

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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jonathan cruz()

A Glimpse Upon The Never Lasting Moment

Actually, I don't know if it's my turn to shrink from the clouds up above, but I am sure that there's a dropp that will let me use it for my petals to get back their colors. I used my second, one time, in a big moment, in a sure moment. I spent my snap with my eyes and step by step, I flickered out.

I don't remember if there's a second I failed to remember to take some air. With my very splendid moment with it, I didn't put on my head that I am taking too much steps which... which... which makes everything sharp; didn't let me have some, until it ends.

After that very moment, I took my sight on that particular word. I touched the essence of it. A dropp would give us the time to do whatever it takes. However, it pours a lot.

I lost a drop. On the other way around, I took a blink.

I smelled something. I don't know if it was natural scent. I loved it and I wanted it. I just wanted to make a perfume with that exact scent. I followed its shadow and wondered if it really exists. In that particular point of time, I remembered something which I can never tell with very mouth of mine.

I used the time but it was too late when I forgot something which can stop its way on the ground, in the end.

I bit my teeth, grabbed my eyebrows. I took a step forward with a slow rate of second. I must hold the clock. I must click the clock. Before I'll soon open my eyes again and lose my blink, I should get what I need, what I've dreamed.

My desire pushed me to walk with it. I lift up myself to deal with it. The last is not the end but the end must and shall be the last.

jonathan cruz

All Because You Kissed Me Goodnight (Modified Version)

I ran out the door and opened the stairs
Sat upon my books and read on my chair
I closed you and thought about my sight
All because you kissed me goodnight

I got off on my teeth and brushed my bed
Chomped up my milk and sipped my bread
I fixed my step and took myself
No means of signs, no use of mines
All because you kissed me goodnight

I knocked on your bell and rang on the flap
The house lets my hand and you took me park
My eyes were on me and yours were on you
I have my hands on your shoulder and yours on my waist
The warmth of our lips is just to be bloomed
Oh my god! you have kissed me goodnight

jonathan cruz

Jonathan Carlo Cruz

Jaunty in the eye of them
Opportunely, for me to be kept unseen
Namby-pamby, me, in their heads
Actually, just using it to obscure myself
To be perfect is not my goal
However, still looking for the word 'impeccable'
And knowing something is kind of fun
Noting very something is putting on wisdom
Camouflaging with others is simple but difficult
A unique characteristic will float
Ragamuffin-like but not onto clothes
Lock-up me, sometimes, doesn't work
Ostensibly, just exploiting it to cloak myself
Criticizing others is not my mistake
Revert; not censuring my lapses is my howler
Unexplainable things are my worry
Zest from Him is the reason of my desperate journey

jonathan cruz

Ten Years From Now

I usually start thinking from me to me. My world just rotates within myself only. Why? It is because I don't know how will I going to start if I'll begin with you. It's just simple as that. I do watch my steps every morning, every evening regardless of my eyes' imaging ability. I've got my dot but still it doesn't extend. One time, I took out my sight. It surely gave a lot of darkness inside. But then, when the time came that a diamond-like light caught my eyes. The dim was depleted. It's the end of the beginning.

I tried to fix my foot on the clutch and gasoline. I hold on to the transmission then geared it up. I don't know where I exactly going to. However, my drive chose where I am going to be placed.

I took my shake with a man with no eyes. He asked me, "Do I know you? "-- Is that a question? "Of course, not." His brows shaped it slopes. "Easy! I'm just kidding."

In that time, he preferred to stay silent. My jaws were starting to get its breakage and I don't know how I will stop. I stopped. A young woman stole my mind. Know what? I don't know what. "Oh, yeah. Meet my cousin." The girl invited me with a shake. I looked deeply in her indescribable eyes. I said in my mind, "What an unexplainable feeling of mine? !" I hoped she had the ability to read minds so that she can touch what condition I undergo. The girl joined with us.

We had our moment very glad with a snap of disappointment-- disappointment of not having her finger. But, at least, I'd got my kiss on her.

Today would be my first day of teaching. Students were excited and some were frightened. Some were just sitting around with chins over their hands. I am excited, too. I had my hands on the knob and twisted it off. "Is it Saturday or Sunday? " The room was so quiet. I don't know if they're taking their breath. I don't know if they were afraid of me, or with my Math lesson.

I realized that students were still students; they don't have a one color. After a few minutes, the class took its ceremony. Dead bodies moved and grooved. Souls flew throughout the corridor. Blares were roused. I'd just take a smile and a body noticed me. I remember when I was a high school student; my teacher asked me why I looked her like that, without talking on me. I smiled and put my eyes to my classmates.

I sat on my desktop. I checked my email account and my pc hanged out with thousands of messages. I read some of it and logged out. I opened me pending project which must be presented by this coming Friday. The construction would start next month. I grabbed my pen and continue working on it.

A year was ended and I crawled up into the stage to put on my gold of honor over my head and hold a frame of success. My eyes were my students who

always raised me up, my students which were inspired.
A year was ended and I joined the cutting of the ribbon of triumphant
construction. My ears were crowded with "Thanks" and "Congratulations".
After one second, I opened my eyes and sight some blurred instance. I got off on
my bed and take my two yellow eyes (eggs) with smiling bacon and a cup of
coffee beside my plate.

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