaypee Belarmino

A Thousand Deaths: The Curse Of Betrayal

For it was when your love died
that my entirety that feeds
on your soul
ascended to greater heights -
as the pain bleeds even
in the most fragile blinks
of my eyes.
The worst tragedy in life
is not death;
Betrayal is.
It takes the form of a thousand deaths.

But if my death
frees me from what is ethereal,
from my existence which is temporal,
from breathing that breathes
the signs of the material -

Or, if my death reincarnates me
as a free breathing spirit,
and allows me to smell
the rain with the vigor of a new life
as it moist drops on my skin -

then,

let me have you.
let me have death;

and for the wonders of life
that death may bring -
let me start
loving and living.
again. untamed, unafraid and unconquered.

Jaypee Belarmino

Ardour, The Conflagration Of The Soul

he, who judges through the eyes of the common
shall be the seed of that which is shallow.
how can he reach the depth of his soul?
allow that which consumes the intellect
and the fire of that which harbors wisdom.

he, who is judged, through the eyes of the common
sees with a heavy heart that conflagrates the emotions
of the damned. it rages, it rages! as it burns
all of that which created the once fragile images.

in his fervency, may the fordable mind see his light!

Jaypee Belarmino

Children Of The Sky

crawl inside my eyes
and spread my veins
til my consciousness
scatters your vision.

dropp my bones
within your breath
and arouse my senses
with your hunger.

children of the sky
let, thee, oh,
fall from heaven -
consume my thoughts
consume my sanity
until i,
until i fall from grace.

Jaypee Belarmino

For Maria

you have kissed me in the sunlight
and from this, my bright sun,
you are the light within that which shines.

the moonlight's river,
that flows from your lips,
are eternally gazing,
swaying like the wind from the hemispheres.
for a while,
it stops, it talks,
and to my heart it asks ' why do you love me? love,
my love?
or why do you speak when silence fails to be silent? '

to which, I reply:
' because my love is devoid of reason,
it rises from dusk and settles at dawn,
without hesitation,
it returns to your love,
kissing your soul
down to your most holy point.

Jaypee Belarmino

I Long For You Where I Found You

i long for you
where i found you
as you were in the middle
of a savanna green.

i long for you
in the Wars of the Roses
not minding whether
a Yorkist or
a Lancasterian
i would become.

i long for you
where i found you -
somewhere in the
spectrum of what
you once were.

i long for you.
i long for you as i kiss you
with my lips not wanting
to part yours, as i am
afraid that i will long for you.

Jaypee Belarmino

In The Middle Of Nowhere, Was You

i was in search of you,
i have looked for you
in the Pelican forests,
in the adoring dreams
of the white birds
from the meadows...

in my search,
a voice seemed to reach me,
cuddling whispers to my senses.
and i glanced back
but i saw none,
except for the lilies that smile
on top of a proud pond.
none, but the chattering branches
of the old thickets by the constrained
wilderness.

and there was you,
in the middle of the red prairie
opening yourself up to me
like a nectar streaming
from the skin of a flower
erupting in my soul
that was brave, hard and
gallant.

Jaypee Belarmino

My October

My October
let me deliquesce
within the moonlight
on your lips
till the oceans recrudescence
in your breath

Let me be the the profound fire
in your eternal eyes
as they gaze through
the depths of my odyssey
towards the infinite portals
of your most divine soul

Let me be
the nucleus of your immortal light
as I end this discourse
in the dances of the wind
that carries me
to your most absolute heart
my October
until now, until forever.

Jaypee Belarmino

Ode To Black And White

I am not of any color
except of black and white.
I cannot be called
blue, or red
or yellow or green,
for I only reside the in the extremes
of darkness
and of light.
I am neither opal,
nor topaz, nor
the early dawn
or the pale midnight.
I am only to become
the night in its blackness
or the day at its brightest.

I am neither grey
nor the rainbow,
I shall never be at the center
nor in the prism of light.
I shall only be called the Yin
or the Yang,
for I am only
the black and the white.

Jaypee Belarmino

Of Hopes And Dreams

correct me, i am not much of a poet,
and so i write humbly with the rhythm of pure human existence,
the essence of which transcends the level beyond one's understanding....

and now i write with patience,
that i may be able to paint the emotions that glare in my heart,
something so eventful
yet as still as the night breeze that longs to touch the resting face of the green
summer grasses,
as though they wait for the dew to come and be one with the harmony of
calmness,
of mutual need,
of an affair only the nature can fully understand.

only then shall we come to realize
that there are things we can't explain,
that there are things bound to happen,
and all that we can do is listen to these things and trust them...

blame it not to our true nature and radical instincts
that we basically fear to share the sympathy of our hearts...
blame it not to the compulsive fluidity of our unconditional affection...

blame it to no one -
because there are things designed to come and pass in every way
that may not satisfy our own expectations.

so worry not
about achieving the mutual phase
of experiencing the wonders of true love,
because it is the only unadulterated thing
in this outwardly communicated world
that lets us feel the music of the swaying milky melon trees,
of the graceful bending of the lovely daffodils
when kissed by the gentle wind on a lazy Sunday afternoon;
it is the only music that only our nurturing hearts shall hear;
it is the only thing that is so erratic, so peculiar, so bizarre, so weird,
yet, without it, i never would have smiled whenever i hear your words,
i never would have laughed whenever you tell me crazy little stuffs,

i never would have realized how beautiful and perfect you are, inside and out...

correct me, i am not much of a poet,
and so i write humbly with the rhythm of pure human existence,
the essence of which transcends the level beyond one's understanding....

Jaypee Belarmino

Of Peace And War

There is no greater glory
than having peace in our hearts,
for peace manifests
the strength of our character.

Never crush our enemy
with waves that stem
from pride, fury and deceit,
for these are the counter virtues
that are bred
from the principles of falsehood,
hatred and cowardice.

Show the enemy our intrepidity
not with the might of our sword,
but with the eloquence
of truth, love and courage.

The ultimate price of life and living
is the mark paid for
by the virtues we stand.
Let not war and violence
degenerate the emptiness of our being,
but discover the balance that seeks
to aid those who suffer,
provide food for those who hunger,
and render shelter to those who are homeless.

Every soul is a warrior,
and the greatest of warriors
is one that seeks to unify people
rather than divide them,
one that seeks for absolute truth
rather than hide from falsehood;
one that seeks to provide power
within the matrix of struggle
rather than grab dominion
from universal peace.

Deviate if you must,
conform if you must,
for whatever it is
that you have to do,
it is the virtue
of the heart that wins.

Jaypee Belarmino

Queen Of India

You are the Queen of India.
You are the gold fabrics of your rich land.
You are the mind behind
the promise of your soil,
because you are her Queen
as you are her daughter.

Be strong, Queen of India,
Conqueror of our hearts.
We bow to your beauty
like a sunshine that nurtures
the signs of spring.

We offer you,
Queen of India,
our songs, and prayers.
We offer you the humility and the pride
of humanity,
the cheers of the children,
the laughter of life
and the hope of the
eternal Kingdom.

Jaypee Belarmino

Sanity

crawl inside my eyes
and spread my veins
til my consciousness
scatters your vision.

dropp my bones
within your breath
and arouse my senses
with your hunger.

children of the sky
let, thee, oh,
fall from heaven -
consume my thoughts
consume my sanity
until i,
until i fall from grace.

Jaypee Belarmino

Senses Of The Heart

in your heart
i shall taste
the shades of purple
or the velvety fur in blue,
or touch
the aroma of topaz yellow
or the nudity
of your shadow - in red,
or in the rainbow's perfect hues.

Jaypee Belarmino

The Fourth Elegy

We are walking on the prophecy of the fallen faith....
and behind us
are the earthly shadows
that have befallen man's greed & pessimism....

The reason within the cloud of doubts
favors the resurfacing of man's failure to face the repugnance of history's
forgotten legacy -
and the aversion to confront every moral consequence
has brought anarchy down
from the face of the blinding darkness,
covered with thick dusts of enmity.

The fourth wrath of sin is coming our way,
chasing our bones without feeling remorse,
as our flesh burn out with fear and denial.

Every desire
has been the incubus of our psyche,
and yet without the balance of forces from within,
egocentricity is again doomed to blind our rationale.

You are what you are; you are what you are not.
You are the star of my fourth elegy.

Jaypee Belarmino

The Geography Of Santa Fe

From the earth's kiss of my geography
you have created the motion
of longing for my eternal bliss,
as you paint the windows of the timeless sky.
I have risen from the depths
of forgotten tranquillity, seeking for
your green mountainous blue lagoon.
And from there, you,
My Santa Fe,
the forever touch of my geography,
the brown soil of my history,
the metal rocks forming my landscape,
the lush wind of summer's chase
the sweet dew of the morning rush -
shall be the skin of my emerald earth,
that i may feel,
and shall be the core of my thoughts,
that i may never forget.

Jaypee Belarmino

The Heart Of Perpetuity

blood of remorse
defines the color
of her eyes.

and it chases
her sanctuary
like a dove
lost in the dark.

a surrogate wind
carries her pain,
and in silence -
she cries with shame.

Oh, angel of light!
she, who was once the pillar of might!
why hath thou crumble
in the face of the night?

seek, oh seek for the heart of the meek!
and the light shall glow, for the light must glow!

Jaypee Belarmino

You Are All Things

unearth me
from my deep slumber.
be the velvet sky
that could lift the burden
in my eyes.

be the soft kisses
of the voice
that thrives
from the gentleness
of your light.

because everything starts from you.
you are the beginning of all things,
the seed of magic,
the cause of noble metals
and the bud of that
which is numinous in existence.

be. because you are.

Jaypee Belarmino

You Exist

You exist when the rain breathes fire
or the fire breathes the rain;

Your eyes exist
from the petals of the butterfly
emerging from the fullness of the flower.

Your skin is the touch of an angel
when an angel touches the colors of light.
And from this, you exist.
From this existence, you are the light.

And everything about you,
everything that exists -
your lips, your breasts,
your luminant face -
shall be mine,
to rest in my eternal heart.

Jaypee Belarmino

You Have Found Me

from the central quietude
of my dream
you have found me,
calling my name
to bring me to life.
and you called like a chlorophyll that
traps the green light
to synthesize
my last glimpse of the twilight.

to this, I responded.

and I whispered:
'in you, my heart shall
wake up as
your eyes open before they blink,
or as they close
when you are weary.
for in you, I am,
in you I shall be.'

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