

Poetry Series

jhowel mendoza
- poems -

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jhowel mendoza(Ju, y 13,1982)

At The Train Station

I stood on the edge of the platform in Doroteo Jose.

Stream of light flashed at sight, of dangled faith.

And clear the blurry hope of uncertainty.

Of human fallacy, turn into sanctity.

In my solitude amidst the thousand roach

Crawled on the outskirts of life and death.

Only the vision of the Unknown was at sight.

And reached the hallway that swung at night.

The train passed, it stopped at my front.

I stood at the edge of the platform of

Doroteo Jose.

Vivid vision of what life at stakes

To follow the path of Light at sight.

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In The Room

In this little room of fate and grail.
We sat on wooden floor of din;
That we are kings or prince
Chuckling on the phillistines' dream.

And deck of cards are shuffling,
On the yellowish mattress tainted
 over the years.
Are witnesses of the whims
Of two minds playing.

Till the sunshine beams in the
 early morning.
We are still in the same room waiting.
For the dawn, shine and stunning glow.
Will break the day monotone.

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It's Over

That time passed that I
was overwhelmed by deceit
thinking over the latest of her quest.
That queer on the post, typing the comment rips the edges of mine clothe
lurking what it is like to be a friend in the midnight dancing.
Oh, and yet the so called friend lifts the troddent feeling press.
That the irritant keep on lounging;
like a rotten cadevern on the midday sun.

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Late Night

Late night I am still at my door waiting.

The ring of my favorite, to hear from

You. I long for this to hear this ringing.

And my longing still unbearing till I hear

The sounds of my dream.

I pay the price of waiting.

It is heavy, as the burden of Atlas is heavy.

The only gift of the night, to hear the nicest

voice of the midnight nymph.

And her voice is clear, a crystal of the late
night.

She is far she said, far at the late night

Too far to reach, too far to fetch.

But like the late night be over.

My waiting for her will never.

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Sojourn Of A Lifeless Ordinary

Hurried to the realm of the hollow shore
of burried bushes dried by the sunset.
Then, angry waves devour and fret
That shore, where I walked before
Drown with me, a lifeless soul.
Beligerent of the deep quest
I, a soul, sojourned abreast.
Near the open sea where life let
And swim across the China Sea
With urchins, with star fish
That lay at rest.
And the sunset is near
That burns the bushes of life.
This sojourn near its end.

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Sonnet 1

Shall I suppress this trodden feeling?
The fearful bliss of sudden trimming.
The wild thing that grows little a day,
When I see her walking hard a day.
My digress and wanders a far
To think that I am a fool by far;
And, afraid of losing my own delight,
That sheeds of burning passion, bright.
May I love her by the time elapse
But the fervor in my chest never collapse.
To face the face the truth is a human deed
For if she love another, no matter indeed.
Truely, this love a year- long yearn real,
Not on a dress, or coat, my love is frilled.

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Stanza

Life is a journey in this mundane realm.

This world of fleeting things,

where nothing was permanent, nor the changes

still be the same.

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That Night I Shivered

That night I shivered
As I walked on the
Pavement, beside Her
At the Pier one, in front
Of Moa, while bands
are playing.

Then, she opened
the intermittent duct
of long abhorrent feeling
inside her to me
beneath the dark sky.

Indeed, we walked
side by side;
and sat at the table
at Pier One, and
Smirked at me
at once.

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The Sky Ravels What Is Up For The Day

The sky ravel what is up for the day.
Unrest its clouds, scuttle by the Eastern wind.
Restless, like thin sheets of paper scatter away.
No one knows where they head.
Or, do they go far beyond?

Like no other, air heaves.
Warm like the boiling water in the kettle.
Like what inside the balloon,
When it goes up to the million of dusts.
Does captain know would they come back?

Calmness is tide of the sea, ebb.
Uncertain when it stays in stronghold.
Today the car runs on the dryness of the road.
A minute after slips with the moist,
Of fallen dews of inclement weather.

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Today, Another Point To Start

Today, another point to start
To ponder upon the very first day.
The day when your wavy hair dot
In the cold conference room;
My orbs awed; like rodents
Left me at trance like someone
Who saw Blaine standing on
A tall post for days! Unmoved
Like post? Like lake which waters
Never waved by winds?

Months passed; your visage still
Fresh in my memories; that very
Moment when the flashes of light
At the conference room. My heart
Throbbled at your front, limping?
Though far from where you are,
Just a shadow, parcel of you
Makes my brow quivers.
Still, your solitude remains;
Mystify this audience hides.

For unknown reasons, perhaps
Or, I know the reason for sure
Like the language we spoke and teach
I know the reasons. They are clear
No doubt about them.
I fancied at grandious of simplicity;
Your beauty thrust within me like
A dagger that pierced chest, and
Mum my outspoken tongue?
These, perhaps, are the reasons.

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Verse

Delighted at the past by which the sea left the ocean with its vicious intention.

The river has remorse by joining the miscreant of the sea.

Leaving its faithful adolescent from where it is adjoining;

Of freshness of taste from where it came from.

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Word Of God

'That good part shall not be taken from Mary's ears, '
which He gives.

The precious, more precious than jewels of Kings.

No one could ever find unless he is chosen

By the Almighty owner who shakes the ring.

These words of Wisdom, of Knowledge

That this twisted realm refused.

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