

Poetry Series

Jordan Legaspi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

Jordan Legaspi(24 July 1978)

Most of the time I am with my self, reading, writing, and most of all watching people in their movement(s) .

Lighting candle is my expression of my in-tense feelings; as it was penned in my poetry.

The different phase of the moon is important to me as my every day journey is; before I will enter the door of death- the shadow of life cast from the cosmic reality of the unknown.

Originally I was from the countryside of the Eastern part of Mindanao, Philippines- the birth place of no very important people of the country's history and that of the whole mankind.

However, there are some truth behind the tribe's name 'Mandaya' or in the English translation 'the first origin'(according to the first catholic priest missionary who studied the origin of the first people settled in the region) : significant as it was/use to be, in their ancient belief- the belief system embedded in their culture and tradition. Together with the different rituals of different incantations portrays wisdom beyond age, but slowly confronted by the demand of 'civilization' and its 'modernity' become less important to my people.

The countryside's experience shaped and molded me into a potent character in the spiritual world. Indeed, this made me to travel just to seek and meet other forces that I know searching their place where to belong.

Jordan Legaspi, is not my real name, in fact this is just one of the names associated to me: M_2859; Redluck-the jester's poet or the jester's poet are among those names I claim.

Jordan Legaspi, is important to me because of its imagery. The 'jordan' is actually one of the three js in my life: Jesus- the Christ; Jester-the court performer; Jordan-the river of mystery. And the 'Legaspi' is my maternal inheritance whose origin is back to the colonial era, of Spanish origin (Sometime spelled Legazpi) .

The whole truth is, I am just like you my dear 'audience' trying to understand the deep contrast in the portrait of black and white, in the character of good and evil, and in the etc of birth and death.

And yet at the end, I am just Me: the jester in the court but the murderer of his

king; the poet in the monastery and the shadow of his god.

Come and see...allow your mind to enter into the world of jordan legaspi
contoured in his poetry.

@ A Priest

A priest

Pastor: brother and friend of no ifs and buts, thus,
Reason and emotion is adhered mature and balance
In all endeavors, personal or social, is for growth
Each and every business is a spirituality of truth
Secrets and lies is neither an option nor an excuse
Therefore, he is an icon of God to all peoples

Jordan Legaspi

@ A To Z Of One Who Believed

A to Z of one who believed

Acceptance of one self:

My strength and weakness
My giftedness and my limitation
Who I am and what I am

Balance in my life:

Between my private and social responsibility
Between my physical and spiritual need
Between my head and my heart

Commitment and loyalty to my vows:

Of obedience with a discerning heart
for the common and greater good
Of poverty with generosity to what I have
Of chastity without fear to confront my sexual desire

Dialogue is always possible

Between me and you
Between we and they
Between us and the all

Enthusiasm in what I ought to do and to what is asked of me

Forgiveness with maturity of mind and steady of heart

Gratitude for the things in the past

for what is here and now; for what is yet to come

Honesty from small to great things; to my self and to others

Integrity in my words and in my deeds

Justice for all regardless of gender and age;
status and title; race and skin; faith and creed

Kindness to my friends and to strangers even to those I don't like;
to the members and non-members of (my) church

Learning from my mistakes and shortcomings

Maturity and calmness in facing problems and situations

Naturality in presenting my self:

Without pride and prejudice
Without fear and anxiety
Without faking things and pretensions

Openness to other possibilities in life as long it is in line with the gospel

Prayer as the center of my life

and may that, my life would be the fruit of that prayer

Quite yet in peaceful atmosphere
and to be in silence when needed and necessary
Respect and trust the other person/ group has to say/ contribute
Service without ifs and buts
in accordance to my capacity and resources
Thoughtfulness even to the simple and ordinary things(s)
done by others
Understanding and fortitude
Variety of ways and means in building a community
Willingness to admit ones mistake and to ask forgiveness
X- Symbolizing my Christian identity
Faith to one and eternal God revealed by/ through Jesus the Christ
Hope for goodness to come even out of a disparate situation/ event
Love of God:
In my self as the reincarnation of Jesus my personal savior
To my fellow human beings
as the image and likeness of (my) creator
To nature where the many splendid manifestations of God revealed
Yes to what is healthy and beneficial to all
Zeal to follow Jesus through the ups and downs;
days and nights of my life till death finds me.

Note:

Kasama, Zambia, Africa. 2007

Jordan Legaspi

@ Ad Diction

Addiction

...notice...

I tried cigarette
to be entertained- the smoke
neither steak nor pack
is not enough- chain smoker

I tried liquor
to make a hitch- the spirit
neither glass nor bottle
is not enough- heavy drinker

I tried sleep
to let leave temporarily- the stress
neither dream nor nightmare
is not enough- the okay state

I tried you- the word
the uncomfortable truth
for you to hear my feelings
the love and what is not
the conflict between head and heart

I tried what is best and what is good
to start all over again
neither to be right nor to be wrong
is not enough- to forgive my self

...projection...

I tried- God knows I really tried
to be me- the clown in tears
on the stage of confusion- lust
behind the curtain of guilt- addiction
before the audience of judgment- fear

...need...

Who am I?
What am I?
Where am I going?
How am I supposed to live life?
Why me?

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines.2008

Jordan Legaspi

@ At Pamela's Death Bed

At Pamela's death bed

I spoke in truth with love
For you to hear my feeling

I bated my lips in silence
For you to say something

I looked at you in the eyes
For you to know my presence

I lend you my ears
For you to achieve your dream

I tapped your shoulders
For you to feel that I am sincere

I set aside my reason
For you to point out my ignorance

I emptied my heart's passion
For you to fill it

I laid everything from the start
For you to experience my love's devotion

What else my love
For you to believe

All what I am
To you I share

All what I have
To you I gave

And even my last breath
To you alone I offer

Goodbye my love
My only love, forever farewell

Jordan Legaspi

@ Behind That Door (/)

Behind that door

Few hours have left my dear old friend
Before you will say your final goodbye
After all, our experience were beautifully penned
The memories of many faces -the smile and sigh;

Counting the minutes alone let them sink
To my thoughts, though at times tears, but thank you
I cannot but to look at them as a stroke of ink
With different colors -the portrait of a real show;

Yes there were days of anguish and resentment
Over those unpleasant events that cannot be amended
However, hope still a virtue moment after moment
To change me not, but, to mature and develop;

It was funny, everything seems just yesterday:
The confrontation between heart and head,
The argument between faith and fate -which way,
And the confusion between now and later -what to bid;

But what else can I do, I cannot undone what is done
So I took my shoes and I walked, but I left my foot
The chaise over years; the cycle it seems, oh man
Hurting them so much; killing my self night after night;

Alas! Not to shame my face, I wore the coated mask
Of a happy clown, a prolific poet, but, broken inside
That any time will burst into pieces -the man's fatal freak
Cannot be still, and you know it my dear old friend;

Bah! What is this? Left alone? Or, I made it my own
The game that made me busy -to put together my shoe
Rearranging life's portrait, against the frame shaped like a den
And the deadly cold of night after this remaining hour;

I guess, dear old friend, I cannot hold you not to welcome him

I know there were unfinished business and things to happen
And the things left unsaid, my dear old friend I have to trust him
It is our fate, to separate, to find our own ways, and it always has been;

Goodbye now my dear old friend and I will see you no more
But my deep gratitude for the last year's companionship
And the legacy of wisdom -the fruit of my labor□
Another year had passed, another year to start.

Note:

Davao City, Philippines

The poem was composed between

10: 15 PM,31 December 2009 AD to 12: 45AM, 01 January 2010 AD.

Jordan Legaspi

@ Call To Action

Call to action

We are soldiers of no arms
going to the wars of without end
and willing to die for the gospel
We are called to be His warriors
without sword and shield
fearing not to enter territories
and fight the 'enemy' by loving them
of no ifs and no buts
We are the children of God
marching to courts, plazas, and other places
to defend our faith with our good examples
in promoting what is love- who,
Is Jesus the Christ
We are the living testimony of our religion
the sharing of gifts and talents
the expression of creed:
the respect and the acceptance
of differences and uniqueness
of brothers and sisters;
We are Catholics in union with the world
and to Jesus the Christ:
together with Him;
through with Him; and in Him
We can truly put to practice His teaching.

Note:

The poem was composed in 2003 at Digos City,
and was published on 10 July 2005 by the Gethsemane Parish Bulletin,
Casuntingan, Mandaue City, Phil.

Jordan Legaspi

@ Carrying The Cross (Lrs)

Carrying the cross

Simon of Cyrene was to enter Jerusalem
-to visit a family and some of his close keen
-to do his trade and beading
-too see ones more the city of David
-to offer a sacrifice like a pious Jew

Jesus of Nazareth was to leave the holy city
-not because He had visited His family and folk,
but He was rejected and despised by them
-not because He had finished His business,
but it is yet to start

-not because He had seen the power and the wealth of Jerusalem,
but because He had to unveil her corruption and exploitation
-not because He had burned His offering,
but to make the final sacrifice

Simon of Cyrene had to meet Jesus of Nazareth
-not at the moment of His feasting, but on His mourning
-not at the moment of His preaching, but on His silence
-not at the moment of His healing, but on His dying
-not at the moment of His miracle, but on His agony
-not at the moment of His glory, but on His way to his death
Jesus of Nazareth was to pay the heavy prize of love
Simon of Cyrene was to receive the burden of the law
The cross it was called- the meeting of two different worlds'
of Jesus of Nazareth, and
of Simon of Cyrene.

Note:

Lenten Reflection Series

Jordan Legaspi

@ Diamante # I

Mother

gentle, courageous

caring, minding, nurturing

warm, tender, harsh, brusque

controlling, doubting, raging

faithful, proud

Companion

Jordan Legaspi

@ Diamante # Iii

Brothers

cheerful, hateful

loving, listening, counseling

gambler, womanizer, rebellious, broken

dying, refusing, denying

distant, anger

Friends

Jordan Legaspi

@ Diamante # Iv

Sister

sickly, modest

befitting, honoring, hoping

fragile, sensitive, religious, polite

secluding, fearing, loosing

patient, virgin

Heroine

Jordan Legaspi

@ Divine + Machine +

Divine machine

+ Signs and Symbols, around the nave-entrée
i –the distance across the young and the old;
you –the battle between the he and the she
behold, all you sons and daughters of Mary

+ Songs and Praises, in the air
miter –the office of the superior and inferior;
crosier –the significance of the all the heir
behold, all you pilgrim peoples of Peter.

+ Chant and Stories, from the great book
quill –the different between then and now;
paper –the message between what and how
behold, all you nations and tongues of his flock.

+ Wine and Bread, on the table
cup –the contrast between blood and water;
plate –the fill between human taste and desire
behold, all you brethren who adhere to Paul.

+ Gestures and Language, inside the house
us –the pray, the pay and the obey;
him –the sacrifice of death unto his prey
behold, all you tribes of the apostles.

Jordan Legaspi

@ Eden's Children

Eden's Children (chapter II)

Adam and Eve

-the beautiful story of birth and death
what man and god alike has to give
to unfold the beginnings of truth;

Cain and Abel

-the beautiful story of love and hate
between status and power; name and title
to unveil the face that hides from the light

Tower of Babel

-the beautiful story of wisdom and pride
of prince and lord; ruler and citizen; priest and noble
to unlock the bars of the heaven's side

Joseph and his brothers

-the beautiful story of vision and suspicion
thus wife against husband; children against parents
to unmask the characters of personal and social mission

Moses and the nation

-the beautiful story of The Law -the blessing and the curse
thus their rise and fall; unity and division
to unload their vice and virtue unto the skies

Jesus and the world

-the beautiful story of love, faith and charity
thus his lordship is over the new and the old
to define the was, is, to be for us to be free

Jordan Legaspi

@ From Jerusalem To Emmaus

From Jerusalem to Emmaus

The empty tomb
space of confusion
darkness inside our mother's womb
the conflict between relations;
The empty net
A sense of fear loosing a face
Life's shadow hover our chest
a fatal blow of a broken race;
The empty heart
cannot be filled with faith
head full of law thwart
the truth broken in line,
Breaking together between
faith and believing-
The community spirit, was and is

Note:

Composed in Kasama, Zambia on 2007

The poem is a reflection on the Biblical account of the two disciples leaving Jerusalem going to Emmaus after the crucifixion and death of Jesus. The "From Jerusalem to Emmaus" depicts the imagery of Jerusalem as the holy city and the walking away from it as unfaith/ discouragement after the fall/death of the leader (Jesus) these disciples trusted and followed (read the whole account in Luke 24: 13-27) .

Jordan Legaspi

@ Gala Show

The string is now playing

The hymn that breaks the mortal man
And confront the loneliness-mystic feeling
Of a man whose world vanishing by its crime

The feet hit the floor now

Forming octave-beauty and harmony
And pleasant to Cardinals had vow
From the eye-sight of cruelty

The faces of different colors are now

Screaming and laughing and crying
While the heart cannot live deeply how
To portray the man the prophet and the king

The strings stop for the entrance

Red robe to the aisle ordained Cardinals
While the swan dancers motion the balance
Of the stuff and cup above the altars

The knees hit the floor that had bore

The heart hollowed from above
The throne of the man behind the altar
Magnus Theologus of them ill-dove

And smoke covers the old citadel

To hear the vision of the priest without faith
Echoed ignorance as Dante visitor from the hell
Neither head nor tail of mosaic height

Note:

The "Gala show" was all about the ritualism of the Catholic Church that at times is full of pretense and hypocrisy.

Jordan Legaspi

@ His-Story

His-Story

you and I

what~~e~~vent

where~~s~~etting

when~~t~~ime

who~~t~~h character

how~~d~~etail

event~~s~~ue

setting~~l~~ocation

time~~a~~tmosphere

character~~r~~ole

detail~~s~~equenece

issue~~o~~igin and destination

location~~h~~ere and there

atmosphere~~p~~ast and future

rule~~n~~ame and title

sequence~~b~~irth and death

you and I

Jordan Legaspi

@ How...?

How...?

How many days
I should take
to reach my destiny
How many nights
I should hide
to see the humanity
How much wealth
I should hold
to have a name

How standard
they called living
be accepted just like them
How great
should my title be
and be known in the community

How long should I stay
dreaming to be somebody
And how many questions
should be asked
to be human and true man

Jordan Legaspi

@ I Quest- 'Me'

At the break of the dawn I bid
Wisdom from the Book my only possession
To be ready for the long day quest
To have a steady heart and quick head
Be my armor and shield throughout the journey
From the ancient warrior who seizes' vision

My feet hit the earth and started my day
On the stony road that seems of without end
While carrying bundle of luggage
The thoughts from the countryside youth
Wearing the heart with promises once engage
From the tribe seeking prosperity in life

Advance my search the narrow path hoping to find
A place after this endless quest
Where my dreams can toss the unfriendly night
And begin the building of the tower'-in
That was once blinded and enslaved but now arisen
From the fate prisoner of our own witlessness

Across the sea beyond the mountains
Where the shadow of the burning sun rests
I stayed for a moment and seek counsel to understand
The new life awaits me in the magnificent city
Whose only time can tell and be the measure-
For those hands works and feet that walks

I thought forever be forgotten- yet now lay before me
The spirit slowly fined its passageway out
From the ignorance that chained us
But never to me- poverty the reason of losing sight
Or the prejudice because I am from a family
Of no wealth to buy fancy cloth and shining shoes

Just face and challenge life the only reality
And laid it to the ground to bare fruit and multiply
Let the wind blows let fly of the leaves
But not the trunk that carries my vision that should not die

For so long my tears and sweat watered it since-
I saw death hit my land brought by the cruelty of men

And here comes the time to reap what I sow
-the seed I planted for seven years now in this university
-and bring the promised dignity to them praying with me
Where my tribe labored so hard without equal rights
And where my family fights against the tyrants-
Those enslave our people who cannot read nor write

I march with pride in my heart and hope in my eyes
Finally justice to my people I can start the reform
Against the monster the power of those foreigners
Who slowly driven us away in our own territory
The land were our ancestors found fertility and built our home
For it resides near to the sea with a welcoming beauty

Jordan Legaspi

@ Light Across The Shadow

Light across the shadow

Million of stars arrayed like sparkling diamond in the sky
the luminous face across a hundred years cast shadow and charm

Million of eyes admires its beauty, wonders why
to the heavenly altar is like the unfathomable hosts lie

Million of nights had past the twinkling light seems cannot die
across the bridge of eternity its crown is the sweet-malicious light to the bay

Millions of them to the horizon search its mysteries, ended a sigh-
to construct and reconstruct the symbols and signs before it goes and fly

Millions and many years will come to fade what was recorded of you
the account of your mystery's that lingers to every corner of the bottomless hue

Note:

(Cebu City, Phil.2009)

Jordan Legaspi

@ Lotus-Flowers

Lotus-flowers

Naked I am before The Author of Life
-the child of nature's birth and death

Imperfect I am before The Great Mind
-the child of passion's limited to earth

Rebellious I am before The Truth
-the child of desire clothe with pride

Vicious I am before The Law
-the child of deceit and endless lies

Avaricious I am before The Master of All
-the child of corrupt and distorted image of life

Nauseous I am before The Ancient One
-the child of folly, ignorant antagonist

And I am the pilgrim before the God of the Universe
-the 'you' and the 'I' across time and space

Note:

Inspired by the teaching on "Nirvana"

Jordan Legaspi

@ Lotus-Leaves

Lotus-leaves

The Tradition and The Book

-law of love, of faith and of charity as I walk

The Doctrine and The Dogma

-rules for me to attain the saints' or the sinner's drama

The Sign and The symbol

-incantation I need to echo in the church or in the temple

The Spirituality and The Way of Life

-that governs my days and nights to avoid strife

The Priest, The Religious, The Lay

-invitation for me to live, the journey to holiness each day

The Obedience, The Poverty, The Chastity

-the highest good and noble truth for you and for me

The Altar Meal and The Table Feast

-I am then part of the body, therefore, I have to share my life's best

The Nature and Prayer, The Silence and Character

-I am the living message of what I believe, and that I have to be aware

Note:

Inspired from the "Eight Fold Path"

taught by Gautama Buddha, the "Enlightened One".

Jordan Legaspi

@ Mr. Tanduay

Mr. Tanduay

I asked... 'Who are you? '
Without a minute, without an hour
You wish 'I am a friend- it's true'
From the smile to the tears' oh pure

You asked me 'what about you? '
Nothing to say just a sigh
Of breath of loneliness I know
Fear of no one here- my cry

Question upon the bleeding knee
You after you...bah! What is this?
Glass of emptiness before me
The spirit that was-

Then I stood against myself
'You are the only one who listens'
My silent scream- to be free from this thief
Of promises I though from deep with in

Ah! Again and again...why? Why?
I tasted you- my sweet lie
Ah! Alas! Temporarily free from me
The "you" who stub my chest in a day

Jordan Legaspi

@ My Shoes – His Refusal

my shoes - his refusal

I thought it was good bye
between you and me, childhood lullaby
the love- your melody of yesteryears'
the kiss- my rhythm of sweet tears

penned at the old past
after thirty years I thought it was
a spell of forever love, passion
a charm of undying devotion

Alas! Came to be – the broken man
after thirty years seemed a lost son-
to distant places beyond shore
the hope; a new home be bore

Alas! Beautiful it seems
full in colors, shapes and forms
-the decorative passion: symbol and sign,
-the fanciful human design

They were lost after thirty years
no trace just silence passage-ways
a walk of no turning back
a journey against the will of the clock

I was then searching after thirty years
inside the hallow consuming years
the innocent smile of a child
vanished through the wild

After thirty years here I am
against the time; fighting the whole damn-
ghost from the past- the thirty years
-the unforgiven sin: of love; of fathers'

@ On Image

On image

...I never saw him got mad;
She was never angry.
They were the nicest people I met.
Don't gaze too much to the light;
it can damage your eyes.

Jordan Legaspi

@ The Knight

the knight

gallantry of honor and prestige

-the noble birth's fate

Chivalry of loyalty and courage

-the royal oath's of faith;

The gentleman soldier to protect the weak

in coat-of-arms to uphold the general welfare

The warrior class, redemption and spiritual peace he seek

in great valor of quest till to death's banner;

Legend speaks of your heroic victory and fall

whose judgment is sharp as its blade

Antiquity unfold your chivalrous' ride and sail

whose temperance is hard as its shield;

Knight -the noble and manly yoke to fight for justice and peace

The rank of princely vow before the crown be like a spouse.

Note:

The 'the knight', is one of the characters of the author's "brotherhood's circle"-
the poetry in motion: the angel; the warlock; the jester; the poet; the
philosopher; the king; the hermit; the elf; the scientist; the priest; the vampire
and the alien.

Jordan Legaspi

@ Under The Fig Tree (Chapter I)

The missing link

He came to announce the good-news
Yet decoded to language of abuse
She came to visit her good old aunt
Yet designed to confuse the faith
He was born on a silent-starry night
Yet proclaimed with malicious chant
She presented him to the temple
Yet manipulated to establish rule
He was found in the house of Yahweh
Yet to be sophisticated-robotic messiah.

Jordan Legaspi

@ When God Speaks

When God speaks

It's about the law of love

Not about the love of law

When God speaks

It's all about forgiveness

Not about the buts and ifs of its situation

When God speaks

It's all about the respect and acceptance

And surely not a one sided affair

When God speaks

It's about justice

And not just for few, but for all

When God speaks

It's all about dialogue

With a listening heart and mature mind

When God speaks

It's all about us: creation and children

Not I and me alone

And definitely not just you exclusively;

It's all about us: family of human race;

Neither superior nor inferior from each other

Because we are all equal in the eyes of our creator,

It's all about us: body and soul

With honor and dignity, unique and special being

When God speaks

It's all about you and me

Called to be neighbor and friend with each other;

Invited to be the channel of peace to our brothers and sisters;

Welcomed to share our selves to the passion of Jesus

When God speaks

It's now and it's forever

(Kasama, Zambia 2007)

Jordan Legaspi

@a Prayer - A Confession

A prayer- A confession

Behind my days
I was a pilgrim
Through endless night
Were no scent but only
Hate to the air fumed
Were no flowers buds
Jealousy all over the path
The torch was dead
I can't see the passage out
Out from the vault of unbelief
Within fear consumed me;
Lust had eaten my flesh;
Greed had sucked my blood;
Pride had weakened my bones;
Malice had taken what had
Had left of me
I was then a rotten body-
The disease of guilt buried me
No tears but only
Dry earth awaits me
No hymn but only
Sadness engraved on my tomb
Alas! Doom, my final of days
Oh Heavens be my judge
From the clay I came to be
Out of mud I was born
Let your anger be
A punishment of pardon
-for the journey I had taken
In the valley of sin
Oh Heavens be my council
Let your wrath be
A plague of forgiveness
For I was innocent inside my mother's womb;
For I was ignorant
Within my father's house

Oh Heavens hear me
Let your anger be of mercy
Make my tears cleans me
My emptiness to clothe me
My prayer to welcome me
Oh Heavens
To new life receive me
From death save me
Light of the heavens
Cast away- the darkness of my soul,
In my heart expose my nakedness
My God deliver me
Light of the heavens
Come illumine the night
And again let me see thee
Light of the heavens
In your breath again shape me
In your wisdom form me
To the spirit of thy son
Light of the heavens- Oh God
Amen glory to thee- the Eternal One

Jordan Legaspi

@a Promise

A promise

It was summer time we found each other
Our two different stories become one
Then we open the memories of laughter and tears
With the new chapter of our new beginning
And colored its pages with our cares
It looks wonderful and great
But another book has to be faced by us
Though it contains black and white paper
Yet we never will surrender
We have to go and fight for it use
To reach the last pages of our journey
Till to the last days and that is a promise

Note:

City of Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines.1992 AD

Jordan Legaspi

@adam's Sons

Adam's Sons

Epic male

Strong, robust, determined

Hero – the luck

□

Legend male

Famous, established, customary

Icon – the legacy

Spiritual male

Suppliant, obedient, fidelity

Priest – the vow

Chivalric male

Bold, gallant, brave

Knight – the oath

Renaissance male

Erudite, honorable, moral

Scholar – the quest

Bourgeois male

Entrepreneurial, conservative, materialistic

Capitalist – the issue

Aristocrat male

Fashionable, elegant, privileged

Noble – the office

Common male

Sensible, convenient, luxurious

Personnel – the status

He-man male

Glaring, dangerous, fierce

Soldier – the force

Partner male

Subordinate, optimistic, cheerful
Husband – the rule

Modern male
Sophisticated, good-humoredly, elaborate
Materialistic – the survival

Future male
Mechanical, complex, exact
Robot – the reason

Jordan Legaspi

@and God Sees It

And God sees it

cosmological the creation of heaven and earth

apocalyptic the four horsemen

geophysical the closing of the Garden Eden

astrophysical the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah

physical the fall of Jericho

ecclesiastical the division of the Davidic kingdom

historical the destruction of Jerusalem

biological the great flood

ecological the ten plagues

economical the temple's market place

sociological the leprosy and other skin diseases

psychiatric the demoniac and other virulent illnesses

criminological the prostitutes and tax collectors

psychical the slaughtering of enemies and other bloody stories

technological the stoning to death

political the handing of the prisoners to the Roman's authority

philosophical the law and other prescribed acts

christological the persecution of Jesus the Nazarene

psychological the suicide of Judas Iscariot

Jordan Legaspi

@azrael: The Dark Angel

Azrael: The Dark Angel

He is the shadow of light
But not the darkness of night

He is the messenger
But of no tidings to hear

He is a guide of many names
But is either to hell's or to heaven's

He is invoke and praise
But of deadly charm and curse

He is known across no boundaries
But feared even among the sages

He is a creature with wings and halo
But of a contrasts of who

He is the angel of death
But to eternal abyss is not his birth

He is then, and will always be
But though unwanted, he'll come surely

Jordan Legaspi

@between Reason And Emotion

Between reason and emotion

Close my eyes I see the world
The beauty behold no sight
Flower blooms they yield their fruits
But sight again darkness dances

The whole horizon to me no more
Emptiness the whole world wore
Bird sings but no hymn in the ample skies
Rivers flew no sound but why...?

Night wrapped me but my eyes can see
The shadow that passed without sound
To the empty space I called fate
Like destiny brings every feet

To the open but fewer to comprehend
No answer viewed those lies in palm of the hand
Eyes can only be the truth wearing sight of disguise
And closing them let tears flow
 for what it's worth seeing nothing but pain

Jordan Legaspi

@cain's Reflection

Cain's reflection

In the center of the earth darkness
Reside and wrapped its face
A creature of thousand years of age
Of no human language can address
In the fortress of wealth and beauty
Found its place seated cruelly
Gripping they grasping full and
Wanting for more
And takes hold the little you own
Even blood if that would be the measure
In the morning you will see this beast
Naked nor fashioned in different places
But at sun down the burning eye
Consume till your soul dies
"Listen Israel"! Be on your guard
You may never know the time
He will strike, our beloved murderous child

Jordan Legaspi

@christmas: The Spirituality

Christmas: The Spirituality

LOVE of God made flesh

He gave everything;
and will always be the benefactor of creation
God's Alpha and Omega- the beyond all things;
the horizon of infinite devotion:
of the Father to His Children
of the God of Earth and Heaven

FAITH of God formed man

He gave life;
and will always be the source of man's salvation
He's the New Adam to put an end to all strife
-the experience of God's manifestation:
of redemptive-salvific act throughout history
of mystery yet creative relationship of human and divine

HOPE of God shaped- the cross

The message of true and pure unity
of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit
The invitation to live in fullness; and life to be free
-the God and the Man:
of the he and the she, limited and weak
of the me and the you, ignorant and prone to mistakes.

Note:

Davao City, Philippines, 2009

The poem is a dedication for the 2009 Christmas Celebration.

Jordan Legaspi

@count Andromalius

Count Andromalius

Across forever, beyond man's imagination
The great god –the man like demon
Unto the sweet throne of obscurity rule
The spirit of desires, man's undefined toil

Count as you are addressed amongst the defiled
-the angels of the heaven and now gods of hell
Countenance of many forms and shapes
Thus, of hundreds and thousands of faces

Though, -the man with serpent on his right hand
Depicted in the ancient of times, enemy of the brigand
Hailed, conjured on smoke and fire
Andromalius –the vague one: angel's or demon's heir

Penned in the east's manuscripts and books
-the delightful occult of magic hidden in caves
Charm that thrills the sage to his malicious booty
-the treasure hidden on earth, truly

Brought to west, –the people of age after age
Your spoil of fame gained a royal heritage
-the emblem of their potent religion
-the insignia of their lodge's dominion

As it was, and is, you're dignified in many altars
In north –the portal of the ups
Count Andromalius, sacrifices offered unto you:
Cure or curse; their litany for friends or against their foe

And unto the region of the sun –the great treat
Prestige of you is heard –the demonic spirit
Of the underworld legion of malign sickness
Not only to the flesh but unto the soul's

Behold peoples –the man's, the angel's, the god's ruler

In many names and forms, thus, undefined creature:
Either of darkness workmanship
Or the hundreds of them –the designed heavenly chiefs

Jordan Legaspi

@dante's Entrance To Paradise

Dante's entrance to paradise

They were at the north gate
watching the fading sunset
while they held hands and wait
for the last hours to separate.

Luminous wings in flight
across the east fiery dessert
where his kind breed from it
-the malicious mystics' obscure secret;

As darkness halt kiss the summit
the distant hermitage of the west
where sages and masters fight
against the ghost with-in inhabit;

And to the south she finds rest
after the fatal fall of the great state
of sword and shield, of war and conflict
to reclaim Eden in hundred years of quest.

They were at the north gate
soldiers and warriors of the light
watching the dying mighty beast
and his princely shadow fading like mist.

Jordan Legaspi

@deridere

Deridere

Inside his gloomy thought
Nay to find peace within
Lone- the faces he bought
From the man of heaven;
Search valley of prayers
Book of rise and fall penned
Greatness and bitterness
Hell- no escape, destined;
Though voice calling they-names
Of roaring feeler's art
Handful treasure of blames
Youth though, malicious heart;
Kneel- the homage to the idol
Sacrifice of a fool

(Dumaguete City, Phil.2008)

note: deridere - a Latin word means 'to mock'
- which adopted to English language
derisive meaning 'ridiculing'

Jordan Legaspi

@divinum Argumentum (The Three Cults, Prt. I)

Divinum Argumentum

The Three Cults

I Cult of Luciferus

An angel, bearer of light
therefore, servant of the Ancient One
An angel, star of the morning
therefore, watcher at the foot of the King
Luciferus, crowned with neon countenance:
-the enlightenment of Jupiter; the beauty of Venus
-the angel of the Heavenly Host, his appliance

II Cult of Prometheus

An Olympian god, 'brother' of the great Zeus
therefore, whose immortality remained in books
A creator god, said to be the father of mankind
therefore, whose account celebrated as myth of its kind
A god, giver of light -the fire from the gods
therefore, whose genius was a crime against heaven
Prometheus, hailed as 'forethought' -the god of creation
-the champion of mans' beginning
-the intelligence designed as mans' attempt to explain his origin

III Cult of Christus

The Messiah, foretold by the magicians and prophets
whose birth, light from the heavens is so pure and bright
The Anointed One, to rise from the nobles and kings
whose life, to earth is the light burning as an offering
The Son of God, to restore the union of man and divine
whose death, is life to him; the light itself is genuine

Jordan Legaspi

@fall Of The House Of Dana

Fall of the House of Dana

Dust enveloped the land
The heaven –suddenly to her end:
Smoke covered the paradise
Her temple and palace reduced to ashes;
The anger of the god it seems
Had brought the burning wings
That overwhelmed the whole Eden
And let blood shed before the haven.

Her scream echoed above the sky
Tears overflowed, fumed with sigh
Unto her sight –the great fall
The stronghold of man, last of them all
The great king, prince of the gods;
The champion of man, priest of the high altars
Has lost their strength, their will
For the poisonous monster had come for her fill.

Brim stone after brim stone
Had kissed every wall of the hearth's stone:
That was ones burning
Sacred to her –the mother of the living,
That was ones the center of sacrifice
Where her kind to meet the ancient face
That was their holy witness
Of her nobles' ought and promises.

Her cry had reached the holy mountain
Silence was overtaken, its horror within
Unto her eyes, the children of the earth
Like grasses consumed, deprived of their breath
The Armageddon, alas!
Doom to the pillars that was
The entrance of the ancient one
In the blink of an eye, is gone.

The angry wind had strike in its endless fury
To the street its distraction, truce to its decay
Between north and south
It crushed the tower of the last divine Abbot
-the refuge of the prophets
Last of their kind, and their deathless sages,
The wind it seems, breath of the demon
Master of malice and ruler of deception.

Her wailing had eaten every corner
The sacredness of the altar
Had find its offerings –man and his wickedness
Its chamber hovered with dying flesh, bloody wish:
The golden cup, left empty and broken,
The bread of life, unto the cast, not to be eaten;
Unto them -the children of man, spirited earth
All over them -the image and likeness, is death.

Jordan Legaspi

@i Just Don'T Know

Yesterday is too far to remember
The events that makes a man older
The ups and downs of life may say
Bah what else can I say just to make a day?
Might be a star or might be a blade?
The masterpiece the recollection to made
The day so near yet so far
Scene after scene flushes I can't bear
Neither man nor god without hand to twist the key
To take position to take a fame and be free
Like youth forbid to play
Or pick the flowers on May
These things though only a little damn
Prepare today for the next sunrise oh man
So convinced three hundred and sixty five days
Just be calm and enough to make hays;
Self remembering so dear and do it now
Make a change make a vow
To build a character,
Or to establish a name with them- be fare

Jordan Legaspi

@on Concerning About God

The face of God is like the horizon
full of different expressions.

The name of God is like the hundreds of thousands of tongue
that speaks of many simple and complex things

The tale about God is like the seasons
which vary from where you are in the bosom of the earth

The image attributed to God
is like the splendid shape and form of the universe
cannot be addressed as he or she or they or it's simply a mystery.

To know God therefore,
is to unknown what is known; is to construct and reconstruct
the image and the attributes of/ to God

Jordan Legaspi

@on Concerning Love

Life is not meant for competition

it is a journey of companionship

-the invitation of love

Odd situations and conditions can cause "death"

but wisdom behind it; growth and maturity

-the challenge to love

Voice of nature- the silence and serenity of life

and the life-style "man" acquires through his "condition"

-the foundation of love

Everything is before "me"- the world of possibilities

-the different faces of love

Jordan Legaspi

@sacred-Sin

It is a dream for those who are in deep asleep
a nightmare for those who are in distress yet awake
a future to look upon, behold, hope to keep
in blank distance, it is written, for those who seek;

Twelve full moons, a conjectures of earthly charm
sons and daughters, on raise, to reach the promise land
verdict of the ancient one: protection or harm
thus, holy books and sacred writings always at hand;

Signs and symbols, birth of gods and goddesses, though
woven emotions, unto the concept reasons -
the longing, alas, conflict of wonders and awe
across eternity, knitted puzzle, man's wills;

Fools and wise alike, prostituted religion
Birth to death, it is, just but of no conclusion.

Jordan Legaspi

@saturday Night (02-2009) (/)

Saturday Night

Another bottle of beer that fancy forlorn evening
To chill out the spirit after the arduous lonely week
While smoke fume the air; to wrap his broken wing
Of the face painted blue and gray. Insidious trick;
Sweet words to capture the prey -the chiseled manly,
The incense of youth, to his malicious appetite
Hi and hello -conventional and casual, to be friendly:
cast his spell, let fly the charm, be consumed tonight;
Smile soon the laughter of jovial mask, the ha, ha, ha, yet sad
-watching but not seeing the scene, the play of the drifter man
Bodies swayed and hayed; sight like of angels, so odd
-talking but not speaking the tongue, to define the whole damn;
Alas! His lustful eyes; come rejoin to me Apollo's pawn
worship the unholy, to ignite their soul before the dawn.

Note:

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys Collection) Issue # 02 series of 2009
'Saturday night' is a story of aged-gay, hunting around for young and fresh guy.
The typical 'story' in the bars, disco houses, coffee shops, and even in the streets
of our respective cities.

Jordan Legaspi

@sinners And Saints

Sinners and Saints

Confronts the face of night-
the eyes of blazing shadow
secret and lie, before the twilight
to give his final eternal blow;
Embrace the warm of day-
the kiss of toil, the fill of life
to unfold the words of they
the unsaintly halo of stripe
of tongue of hundred and thousand
across the land- the unearthed soul
where valley of spirit roam, bound:
the mighty, the peasant- them all;
sweat and tears; labor of years' fate
flesh and bones; curved in man's faith.

Jordan Legaspi

@song Of Silence

Song of silence

"Don't fade away from me
Cause you're the sweetest memory"
Lines from my favorite song
Following it in my reverie

I can't imagine how did it happened
Walked and leave that day so sudden
Laughter and tear and now no more
Iron voice of you with your eyes you wore

I can't dare to say you're gone
Years and months and days you return nay
Unlike yesterday you're here from your journey
Spending the rest of your time

I can't even see any reason why
Week counting the whole year and finally
No present to receive on holidays
Chocolates and toys and sight of you to begin the day

"Don't fade away from me
Cause you're my sweetest memory"
Two simple lines but it strikes' anybody
I can't say loneliness dwells and wear

I don't know if I am right but true to me
Seeking the Moon in her troubled sight
Dark side of her sweet songs of yesteryears
All alone in the horizon asking the same question

Her way on the skies the more she become
A shinning star faithful to her vow
The same light that rise and fall without you
But I know that for sure she misses the sun

Until the brake of the dawn, and horizon

Waits for Apollo to enter the gates of heaven
And same prayer is always offered for you and for me
Without grace she still counting his beads

Whole day for all the Muses is different now
After that night goodbye I heard you say
Sound of your boots away, away, and away
Under the angry Sun, life must go and grow

There're so much to share from the gods to the nobles
The rise and fall of heroes in sage of cruelty
Yes, were all on the journey but no band
But I guess Shakespeare will write a play

You know the emptiness of your presence
Almost death in him Cupid my best friend
But for what reason he alone can say
Tired for carrying bow without arrow, maybe?

Praise heaven he stood and back to life again
Not because of you but for him to continue
The fate of a god to shoot lovers to urge love
Written the destiny of men under the sun

Between life and death was a great fight
Virgin goddess seeking for a reward
From long days saving the flowers of her day
Though weak determined still to be happy

In the woods can't find her way back
To be at home same of yesterday
The path you've thought us along the bay
But reward awaits her- the metallic rose

Every noble in the court troubled about you
They all fly to where direction I don't know
No trace of him the womanizer Duke
Missing him but gone for good because of you

Yes next to the thrown stayed but nay words to say
Prisoner of hatred that raves the anger
With his possession for the same reason

Day after day fresh wound cannot be healed

So hard to say the fears and the hatred I felt
I miss you all, but what else can I do, things change now
Wishing to meet you in heavens' doom
Don't have courage in this day to face and be frown

Like a scene flashed on how each day we crawl
Wounded body facing the screen watching the world's den
Tears starts to flow but never then shows
The yesteryears we all shared in the same blood that flows

"Don't fade away from me
Cause you're the sweetest memory"
So touching very hurting I would say
To forget about you is what should I do

At least I can go now and establish my name
To live life as what they dream for us
Wearing a crown- the possession of love and honor
Though not for now but sure it is so soon

At first from that old town
If only without trying I don't know and I really mean
Fall almost all the time without you to give a hand
But I learn how to stand to be someone

Even dying I was, but to go on and to live I must
I don't want to be left behind with dead dreams
Not because I am too ambitious
Only to wear and have my own shoes

"Don't fade away from me"
Sweet line coming from the depths of my thoughts
Lonely voice echoing through the song
The song that keeps on reminding me of you

"Cause you're the sweetest memory"
Beckoning the image of you
Only to realized that you cause me to hate
To hate the memories painted with in me

Two lines is enough for me to remember
You in my life yet live in my dreams now
Walking through the shore seeing the horizon
Covered the whole and never to hide anymore

The song is enough for me to see
The yesteryears of you and of me
Father and son both passers of this world
Searching for love but cannot find of what we don't have

Jordan Legaspi

@the Clash Within

The clash within

It has been like this
since I don't know when
I just woke up one morning
and my dreams before my eyes
they shattered there and then
without signals or any warning.

Unto the open skies I cried
my god! How and why
I serve thee and thy children
all my days –I really tried
just to avoid sin night and day
and to be with you in heaven,

Bah! What is this, my maker?
left alone in this journey
broken in deep sorrow and pain
but it seems after all this year
no answer; though I pray
and be free from this heavy rain;

Before the colossal file of books
page by page, chapter by chapter
I consult, hoping to find it
the long lost link between the hooks
of fate's clasp of fall and its tear
of edified head and educated chest,

But still the inspiration written
cannot suffice the longing –
of the soul trapped behind grievous bars:
the beautiful creed of malicious chain,
the impious chair though looks like promising;
oh god, I am in great wars;

Here I am today in this majestic city

gigantic pillars in its hallowed pride
of golden dome of secrets and lies
alas! The final of days awaits me
who's unto the shadows I hide
and be gone to his eternal eyes.

Jordan Legaspi

@the Elf

the elf

Magical creature with ageless youthful beauty
in the forests, in the undergrounds, in caves, and in springs' contoured
and revered as nature's dweller and god of fertility
whose will is mysterious to warrant nature's becoming and to forge;

Immortal is given unto the rare seemingly man's appearance
yet obscure tales of you, at times devious and potent to harm,
Eternal vanity unto you is nature's grace, but to mortals' blesses utterance
for friendship, prosperity and peace -the man's conjoined charm;

The conjugation of two different worlds
in which folks and alike believes in mystic-ominous spirit
the horizon of passages, like of those in ancient and old days' stories
in which creatures and beast alike roam: stride and glide -the flight;

Elf -the forcible master-craftier of spell before time
the ageless intelligence, the highest intrusive of mysteries and crime.

Note:

The "the elf" is one of the characters of the author's "brotherhood's circle"- the poetry in motion: the angel; the warlock; the jester; the poet; the philosopher; the king; the knight; the hermit; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the alien.

Jordan Legaspi

@the Hermit

the hermit

The reputation, he's the wise old man
whose judgment is firm and balance
The secluded; in prayer, in penance away from the rest of men
whose noble wage is his holy countenance;

Some seek his counsel, others becomes his disciples
Still few believes to his gift with awe and wonder
Thus, he is the son of covenant, and the father of words
when the night ends, and when the day begins or why it thunders;

He's delight is the fragrance of the forest
or the desert with its serene and deafening silence
at times with the shadows of the mysterious cave yet at peace
alone with nature -the extraordinary life's evince;

Hermit -a way of life exult in its chaste novelty
The vocation adept to earth-divine spirituality.

Note:

The 'the hermit' is one of the characters of the author's 'brotherhood's circle'- the poetry in motion: the angel; the warlock; the jester; the poet; the philosopher; the king; the knight; the hermit; the elf; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the alien.

Jordan Legaspi

@the Jester

the jester

-the painted face
his beautifully yet playful mask
so inviting, so enticing yet unwise
colorful fool: of sly white, and delightful black

-the coated smile
his artful music and his crafty mime
the elegance of the trick and the thrill
to mystify their eyes; to pain a lurid time

-the flashy dance
his eccentric hay and pageant of hurray
with the motley hat and marotte scepter in balance
oh so entertaining, a jest, the court's folly

-the colorful world
his flamboyant tales and imperial laughter
to them is delight- the sweet naughty bold
behind the fool's apocryphal theater

Note:

The 'the jester' is one of the characters of the author's "brotherhood's circle"- the poetry in motion: the angel; the warlock; the poet; the philosopher; the king; the knight; the hermit; the elf; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the alien.

Jordan Legaspi

@the Vocation

The wind blows whispering words of love
From the north to the south a peaceful dove
Across the mile- west to east a gentle touch
And the warmth fills the coldness of my heart

The waves flash till daybreak a caring kiss
Feel this emptiness with thy master's bless
From nightfall ignorance you wash great amen
And the tenderness painted oh thy heaven

The everyday offering burned
A little candle great light cast its shade
From the hills thy words of hope echoes
And the mountains thy joy is embracing arms

Earth breathe the freshness the dawn of faith
From age to age remembering the glorious death
Reaching to my ears the solitary life He offer
Bringing salvation living life rooted to prayer

Jordan Legaspi

@the Warlock

the warlock

Behind his silence
confrontation between head and heart
-the meditation
and it is the ancient's noble art;

Behind his calmness
the endless battle between reason and emotion
-the incantation
and it is the generations' passion;

Behind his craft
the ageless war between forces and charms
-the art
and it is the spell to protect or to harm;

Behind his presence
the destiny between birth and death
-the god's mysterious trance
and it is the talisman of mother earth.

Note:

The 'the warlock', is one of the characters of the author's "brotherhood's circle"-
the poetry in motion: the angel; the jester; the poet; the philosopher; the king;
the knight; the hermit; the elf; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the
alien.

Jordan Legaspi

@this Is 'Me'

This is 'Me'

I am an ordinary man
living in an ordinary world
where people dreaming of extraordinary things,
I am a common man
with common thoughts and ideas
trying to figure out our differences,
I am no body and my name soon be forgotten
while trying to make a difference,
I am and this is 'Me'
the guy whom they cannot see
so little yet with big role in the society-
the guy whose character
is nothing but just a man in the stage
that without me it would not be
a complete play of reality-
the guy that cannot be the best, but,
the guy that cannot be the least.
If ever you still don't know 'Me'
then start asking 'who I am'
and then you will understand about 'this is me'

Jordan Legaspi

@yahweh Has Remembered

Zeal with his priestly right -
the lot befell on him to receive a sight
Emissary he was of great influence and importance
but behold so sudden he was then put to silence,
Called vision, alas, terrible fear had besieged him -
unfamiliar voice that has to proclaim;
He, be a father to a son, to a Nazirite -
a spiritual appeal to shaken his priestly might,
At his old age, the final of days it seems
for Yahweh has remembered him, hence
Remembering the promise of old -
the Messiah will come as foretold;
In holy fear then he uttered his canticle:
praise to the heavens, blessings to Israel;
And thus, he concluded his priestly vow
neither to appease nor to dodge them with awe;
Hear therefore, to what his silence has to say -
a religious experience that can be yours or mine to day

Jordan Legaspi

+ A Country - A Nation

A country - A nation

The nation of diverse roots and beginnings
Hailed with different aspirations and dreams
Echoed as one in its altar's and state's affairs

People of great devotion to God, and
Human beings whose journey blends to survive
In every details of life, across the globe
Love of others is their deep expression of care
In every corners of the world it is then tied, thus,
Philosophy, embedded with maikug and pohon;
Psychology, shaped with pakikisama and utang na loob
Is the highest value that, made them an icon of service
Near and far; across the seas and beyond the mountains
Even unto the skies their legacy is penned
So as too, to be remembered - the pearl of the orient

Jordan Legaspi

+ Be A Witness

Be a witness

Of love to our God above who blesses us
Of hope to our God above who leads us
Of faith to our God above who saves us

Of God the Father who created us
Of Jesus the Christ who lived among us
Of the Holy Ghost sent for us

Of the new Eden where heaven is
Of the new Adam the first born of creation
Of the new Eve the mentality of obedience

Jordan Legaspi

+ Before Pilate

Before Pilate

I don't know but I do believe
It was a bomb that shattered everything
To the open dropped, unnoticed
While in the enemy's command firing,
Accusation after accusation
Like bullets that breaks the silence
Of the unguarded territory come to confusion
The self image, the self esteem turn to pieces
Leaving the whole agenda blazing in fire
Consuming the fallen wounded body
Whose world fatally hovers
Of dark smoke- to under attack what is left of it-
We were on the dance floor
Together with a wrong music till it bore

Note:

Kasama, Zambia, Africa. 2007 AD

Jordan Legaspi

+ Broken - Halo

Broken - Halo

He is a priest in the line of Melchizedek of old
not from the throne of kings
who sucked the breast of those who toil
and dying from their ignorance enfold

He is a priest in the line of Aaron
not in the hands of nobles
who burn offerings' of blood and flesh
of those who labored for water and bread
and denied of their just pay

He is a priest in the line of the High Priest
not in the authority of rulers
who chained both hands and feet
of those veiled by the law
and hungered for justice- unblessed

He is a priest in the line of the Prophet
not of those forged messengers
of those who but receive no mercy
and death surely rip them to death

He is a priest in the line of the Apostle
not in the charm of great magicians
who faced the heavens and performed miracles
of those whose faith is simple yet pure
and hell, forge them and fear to fall

He is a priest in the line of the Pope
not from the emperors
who paraded themselves with the white robes
of those souls silenced by their sword
and the agony of the unrest corpse

He is a priest in the line of the Bishop
not the bigot hooked from the councils

who formulated high and complicated thoughts about God
of those who cannot but submit to twisted truth
and confuse yet for heaven sake they hope

Jordan Legaspi

+ Broken Shadow

Broken Shadow

Rush to empty my heart
the poverty to love
the end captured by lust
veiled with the holy dove;
Swiftly I dropped my heart
from the richness of hate
shining like a gem, oh pride
hidden like in-rage fate;
Am "me" without a face
drinking this earthen cup
like a "man" of no trace
neither below nor to the top.
Land of Adam and Eve
Cult carved inside the cave.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Charmed Hello

Charmed hello

The waves keep on crashing for some reason
Come here a little closer let us watch the moon
All this years you've got my feeling
You hold me like you should by loving
A performance deserve of standing ovation
So don't wake me if I'm dreaming or in illusion
But your love comes like a thunder when it rains
'Cause I want to see you baby real close up again
So let's just keep on dancing under the moon
And who would have thought of game of the clown
Because I'm in the mood come give it up
The hello that in our heart long we keep

Jordan Legaspi

+ Creation Account

Creation Account

It is about the wonderful accounts
In all different colors and forms
The endless quest to explain the origin
The purpose of now, here and then
And what awaits –the final destiny
That is, recorded in splendid harmony
In hundreds and thousands of them
Mystic, poet, and brilliant minds alike
Across the earth, penned what they've seek

...myth and legend...

Chaos; darkness; emptiness, it begins
the human attempt to explain the heavens
gods; spirits; forces –the riddle it be:
of the elemental cause of he and she
of the beautiful plants and amazing beasts
great and small, to its magnificence
the countless creation stories
of the magical breath of life
air, fire, earth, and water; a perfect craft.

...poetry...

Remarkable accounts across the horizon
about the beings in rigorous discipline
to honor intelligence; to praise wisdom
the who; the what, thus, all is from
tongue cannot but named: father, mother or son
and neither culture entwined: the moon or the sun
from the beginning, heaven and earth needs a deity
to start the story of what is laid in reality
the deep reflection –the record of mystery.

...philosophy...

Across the depths of the unknown, is the birth

that if without its 'good', means death-
the countenance between head and heart
which is, the bridge of all the craft and art
to explain the principality of the divine
to interpret the truth about the first man and woman
and it is a life of an endless journey
either to build a name or face –the godly food
not to seek its meaning or purpose –the ultimate good.

...science...

Things: the ABC; the 123, is in constant flux
man-woman in the other hand, is unrest, is in great vex
though, different theories and principles has laid
the economy of survival, but dim to what 'man' has made
dig for truth, to find his long line ancestry
explore the sky, to discover his creator's machinery
bah! What truth is, is in microscopic dichotomy
investigation and research, to mark the evolution
atoms, chemical, elements –the so on of explanation.

Human mind is the scene of many things –the idea
Of this and of that, since the dawn of the classical era
The seen and the unseen, the before and the after;
The above and the below; the here and there
But it cannot be, to unfold the absolute
The different realities concerning the claimed truth
Alas! None can portray what it means the mystery
The divine with many names and attributes:
Of a man, or of a beast, or of nothingness.

Note:

Davao City, Philippines, 2010 AD

Jordan Legaspi

+ Crush

Crush

To see you was like a dream
And the colorful fashion that gleam
A fabulous face that beam
From unending hymn just lean

I don't know what I felt
It seemed I was on top of the hill
When I was with you near
And I'm sure that the feeling was real

I saw you with somebody else I was hurt
That time I felt so ill
You know I even missed a meal
It seemed that my heart would never heal

You found someone new
And my chances are very few
That I found out a clue
The rule that I can never have you

(City of Mati, Philippines 1997)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Dialogue

Dialogue

I

Yes I have the brain
but don't have the heart man should have
Yes I am good in art
but I am an artist trapped in dark world
Yes they're so much to share about me
but twofold things I need to hide

And my head cannot hold everything
just something little to greater nothing
And my mind cannot make all the strokes
to form the void and word in every thoughts
And too little of me anybody can know of
only two faced creature to be cut off.

II

Few people say I am trustworthy
yet the truth I am unworthy
Some talked about my honesty
yet pity to them it was all stupidity
Others believe my deep thoughts
yet only beautiful but empty words

They poke to their head and convince I am
noble by birth but its all damn
Their words of admiration seems true and real
for I know my self and its all no deal
And most of them spirited my way of praying
like a song nice to hear but only death sing.

III

My friends called me by my name
less to address my own identity
My girlfriends hugged me just the same
less to embrace the whole lucidity
My boyfriends understood me not

less to grasp my whole sexuality

Yet name is not enough to described my being
 il-earth dwell in lone church building
Yes shoulder to shoulder shared without bond
 for the sun leave so soon but no one understand
Though the state is the same as instinct posses
 but unburned stars covered the youth heartless.

IV

You told me what could I do
 fight to end up this crazy feeling
Yet asked me again what hinders me
 consider the prayer as my shield
You show me your godly action
 noble example in Christian sense

Why do you feel the same my friend?
 the stillness of night yet dreary life
Why heavy footprints un-mark the sand
 well behold, even it does, there is strife
Why nay aware it echo nor at bliss
 shyly digging the homestead abyss.

V

I told you this because I have to
 my gifts is all but nothing as woe
I share this to you because I should do
 my values is the same rooted to grow
I show this to you because soon I will go
 my life is no face the same as you do

Less be wrong for they're so much to re-do
 collect yesteryears the gray headpiece
Less it is impossible that was my mask
 the closet figure the curse of dull rainbow
Less it is wide and dark horizon
 two roads of nowhere or mosaic cassock.

VI

Yes at last throw my head
 and relate the things without guilt

Yes finally I open my heart
and shout my fears to the cruel world
Yes before I'd like to end up this story
and soon will go nothing left to say

Un-robe and never to put on it again
but what guarantee from bone and flesh
Bare and bold and now covered with gold
and yet fire and water it is without rest
No never stop saying I will
for I know my own belt tie my on will.

VII

Those few people were deceived
beyond their comprehension of what I said
Those some people was left blinded
cannot see the image under the veil
The others were vex and be vexed
carried by their way of prejudice

The friends called me by name was misled
often tittle vulgarity is there senses
My girlfriends hug me but nothings is all true
created image of earthly view
My boyfriends who get me wrong all their lives
sunk to their depths unguarded lives.

VIII

That's all I can say about me
The friend you thought without infirmity
That's all I can be from those long days
The lover of both and hidden affairs
That's all the reason why I can't stay
Leaving this face were evilness live in me

Another time another me a friend yet enemy
To them who knew me by head and by heart
One whole day or a thousand nights
Will together; live life by piece or by part.
The image of a man hidden fashion in secret
Shaped the unlock un-welcoming truth

+ Disease And Poverty

disease and poverty

Every time I saw him
I have this guilt feeling
From the complaining
Of my life, again and again

What can I do?
I can't turn back the time
And change, redirect me
Away from the fate's crime

The 24 hours or more
Of heavy toil
In sweat and blood and all
The fatigue and torture

Where can I go?
This is the only place
The home I thought I would grow
But premature it seems

The seven days and more
A tormenting machine
Designed to provide order
The demand between heart and mind

How would I know its depth?
That everything is laid
According to its individual's dept
And it has to be paid

What the noise with in?
Is but the noise within
Brought to my senses
My anxiety, weariness and pain

+ Displaced Person

Displaced person

You jump and praise me
but why cannot lift a finger
to help your brother in need
You sing joyful songs in my house
but why cannot spent time
to comfort your sister who need a friend
You kneel hour and hour to pray
but why cannot stop
from cursing your neighbor
You celebrate a meal with your congregation
but why cannot extend what you have to others
You said you want to follow me
but instead carrying your own cross
you beat and plague me
You said I am your friend
but why in the face of power and wealth
you denied me
You even proclaim me as your savior
but why confronted by titles and fame
you turn your back against me.
But even then- friend I kept my promise
to love and loving you all the same
I may lost to no where just to find you
I may be caught by death
just to bring you to life.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Divinum Argumentum (The Introduction)

Divinum Argumentum

The introduction

Years is not enough to pen
The truth of the many his-story
Of different legacies since then
Each tradition held each authority.

Many had fought for what they thought
The principle of myth yet holds its origin;
Others had kept the discipline a worth
The most ancient code of heaven;

But whom to believe, and what to adhere then:
The different accounts of sacred and holy,
The recorded words about half god and half man;
The so many reports about miracles of its spirituality.

Few remained faithful with their oath
The spell and charm from the learned one;
Some till to their last breath -the truth
The highest good they have to gain.

The many reports about sacred things and places to note
Though with intrigues and doubts, still sweet like wine;
The many apparitions of he and she, from south to north
Or from east to west, the confusion of what is divine.

The was, the is and the will always be -the truth
It cannot be against itself or be broken
It is like the field with different seed and fruit
But in the same and one bed of growth -the same truth.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Drunken Swine

drunken swine

Looking for a place to rest
To find but only a troubled breast
So empty then can't feel anything
While sight unto the air – broken wing
Against the un-will soul, in pain
The cry of the spirit beyond sane
Speak nay word to claim without fear
Though aware thy presence oh hear
The son- a breed of a half man
The more I can't be in peace be calm
Hard time- the unfriendly truth
Prevailed face- the malice and its fruit
But time had to come otherwise
Death be the refuge of this swine chest
To haunt me no more with this lust

(Dumaguete City, Phil.2008)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Eden's Pilgrims

Eden's Pilgrims (chapter I)

Carefully to attend the A, B, C and the 1,2,3
The contrast between connotative and denotative
To balance its words and its given meaning
-the first day
Responsively to hear what they have to say
The designed shape and form of every day
To decode its sign and symbol thoroughly
-the second day
Mindfully to assist the every details of history
The blue-print of its answer and its question
To formulate its principle and its theory
-the third day
Devotedly to unlearn the old and to build anew
The mythic story and the legendary tale
To its scientific proof and not just opinionated fact
-the forth day
Skillfully to create empire of explanation
The bulky topic's interpretation and commentary
To the etc. and the so on and so forth
-the fifth day
Reflectively to close old bars, and to open other doors
The other possibilities for growth and maturity
To its different and unique spirituality
-the sixth day
Willingly to embrace the final days, fate and destiny
The journey from birth to death the life seeking ways
To its rise and fall; to reach the gates of the awaited legacy
-the seventh day

Jordan Legaspi

+ Eden's Cross-Road

Cross-Roads

In this old city people are searching for something
Like shadows against the light shining from afar
Whose face divine but drawn as if darkness covers the spring
Whose chest is holy, but refused, unto the holy altar;

Across this city tower stood for century against of many crimes
That was tested in many ways with faith screw within
That was confronted with fear of death sometimes
Like a butterfly tossing the wind and turn to fetter in the rain;

Another and yet of the same kind who reckoned the old thought
Of them not soldiers but men of war against the enemy called evil
Like a voice in wilderness speaking of God the only truth
Miter and staff may grow old and who made the vow may fall;

Reason be awake be the master of your quill to ponder your creed
Faith be awake be the master of your will to purify your head.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Eden's Mirror

Eden's Mirror

Counting the remaining minutes
Of the appointed time that it seems
The final of days to unfold the secret
Of the different lies across the street:
The faces growing in great beauty
Behind the designed colorful play -
The birth and death of each day
Thus characters of he and she and it
In passion of pretense but so discrete;
The hundreds of mask painted so well
Of them, the skillfully crafted tale
To show but, the memoir of the elite
Hiding the scares of what they hate.
Hail street of name and fame
The journey from earth to heaven
The dreary-witty sons and daughters.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Err- Divine

Err- Divine

One reason for man to live
And four ways in life he should survive
Just in three causes for him to carry on
The faith that makes him to go on
Living in this world to love
Serving each day peaceful like a dove
The breath the life of the just
Praying to the one he can trust
One is enough to share his days
For the Four Corners to hear wise stories
Even three to be strife but heaven is no disguise
For the truth man, is God's grace

Jordan Legaspi

+ Eve- The Rape Of The Divine

Eve -the rape of the divine

Hundred of miles and more is between us
Sweet –deadly love
and loving seemed, is an endless night;
thousand of years and more to come
the rise and fall of season but cannot be home
from the distant past bathe in blood and tears;
millions of word has been spoken of you
beauty –the unveiled truth
holy in man's flesh –the spirit malice's fruit:
-the son of his kind destined to live to unearth death;
-the daughter of his flesh designed to die
to bring the hundreds and thousands to breath.
Life is in a weighing scale, between us
Lullaby of the heavens and the hymn of hell.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Father And Son

Father and Son

I've got a mail today
From a long forgotten someone
In a place somewhere in time
Mocked by the crime of his kind;
His words reminded me
Of the days were I dreamed and played
So young growing in innocence
That cannot be taken away
From the child, who let go of his kite
Or of the son who left his shoes behind;
Who can tell?
You go with your own way
But this is should be
Different from yesterday;
I know you miss me
For I read it printed bold and gray
But I don't have reason to hold you
And I must let you go
For Dad I want you to be happy,
Though without you is agony
But I must live life freely
Which you asked me on that day
So I keep it as my own
Till my grieve finds me

Jordan Legaspi

+ For You

For you

I like much your dimple
It makes me fall
Will you catch me?
Will you be there for me?
 If I will make a call

What gesture, those are deep
From my heart come
If you'll give me a chance
I will not regret for any damn
 If because of you I'll fall

My love it's for you
But how my heart can say
Every time you're near I'm so
Lost, and I don't know why
 If it is craziness, I don't know

If I could make a wish
And that is to be with you
But because you're gone
This feeling will remain
 And this is for you

Note:

Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines 1992 AD

Jordan Legaspi

+ Freedom...Live And Die

Freedom...Live and Die

They plucked the sun from the heavens
They plucked three shining stars
Set these in a spotless triangle
Besides two parallel bars

One bar was crimson sunset
The other was azure sky
They vowed by the sun and the shining stars
For freedom they live and die

White were the souls they offered
Red was the blood they shed
Blue was the undying flame
That hallows the martyr's head

Behold the flag in its glory
On this meaningful event in history
Now by the sun and the shining stars
For freedom they live and die

Note:

The poem is dedicated to the Filipino people all over the world.

Jordan Legaspi

+ From The Court Of The Lords

From the court of the lords

Praise God- the famous line every morning
In this marbled palace of God
Bless His holy name-
 another word not new to us in this house
It's been years since that day
I heard them ringing in my ears
Like honey that touches my lips
The undying treasure of words our daily praises

Every move is every gesture of holiness
Raising our arms to proclaim Jesus the Christ
The new Adam who save mankind
Pressing the stony floor with our knees
To extend our sacrifice with humble and contrite heart
To begin the new day of another journey

Note:

The poem was all about the author's admiration to the Benedictine Monks in the Benedictine monastery located in Digos City, Philippines.
The poem was composed on the summer of 2003 during the author's recollection to the said monastery.

Jordan Legaspi

+ God Is Dead

God is dead

Upon the hill

holy mountain of God the most high

My spirit was called to hear

the voice from the wilderness.

The answer to bring fourth and to glorify the Christ

whose death brought life to those who died.

I press the earth

and feel the roughness under my feet

For the sandals now cannot be wore

rape by its own poverty: the un-belief and the ill-fate

became the master all over the street

while the authority of man is enslave

chained their own novelty.

I let go of the dust- shake my bones

to cast off the spirit that clings to my weary soul:

for the stuff is growing old and weak

for the cup is getting empty and dry

no hope and no love for those who made the vow.

Their religion is a ghost from the unholy past

and the son of man is doubled crossed in the altars

for the savior remains a dead man.

Oh God my God hear my voice-

your servant from the troubled seas

drifting from loneliness- dying from emptiness.

Save my people,

hail the angels like Israel in the past.

Note:

The "God is dead" talks about the man's failure to live what he believes and professes.

The title was adopted from Freidrich Nietzsche's classic "Thus Spoke Zarathustra"; "God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we comfort ourselves...(refer to the whole text) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ God's Unfinished Business

god's unfinished business

Sons and daughter, they tried
To live life, to bring the smile
Unto her be the promise for awhile

What about the yesterday
The questions left unanswered
The plea that was never heard
From the man he thought a company

What about the tomorrow
The dreams that turn to disappear
The vision that fades to the air
Before his sons' eyes in sorrow

What about the today
The longing of the dying soul
Of the man who refused to face them all
Of them afflicted in their journey

And it came to pass –the message
The end of it all –the somewhere
That I knew for sure
The unwelcome though, it is 'our age'

Jordan Legaspi

+ God's Craftsmanship

god's craftsmanship

Before she came to birth
-the lady of facts and evidence
of the details of the heavens and earth
-the then, thrills man's existence.

different accounts then,
-the names of a hero across time
of the highly favored son
-the message against man's crime;

from the ancient, the Atrahasis
-the epithet of Ut-napishtim
so as the primeval "extra wise";
-the sage of arts and skills he claim;

another report of, the "Prometheus";
-the creator of man
its Greek translation -the gods' famous
-the defiled though, champion to man;

still it continues to unearth his name
-the priestly and the godly fame, Xisuthros
that it means "far-distant"; it seem
-the Latin still makes the same, Ulysses;

of the like, Adapa -the priest in Eridu
-the great one from the other side
Uan or Oannes -the anointed who
-the spirit it is; in the realm of the wide;

thus, Kothar-wa-hasis and Al-Khids
-the "god's craftsmanship";, and the "green one";
is a long tradition of the great deluge's
-the anger of the gods to man;

and its remaining names, then bore

-the triumph of good against evil
portrays thus, Ut-napushte or Ziusudra and more
-the myth and legend of the saving will;

but one name though of its kind
-the influence contoured: white and black
Noah as he is in Palestine, and in Christians' land
-the beast and man alike in his mysterious ark.

After it though, questions of what and who
-the real score of what is penned here and there
the so many accounts yet with one clue
-the flood that consumed the through and fro.

Jordan Legaspi

+ God's Music Room

God's Music Room

Doleful moments can be at peace
With you, gift from the gods.
Recreation of sweet and pleasant voice
Of drums, string and brass;
Minstrels, oh nature, life is at bliss
Of songs of love and chants of praises;
Fabulous melody of the heavens -
Dance of the sons and daughters;
Sound of many splendid stories
Clothe with a smile and tears, as
Labor of man's toil -the soul of nature's:
Instrument of the mysterious paradise,
Testimony of the fool and the wise;
With you, of life's and death's,
Doing is the journey towards holiness -
Was, is and to be, the eternal nothingness.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Guido- The Tears Of A Clown

Guido -the tears of a clown

Under the darkened sky
I sat all alone
Where sketched my thoughts
The shadow of a broken soul
To the heaven my eyes were fixed
Where contoured of what is hidden
Behind the mask of a clown

Under the darkened sky
I shed tears
Where gentle breeze kissed me
And leaving but a wounded chest

Under the darkened sky
I smiled but of not joy
My tricks of no entertainment

Under the darkened sky
I come to an end
Took my last glance
To the gray horizon
Where my world had begun
And performed my last dance
With the hymn of death

Under the darkened sky
Forever silence is my music

Note:

The name Guido means forest guide from Italian origin and in English equivalent means guy.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Holy Cross Of Davao College

HCDC –Ex Fide ad Veritatem

Heart of service –the mission anchored to Jesus and His spirituality
Over the years, faithfully, for growth and development for the whole society
Love as the key; so as too, the legacy of the founding fathers, the PME*
Yes, -that was and is and will always be, the commitment of charity

Christian ideals; to integrate unity in literacy
Rearing the young, to shape their giftedness and potentiality
Of, to be the catalysts of liberation from ignorance and poverty:
Seeking ways and means to decode the sign of times creatively
Searching venues and programs to address facets of need a many

Opt be the frontline of the journey towards holiness and heavenly
Father, Son, Spirit –the central of its Philosophy and Discipline as a community

Details of different stories to share: failure and success throughout her history
Accounts of many achievements: civic and religious; is very timely
Vows and promises together with the Church of Davao, and be
Among other agencies, the first to answer the call of the day
Oath of Faith to face the evil of corruption that has destroyed every family

Channel of knowledge; experience of ups and downs –the opportunity
Of seeing God in everything –the meaning of life and of death, a reality:
Loosing not the balance between head and heart unto God, glory be;
Loosing not the balance between he and she, in all aspects equality
Enthusiasm, thus, geared her to crush walls and build bridges openly
Going out to the whole world and be the living witness of its actuality
Ex Fide ad Veritatem –the concrete example of her advocacy □

Note:

Holy Cross of Davao College (HCDC) is one of the leading religious institutions in the City of Davao in promoting literacy program: Primary, Elementary, Secondary and Tertiary Education, and even Vocational and Skilled development programs offered to the people of Davao and to the whole country, thus, its

Philosophy and Discipline of Education is anchored to the Christian Ideals, as to promote holistic growth and maturity.

*Foreign Mission of Quebec otherwise known as PMA is the founding fathers of the institution. Though, the school as such was started by the Religious Veneration of Mary (RVM) before it was sold to the PMA fathers.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Human And Divine

Human and Divine

You are awake in prayer
I am asleep in my faith
You face the soldiers calmly
I attack my "enemies" in rage
You give yourself freely
I offer bribe to spare me
You answer the accusations in truth
I speak in falsehood
You are physically beaten
- emotionally tortured
I laugh not to show my fear
- the play innocent to hide the guilt
Your head press with thorny crown
I put veil to hide my face
Your cheek receive the slaps,
you face their spit
I withdraw from obscurity
- adversity to save my reputation
You accept their judgment
- the condemnation to die
I argue to cover up my mess
- the reason to justify the crime
Your shoulder breaks, rashest
by the heavy wooden beam they forced you to carry
I dropp my own duty and responsibility
out of laziness and negligence
Your palms and feet bleed
as the nail penetrates the flesh
I strike my "neighbors"
with cursedly remarks and unpleasant words
Your whole weak turn-wounded body
is exposed to the scorching sun
I seek comfort in secrets and in lies
You taste the bitter wine
I refuse to accept my mistake- face the legitimate pain
Your side burst as the spear enters the flesh
I set aside my own needs and prioritize others

to gain prestige and approval
You died with a cruel-inhumane death
I am alive with the privileges and security,
but of dishonesty and corruption
You are you- free and whole
I am me- chained and broken

Jordan Legaspi

+ Human Intelligence

Human Intelligence

...A - Z

...0 - 9

Note:

We spend hours educating our young, somehow to prepare them for the future. But, what is really 'education' means. Is it shaping the brain into what is already concrete? Is it forming the heart into what is abstract to our human condition?

The poem "Human Intelligence" was an inspiration of the poem "A Human Being, I by Catrina Heart.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Human World

Human World

A.1 The attempt

"the love of wisdom"

"the taste of beauty"

"the salvation of soul"

"the facts and proof"

"the health and the fitness"

1.1 The wisdom

the how one should live life

the what sort of things exist

the nature of knowledge

the principles of reasoning

1.2 The condition

classic and the antiquity

history and literature

language and culture

law and order

prose and poetry

visual and performing art

1.3 The faith and the belief

superstition and myth

stars and heavenly

mysticism and esotericism

prayer and spirituality

rights and rituals

1.4 The world

the exploration and discoveries

the inventions

the colonization

1.5 The chase

stars and heavenly bodies

demons and spirits

magic
gods and goddesses

1.6-a The result

fear
magical
rituals
exorcism
incantations
intimidation
forced confessions
torture
death

Note:

(Dumaguete City, Phil.2008)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Humility

Humility

I see no growth of doing things
I could not do previously
And it becomes a serious problem: more assertive,
more expressive and no fear physically
But less to forget limitation is engrave
in my head and I cannot get out of it
The more I project beyond my control
would mean getting out of my humanity
Yet identity too often a fight for superiority
and a flight from inferiority
And I cannot be happy until I accept the-what
and who in my reality

Perhaps how impotent I am
and I learn it during my infancy
How powerful adults are perfect example
of power and of control
And this childish image has lasting effects in me
and submit to it totally
I try to grow into it believing an adult should be:
with total self-sufficiency
Focusing only on succeeding and change
but inadequate understanding of this all
But these realities do not make me failures
rather they are my humanity

Humility does not produce failure,
it recognizes as a fact of my life
When I fail, when I sink to my image of success
I tend to believe everything is up
Humility makes me look to higher power
and feared on authority
But growing into my physical dimension
and mentally stable but childish in faith
Humility is the bridge between psychology
and spirituality not two different piece

The acceptance of my limitation
and my part in the universe is what I called success

It points me not into pride but opens me to God
the essence and the existence

Because I believe that this more powerful
but never and will not threaten me

Coming out from the pain learning to live life
humbly of what I gain

And sharing this limitation can bring great relief
and the sense of growing

To discover God's will the happiness it promise
of who I am and where I am going

Humility can melt me less if I forget pride
that blinded my whole countenance

The sin of which I am often quietly done is the
Self-sufficiency

Needing not the divine authority
and heavenly guide or drawing out from anybody

And it is an illusion for my relationship
with others brings out in me the human

If I repress this awareness for relationship
then I could grasp not of who I am

I believe I need nothing when I am everything
partly alive yet fully dead

Humility then is an attitude towards life
not for best but for loving me and the rest

Jordan Legaspi

+ Hymn Of A Man

Hymn of a Man

In the center of the earth lay ahead
The gates of the garden of man's desire
Where flesh touched by inhuman err
Have planted the tree of pride
The branches in sorrow spread,
 and the fruit poisonous virtue
To the nations is given to kill and death
 and crush to break the bread
 and crush to drink the wine
Rituals and nothing but rituals:
Of men, with men, and for men

Note:

The 'Hymn of a Man' is another author's criticism to the ritualism of the Catholic Church- that at times these rituals becomes the center of the 'faith' thus the real 'need in and of the church' placed as second priority.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ I

I

I am a creature with brain
to think,
to imagine,
and most of all to reason
You see like you I am not thick and dumb
I have something to say;
I am a creature with heart
to pump blood
to keep me alive
and most of all to feel
Just like you brave and vulnerable
Therefore I have something to share;
I am a creature with a body
of bones to support me
tissue, muscles to shape me
system, organ to complete me
and most of all hair and skin to have beauty;
What a wonderful creature called me
Not just unformed thing but a human being.
I am a creature with a spirit
Something in me that cannot be seen
but most of all not a material thing
The very inner part of me worth for offering;
I am a creature with the image and likeness
of someone I named God
Who gave me freedom with wisdom to understand
-why build and not to destroy-
Who gave me will with faith to fulfill
-my purpose to live in peace and to promote justice.
You see my friend I am not different
I am like you capable to love not just to hate
Because I do believe like you I am, too, a gift from God
We are the same yet unique from one another
And who deserves respect from each other
Therefore why not start to accept you
And you to accept me?

Jordan Legaspi

+ I Am A Leper

Like a leper my evil taught consumes me
Eat my skin and flesh lustfully
Like a leper- I am
 among the people in the market place
Rotten mouth I hid to cheat they
Like a leper every time I pass
 everyone took their leave
Not to taste my broken promises
 that overtook anger that eats the society
Like a leper- I am
 praising 'My God, My God'
But my blood making war to the earth
Like a leper- the son and daughter of man
Who sees death before me, and
 - faith shaken leaves the temple empty
Who hears grinding of teeth, and
 - hope burred it slowly
Who speaking of words, and
 - love that cannot be found in my heart

Note:

The 'I am a leper' was the author's reflection on his sinfulness. Indeed, in this poem the author considered himself as a leper.

Leprosy, is a chronic disease caused by the bacteria *Mycobacterium leprae* and *Mycobacterium lepromatosis*. Leprosy is primarily a granulomatous disease of the peripheral nerves and mucosa of the upper respiratory tract; skin lesions are the primary external symptom. Left untreated, leprosy can be progressive, causing permanent damage to the skin, nerves, limbs and eyes. Leprosy does not directly cause body parts to fall off on their own accord; instead they become disfigured or amputated as a result of disease symptoms.

Jordan Legaspi

+ I-Connect Memory

I-connect memory

In her eyes –the crying
Of the thirty years she kept
Bare hands toil; weak knee on kneeling
To find strength and reach the ending

In her eye –the loosening
Of the thirty years she treasured
The devotion; the dedication of her king
Ones enthroned and ones owned

In her eye –the dying
Of the thirty years chaise and hunt
The ghost of so disturbing
That after all her weakness his breeding

In her eye –the remembering
Of the thirty years she fought
Against the fate's controlling
So deadly and that she remained in the truth

In her eye –the longing
Of the thirty years had passed
Filled with love and it the caring
From the man she ones loved

In her eye –the praying
For the thirty years to finally rest
To its tomb, only god is the awaiting
Thus, to him and her be the forgiving breast

Jordan Legaspi

+ Ihma –ad Jesum Per Mariam

IHMA –Ad Jesum Per Mariam

In the harbor near the bay, stood the tower of authority
Mark of Christian Ideals entwined the Philosophy and Discipline of Education
Men and women, whose inspiration is from Mary mother of Jesus, her patron
saint

And that of the Missionaries of Immaculate Conception's spirituality
Combination of Love, Faith, Charity –that in reach Mati, and the whole country
Under the banner of The Church, she is one of the leading agencies
Living example of the Gospel –the venue of quality and excellent education
Accounts of different achievements, contributions in shaping the society
Through her dedication she partakes in the rising and the falling of years
Evident of God's presence -the freedom from ignorance and poverty

Holiness is her highest aspiration –the mirror of Jesus' message
Everyone is a gift: pupils, students, parents, teachers, administrators
And the whole community of Mati; and the here and beyond
Respect and accept is her tool in shaping culture, yet to challenge it if there is a
need
Together with other creeds, she has continued the legacy of dialogue

Observant of the ever changing time with its manifested signs
Faithfully, she was and is and will always be a mother to different tribes

Magnificent tower –in the service of The Church in civic and in religious affairs
Ad Jesum Per Mariam: Faith and Work for growth and development
Recorded in the memories of the he and she who had witnessed her growing to
beauty
Yes, that affirms her meaningful journey across the sea

Albeit the meaningful and reach story, her influence at times forgotten by some
Calling of many faces, thus, in their chosen field, is a struggle between truth and
falsehood
Across time, however, her reputation has reach and became a beckoning star to
a many
Decorum of good and pleasant characters: faces and names; honors and titles
Emmacians in details: in one self, with the other self, and in nature –
Men and women –the generation across time

Yes, as their commitment to bring her way of life to their respective duty and responsibility

Note:

Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy (IHMA) was founded by the Missionaries of Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy (MIC) , a foreign mission from Quebec.

IHMA offered primary, elementary and secondary programs. And the school as an institution has a big impact to the formation and training of the future leaders/ key offices of Mati and even to the whole province. IHMA together with the Local Church has been an active participant in the shaping of the history of Mati and her people in general.

Jordan Legaspi

+ In An Endless Darkness

IN an endless darkness

Know nothing the fate in the future
Don't have anything even a penny to treasure
Loneliness feels the heart that makes them cry
Hope once so strong yet unreal
When high tide came unveiled it flies

Yesterday is dead and gone
Memories would not come in an easy time
That heart conveys it not
For reality couldn't break just a knot
Even less to happen but it always remains

The days once high and cold
Those eyes could see them in fault
Laughter is used of the truth
For the ruin and almost the death of the youth

Tomorrow might not come
For the dreams that are left behind
Just salvation is at hand
Forget them not for they are not dreams
Yet only darkness wrapped the space left
while dreaming hoping it to be real

Jordan Legaspi

+ In- Chained

In-chained

Wake up each morning feeling the pain my body is ache'n
The past and laborious day life unrest night and day chained
Moving here and there seeking refuge under the same sun
Hungry and thirsty along the way the weary man and woman Counting each time
fighting for life the last and only card
For freedom the cause and reason to crack my bone Nothing to own even the
soul neither name nor fame to call my own
Chained the predator and prey the authority of cruelty Fancied by daughters and
sons blinded from their crown
At my own risk taste the milk and honey and taken away The devise that let
grow each monster in their own
Who devour my flesh take my blood half-dead they'll left me Crawling each day
breathing to survive and that's all I have
Day and night in-chained the prey of my own ignorance Burned all of me for their
safety add self dignity
The predator of my own tolerance from dawn of time My world at rest my life at
stake in chained by their cruelty

Jordan Legaspi

+ In The Throne Of God

In the throne of God

Seven spirits seated on the throne of God
possesses the glory of no end
These spirits facing the river of eternity,
where humanity awaits for the coming of Yahweh
In the center of the throne where God seated,
Christ holding staff like a tree,
and in this tree water and blood overflow
to all the ends of the earth;
Surround the throne of God, another twelve thrones
where twelve elders adoring God above
And seven stars on their head
the symbol of God everlasting majesty
And in each corner angels resounding their trumpets,
playing their harp, and singing God's praises
And all heavenly hosts
those who witness and die with pure heart
offered to Christ shouts of joy,
hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the highest
and glory to God on high
and Christ with the Holy Spirit, Amen,
And from the distance
peoples dancing in tambourine arrive
The sons and daughters of Abraham
from different tribes nations and tongues
The man is on their sleeves
carrying incense candles and cups and plates
The woman is on their gown like brides
and on their hands offerings of many kinds
And their children in white garment
and on their hands book
of praises and songs and of wisdom,
Another view from afar sheep and animals alike
and beasts and all creeping things
doves and all of its kind dolphin and all of its kind
On parade joining Adam and Eve
coming out from the Garden of Eden

And the waters of the sea and the rivers of the earth
 lo and behold clap their hands
And the mountains, valleys and plains echoed their voices
And the whole earth rejoicing- the prophets and priests of God,
 the ambassadors and ministers of Christ,
 the adorers and preachers of the Holy Spirit
All in life going to the abode of God,
 the throne of heaven and earth and below the earth
Amen, Amen, Amen

Note:

Inspired from the Book of Revelation.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Inferiority

Inferiority

Experience which convince me
that I am not as good as the other
And consequently not to belong with them
if not best as they are
It seems a feeling of humiliation
especially if they make fun out of me
Such experience someone controls me
causes pain and delight in my misery
And these are common 'jokes'
that leads me into my inferiority
However the fear was masked and hid inside
a withdrawal from my humanity

This feeling is not stranger in me
yet this is the cause of running away
Yet the far I am from me
the unprotected and vulnerable me-be
One way is to 'project'
the feeling I thought of the other people
Another unhealthy way to handle
that I usually do to prejudice my inferiority
And it is clear humiliation
and nothing to do with humility
That is why the result from the acceptance
of my limitation is painful reality

Jordan Legaspi

+ Iron-Rose

And thinking of what might be
After the sea-bed old and gray,
Thou speak it but thy words to me
Were thin as the air I heard them nay,
Beneath the grove lay naked bone
Oblivion of history be-witch by the air
Of night and day knock like skeleton
Creeping to earth the very poets' nightmare
In-flesh vision that is like a bow dries
Hunt for cases strike the rotten breast
And up-rooted the idle sea-weed carelessly,
Or hear it in some dreary cavern chest
 The filthiest hand of either sex
 Of amber vanity veil or not, still can vex

Note:

(Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

+ It Means To Be A Christian

It means to be a Christian

You raise me up, to climb the mountain
And against its stiffness you make me stand
But pull me down from the high ground
To let me see the meaning of power and glory
You raise me up, to sail in stormy waters
And against its waves you make me calm
But pull me back from the sea and put me into the shore
For me to comprehend the meaning of name and fame
You raise me up, to walk on snowy ground
And against its coldness you keep me warm
But pull me in every side to feel its hardness
And make me realize the danger of too much wealth
You raise me up, to journey long nights
And against its darkness you made me see
But black my ways and took my luggage away
And ask me to pause and reflect which way
My friend you raise me up
From my weakness and limitation
You pull me back from my will and reason
To let me know what it means to follow you

Jordan Legaspi

+ It Was...

It was...

It was a great day praise thy heavens for thee
gave me life to see the beauty and to feel it within me
It was a joyful day of my childhood
when dreaming of fantasies and abundance is my way
It was a wonderful day of my youth
when hoping for a change is always at hand from the band
It was a day of challenge for a man: destiny,
survival to embrace the challenge to make a difference
It was the diversion that turns everything to ruin
that a day turns to night- the destruction of a man
It was the sunshine that makes morning for a
new hope for a new life to thy wondering looking for land
It was I of that big shadow of long ago dreamer
and plan that I thought through time I still be am
It is me whom knees are broken just to be on
the road of glory after three days without thee well-
finally I'll say Its me a man just what I am,
looking-searching for the answer. Oh! Who I am?

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jester's Trial

Jester's trial

Meanwhile somebody
of the master be another dolly
Dance against her will-
music of pure puppeteer
Soon it will come to pass
the wizard cannot be named
will come to collect what belongs to him
from the first day-
borrower of life thus, birth and death
Though some with smile,
tears of joy and happiness
But he cannot be a prophet
to tell this sire-
"death be your end fatal it should be"
to save the dolly
However, master they called him
and addressed by his nobility and power
By which no one can touch
the bone the flesh hidden inside
But death is his servant
to summoned him
to put the master into silent
And that is, be not a prisoner but free
And that it should be, the master's
but not in slavery of authority
And that to remind you sire
the meaning of Pock-dally

Note:

The original title was "Pock-dally" which to the author means "prostitute/sex slave.

But change into the "Jester's trial" to create another tone of character in the poem –the contrast between birth (joy) and death (sadness) : live (freewill) and dead (prisoner) .

+ Jesus Of Nazareth

Jesus of Nazareth

Through the ages you are acclaimed
But few have understood your message
Fewer still have tried to put into practice
What You've done and preached
Your words have been heard across the globe-
Tribes and nations and tongues and races of men
But many twisted and turned to mean something-
The beyond of what you really mean
Your name has been used and abused
To justify crimes, to frighten people,
To inspire men and women to heroic foolishness
Frequently you've been honored and worshiped
For what you did not mean, than for what you did mean
Your influence is so great-
The turning point of history
Number of peoples fought and died for your sake
Either by conquering or by defending in your name
Crowd followed You all the day of their lives
But in the middle of nowhere confused and finally totally lost
Between faith and religiosity
While the rest breathless still praising Your name
Leaving behind those dying and death consumed...
Because they believe in You

Note:

Composed in Kasama, Zambia, Africa, the poem "Jesus of Nazareth" portrays the religious-mediocrity of people who claimed they understand pretty well what it means to be a believer.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jesus- The Christ

Jesus -The Christ

The Word was with God and the Word was God

The Son of God- put to shame and rejected

The Way- the road not traveled

The Truth- denied and not proclaimed

The Life- unwanted and killed

The True Vine- not watered nor cultivated

The Living Bread: un-broken, unshared

The Living water: un-drunk, unshared.

The Word became flesh and dwelt among us

The Son of Man- the image and likeness of the unseen God

The King- born in a manger; crowned with thorny grass

enthroned on a tree; laid in a borrowed tomb

The High Priest- not of the holy of hollies, but of the wilderness

The Prophet- from unknown and of no important town

of an ordinary family

The Bridegroom who shared his divinity with our humanity

The Master- the suffering servant

The Rabbi- the man of action

The Shepherd- the sacrifice lamb

The Sower- Sowed the seed of faith, hope, and love

The Good Samaritan- the man for others

The Father- who forgave the son(s)

The Owner of the Vineyard-

the man of compassion and generosity

The Employer- a just and righteous man

The Savior- who died on the cross

The One and only begotten Son of God

The Messiah- the anointed

The New Adam- both human and divine

The new Moses- the fulfillment of the law

The Son- the Alpha and the Omega

Note:

Kasama, Zambia, Africa. 2007

The "Jesus- the Christ" is inspired from the account of Jesus' life in the Bible. The titles are attributes of Jesus- the Christ as recorded in the Gospels and other documents found in the scriptures.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jesus- The Insperation

Jesus -the insperation

The Voice from the distance

who invites us to work in the field

The Touch that reminds us of the mission, the Service

for breaking walls and building bridges

The Smile every after the tears

and makes life colorful

The Song that gives harmony to our life-

music of peace in every day bless

The Rebirth and rise from every fall

and the reason to continue living in His will

Note:

The 'Jesus- the inspiration' is an inspirational message of the author to those who are undergo hardship in life.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jesus- The King

Jesus -the King

You are the King of kings
born in a manger
to offer the beautiful place for us
You are the King of kings
road to the temple on a donkey
to offer us horses for our journey
You are the King of kings
crowned with thorns
to offer us the precious stones
You are the King of kings
seated on the tree
to offer us the comfort we can own
You are the King of kings
Whose reign is without end
to offer us the salvation
- the life everlasting

Note:

The "Jesus- the King" is another reflection concerning the Kingship of Jesus -the humility and the generosity of his love (read the Gospel of Matthew) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jesus- The Lamb Of God

Jesus -the lamb of God

Is an offering to God
to take the first born to preserve life
Is a gift placed upon the altar
the wine showered to us
from the blood of man- divine
Is the burned sacrifice of pure incense
the praises glorifying Christ
Is Jesus the lamb and the shepherd
the first born and the last
and final sacrifice
Is the altar- the body of Christ
Is the church- the people of God
receiving the initiation of faith
love and justice
-the salvation for human race.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jesus- The Lord

Jesus -the Lord

Lord in a manger
but with all the glory and honor
Lord without a palace
but with the fame reaches everywhere
Lord of no crown
but the halo of God shining so bright
Lord deprived of golden throne
but hanged to the tree for all peoples to see

Note:

Reflection concerning on Jesus' Lordship
(read the Bible's account) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ Jonah- The Prophet Sent To Learn

Jonah -The Prophet sent to Learn

There was a man named Jonah
In the Bible his life was recorded
With all his works and his droll adventure
Speaks of the wrath of God soon will come
To the people of Nineveh

Jonah goes at once but not to this city
Instead sailed to the sea away and away
With an iron head and heavy heart
Forget about God and the people and the city
And he toasted the waves and sailed against the wind

But God called him and called him again
Sending rain and strong wind to prevent him
Till the ship almost find its end
Fighting against death who was waiting
For the final fall of its puddle

Then Jonah think of God who ask him
For the task of every prophets to bring words to the king
Of consolation or doom
The warning of death whose sins overthrows
The faith to God who created heaven and earth

Then after the long night Jonah
To the sea he jammed and courage screw into his chest
Then God send a whale to save him
From the roaring of the seas find refuge into his belly
And Jonah was saved ashore after three days

Jonah then walked to the city all day
To proclaim the anger of God throughout Nineveh
Small and great hear him wealthy and slave accepted him
And the king of Nineveh together with his household
And all the creatures should not eat nor drink

After the day God will forgive them and send his angels
To hear their plea of forgiveness to the heavens' bless
And console them from their sinfulness and wickedness
So was God lord of pardon hear them
And never to destroy the city who finds their way

Note:

Inspired from the book of Jonah one of the author's favorite stories in the Old Testament.

Jonah (Hebrew: יְהוֹנָתָן; יְהוֹנָתָן; יְהוֹנָתָן; יְהוֹנָתָן; יְהוֹנָתָן; , Modern Yona Tiberian jon'ɔ h; Arabic: يُونُسَ بْنَ مَاتِي; يُونُسَ بْنَ مَاتِي; , Yunus or يُونُسَ بْنَ مَاتِي; يُونُسَ بْنَ مَاتِي; , Yunaan; Latin Ionas; 'Dove') is the name given in the Hebrew Bible (Tanakh/Old Testament) to a prophet of the northern kingdom of Israel in about the 8th century BC, the central character in the Book of Jonah famous for being swallowed by a fish. He is also mentioned in the Qur'an as a prophet of Islam.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Just One Minute

Just one minute

Quarter of a moment, I need to go
The second bell is calling before I know
That I am still too far
From my class next floor

Gather my things, I have to rush
To meet my world literature class
For I promise them not to be late
And to continue, I couldn't wait

The report about this and that
Myth and legend –the ancient account
Fables and parables –the taste of godly deeds
Penned beautifully in scrolls and in books

Suddenly you cross, seeking my attention
So quick, in the nick of time, confusion
You need to talk, to ask, I don't know why
But, without a sound to give a try

And I said, be patient and I'll be back
Hit the floor, after three o'clock!
I am free and we will see
What to do and what this could be

And waited for you to come
Several hours after that; though I can't be calm
The night is falling; people slowly fading
To the guard house, I have to give a ring

Then, few words –the world it seems
I cannot, I don't; confuse because of the news
Just one minute after that; someone
Somewhere whom I know, is gone

Note:

19 March 2010 AD. Davao City, Philippines

The poem is an account of true event in the life of Mr. R. (friend to the author) who missed to talk to his student because of other duty to attend to. And to discover after his class the student has commit suicide inside the male rest room.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Keep The Balance

Keep the balance

I miss the turn
To the rock I kiss- falling down
Loosing breath momentarily
While closing my eyes steadily
Not for prayer but of pain
That penetrates my brain
It was the other week
I recon the brake- and this and that
The long ride under the sun so hot
Then the rough crooked path
Thorny road that halt
Nay! Nay! Nay!
It's the ride it may
That needs bearing
That needs caring.

Note:

Kasama, Zambia, Africa. 2007

The poem was all about the author's bike accident in Kasama.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Last Of The Modern Hermit

Last of the modern Hermit

I was baptized in a Christian name:

In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

And I was confirmed of the faith to Christ Jesus:

Believing in God the Alpha and the Omega

Trusting in God and the promise of eternal life

Loving God above all things and loving my neighbor as my self for love of God.

And I became a member of the body of Christ:

Who desires wisdom of things related to God;

Who empowers my will in understanding the deeper meaning of my faith;

Who with knowledge I could see everything around me with compassion

and be enlighten to understand better my religion;

Who in my thoughts, words, actions, choices and decisions be pleasing to God;

Who with courage and boldness to preach and live the examples of Jesus;

Who accepts and respects my brothers and sisters as children of God

and fills with a cheerful heart to do good deeds and with joy in reaching out to them;

Who by instinct to avoid the danger of reason and everything that could lead to sin.

And I was called to be a disciple of the Church guided by the law

and nurture by love to be matured in faith.

And the teacher of the law had taught me

'Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind'.

Confronted by the eye of the teacher from whence the spirit of the world has seen the strength of my head

and the weakness of my heart.

I was then exposed to the truth –the truth about the first day and the first night of everything-

about the external and the internal of all creature:

It is like the virgin of beauty but rape by her own innocence;
It is like the gentleman whose hands toiled the land but consumed by the
poverty of his heart;
It is like the reason and the cleverness of 'man' that had brought death.

Love the Lord your God:
The God who planted the tree of life;
The God who sees what's hidden in the heart of 'man; '
The God who authored everything- the intelligence beyond human
comprehension.

Son it is good therefore for you to remain in the hands of God:
In your heart be like a little child;
In your soul be the greatest among all in the service of others;
In your mind be cautious like a snake and be gentle like a dove.

Then the teacher of the law whom power
and authority had given him starts vomiting language of the angels, saying

'Love your neighbor as you love your self'.

Like a sword that strikes the righteous and kills the wicked:
The womb that give birth of the tomb;
The seed planted in the barren soil that cannot see the light;
The altar that defile the holy one of God.

While I give ear to what the teacher had said
Inside of me bleeds for the sword had reach my heart and wounded my soul
from the incredulity,
from the heresy;
from the schism,
from the religious mediocrity.

Love you neighbor:
It is like giving what you have and taking only what you need;
It is like talking to someone about life and listening what the others had to say
on how to live;
It is like going to a journey and leaving the dust less to over burden the caravan.

Son it is therefore wise to be neighbor to your self and be at your self in relating
to your neighbor.

Remember give what belongs to Caesar and give what belongs to God.

Then the teacher together with 'them' he and she of different names:
And of different fame's on with the masters of letters;
And the scholars of books in communion with the great thinkers of the world;
And interpreter of what is Divine:
in companion with the distinguished people who knew the movement of the
heavens;
in proclaiming 'their' religion founded from the ancient of times;
in history had built the very foundation of the law of the earth; saying

'Be holy as your God in heaven is Holy'

Upon hearing it, I was taken into oblivion of the details of the law –alas, doubt
slowly overtook my heart:
It is like the wood brought to sentence Jesus the Christ;
It is like the water made impure by the hands of men and offered to Jesus the
Christ to drink;
It is like the metal that wounded the flesh of Jesus the Christ; Son

'Be holy as your God in heaven is Holy'

Take your own cross and climb the mountain of God and follow Him
Take the cup and drink from it in memory of Him who purify the water and
change it into wine the color of His blood and remember 'All who take the sword
will die by the sword'

Then the teacher spoke of words that had troubled my head...

Silence! Had embraced my dominion –death is then my refuge:
For I was baptized to love, but I denounced my faith –the power of the gods
overtook me;
For I was confirmed to the faith, but I condemned my God –the influence of
reason blinded me;
For I was shaped to trust, but doubted His good news –the pleasure of life
harden my heart.

Then the teacher spoke of words that had troubled my heart...

Silence! Had hallowed my countenance...
For I was then lost but now found;
For I was then broken but now put together;

For I was then dead but now alive again.

Then the teacher spoke of words that had troubled my soul...

For I am the Father's Son;

For I am the Son's brother;

For I am the Spirit's ambassador.

And silence forever! The heaven has found its lost one:

Adam has entered Eden ones again;

Eve has embraced the her children ones again;

And Eden ones again the footstall of Heaven, the door of Paradise, the Pillar of God's.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Light In The Darkness

Loving my self- a wellspring of peace
Accepting my weakness - a model of strength
Controlling my aggressiveness- a model of gentleness
Forgiving my self- a model of trust
Naming my fear- a model of courage
Confronting my weariness- a model of patience
Relating to my neighbor(s) - a model of risk
Freeing from my self-centeredness- a model of openness

Experiencing unbelief- a gift of liberation
Having more than enough- a gift of letting go
Vocal and anger- a gift of nonviolence
Name and fame- a gift of suffering
Status and influence- a gift of contradiction
Ill-fate and death- a gift of resurrection

No hope- from my silence
No neighbor and no friends- from my exclusion
Low self esteem- from my exploitation
No peace within- from my terrible guilt
No healthy and lasting relationship- from affliction
No prosperity and abundance- from my addiction
No maturity and growth- from the entire obstacle I made

Prayer- into new life
Honesty- into freedom
Acceptance and respect- into partnership
Giving and sharing- into significance
Living my life in the full- into a bright future
Being me and nothing else but me- into joy and happiness

Note:

(Copper Belt, Zambia, 2007)

Dedicated to the victims of child abuse
(physical, emotional, and sexual) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ Lord Of Mamre

Inside the palace: of name and fame

gentle-men coming from the four corners of the world
in their fanciful head and in their silvery chest
summoned by the seven spirit seated above and below.

Hail; hail; sound the trumpet like a dragon breathing fire
to give entrance of the king in his crown and throne
the splendor of his authority and power.

Clashing; breaking of cymbals like a python creeping under the ground
to give way to another noble naked both body and soul
whose eyes fixed- what is hidden is seen.

A deafening gong overthrew and opens its mouth like a hungry swine
to unbolt the gates for another lord- a blob man had come
who by his origin is from the ancient times

And momentarily silence like a roaring beast searching his prey
as the master walking on the isle
whose senses erected on both sides ready to devour
what is beautiful and tasteful to the eye.

Boom; boom the drums shouted like a mad man speaking of blood
to lead the ruler of his kind
whose breast plate is hard as the law
whose head cap is sharp as his sword.

While the swan dancers and the acrobats in full fashion
to introduce the lady and his man- noble in act; scholarly in rank
but both mute and blind.

Then two groups of people jumped and raved and heat the floor
they are the monks from the gloomy cave
emptiness is their way of life
like flesh and bones inside the golden tomb.

And after a while they- seated to their thrones.
Given to them in time and in season
from the gods- whose name is in every tongue

+ Lord Of Service

Lord of service

Early in the morning
You are in the field
Tending your flock
With melodious hymn;
In the height of the day
Still with the people
Hearing what they have to say
And challenging them;
In the afternoon still there
Cultivating the earth
To have fruitful produce
To offer it in the altar of praise;
Till darkness invades the sky
But your presence lingers
You feel their pain;
Human as you are
But willing to love and to care
Even to die for freedom
And offer it to the peoples of the land

Jordan Legaspi

+ Lord Of The Altar

Lord of the Altar

You taught me to love
and I learn to give
but they've forsaken me my Lord,
You give me faith
and I live life with justice
but they've sold me to my enemy,
Your life gave me hope
and salvation I see my Lord
but they've put me to prison

My Lord I heard you
and shared what I received
what else can I offer,
My Lord by your passion
I find consolation
and continue the mission
How could I forget to praise you
With you I live a peaceful life
And I raise you my Lord on high
What else I can do but to offer my life
Into your altar, of faith, hope, and love

Note:

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Lord Of The Music

Lord of the Music

Some people tried to learn
the music they have heard
Others started to study its cord
but still it wouldn't play
for their heads were so busy
rearranging the harmony
for their hearts were overwhelmed by the music
but they couldn't get the melody
for they were preoccupied
adding notes and putting new words,
Some people are just too intelligent
directing the music and change its meaning;
Others put the music into category
to produce divided theory
of the Lord who started the legacy
of chorus who sung with him night and day;
of the Lord of the music himself played
to show the only way;
of the Lord who danced during
and the final performance on that day

Note:

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

The "Lord of the Music" is all about the story of Jesus's life (refer to the four gospels recorded in the Bible) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ Lotus-Roots

Lotus-roots

I was then a prisoner of death
-face of hundreds and thousands from birth

I was then I dreamer of name
-treasure and wealth; title and fame

I was then hunger of discipline, education and training
-the aim for growth and maturity and learning

I was then on state I thought of what is health and good
-thus, the great Buddha against the fraud

Note:

Inspired from the four "Noble Truth"
taught by Gautama Buddha, the "Enlightened One".

Jordan Legaspi

+ Love As A Poem

Love as a poem

My friend says it's a rosary
To think that love is full of mystery
Also it's like a fantasy
But one thing that is for sure it lives in reality

Love is like a poem
It's a feelings for you to feel
It's a full of memories that strikes us evenly
Because love is an unending story of reality

Love is like a poem
That makes our lives colorful
Yet it reveal yet different meaning
Like the love we shared, my little darling

Oh try to imagine
The love -the love as a poem
Through each lines
Different emotions, different gems

Note:

(City of Mati, Philippines 1990)

Love Notes Collection

Jordan Legaspi

+ Madness Of His Wisdom

Madness of His Wisdom

Redluck: the story

I was the court's jester
whose trick was hidden murder
I was the monastery's poet
whose poetry was penned hate
I was the academic's teacher
whose lesson was designed to err
I was the warlock's apprentice
whose craft was of decadence

I was then a child
but to my mother's breast deprived
I was then a son
but to my father rights' forgotten
I was then a brother
but to them was a stranger
I was then a friend
but betrayed left to ruin

I was then a traveler
to search a place somewhere
I was then a wanderer
to find someone out there
I was then a dreamer
to be at ease with my maker

I was then, put to death
their laughter falls to the earth
I was then forgotten
their awe died to the air like incense
I was then a dead history
their memory of me a deceitful story
I was then vanished from all account
their all things of me, burned to ashes

Redluck: the soul

But suddenly, in my long sleep
a face from a thousand deep
appeared while calling me
in unison voice of he and she

But suddenly, in the deep shadows
where I laid my heart among the souls
a kiss from he came in veiled memory
to the hallo of chaos- my oblate's sanctuary

But suddenly, when I was in death
a breath of she whispered to unearth
the ancient and noble lord
from whence the god's altar was ones his world

But suddenly, I was then brought to life
the death of my birth was ones a strife
cast into anew
the birth of death to oblivion blew

Redluck: the concept

And, there and then, Me, to be born
the court-jester in his thorny crown
whose malicious tricks
brought his kingdom to broken bricks

And, there and then, Me, to be born
the monastery-poet on his bloody throne
whose lustful quill
brought his priest into a magical thrill

And, there and then, Me, to be born
the academic-teacher at his holies' bone
whose wit
brought his followers to humorous feast

And, there and then, Me, to be born
the warlock-apprentice, son to his mother- the crone

whose story
is the, "the other theologian's spirituality"

Redluck: the incantation

Hail she and he- the god who brings forth
the birth; the life; the death- the cycle of mother earth

Amen to they- the god's shadow
whose dwelling is the eternal hallow

Amen to you oh god, both mother and father
whose eternal sanctuary is forever.

Note:

The "Madness of His Wisdom" is dedicated to the author's spiritual twin brother known as 'Redluck'. However, the name was claimed to portray only the character of the person, not to reveal his real identity.

Davao City, Philippines, 16 October 2009

Jordan Legaspi

+ Make A Difference

Make a Difference

Too long we've sat and waited
Preparing the things which lay ahead
Too long we have expected our battles to be won
Yet we never lifted a finger on the name of Jesus
We knew this is the final crises
Too tempting pleasures outside and sucks with in
For salvation is for those who make it theirs' to own
And would someday so soon, but no, it is now my friend
So much more than ever before
For the time is now if Jesus we embrace
And let others know Jesus by loving them
The same prayer thy kingdom comes
And that makes a difference

Jordan Legaspi

+ Manhood

There are many other
Places where I can
Push my plow
Plow and plant
Plow and plant I can
Near the very steep hills

Morning and night
My plow live
Nay moment it sleep
For while is to long
Yet life it wears'
Stood still ready
 again to plow

Sometimes hills are gone
In the midst of my hands
It plants and plows
Push my plow and plant
 but sure it dies
Though lucidity is and was
But it plow it satisfy

Jordan Legaspi

+ Mary- The Perfect Disciple

Mary -The perfect disciple

At the dawn of His coming
you were there waiting
Consoled by the Angel
through your yes and for all salvation is

To give birth to the child
the prince of peace and justice
At the very night of mans history-
you Mary adore and glorify God
Singing your praises,
hosanna, hosanna to the highest
And on that day onward
proclaim the love beyond to compare
Jesus you showed to us;

Like a shepherd who seek his flock
in the desert in the middle of the night,
and who give safety to his sheep
from the wolves and thieves;

You follow Him closely oh Mary,
to the foot of Calvary,
and watch Him die
but with your faith
He was raise to life
and bring the rest to the Fathers glory;

You seek Him everyday oh Mary,
living life the perfect disciple of the Son
your example calling each and everyone
to be open to God and live with the yes,
in bringing His words to all mankind
and living His words for the service to all;

Oh Mary your life to God you offer
with the consolation and joy

for salvation is given to all,
for the passion of your Son bring forth the Christ
the saving act of God to mankind

Note:

The 'Mary- The perfect disciple' is the author's reflection on the life of Mary the mother of Jesus- the Christ (refer to the Bible) .

Jordan Legaspi

+ Mdc –the Technocrats

MDC –The Technocrats

Memories of you
Each night had chased me
The committed tendencies
Recorded as strength and weakness
Of an individual had crossed the sea

Delight and despair
Ugliness and beauty, of
Men and women, her affaire
Accounts of human experience
Guile of both heavenly and personal motivation
Unique, however, she is an institution
Engage in business
Training and exploring
Enforced discipline of education

Carrier oriented
Offered to all across the city, with
Learned people;
Lofty agencies
Enterprise of literacy
God as their center, and
Each day is a step towards success and development

Note:

Metro Dumaguete College (MDC) is an institution founded by Welfredo and Mrs. Delma P Manila together with other family member serve as associates and proprietors in administering the college.
MDC is located at 3rd floor NORECO 2 building, Real St., Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Memories Of Dan

Memories of Dan

Everyday I am waiting for your call
That you may talk to me somehow
The venture from the four cornered wall
Who your life was molded your vow

Everyday I am standing near the window
That you may take a glimpse for me
And pause for a moment to hear words from you
Same desire to go and follow you maybe

Everyday I am passing from the door
Thinking you might be there and invite me in
To have a tea or anything you can offer
And talk about the things you've done before

Everyday I am hoping to be with you again
The strange man yet close friend I guess
I met you a year or more in a white cassock
At first don't know who but looks like a priest

Everyday I am thinking of your entire endeavor
Rituals and prayer for the people here on earth
Communion of people coming from different culture
Hand in hand the family in one faith

Everyday I am trying to live your humble way
Were the commoners trust and ask to be bless
Love Him, taught them and live it day after day
To save soul a wonderful grace

Everyday I am wondering for what you call
Offering mass for God your highest gesture
And in the pulpit you have wisdom for us all
Simple teaching the congregation can hear

Everyday coming to the moment for me

To counsel my self because I don't have the clue
Which image that I like to portray
Or to live the life in priestly way

Everyday meditating-journey towards my self
From my feet to my knee I pray, Amen
Invoking thy name for priesthood vocation
To be of thee servant to be fisher of men

Everyday with you I know
My life will be of legacy of love and truth
Will not be as priest but offering my self just the same
Holiness I will live praising the God great Amen

Everyday I will remember the words you shared
Wisdom to live life balance and willing to care
Then your examples everyday be happy
A person of values walking in Gods presence

Note:
(City of Mati, Phil.1997)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Missionaries Of Africa

Missionaries of Africa

Men and women with different stories to share
In one goal, responding to God's calling
Service through the mission of the Catholic Church
So too, to dedicating their lives for Africa and for her people where ever they
maybe;
Ideals of Cardinal Charles Lavegerie, the founding father
Outlined from the Gospel –examples of Jesus the Christ
No matter what, where, when, name and title, status and condition
And to whom they are called to live and work with
Reality therefore, fostering each giftedness to build a community
In health and in sickness; in wealth and in distress
Even amidst of conflict till death confronts them
So does the promise of chastity, obedience, and poverty;
 will guide them to holiness with the help of Mary –Queen of Africa.

Open to dialogue –the opportunities of encounter and experience
From simple details to complex points: conventional discipline to practical science
 -the culture of balance;

All these years, from their root and their beginnings
From the City of Algiers, Africa, to all the corners of the world
Remains committed in keeping and sharing the legacy of Love, Faith and Hope
In-trusted to them; the spirituality of many facets of God's goodness
Coming together: Priests, Sisters, Brothers, Associates, Students, and extended
families
Again taking their promises,
 to continue building the Church of Africa,
 forming men and women to be apostles of Christ, and
 shaping history through justice and peace of Jesus' cross.

Note:

Missionaries of Africa or otherwise known as White Fathers is a society of priests,
brothers, and associates together with their counter part sisters is working in
Africa and with her people all over the world.
The society was founded by a French Cardinal and the first primate of Africa,

Charles Lavegiery.

The poem was written in January 2010 AD.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Moonlight On The River

Moonlight on the river

In the middle of the night you haunted me
The tenderness of your hands melts my heart away
The crystal in your eyes the grayness of life sways
Oh how your embrace brings comfort to me

But I went far looking for new life to the other side
Leaving you and the memories behind
I heard your voice one night calling out my name
From the moonlit city of man stained with colors so different

Lamp and shade the other images with harshness
of feeling deep within
Until found I was alone losing a friend I thought I couldn't find
Cannot smile like a nightingale forbidden to recite his hymn
So, I take a pause and collect the pieces in my mind

I realized then, bringing the world is not enough
if friend like you will fade away
I go around and found you cry I don't know why
But silence came again bringing the friendship
The moonlit river side just the same you and again

Jordan Legaspi

+ National Agenda

National Agenda

At the cause of exploitation
of rage of heart- the chained
of toil of empty emotion
they heavily burdened;
was and is, and will always be
story of deadly promises
of good life, of prosperity
for the soul to taste, but injuries;
sweet but empty words- they are:
impossible stature of pride
pantheon of malice of err
-the gluttonous spirit to hide;
Alas! The masters of lies
 with innocent look
Personalities of puppet,
 they're whore's hook.

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines.9 Feb.2009

Jordan Legaspi

+ Odysseus' Entrance To Ithaca

Odysseus' entrance to Ithaca

In silence he designed the claim
That in this land it was once the fame
Of all –the name, either in war or in game

Behind the princely shadows he came
In old ragged tunic to confused the aim
Of once a friend but turn a beast to blame

Hidden from his self made appearance
The strength that breaks the fate's alliance
And be hailed and honored –the warrior's brilliance

Before his eyes the pain and disappearance
The confrontation between the worlds and the heavens
That the wonderer's horizon is in the malicious hands

The manly chest of a princely bearing
Screwed with precious soul, fresh as the morning
That in his eyes the lover's dream that warms the evening

Troy is broken, Ithaca is in ruin
Men of arms is fallen; gods' desire is in vain
But his will –the crown of a man all these years remain

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Apostleship

On apostleship

I swear those mangoes were twelve,
but when I count them,
three were missing
and I asked my friend to number them again
and finally eleven was given.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Between You And Me

On between you and me

Remember dear friends
between A and Z, is symbol of faces, birth
between 0 and 9, is figure of days, death
and between you and me, is life itself

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Brotherhood

On brotherhood

I knock the door two times
but no answer was given to me
I tried another plea
but still receive none
I waited for a few moments
that someone might attend
but still nay
So I took my leave,
and to the grave yard
I lament for my birth
and weep for the torment of my death

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Concerning Of Asking And Answering

On concerning of asking and answering

Morrow is another moment of wonder
in search of the answer to man's endless question.
However, one thing is for sure,
man failed to see the virtue of the asking the question
and the value of the given answer."

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Innocence

On innocence

In the eyes of a child there is joy and there is laughter
hidden to those wise and great,
noble and lords.
In my village peasants and commoners
live like children in the eyes of God.
And there- wisdom of truth lies in their eyes.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Poetry

On Poetry

Poetry has its own language and structure, Culture

Poetry has its own craft and method to capture the taste, Art

Poetry has its own medium of inspiration from the spiritual world, Religion

Poetry has its own manner of seeking wisdom both from natural and supernatural, Philosophy

Poetry has its own object to shape both evolution and revolution, History

Poetry has its own laboratory to amend feelings and emotions, Psychology

Poetry has its own system: theory and praxis; facts and fiction to convey a message, Science

Poetry has its own discipline to stimulate the various interests, Way of Life

Finally Poetry is life itself full of stories to share:

secrets to reveal,

mysteries to unfold,

vision to interpret,

mission to fulfill before the Poet enters the door of death

Poetry is ancient and noble craft.

Note:

The "On Poetry" is an inspiration from the articles about poetry in the book "The Successful Writers and Editors Guidebook". And the articles with its respective contributors are as follows: You as a poet by Paul Bechtel; Poetry by Leslie H. Stobbe; The How-to of writing poetry by Jan Franzen.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Pretension

On pretention

“With its charming magnificent – harmony
of churches and palaces
where strolling along the streets full of echoes
you enter one of those bewitched fairy tale cities
which emitted from the shadow of its alleys
-the mysterious cries of hidden sufferings- lies”

Jordan Legaspi

+ On The Mask

On the mask

I heard them say you are an angel
some shared you are sent by God
others told me your holy
but I smiled and say to my self
no one sees the face behind the veil

Jordan Legaspi

+ On The Question "when"

On the question 'WHEN'

...seconds turn into minute
...minutes turn into hour
...hours turn into day
...days turn into week
...weeks turn into month
...months turn into year
...years turn into forever, but
...what's in your head
...I cannot be,
and to find it in your heart nay!

Jordan Legaspi

+ On The Question "where"

On the question 'WHERE'

I traveled long nights to reach the day;
I hiked the mountains to rest in the plane;
I faced the waves to be safe in the shore;
I tossed the wind to see the horizon;
but where is the place, not just a house but a home
for me to belong -the family of my own.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On The Question "who"

On the question 'WHO'

I am searching you inside of me
-the person I want to be:
the son of his dreams
the child at rest in her arms,
but...
endless night hunting me down
thus, the fingers of fate is tearing me apart
-the breath of my own death.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On The Question And Answer

On the question and answer

Morrow is another moment
of wonder
of search
on mans' endless question:
the who,
the what,
the where,
the when,
the why,
the how, and
the is it?
One thing is for sure however,
man failed to see the virtue
the question, and
the value of the answer.

Jordan Legaspi

+ On True Color

On true color

"You taught me about love,
but you never show me how to love,
so I made my own definition
love is the ignorance of the wise
and the wisdom of the foolish"

Jordan Legaspi

+ On Your Knee

On your knee

What took you so long to see the beauty of my face?
What took you so long to feel the sweetness of my smile?
What took you so long to touch the tenderness of my hand?
What took you so long to hear the calmness of my voice?
What took you so long to know the meaning of my appearance?

What took you so long to taste the bitterness of human lips?
What took you so long to feel the roughness upon their feet?
What took you so long to understand the confusion of their thoughts?
What took you so long to leave the old and rotten life?
What took you so long to know the sweetness of my embrace?

What took you so long to ask the feeling of my heart?
What took you so long to wonder wearing your doubtful soul?
What took you so long to be lost in this empty world?
What took you so long to face the fate and challenge the time?
What took you so long to comprehend the meaning of my presence?

Jordan Legaspi

+ Other Gates Of Hell (Bk I)

Other gates of hell

Book One

...Tradition says

Obey the law and you will enter heaven

Defilement of it is a passport to hell

Adam and Eve...

It is not all about the serpent

It is not all about the woman

It is not all about the man

It is all about the denial-

The fruit of self-righteousness

Cain and Abel...

It is not all about God's favor to whom and which

It is not all about the religious ritual(s) and practices

It is all about the jealousy-

The motivation to sacrifice even the "blood"

Tower of Babel...

It is not all about God as the Higher Intelligence

It is not all about the "man" as limited and weak

It is all about the Pride-

That raises "man" to his own defeat

...Faith says

Do not abolish the law but fulfill it

To fear God is not about righteousness

It is all about "heaven and hell"-

The attitude on how to fill in the gap between

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines, 2008

Jordan Legaspi

+ Pax Rextus –the Ancient Madness

Pax Rextus –The Ancient Madness

I Bliss: Poverty to Defined Eden

I was there in their magnificent palace
So beautifully erected, pride of their faith it seems
Gigantic pillars of marble, supporting its base
High as the clouds of Olympus, its column of grace

Cathedral; kingdom-hall; and that of holy temples –
The sacred gates of mortals and gods alike, their meeting place;
The hallowed nave of prayers, and chants, and charms;
Of hundreds and thousands of them –their flesh and bones

I was there in their magnanimous dome
Well painted that of ageless craft of wisdom
Its half-moon shape, displayed the heavenly home
Wide as the mouth of paradise, fountain of saintly venom

II Creed: The Mythic Pattern

I was there in their glorious altar
Where precious stones contoured each cadaver
Hundreds of them; creatures shape of ancient avatar
With shield and sword; cups and scroll, in picturesque wear

Scrolls; manuscripts; and that of holy books of oath:
The language of their moral; the code of their highest truth,
The alphabet of their gods; symbol of its dominion,
The waited signs to provide goes and stops from their mourn

I was there in their mysterious designed home
Incense bathe the air; in the hearth divine fire fumed
The voice of silence unto the ears –the infernal hymn,
Though it was, cry of anguish lingers to the abode of gloom

III Deity: The Faces and The Masks

I was their with them –the face in different space and time
Their voice in unison though differently holy-divine:
Female like: the virgin; the mother; and the crone,
The veil of beauty, embrace and malice; their spirited throne

Priestess, seer, sacred crag –the oracle readers
A life style though offered to the highest heavens
In frenzy: the scream, the speaking of tongue
The ejaculation of spiritual orgasm, in their madness hue

I was their on my knees, circumcised from my insanity
The chant ones again halt infuse my senses –come my perpetual lady
Their wings unto my feet –the gown of truce, a mighty goddess
Alas! The hour was; the passing of the crescent temporal kiss

Jordan Legaspi

+ Pen-Man

(Dedicated to all poets
and to all the peoples who have a high regards to poetry.)

What you've seen
what you've heard
is what I am:
the man of dreams
the ambition to build a world
of name to be remembered
in every play of word I made.

Whose fame across
the world of poetry be.

I am what I aspire for
to become like them-
person of inspiration "to all"
to any walks of life:
a pro life not of death;
a believer of love not of hate;
a promoter of peace not of war;
a builder of friendship not of enemy.

I may be miss-understood
but not be wrong.

My trust in Him anchored
my confidence to His will
laid its foundation.

I may be a source of contradiction
but between light and darkness,
there He is present-
between heaven and earth
there He is stretching His arms;
between me and Him
there the truth is-

that what's in my mind is nothing;
that what's in my heart is just an empty space.

I am poet called to live and to write and to disturb
I am a man soon will die
but my work will remain
a portray of "who I am"
whose life is poetry itself:
the face and the masks of beauty and beast.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Petals Of Motherly Charm

Morning dew, tears of freshness-hue
Lullaby so true; her face of mosaic blue
She was a mother of two, of Kee and Koe
Mirror image, but clone of him –the foe

It cannot be, mama, it is mid-day, spoke he
The poison bottle consumed the princely Kee
Though the witching hour seems so hardy for thee
Cast your motherly spell –to free me and he

Your man is here –the visage of a monkey-bee
The deadly shadow; no words of spell he
Mama, be quick let it go; save what left to see
Carefully, yet be bold and wise against the metal knee

Hak, hak, and hek, hek there you go, Wenee
Creature from the past, spirit of their sweet Granee
The dance that was played -and now let it be
Mama, mama cast it now I'll take Wenee's tree

Blah, blah, blah! Stories to keep me –the fairy Wenee
Bah! Leave me alone I have to go and be free
No, not this magical tale again to entertain me
What I need is the petals and the turns of love from thee.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Philippines

This poem is dedicated to all the Filipinos all over the world

Philippines

You are the pearl of the orient
paradise with a distinguish beauty
Your daughter gaily- they sing and dance
Your son valiantly- they plant the seed of love

Oh Philippines, my beloved Philippines
old days slowly no more
Your children to distant land they wonder and sigh
Leaving you unwanted- oh my mother land
Some stayed but dream of the west saying
'lash green and rich'
Others survive but looking to the east saying
'milk and honey is everywhere'
While few starts the day hoping for prosperity
as their sweat watered the land
Oh Philippines once your breast is full of milk
Like as nurturing mother
Were tame and wild seek refuge and find rest
Were our fate leads us to become one and united
To the orient seas- the different faces of Philippines
My beloved Philippines

Jordan Legaspi

+ Pride

Pride

I heard you saying it is the first of the seven deadly sins
But for me it is a virtue and its absence cause deficiency
We only need to restore it, our major goal in treatment
For if it is destructive, conceit and arrogance among our fellows
Then the pride in us properly be called unhealthy
Not a feeling of positive regard to drew out our potentiality

Pride without humility is a feeling of superiority
But for pride in a correct understanding, feels good of who he is
Aware of his limitation and retains a secure heart
For pride is his justice of admiration for humanity
Without he alone or she only but share the success with others
For failure of others has no room in "the heart"
and acceptance never depart

Pride then is a feeling of positive regard of himself
Very healthy feeling a tremendous motivator for self actualization
He does not need to elevate from others for he is secure and mature
A genuine self pride moves to condemn not but to promote no strife
For pride is part of him but not unjust yet with self communion
Self aware of being not vexed by power of pride
but possesses mature and healthy nature

Jordan Legaspi

+ Prisoner In Me

Prisoner in me

Evening falls
Forgotten thoughts of you
At the distance it seems
But my sight having no clue

Night trills
Suspended game, we both knew
At the distance it seems
But my consciousness it blew

Darkness contours
Ruined tarn a many hue
At the distance it seems
But my chest ignored yet what is true

Dawn waits
Cold and ragged eyes in its taboo
At the distance it seems
But my reason it's true and fatal too

Dusk unfolds
Painted horizon anew
At the distance it seems
The broken wonder and awe

At the distance it seems
As it ended the lingered sorrow
Yet again it creeps
The trance of comfort but it's a shadow

Jordan Legaspi

+ Queer Feeling

Queer feeling

I was alone but not lonely
Gazing into the emptiness of the crowd
Who's my eyes caught by surprise
With the face beyond my vision
Of a beautiful lady,
I tried to move towards her direction
But all was an elusion
To a man loosening his reason
And hallowed by his own emotion-
I tried to catch her
But cannot touch even the hair
 like the stroke of her own shadow
Time had passed and I saw me and she
While I was nailed to my own poverty
The feeling that cannot find its wings
To let go and be the glow of me
And my lips turn to solid stone
Without voice to call her name

I cannot wait longer now
They took their steps into the train
Ready to the other end
But what else can I do?
I made my vow and to let go
I wave my hands to bade goodbye
But my eyes without sight as she go

I was alone but not lonely
While the train fades away
And I know for sure she will be there
Watching me
But what else I can do but to let go

Jordan Legaspi

+ Secrets And Lies

Secrets and Lies

A gentle father
but not
A loving mother
but not
A comforting brother
but not
A calm sister
but not
A cheerful neighbor
but not
An unknown stranger
but not
An angry enemy
but not
It is you- the friendly
but not
It is I- the religious
but not
different faces-
the rule of life
different masks-
the play of life

(Kasama, Zambia 2007)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Shadow And Light

Shadow and Light

One morning in the ordered-crowded room
Where voice gripped and emotion heard
An old man seated lone and his thought roam
Wondering into the corners of so deep,
While time challenge Guru and Rabbi
In-slave self give reason confront the earth
And let the mute speak of forgotten but cannot die
The spell that haunted the forested thought,
Halt charm of the wise and ancient crept
To the grave the antiquity laid on the altar
Where naked-mystery stood the nave volt
The senses that kissed the neither world sober,
 The fang that give berth oh human tongue
 Hence gods and mortals breathe `twas sung.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Shadow Of Truth

Shadow of Truth

Along the tenet and bare horizon I saw you
Swoon figure appeared shapely and real
Make a vow of creed a portray without hue
But stroke of your face yet all was veiled
 and the truth was above the clouds empty

In deadly silence I heard of creeping voice
A deep whispering harmonious musical soul
Amen, again and again I beseech from my depths
The spirited words from heavenly full of zeal
 but the truth was loneliness snare my thoughts

Bone and flesh I grasp the supreme they called God
The belief from a concrete image of great making
Of blind obedience a vexation rises from the mud
Claim of godly servant the virtue for his king
 yet the truth was my life all gray in poverty

In-breathe the earth the savor from the cup I tasted
The ever redolent and pure priestly wine
Upon their holy table to their saintly cave
And offering the whole formula divine
 alas, the truth was all humanly design

Lo and behold the empty world came to pass
Nay horizon, no minstrel the bearer of your face
Even the thoughts painted with faith and love
Proclaimed by tongue the God yet undefined
 till the age of reasoning to endless searching

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Shelter The Homeless

Shelter the homeless

...demolition permit 01-23456-789

...vacant lot for sale (direct owner only)

...commercial sight for lease

...residential sight for rent

...private property no trespassing

after the claim of ownership;
disposal of the unfortunate families
it was left empty, barren and unused.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Smoky-Edge

Smoky-edge

We are the lovers but of nay love
the dreams after all these years
behind the doors wishing dove
oh my Bernadeath the ringing of bells;
at times- the beer; the cigarette
calling me to stay but where
the place I should be- the ticket
for a ride, like you waiting here;
bah! what is this loosing my name
without a face now facing the man
the lover, the dreamer but without a fame
just the promise from the beyond;
why you're gone in the brink of time?
yah! yah! they are right- I was wrong
loving you means, dying inside from the start
like a music the melody of emptiness- the song
the forever pain of my birth;
alas! leave me my love, leave me
never say the word- the poison
'I love you' but why- killed me yesterday!

Jordan Legaspi

+ Sometimes

Sometimes

Sometimes in your life you felt you're alone
A feeling of emptiness and you don't know why
Wake each day the more you are so down
Without reason you can't go on your way

Sometimes you feel like to shout but you can't
Words trapped without passage on its way out
Just to ease the feeling you go on to your usual stuff
With friends hanging around but still vain and rough

Sometimes you want to cry but no tears at all
Looking for an outlet thinking it can help
In releasing the pain or whatever inside so dull
Or maybe the last thing to do yet it won't do

Sometimes you ask many different questions
You might ask 'what happen or what the hell I'm doing'
Perhaps 'who I am- is it a dream or just an illusion'
Maybe 'how could it be or how to tame this feeling'

Sometimes you just smile even it is beyond reality
Wearing the mask but cast the same eyes
Not the face but the soul tortured by vanity
Nay the image of a man but human deep confused

Sometimes you will realize all these are just crosses
Put meaning into it believing it was heaven's plan
A destiny that man can't escape written in his hand
But tend to forget that something is behind

Sometimes you should be alone, to learn how to be a company
Sometimes you should be silent, for you to comprehend the outcry
Sometimes you should ask, for you to learn how to answer
Sometimes because of these you become more human willing to care

+ Song For Him

Song for him

For him this rhyme is penned whose luminous eyes
Brightly expressive as the day and night
Shall find his own sweet name, that resting lies
Upon the vision enwrapped the dreamers delight
Search narrowly the sight they hold treasure of gold
Human and divine of thousand faith
That must be worn at heart young and old
Measure the words but the meaning forget it not
The ministers' point or you may lose another hour
And yet there is in this no Angel throat
Which on might not undo without a saber
If one could merely comprehend the plot
In-written upon the air where now are peering
Eyes seen the wondering soul there life un-true
Their eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing

Jordan Legaspi

+ Soul's Buring

Soul's burnig

...and the drum begins to fade
to the stillness of gloomy night
leaving the figure shining jade
burning, consuming – the light

...and the strings commence
the silence forever in grave
the heart recline to his innocence
but alas! Vengeance to cleave

...and the voices slowly no more
off she the seer of ghost-
the promise of love bloomed in tears
of he the chased- death of his past

...and everything on its place now
musicians to the sight envision of new song
conjurers to the sight fume un-ill vow
death is nay but to rise and be strong

...and it came to pass- the play
the mother in her breast- sacrifice
the father in his chest, devotion of its day
his journey- the son of their paradise

...and the son's life is the quest
of answers that contoured the face
of questions that shaped his vest-
the prime of breath- the son's trace.

(Dumaguete City, Phil.9 Feb. '09)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Spc –love Serves

SPC –Love and Serves

Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, whose experience of God
inspired her mission and vision of Christian Ideals: Love, Faith, Charity
Aught to provide excellent medical trainings
and agencies to address the society's need
Nay to forget, thus, her commitment to education is holistic literary

Place on top among other country's leading institutions
in the Philosophy and Discipline of Education, thus,
Every ups and downs is her blue print of reach and meaningful story;
Details of her achievement, not only the plaques,
the trophies, the certificates, or
Records of different contributions in shaping Davao City,
and the whole county, but
Of all the he and the she in their chosen industry
that became a portrait of Jesus' reality

Came to, the growing community form her humble roots
and timely beginnings;
Over the years remains a living experience of growth and development
together with her devotion and prayer to The Holy Trinity:
Leading the journey, religiously in honesty and transparency; as-
Living the message of the Gospel –legacy of the PME,
and that of the Dominican Spirituality
Enterprise of opportunities –freedom from ignorance and poverty:
Going beyond to promote the culture of life of no division and strife;
Erudite men and women to adhere the highest good
–the love and service to both civic and religious affairs

Note:

The San Pedro College (SPC) is known to be one of the leading institutions in the country that provides quality and excellent medical training. SPC was found on 1October 1956 by the Dominican Sisters (of Quebec) and known today as Dominican Sisters of the Trinity. And it is also noted that through the presence of the Foreign Mission of Quebec (PMA fathers) the said founding community of sisters was motivated to start a catholic medical school and

hospital in Davao City.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Spirited Earth

Spiritued Earth

The sower of the field sayeth, lo and behold
dweller of the earth I beseech unto you
The manly of my hand grew untended and cold
The watchful eyes I wore slowly faded untamed foe
Alas, the day thine seed I threw soon will die
planted that sooth the mind breeder or nay
leave at once less death and doom to thee;

The breeder of thy in-sex bean commended and says
molder of thy sons and daughters heareth me once
Words crept from my breast be the head of you gray man
Awake still let dreary night pass yet behold
foolish thought let fly but wisdom let hold and stay
Sun riseth soon uttered charm let moon light you sire
be calm and at ease thinketh before your knee;

The putter heareth thee and he to thee speaketh
Thou speared striketh he-bronze chest
blood flow red and gold in-rage thy bone and flesh braketh
And be fall the empty earth yet barren on half of scored day
That thou o awful deeds of men and woman bind
Be full of life I sayeth unto you less you dead of nay time
the crime as if gloves of thy hands off of you my son;

The putter heareth out from the silence braketh
breath of earthly smell needful at the time of thine fall
riseth you all give heed and be delighted of tongue sayeth
Hour or nay at all giveth hope from thy breeders sowed
Rooted beneath thy skin sustainable life with awe
Enough for thee thy moment anoint thy hands and let plant
the sun riseth let thine eyes seeith thine hands worketh.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Spiritual Battle

Spiritual Battle

Eyes fix unto the colorful imagination
the playful scene unto the premature vision
of winged creatures; facing the magnificent east
sometimes face of a man, at times a beast
their quest, all these years, is to be free
to the lands of milk and honey.

And the sight of fate unto their tragedy
in the hour of holies; their dance, their treachery
the here and there and everywhere –they thirst, hunger
the playful gods in the stage of the divine manger
and it seems, their contoured spirit has faded
unto the darken sky of the hallow thread;

Alas! The procession has ended before the three
left the night; to the gates of the infernal sea
the harlot's seat –unto the man and beast alike claimed:
the man's scepter of might, its great fall;
the beast's stuff of beauty, its fatal end
to be consumed itself, and they at last, be burned.

And it has to end, over a hundred years
the vision of the gods be bathe with tears;
And it has to find the final end, to save the last heaven
of them, the nursed souls, suppliance of Eden;
And it has to be the end, to plant the tree
of life and death, unto the unknown and to the worlds.

Note:

18 March 2010 AD. Davao City, Philippines

Inspired from "Piers the Ploughman" of William Langland, translated into modern English by: J. F. Goodridge for Penguin Classic.

Jordan Legaspi

+ St. Bartholomew

St. Bartholomew

He was one of them who followed Him
"son" from which his name "Bar" means.
Once he was called Nathaniel
who worked with Philip
Sometimes he was named
Bartholomew the apostle
He was of pure heart which 'law'
is his guide and life
And followed Moses son of Abraham;
Man of prayer he was
and was heard from his speech
and was seen from his action
and was manifested through his vision
While following the Jesus the Christ.

Jordan Legaspi

+ St. Lawrence

St. Lawrence

Another servant among the many
who followed the crowd
and in his passion and dedication
another martyr in Rome
who in spirit was resurrected
and called to be with Jesus the Christ
St. Lawrence by his example
Planted a seed of love hope and faith
for the blind and lame
for maimed and of no fame
for orphans and for widows
for sick and the lepers.
With courage he called them friends
to let the world hear
they are our brothers and sisters
to be cared and to be offered
to the altar of justice and peace.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Star Of All Season

Star of all season

...disrespect

...disregard

...disappointment

...demeaning

The children of Egotism

Offspring of Envy and Pride

Self- Centeredness is their ancestor

Accompanied by Hatred

To design their sight and vision

The "I" alone

The "me" and no one else

The "am" and mine only

Together with their charm and poison

...gossip

...accusation

...resentment

...impatience

Believe me they are all over the place

Claiming their control

Fighting for their monopoly

And finally promoting destruction

Their devotion to evilness

The death- creature of many faces

The ruler of Pain and Sorrow

In the darkest depths of heart

Jordan Legaspi

+ State-Meant

State-meant

You are to consume, and here after to define
In the heart, and in the state of mind

And it was –the ten years of waiting
Is gone, and it's over
After all we're grown ups now sweet and loving;

And it is –the another years of counting
Was used to, year after year
Besides we both knew the pain after the kissing
Though we cherish it, but still we fear;

And it will be –the ten years and the years of aiming
I have to; we both need to, therefore,
The night has to pass to separating
To keep it, to allow the fresh air;

I explained "it seems; though it has been"
And you smiled "I love you but it's forbidden"

Jordan Legaspi

+ Stone-Face

Stone-face

I rise and I saw the bonny plain
Million of flesh empty mouth of tomorrows
Who will eat the bread and drink the wine
Of fair fruit of human foulds;
And plant the seed into hearts of rock
Temple-tomb the living graveyard
Was Juno the bloody gods' sucks
Priestly-amen hails him the red gate guard,
From whence flame of lust crave of pride
Carpeted they man and woman bigot
Wrote apologies using the crucified
And paint death wearing the bishops' hot,
 Creed they say but lo, damnation-veto
 From the pulpit the holy sea droned into.

(Davao City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Striking The Balance

Striking the balance

Why so aggressive or too submissive
While you can be nurturing

Why so ambitious, or too reserved
While you can be supporting

Why so cold, or too expressive
While you can be understanding

Why so decisive, or too insignificant
While you can be participating

Why so independent, or too dependent
While you can be learning

Why so rational, or too emotional
While you can be mentoring

Why so strong, or too weak
While you can be maturing

Why so passive, or too dynamic
While you can be attending

Jordan Legaspi

+ Sword And Scale

Sword and Scale

Dedicated to: The priests and ministers

The wind blows in evening chill
Were lonely man take leave of his will
A master of his house drifted from his home
The emptiness of heart confronted by doom,
The solitude whose breath hallows the air
And choke from deep yearn he cannot bear
While soul sunk into guilt from obscurity
Of the head who mourn his own death-deadly,
Oh darkness of night you fashioned the fall
Secretly climbed the unguarded wall
Alas! The tower, his faith slowly no more
The rape of cassock to him he wore
But in quarter of time horizon open once again
And morrow for him finds consolation
The knight rises drew sword and kneel
Face to the east and challenge the bearer of scale
And came to pass the court 'twas with fullness
Of day the priest should live in holiness
Solemnly have faith, no more tears and sorrow
Amen! The son of man will fulfill and live his vow

Jordan Legaspi

+ Tears Of Gabriel

Tears of Gabriel

Loneliness invades the laughter
-the sketched mask of hypocrisy
To hide the tears; the sorrow and pain
Of nay but the design of mockery

Solitude –the unwanted guest
Of the man face's of the naked truth
Loosing his name, his reason; a laid waist
Seems death of will soon to veil his aught

The perpetual silence –the unholy cure
-the rage of heart; ghost from the past
He is the man –consumed, left unsure
-the wrath of thought; to fate he was tossed

Man of bearing –the image of discipline
Yet an angel without a wing that of heaven

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Angel

the angel

-the transparent halo
of honor and of purpose
the identity through mysterious
lingered with controversies across the ages

-the swift feathers
of strength and of significance
as an authority though dexterous appearance
painted with different colors of brilliance

-the obscure countenance
of sexuality and its part in the humanity
as an spirituality though beyond his reality
contoured with message of either saintly or cruelty

-the evident nature
of string, of quill, of staff, and of sword
as an emblem from its great lord
penned in the scriptures, and in books of old

Note:

The "the angel" is one of the characters of the author's "brotherhood's circle"-
the poetry in motion: the elf; the warlock; the jester; the poet; the philosopher;
the king; the knight; the hermit; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the
alien.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Betrayer (Lrs)

The Betrayer

He was a man of principle
loyalty to his country
fidelity to his religion
He was a man of unique temperament
a cunning rebel
a clever ally
He was a man of high relation
liaison to his sect and brotherhood
friend to rich and influential people
He was a man of high reputation
to hail a leader in Jerusalem
to honor a master in the meal
to introduce a friend in the garden
He was a man of purpose
the conspiracy between him and the Elders
the treachery between him and the authority
the strategy between him and the soldiers
He was a man of contrast
between the will and the call
between the reason and the emotion
between the argument and the solution
He was the man of intriguing character
freedom fighter held captive by his aught
achievement oriented failed by his discipline
a man of law killed by his own zeal
He was above all
a friend
a companion
a disciple
of Jesus of Nazareth

Note:

Lenten Reflection Series

+ The Crucified Humanity

The face behind the scene
was like a vision of you
The accusation of the authority against you
is every finger pointing to the others
The strike of the soldiers against your body
is every words of blame for their weakness
The thorny grass forced against your forehead
is every burden passed unto their ignorance
The blow of the spectators against your face
is every insult against their condition
The penetration of the nails into your skin
is every judgment against their poverty
The bitter wine that touched your lips
is every curse pronounce against their state
The metal blade that broke your rib
is every gesture out casting every one of them
The shameful death caused by a deadly instrument
is every hands that kills whenever they face
the other side refusing to witness the life-
the purpose given unto them from the heavens.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2008)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Curved World

The curved world

It is the moment of light
because we hear the teaching of Jesus the Christ
but the moment of darkness
because we ignore His message of love
It is the moment of richness
because we are redeemed by His cross
but the moment of nothingness
because our faith is little and poor
It is the moment of love
because God revealed Himself to us
but the moment of hate
because instead of believing we condemn Him
It is the moment of peace
because we are forgiven from our sins
but the moment of war
because we cannot accept and respect others
It is the moment of life
because we share in His resurrection
but the moment of death
because we never practice what we preach

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Day You Were Gone

The day you were gone

It was true but I didn't understand
days and years I let them fly
and it does, the day you were gone
Learn to play the game just not to die
Painful it though; face the other side
learn to be a man; the day you were gone.
Burden of you, forever can't hide
and end up the silence with the gun?
Dad! I cannot, since the day you were gone
The refusal ones and to me- the ruin
and this time it cannot be, my dead "me".
After the kiss, and the day you were gone:
You are cruel- the promise of lies
unto me deadly faces of guilt and pain;
You are indifferent, hard to please
-the abuse, made me a sick man
and that is in the day you were gone.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Deadly Truth

The deadly truth

We are in the same house
the place of prayer as it is called
by them who for a while passes
and make a vow for they're called

The experience destined for us
friend and brother of the same faith
but sudden something disturbed- things change
the anger and the pride comes out from our breath

Though we still go and kneel together
inside the house where we first met
but of no peace from within to share
like a dead prayer hallowed by guilt.

No reason why and how did it happen
the joke we once shared and ended into rage
the company we both enjoyed
but now enemies- couldn't be in one place

Yes I remember now, a bottle of spirit it's started
and time to go, one joined him in the room
and ended to bed.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2006)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Diaspora Apostles

The diaspora apostles

You are the sons of the earth
inhabitants of the human race

You are the daughters of the flesh
dwellers of the cave of guilt

You are the children of the law
piled by reason but burdened by passion

You are the pilgrims of Calvary
from the river of sin
to the ocean of lament and pain

You are the strangers lost in history
whose creed is crucified through eternity
from the womb of ignorance
to the grave of vengeance

You are the soldiers in sword and shield
but left by strength
of no peace even a quiet place to rest

You are only a shadow of the broken soul
that is searching for light in the morning of fate
but cannot see its brightness
for intelligence blinded your eyes

You are the people of the most high
who build Temples for worship
but without a heart
who erected Churches for prayer
but of no faith

You are what you believe "who you are"
for the eyes of truth can see what's hidden inside
to the dust formed human like you

from whence the breath of life given unto you.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Divine Science

The divine science

It seems a sophisticated mechanical
In man's horizon –the birth and death
The mechanical tears and smile
Is like a natural-chemical trick of fate

You and I, all these years is trapped
Inside a world of mysterious-scientific illusion
In a colossal nerves of a mechanic-map
Whose scales is an endless confusing direction

You and I, chained with the gloomy-rainbow chunk
From a lengthy hue of unrest-full pasts;
From the morrow's uncertainties, cold and dark
-the well designed fetter of secrets and lies

You and I, a mechanical sensitive robots
Whose actions to in-shape magnetic emotion
-the bone and flesh of the mechanical thoughts
Whose reaction to design electrical charge situation

Note:

(Davao, Philippines,2009)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Exile Of God

The exile of God

Listen and hear peoples of all the earth...

man and woman -equality
husband and wife -honesty
father and mother -responsibility
son and daughter -gratitude
brother and sister -support

old and young -patience
rich and poor -generosity
married and single -complement
healthy and sick -comfort
physically fit and physically impaired -opportunity

ruler and constituent -transparency
head and subordinate -communication
employer and employee -justice
employed and jobless -kindness
learned and commoner -service

black and white -unity
believer and atheist -dialogue
friend and companion -trust
citizen and alien -respect
you and I -love

and you will see the silence;
and you will hear the emptiness;
and you will feel the cry;
and you will experience ME.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Exile Of Man

The Exile of Man

Adam and Eve

...denial- the birth of death

Cain and Abel

...jealousy- the death of man

Tower of Babel

...pride- the man and his fate

The Jews and the Gentiles

...conflict between nobility and religion

The Jews and the Romans

...confrontation between sword and crown

The Jews and the Jesus

...the dispute between love and law

The Jesus and the rest of the world

...the message between war and peace

The Jesus and the time to come

...the mission between words and deeds

The me and the you

...the invitation to ponder

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Fallen

The fallen

Lay your weary head and keep thy heart empty
The sun is on his way out dancing in the air
While moon and star fix on him so blindly
Seen nothing the soul that passes into shadowy tear,
Music of Pan from the woods calling thy breath-abode
To come and sing death the tongue of eastern princes
Whose king and lords chained to the nether world
Watched by two headed god the killing and wars,
Oh mans age slowly no more the gates of Hades open
To let go angels of no name and of no face to bare
That crept into silence and consumed the peace of heaven
Leave no bone nor flesh this beast throne without fear,
 The fallen Satan the prince whose eyes like of you
 Malice and hatred clothe you the monsters claw.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Fallen Cities

Thr fallen cities

Hear you people! A voice from the dessert is crying
Behold! Pale Riders from northern sky blew
and rape the children- they strike and leave them dying
while their hands still aiming their heartless arrow;
You sons of the earth open your eyes and see
the lives who kissed the ground for God's glory
You daughters of the moon listen to the cry beyond the sea
don't let their prayers force to silence
 like a fallen leaves in spring day;
The walls are fallen and terror crept to the magnificent city
In the center of the earth shining so brightly
 but slowly doomed to death
each tower cannot hold against the fatal brake of them
whose treasure bowl rich
 and intact but turn to ashes as their wealth;
Oh, Peace! Cannot be in this place for no hope from afar
Until behind the bars justice finds her way to end the war

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Family Tree

The family tree

I
me
you
we, us
they, them

*

*

*

*

.....

I am the Me inside You
You are part of the We and the Us
They are as well; like Them too
□ □

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Five Spirits

The five spirits

I have the eyes
yet I can't see me
the physical blindness- my spiritual darkness

I have the ears
yet I can't hear me
the cry from within- the freedom of identity

I have the nose
yet I can't smell me
the body eaten by lust- poverty of holiness

I have the tongue
yet I can't taste sweetness in life
the fate bitterly nailed me- dying everyday

I have the hands
yet can't lift a finger to help me
the fatal death- like a living dead

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Game And The Fame

THE GAME AND THE FAME

...The Game Behind...

Some are fantastic:

player,
participant,
athlete

Others are passionate:

couch,
expectator,
audience

Few are supportive:

...watching the game
...commenting the strategy
...depending the failure

...The Game Really...

...card

The Ace and the Joker
but non of them has the reason to win

...board

The King and the Queen
but non of them has the ability to move

...ground

The Ball and the goal
but non of them has the power to excite

...'others'...

The cubes and the elements
but still all thick and damn

...The Game and The Fame...

I, may be the Ace or the Joker
but I am the card played by the gambler

I, may be the King or the Queen
but I am the "man" controlled by the master

I, may be the ball or the goal
but I am in the field tossed by the fate

I may be cube or the element
but I am only part of the great game
-the game neither "you" nor "I"
has the "rule to win"...just play it seems
my greatest game

Note:

Cebu City, Philippines, 2009 AD

Jordan Legaspi

+ The House Of Maltus

The house of Maltus

When I arrived in this house-nothing's new,
the furniture's hands were cold,
the decor's eyes were blue,
the carpet's all over were gray,
the tiles and the marbles were crack,
till I walked all through the old passages
and passed through the mute doors
and end up to the ground where seeds
planted and would bore no flower
only the roots of solitude after these years
only the dry blood crept to the ground and hide
the memories that cannot be called life

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Joker's Mask

The Joker's mask

Facing the empty horizon before me
Where dry wind blew so heavily
Chasing shadows of everything I see
Just like the morning of old uncertainty
But what is this troubled thought of you
Like a dagger that strikes my armored chest
Wounded of knowing a friend
 and now I don't know-
After the famous line "I love you"
 that once heard my heart melts
While whose answer cannot let hold of the pieces
That was and is, still the reason I cry
Not a child- not a man who believes
but me- the why that cannot face the truth
of me- the mask that chained my foot.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Journey

THE JOURNEY

In the beginning...

Above nothingness he created the world
The voice of love whence all things came
The dwelling place and godly abode
Where fowl and beast equal and the same
Living harmoniously night and day;
And out of mud perfected he and she
Bare the image and likeness oh truly
Being body and soul masterpiece of thee;
And they become one whence humanity begun
From east to west they sow joy and reap bliss
And from the north to south thy will be done
Glorifying thy name above and below the heavens;
 But the wind blows and darkness enveloped they
 Malice crept to their veins mark that day.

Inhabited the land...

Hail full of grace sons and daughters;
Bone and flesh, great and noble at feast
Four-corners is at your feet persuade powers;
And blessed are you the human face of beast
Praise the congregation from the abbey they sung
In-sex the image of faith, the dead god;
And tongue blesses the pit, the virgin fang
To give birth of Adam, live and fed out of cad;
Hymn of the prophet that gives life to thee
And through itself religion, the holy tomb,
Wash with human blood painted the tree
Flesh on canvass, the mystery womb;
 New unchained Moses yet proclaimed by law
 On white cassock angel of death bow

But he chose you...

Whence the time had begun
His voice is calling you
Before the day breaks, early than dawn
In his hand and watched you to grow
The mountains may pass away
The waters may go dry and the earth gone
His words for you will stay night and day
Because he choose you the beloved son
To be his feet and hand a soldier of no arm
The ambassador, zeal with love to go to distant land
Bring his name so they may know
"I am who am", sending you above and below
 For them to know the way leading to me
 Remember I may be far but near thee

Un-welcomed stranger...

A friend ones he was called, young full of dreams
Yet youthful he was, the forsaken fate
And live lone in the hamlet of commoners
The only world he believes the comfort of faith;
With bare hands ate and live the poor man
Face without name ignored by the society
And the heartless Levi, the anointed one
Lips cast amen but blinded blessedly,
The little treasure of God made him whole
Ignorant of the law made his wealth consumed
By the promising religion, cruel people
And dig a pit devotion they say yet only doomed;
 Foolish virgin with a lamp for him to see
 Just like a long lost coin ransom for him to be free.

Another messenger...

Holy mother of the begotten, human form yet void
Mother and child ill-used for power and might
Bring forth salvation, snared bandage of hatred
But the prince planted the tree of life he crept;
And glory shines through, eye neither blinded nor gives sight
For the watchers are fast asleep let pass the shadow
And covered the whole earth, casting no light
The sons and daughters of no where to go;

A time raises justice and peace, but last a period
Ruled the land bringing the name, the one and divine
But all inhabitation soon confuse, from the rectitude
Of nothing yet below something from the heaven;
At that night silence all over the sky when they fell
From their deep sleep he comes to sound the bell.

And he cries...

Tears dried up my memories of you
No nothing I can give now
And my heart turns into motherly statue,
Less my breath leave the broken vow?
Bitterness upon my veins slowly crept
Like a cancer cell the whole body is dying,
Because of love emptiness and doubt I felt
But soon beloved in-chained heart end the crying
With eyes but cannot see the fruit of the tree
And head yet empty fool of unfaith,
The soul willing to grow but not free
Imprisoned by vanity, eaten by poverty of wealth;
And I cry, for you I offer my self and die
Just to bring dead to life, my fatherly way.

It came to pass...

The gallant on robe, none from them remembered
The hour nor the day he left with goodbye he cannot say
While they dance and rave, empty nave is behind
Closed let fall of the temple took nothing and walks away,
His shadow paint the town blue, yet they feel it no
The meager had no time left, seeking for him again
Lit the old lamp to the wilderness fly bid to follow
For faith had passed away, alas! No more God, amen;
The prelate no words to say but the king may convey
Listen irons and bars, you statues appear, vital and live
Let hear and see wonders, ignorance of illusion for they
Adam and Eve, prisoners of the sanctuary cave;
Let go of your life, the covenant communion to pan
Un-pure bread and wine for the crucified son

To sound the silence...

Ladies from the corners, await the groom is here
From his long journey after that day in Calvary
Spoke to rotten bones and wretch flesh amber
Witnessed the man naked in the buff of humanity,
Dead bell calling them, praise hosanna on the highest
But spirits falling-off nay hear the jubilee song
For after three days north to south, east and west
Darkness covered every deceitful and stony tongue;
But behold your king is here, what will you offer
Magnificent altar, marble and brass decorated citadel
Precious images of calf and gout curved stoned chair
The splendor implanted-cross, knights from the hell
 Undress your self, un-pure and malicious man
 Proclaimed the three divine by the whimsical clan.

And they hear it not...

On the court creed and vow flew dancing to the air
The rag swept the word, leaving the dust of malice
Lecture of divine master, bringing the world together
But human hand yields, the hidden beast;
The red horn parliament and republic called for statute
Among them baptizing Babel, the golden tower
And hence rulers, potentates are all ill lute
Broken stuff left alone and never to put the old miter;
The new age has come milk and honey no more
The riders raped Eden and bore the fruit, the first fall
To toil the earth and plant seed of life lustful labor
And she sings and dances with her nature, fare and foul;
 Sow faith the land is dead let heart water the dry field
 Rip love, my words that redeem the crucified.

But some remain...

Red-Horse road seeking the sons and daughters of God
Fire flame from his eye, soon consumed Jerusalem
But the shepherd is awake gather his lamb;
From no where pale man, lo and behold, he called him
What you sow is the ends of time, rip your unbelief
And alas follow me, you little one truth will unfolds,
They're the city of Zion praising the golden calf

Carpeted bones off balance the scale bloody dusts
Counting the season of nay sun and moon;
But the greatest will come to cut the sea to find his way
Leading the gods who marched through ages while blowing the horn
Cast the burning torch to give life, the long lost day,
 Hosanna, hosanna to the highest
 The groom is here let us sing and dance to begin the feast.

The new day...

Glory to the father who created and Eden he gave to they
Where minstrel praised and poet dreams his hymn
Let fly loneliness of heart and worries give no way;
Blessed the son of man hanged for Zion and Jerusalem
Let blood flew to water what they sow
Along the stony ground let grow and yield fruit;
Amen! Amen! The ghost breathe to melt the snow
And touch the cold iron bars to welcome the lost:
The sons who die that day will wonder no more
Women in wilderness found nerve against the serpent
While sin that had eaten Job goodness found his cure
And peace between brothers, Cain and Abel will build tent;
 The journey has ended from death to life were it begun
 The battle of self-mentality yet finally glories to the son.

Note:

The 'The Journey' was adopted from the Bible's account of God's saving act- the salvation story. The author's attempt to pen what he understands of the Salvation history as presented in the Bible.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Lost Child In A Broken Man

The lost child in a broken man

In your eyes I see the pain within
of a child from the past callen'
of names from the future so deemed
painted the blank face of a man it seemed

In your eyes I see the troubled heart, in chain
of a man from the future cryin'
the tears of loosing all what he taught his-
the child's dreams to clime the fortress

In your eyes I see the confused soul
after all these years thought you knew it all
the story behind the scene of your smile
the act of a big laughter after every awhile

In your eyes I see the other side of "me"
the unfriendly child who ransack "he"
the weary "he" who abandoned;
and in malicious secret he carved his own tomb

In your eyes I see the truth behind your mind
the questions to be forgotten, made you blind
to see nay the corner of your oblivion
the naked truth of life; you're a played clown

In your eyes I see the play-fool man
parade of masks- the craft of your own hand:
the crying child – the excuse of your ignorance
the broken man – to explain the crime of his innocence

In your eyes I see "you and me"-the lost soul
passage we both seek and be at peace after all
from the mistake taken
from "the misguided malicious heaven"

+ The Love Of Jesus

The love of Jesus

In darkness Jesus you're the emergency light
When your face shines grayness is gone
The new dawn that comes right after the sundown
Life that revives a dying man in the breath of time

Heavenly king to praise you is what I sing
You're love oh Jesus the joy in all sufferings
And the triumphs over sickness and pain
With every fiber of my being

Your presence in sorrow is my only refuge
In my prayer a loving whisper of courage
Jesus you will take care of everything
Then my heart with laughter end every aching

As I capture each moment of splendor
The savor of its sweetness and its pleasure
Well- that feeling could endure heavens bless
Oh Jesus when I am with you I long no more

To be far from you oh Lord
Neither seek nor aspire question, what for
Because it's agonizing and painful
Jesus without you puts my soul in turmoil

In you faith becomes stronger
With you hope becomes firmer
Through you love becomes deeper
Jesus you made me your friend forever

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Luminous Knight

The luminous knight

-Regnum

Discipline of courtly bearing
Man whose honor is his wing
In its countenance it mindedly roam

-Agnus

A way of life of churchly pride
The man's chest, that, for god it is wide
In its persona it constantly grows

-Mundi

Principle of wisely discerned tact
Unto the nobles and commoners alike
In his disposition –the verdict of just treaty

Note:

Adopted from the book, "The Pilgrimage" by Paulo Coelho

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Man Couldn'T Make Up His Mind (Lrs)

The man couldn't make up his mind

A foreigner but influential

A gentile but a believer

A Roman but not just ordinary citizen

-he was the governor keeping the relation between kingdom and empire
and to ensure the tribute for the glory of Rome

-he was the representative of the emperor to his allies and province
and to watch and to protect the interest of Rome.

Pontius Pilate was the man of authority

-between Herod and Caesar

-between Israel and Rome

-between the commoner and the elite

He was to scale the details and its loopholes

-about the truth and the falsehood

-about the innocence and the guilt

-about the victim and the criminal.

The prime of power was on his hand

The same power that hunted him to his fear

About the trial wrapped with intrigue and malice

About the man from Nazareth

-hailed as the king of the Jews, but ridiculed as folly

-proclaimed as the messiah, but accused of blasphemous celebrity

About the Elders, who disturbed by the silence of this man

But to rely the man would mean he denied Caesar

But to kill this man would mean he denied justice

Alas! He has to do something

-to appease the heart of the accuser

-to allow the man to face his fate

-to design an excuse to bring him peace

because still he couldn't make up his mind.

Note:

Lenten Reflection Series

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Miners' Mine

...the inquisition...

What a world full of molds
The old toad told!
Load of gold's from fraud he told.

Happy is he who
Whose world of cold
The gold from fraud!

...the reply...

Yes! The younger toad told
Of the old gold
From he who told-fraud
But is he who dug
From the cave cold

And is he who found the gold?
Added the younger toad

Bah! He sold and he bought
The gold misunderstood

...in the tribunal...

Cannot be false nor
Cannot be true-fraud
But, the younger toad
Sure of he misunderstood
By he who told
The re-told cold-gold
From the deep cave of old

...in the annals of fraud...

What a world!
Sigh and cry he the old toad
Who carried full of gold

And the other toad
Who collected the false-fraud?
And gave like a blink
That made he see the gold
But not the cave-cold,
Alas! He asked
What fraud he told?
Is it the old gold or the cave of old?
And both took their leave
Wondering in cold

...at a glance...

Remember old toad
The cave is always dark
But can taste light if you give a spark

The gold is always cold
But can be warm
Upon the palm of your hand

And lastly
The fraud of old
Is nothing but
The story misunderstood
By the miners' mine
Full of cold gold hidden in the
Cave of old.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Old Wooden Cross

The old wooden cross

The old wooden cross
To the mountains, plains, and seas across
Standing still day and night with a story to tell
All over the land time after time something to reveal

The old wooden cross
To the corners of the earth fresh scene after scene
The picture of yesteryears the whole world had seen
While they watched from the heaven the hanging of their prince

The old wooden cross
Human by design: pride and power the triumph of death
Hanged the man the promised Adam
Sin after sin nailed him not for death but for the rebirth

The old wooden cross
Reminds me of Judas who betrayed Jesus
The man who wonder over the land searching for his precious ones
Greatest teacher: powerful and savior yet a servant

The old wooden cross
The turning point of human history
Out of a tree salvation is already possible for all
Jesus of Nazareth the Father only Son the only ransom

The old wooden cross
Wherever I would be- the same story I heard
The cross that Jesus carried for you and for me
Scratch and turns and wounds represent the fallen

The old wooden cross
Made me to understand, who I am
Like them I seek for justice and peace
Symbol of cruelty yet sign of love from heaven above

The old wooden cross

Signify north south east and west who met Jesus in the center
Great or not; man or woman; young and old to him is one
With limitation that need God's grace

The old wooden cross
Just simple wooden cross yet for all peoples
Christian or not- Jesus they both remember
The greatest among us God's example of love

The old wooden cross
Yesteryears deadly machine that called the people
To witness the deadly and inhuman punishment
But today calling us to make a prayer, amen

The old wooden cross
In the altar or wherever it would be
Pointing still to heaven like a shining face
Who promised us that death is only for the flesh

The old wooden cross
Through it I am save at last
With it be a follower of him from death to rebirth
By it my old self hanged and am a new man

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Passer 'Me'

The passer 'me'

□

□

Everything in this world will come to pass
The mountains will turn to flat surface but so soon
The waters will turn into dryness but it takes time
The above sky can be reach enough
by my hands though not now
But everything has its own time
and surely will come to an end, □
Everything in this world is not mine at all
My life soon will leave me but in due time
My family will face the same fate like every body else
My friends the same they will die but
I don't know when
But everything will come to an end to day, tomorrow-no one knows'
I don't know what awaits me here after
They say be sad to day and be happy the next day
I don't know where I'm going
They say another place a paradise for me
I don't know when these things will happen
They say be wise like a snake yet be gentle like a dove
I don't know how it would be if it is meant to be
They say worry not there is God above□
I don't know who if there is someone behind these things
They say have faith and everything will just be okay
But I'll tell you one thing something missing and that is
to live life without question to ask
to live life nothings to change what for
and to live life not because of something
but because of the 'being' part of life and death

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Philosopher

the philosopher

I: The curiosity and the question

The who

The what

The where

The when

The why

The how

II: The answer and the interpretation

The myth and the legend

The prose and poetry

The art and science

The philosophy and theology

III: The method and investigation

The Cartesians

The Cambridge Platonists

The Deists

The Skeptic

The Utilitarian

The Atheists

IV: The principle and theory

Aesthetics

Epistemology

Ethics

Logic

Metaphysics

Social and Political Philosophy

V: The legacy and influence

□

The Academy

The University
The Discipline
The Spirituality

□

□

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Presence...

The presence...

Of war does not mean to fear
 but let peace be experience within
Of sickness does not mean to worry
 but let joy be the comfort to share
Of poverty does not mean to cry
 but let hope to have from nothing
Of death does not mean to mourn
 but to praise God,
 for life is taken home
 to be with the Father- Amen

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Prodigal Son

The prodigal son

It was the morning of my youth that I've met you
Your countenance brings glory to the soul that seek rest
The bearing as if radiance of the sun that brings light
to the corners of the earth
I go towards your direction and drive my knees as a sign
of my surrender
Uttering the words asking forgiveness beyond thy
image I was then naked
Cast my face to the ground tear my hair as if I am crazy

It was the morning of my youth that your light
cast the face of the night
Oh I felt your hands in me while voices started to sing
My son you called me and then you called me again
And you hugged me and in your eyes everything dies
I could not imagine how dusty I am then
Yet your robe melts the mud all over me

It was the morning I remember with them
all the host in heaven praising your name
Yes it was not of long ago that forgotten morning
of the new life for me your long lost son
And of God I thought cannot be found

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Prologue

Chronicle of The House of Maltus

In the corner of history you were there
watching the broken shadow of the air
cast by the light- from the uncertain future
of the recorded fate clothe of horror

In the corner of history- they
people of strange tongue and of ancient way
pale skinned creatures: silent in the day,
at night they with sharp and penetrating eye

In the corner of history- was a sight
the undying old between day and night
-he was un-earthed master of the tomb- the knight
and, -she was, in the womb of the lord's might

In the corner of history- still is
the great ancestors buried to the chest of bliss
lords and ladies- the royal blood of the fathers
warriors and servants- the welcomed guests

In the corner of history- I am
-the last of them, wise and valiant half man
-hundred years and more; I am the to and the from
-their birth, their death in my heart precious so warm

In the corner of history- the face and the name
of the creature cursed by them
man they are all the same
consumed by their malice they named us villain

In the corner of history- I, vanished
left the cruel world created by mans' heart
doomed by their own malice, their hatred
to my own kind- the sons and daughters of god

In the corner of history- I found
at last the heaven for us, above the sand

were memories from the past un-harmed
by the filthy beast: man, and their kind

Note:

Book the first, The Prologue

From the tradition of the "vamperas"- the story of Maltus.
(vamperas- equivalent to vampire; Maltus- character
appeared in the author's dream)

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Sandals Of God

The sandals of God

I was born then- naked
In the secret of the nights
I was then bear footed,

I was a child of a poor house
In the hamlets of thieves
I was then a slave,

I grew into a man
But with ignorance
I was then out cast from the society,

But my God called me
To be his mouthpiece
To preach His love-

He clothed me
All these days
Against coldness and warmness-

And share my freedom
That I won in my heart
That gives me life-

And to those forgotten
Be a burning light leading them
In His presence,

Oh, God so small I am
And you made me great
With your everlasting love

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Strangers

The Strangers

I traveled long days, hiked the valleys and plain
Crossed the river sailed the ocean and sea-basin
Looking for a place to lay my heart and head
To take a rest and release my soul from the dead

Sun fly and humility passes by and stayed for a while
Words we shared and the reasons why I sail
Humble with pride revealed the secret to allure
Then start to look back the canvas without a color

Stale let fly of my mind until darkness fall on me
Crept to my veins the guilt hidden from reality
To gain power dark thought the human vanity
For his shadows flange and trap me in cruelty

On foot I go searching for a place to be with
Stony ground I press just to reach the very height
Of journey from yesterday's life yet to come
Image of two figures yet ill-fate from the slum

Feeling of rhapsody another figure appeared to me
Powerful voice he pride the abode of authority
Bowed down to me, cry the wounded soul no more
Power and fame leave your spirited dying poor

Couple of time or more with robe and golden ring
Elevate my self from the rest and made me the king
But departed from me, dying couldn't bear the pain
Dressed up the nakedness of me I felt deep within

And cross the mountain subbing I met humility again
Watching the sky against the earth holding a chain
Don't know why I gazed the horizon so little felt shame
Someone looking at me not humility
nor pride but Amen

Like a wind warm yet cold drawing out from my humanity
Self acceptance is pride: be secure
and mature that's humility
Pride if just and humble in nature saying "I am"
Fear as part of my humanity: "what I am" and "who I am"

Time passes by and I have to go and do what I can
To live life the way he presented me but still free
Open for all possibilities that will help me to grow
And if I fail, humility would be there to strengthen me

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Tongue That Speaks

The tongue that speaks

Speech was given to me
To praise God and not to curse any of His creation
To glorify the Son whose death, brings new life
To honor the Spirit the light and the guide

Speech was given to me
To announce the Good News and proclaim it with Faith
To give witness to the Truth and affirm it with Love
To promote what is Just and act upon it with Hope

Speech was given to me
To encourage those in doubt and in trouble
To comfort those in despair and those who are lonely
To inspire those in sorrow and in pain
To cheer those in tears and broken hearted

Speech was given to me
To say something against what is wrong and what is evil
To share something with sense not just to talk of beautiful
but empty words

Speech was given to me to break the silence,
and to keep the silence Holy

The speech given to me
Is the hymn of my soul; the melody of my heart
Is the song of my life; the music of my existence.

Note:

The poem was composed in Missionaries of Africa Spiritual Center
Loa Lua, Kasama, Zambia, Africa
2007 tongue that speaks

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Unfaith Of Lord Daniel

The unfaith of Lord Daniel

I believe in God; the Father, the Son and the Spirit
But I don't give all my trust to this God above
I believe to the Father Almighty
But still all the troubles He can't convince me
Yes creator of heaven and earth
And all there within: the Angels and the Fallen;

I believe in Jesus Christ
But too ideal, 'man' cannot follow His own ways
Though the only "Son, our Lord"
But look what I did: hung Him on a Tree
Even if he was conceived by the Spirit
But who knows if this is only a perfect fraud
And made to be born of the Virgin Mary
Therefore, He is purely human like you and me;

I believe He suffered under Pontius Pilate
From the crime and only death would be the ransom
So He was crucified, died and was buried
To the mysterious grave
I believe He descended to the Dead
The same story I read from Dante who visited Hell
On the third day He rose again and ascended to Heaven
But another story that brings no meaning to me
I believe He seated at the right hand of the Father
While watching the killings for His Name;

I believe in the Spirit the other person in the Trinity
But the unseen, the result of Ancient Philosophy
I believe in the Holy Catholic Church
But poisoned my ignorance and leave me hungry and thirsty;

I believe in the communion of the Saints
But pay homage to the Holy Tomb and Sacred Stones
I believe in the forgiveness of Sins
But in my tongue I keep the Devil the "Other Theologian"

I believe in the resurrection of the body
But bring them again into captivity chained without dignity
I believe in life everlasting
But I keep on dying, lying and pretending;

Amen,

My creed with heart that praises and head who curses

Amen...

Note:

The 'The unfaith of Lord Daniel' was the contrast between theology and science; faith and doubt; of what is professed from the heart and from what is in the head. The author's personal experience was depicted in the "The unfaith of Lord Daniel" –the conversation with the self proclaimed unbeliever to Jesus and worship of the "devil".

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Wedding Of Venus

The wedding of Venus

This morning when I passed by
Rare flower caught my eyes
Who with a welcoming smile
In the garden among the others-
grasses, trees, and the other flowers
I stayed for a moment
Enjoying her fragrance
And into my heart carry it for a while,
But someone arrived
Took away the wonderful time
In his hands the flower whose'
Beauty is beyond to compare.
He took the flower
And to the altar he offered her
He made a vow- a promise
forever he will take care of her
forever they will stay together.

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Woman That I Ever Knew

The woman that I ever knew

Dedicated to: the mothers all over the world

Life shares the ups and downs
But fate been kind the downs have been few
I guess somebody would say I've been lucky
Or perhaps would say it's all because of you
If anyone should ever write my life's story
You'd be there between each line
 of pain and glory
Because you're the best thing
 that ever happened to me
There have been times when life were rough
But always somehow I made it
 I made it through
Because for every moment that I've spent
Just loving you the woman that I used to know
Life yes my own moves into shadows
 The mysteries I crept into
But again because of you courage I do follow
Don't even realized from downfall I rise
 And okay being with you
Or heaven have favored me
 from my journey its true
If I will fall but then again through agony
 again its really
Your love the reasons left in me the woman
 In my history
Because you're the best thing
 ever happened to me

Jordan Legaspi

+ The Woman To Be Remembered

The woman to be remembered

She was there with the crowd following him
to be healed from their sickness
to be filled from their hunger
to be entertained from their weariness
But for her, she would like to be at his feet
to listen from what he had to say
to learn from what he had done
And she was there, the witness of this man
-not because he raised his brother from the dead
but the wisdom behind his death
-not because she was taught the meaning of love
but the experience of being loved
-not because she was attended by this man
but the compassion of this man: to man and woman;
young and old; well and sick; rich and poor;
slave and free; Jew and Gentile alike
In her deep devotion to this man, she had seen the messiah
Who called her- to come out and be his disciple
-not by her expensive ointment, but her commitment and service
Mary of Bethany to Jesus of Nazareth
-is a woman to be remembered

Note:

Lenten Reflection Series

Jordan Legaspi

+ Thief In Paradise

Thief in Paradise

Sometimes looking at
Sometimes caught between the act
Life a thief in paradise
A lost soul nothing to dice
A while hell is open and come in
But don't know what the other's doing
A moment lately I don't know the day
Heaven for a moment open up and go in
But don't want to stay where the others been
Oh in paradise I am only hanging on a cliff
Empty bottle swims on the ocean
Without any importance and of you oh wise
 The paradise is such a big disguise
 For me only thief in the paradise

(City of Mati, Philippines 1998)

Jordan Legaspi

+ Thousands Of Expression

Thousands of expression

Silence consumed enthroned himself
In-robe gesture and no one cared
The sound from the fallen leaf
For sometimes word cannot be heard,
Alone the nave where minstrel play
The ballad of wilderness where cedars grew
Colorful vestment flew to thin air it sway
But hallow bells cannot speak but awe;
To the shadow cast from the east of Eden
Whence life begun but end to empty hole
Heed him from them who mock the garden
But something happened that day, that fall,
 Somebody took the cup and shared to him again
 Broke and ate bread to seek happiness not chain.

(Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines 20050)

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Eisuke

To Eisuke

The sky is bright
like the smile of a child;
the sea is wide, friend its true
like you, a gift and a blessing too
the air is warm and cold
like the tough of my folks
the earth is abundant
flowers bloom, grasses everywhere
and trees all day long praise'
oh God! great and wonderful
like no other but you alone
who gave me a friend
whose name in my memories remain.

Note:

Little Bague, Malita Davao del Sur, Philippines,2005

The poem is dedicated to Eisuke, a Japanese friend who spent sometime in the above mentioned place for exposure and to experience the life with the local people of the area.

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Have Or To Be

To have or To be

To have something in this world gives me a name
But when this something no more I am then unknown
And I realized to be is different and this is everything
To be "I am" less known but God he is my back bone

To have title in the community made me great
But when this title is taken away I am nobody
Then I reflected to be is noble
 and this is more than a crown
To be me no possession but in God I am enthroned

To have power and gold elevate me with high fame
But when these things gone
 so little like an ant crawling in the sand
So I woke up one morning live in reality of who I am
To have or to be

To be me bare and bold but in God's eyes I am a worthy man
The dilemma in me- the who I am and what I have
Two different images the inside and the outside of me
Identities based on possession is very dangerous
Rather than selflessness and humble I am in bliss

Note:

Published by the Gethsemane Parish Bulletin,
Casuntingan, Mandaque City, Phil.5 Oct.2003

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Christine

To Lady Christine

I saw you with him Christine
With a smile whispering to the air
Like sweet angel above the heavens
While your sight fixed to the open
And let dream fill the darkness temporarily
A wondering eyes searching every night
Watching the child asleep bed on his innocence
You were there Christine, my dear Christine
Throwing petals gently touched the ground
Like the deadly silence enveloped the heart
To enjoy the solitude alone
For your presence dreaming is heaven to him
But cannot let dream asleep forever
For night will leave darkness cannot be still
For those who see not the meaning of dream
And for me who see him Christine
Many times I painted it to the skies
Hoping to see the light once again
If I'll fail, but I know you will never will
Be there Christine
Light the night and let him shine once again

Note:

Davao City, Philippines.2000

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Dovie

You count your beads again that morning
Repeating the words that is-
Your treasure that was kept inside your heart
-our Father in heaven...
-hail Mary full of grace...
-glory is to the Father, Son, and Ghost...Amen
The formula of faith expressed
While you gazed to the skies
Letting go of the good things my Princess
-your family
-your friends
-your life...Amen
The strength that I cannot comprehend
The pain I felt but cannot be seen
The loneliness that I've been
But in you everything is already destined

The beads slowly placed into silence
Your lips took the last and first sweet smile
While your eyes searched our faces your last glance
-my dear sister I'll be missing you
-your prayers will be the fountain of values
-your beads will be the memories of you
That ones God gave me a holy sister like you
-whose life is offered to Him alone
-whose gesture of love is union with the passion
-whose dreams is hope giving to all of us

Go now my sister
Peace unto your journey
To God who called you awaits in His glory
For a death of His saint is a life in eternity
Amen to the Father, to the Son and to the Ghost.

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Helen

To Lady Helen

I was there standing alone
My sight fixed unto you
While my heart in-rage my thoughts
Of those nights you gave me light
To let me see my way
Lady it's not easy to let you go
But it kills us both to hold you
I know I'll see you no more
But this, your dreams will come true;
I promise countryside maiden
Never to forget you, Lady Helen
Your memories will live
And keep it burning day and night
For the love we shared
Was a treasure precious than gold

(City of Mati, Philippines 2000)

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Luna

To Lady Luna

Your anger cause
to shut the doors'
Of the east that when's cast
something had a face,
Oblivion of the story
oh lady Luna
They dig up each treasure
of your days before
But cannot find
the dagger from your hands
that pay the death,

Your voice resounded
the ringing cry tune
Of the betrayal of
whom you love
The Duke of the countryside,
Hanged him
once again heard
From the east of your grave
oh lady Luna
Whose love deprived

Why cry why sigh
let your grave with you die
Don't come back
from the woes' forever be lock
Rest in peace then,
let heaven give justice
to him.

(City of Mati, Philippines 1999)

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Madeline

To Lady Madeline

You Aare the girl an old friend of mine
Fanny and gay playmate to him James Dean
Acting in your childlike felicity
In a meddle cartoon a Sylvan Deity
Neither temple nor castle pride of the wooden cross
Till now you haunted me farinaceous muse

You are the lass an old friend of mine
So innocent so pure tenderly friend
Each day I'm walking with you near the brook
The eyes of mine ignoring your matured look
To show each day for us the morning rainbow
Burning colors shine in our heart without a clue

You are the lady living next house
Whom my boyhood saw the lady of Paris
So long then trapped wanting for more
Burred never me but the gods you adore
Find the reason to know not for the lady was gone
Wondering I don't know but she'll be here soon

You are the woman that I knew before
For seven years at home but still no cure
I saw you then simple yet elegant in nature
Like an ice melting under the sun a sad creature
If Harry Potter can endure holding his magic wand
And make wish to roll back the time

My memories of you oh woman
Flashes back the short hand of time
From the faces I knew from the countryside
The King and Queen were the only game we play
Bah, the woman flees going with Mr. Swine
From north direction far as Houston Island

The Lady of yesterdays I mean

Dream, dream away written in deep sand
A little glance is enough alas the wave so violent
You would know how I wish you in my hand
Even the mirror can't tell the joker's card
That somehow you might think of my own scent

My friend met the lass of Lady Madeline
The company in my rugged grass
Spending each venture day by day
That somehow we found the only key
Were locked souls in the absence the lover tortured?
Man after man in Miami or Texas' they wore

The girl thought me how to play
Horse ridding the deep brown toe's happy
What I did joy from that old June
Beyond any comprehension I will turn
The sickness to cure of the tender lion
Well they say she will be fine with her own design

Oh, that figure's of you under the sweet moon
Leaving the chain unbroken next to Marry Malon
No other companion a little one to allure
From the corner of thought you will always bore
Turning into a dream taste for gods dine with
And would say goodbye and forget you till our death

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Magdalene

To Lady Magdalene

The leaves are gone
in the middle of summer day
no flower to be found
in the month of May,
Silence echoed in my ears
while dry wind from afar
kissed my lips,
-Why so sudden my love?
You said hello and bye
You left me without a trace
-Is this what you called love?
Magdalene hear me
and send your heart home
before the sun falls
Magdalene come back
to my arms once again
before the moon dies,
But if you can't
Magdalene I'll close my eyes
and to silence
I will end up my cries.

(City of Mati, Philippines 1998)

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Mary-Ann

To Lady Mary-Ann

Everything's so blurry
And everybody's empty
Pre-occupied without you
My whole world surround's you
And everyone's so faked
And everything is so missed up
I cannot lie at all I
stumble and then crawl

Everyone is changing
To make up your own ending
Because I am lost without you
When you shoved it in my face
There's no one left that's real
And let me know just what you feel
I cannot live at all
Then I stumble and crawl

You could be someone in me
You know that I'll protect you
I wonder what you're doing
There are oceans between us
You could be my scene
Imagine where you are
But I know that's not very far
Then I stumble and crawl

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Rhona

To Lady Rhona

Shh! I heard someone calling
In you I trust that was the saying
But sorry I know I failed
Fear maybe or shyness this I'm holding
Song of time I thought I could dine
Shh! But anyway I'm still fine

Shh! I remember some days
That sailing takes me away
To the place I though it was happy
A dream for not 'cause everything is clay
But it's only a wind that carries me
Shh! Away, away, away from me

Shh! Just keep your time
The memories of that sign
Maybe dancing and singing
At last life is moving
Going out, going in for a venture I mean
Shh! I heard it again

Shh! in you I must trust
But in my thoughts a thing
Oh, Shh! the only you I like to dream
Yes many turning into a dead ring
But I beg you to staying
Shh! let anybody heard it not my refrain

(City of Mati, Philippines 1998)

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lady Rosalva

To Lady Rosalva

The moment I saw you
I thought it was Venus I saw
The goddess of love and beauty
Were gods and mortals adore thee

My eyes cannot believe it
In the center of the garden
A creature upon the golden leaves
Playing the hymn with the flowers

While grasses danced and swayed
Hypnotized by the voice beyond to compare
The charm that enchanted my ears
Of what vision that keeps me blind

I thought it was a dream
For a warrior who missed to sleep
But no it was a goddess and it's true
The woman I love from long ago

Note:

Davao City, Philippine.2002

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Lord Mark

To Lord Mark

When you left that day
No words, no final embrace from you
And since then the world
Never been the same again for me

Whisper my prayer of goodbye
And my vow to continue
The good fight
Facing the challenges of life

And face behind me to take a look once again
Your touch that feel my shoulders
While your voice reaching my ears
Enough to wake my fallen senses

But, what happened?

So sudden no trace of you
Until the heavens is in silence
Sending his message
To pay homage to a noble Prince;

I can't hold you from your final journey
Towards the place I know my destiny too
But when my time summoned me
I'll kiss you -we'll sing and dance;

We'll see each other
And we'll be together
My dear brother

Note:

In memory of: Dennis Mark L. Cuestas
Cibu City, Philippines 2004

+ To Miss D.

To Miss D.

I saw you last night
Standing with friends in delight
While watching the game
As we were behind sneaking

To know you we were eager
Together with all the gang
We drew nearer and nearer
Noticed it well it's alright

Finally last night we started
Your friends and mine talked
Simple conversation yet so cool
From all the laughter like the fool

That night was the first start
After the game we all go
The same with them headed to the park
The very night were lovers' excite

The simple hi end up in try
To have the acquaintance
For us to nurture the feeling
To let it grow and that's true

Yes lovers we become
So young: wild and sweet
Though lasted a month because you go
For a vacation be back don't know

But the short days we have
Full of nice things hard to forget
Thank you I will be missing you
You'll leave but not your memories

Note:

High School Memories in Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy

Quezon St., Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines

1998 AD.

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Junhiga

To Miss Junhiga

Early in the morning I'll go
Catching the time with you
I don't know if you do
Recognized me after
that seven thirty of every day

Monday to Friday I am in a hurry
Almost late because of the
evening dates
But still don't know
the score and the story
I glance at you but I have to go

Tough, man is my first period
Late again will cause me discipline
In the field like a bird early everyday
To catch the early worm
from the ground

But no chance to roll back the time
Ring and ring and it ring again
Sorry I have to go
But surely you'll see me

In the same place
The field that we both became
Friends on that very day
I know soon this morning
same for you and for me

Note:

High School Memories in Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy
Quezon St., Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines
1998 AD.

a

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Larry

To Miss Larry

I am a prisoner of my thoughts
Trapped inside of no way out
To express the loneliness I feel
To you I know there is doubt

I am a prisoner of my affection
Cannot find the door of leaving you
Despite you defile and hate me
Believing the love is my manly passion

I am a prisoner of no will
To start again and leave you behind
And face the world with different zeal
With you I know things just be fine

I am a prisoner of this cell
Of no passage out everything is locked
Light is just enough but everybody is dark
Of no reason to stay but it means to love

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Louis

To Miss Louis

Forfeit the game
Takes you out from the frame
Cover up your face
Too fast can't hold the pace
You love the way I look at you
But walk away a mile or two

My pride is broken
Before somebody else, from then
Puts your name to shame
Can't run the race, but not to blame
You just can't last and be the fool
While taking pleasure, building wall

The things you put me through
To think you're never wrong, though
Tears and pain is a smile for you
Compassion is not part of you
The way I'll hurt my self again
You take away "me" when I give in

You want to act like you're someone
And be the next to no one
You love the thing I say "I do"
Just to get back to you
And my pride is broken
Because I know, I love you then

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Murielle

To Miss Murielle

I saw you under the acacia tree
Thought gaze at the field empty
So deep yet so wild
The message your eye held

You press the wind feel the chill
Waiting for a moment less you kill
The silence comported the lonely day
I knew it but I don't know why

The shades slowly gone my friend
But took not the chance at your hand
Off of you the best thing to do
Let go of her that consumes you

Yes I knew her from that very tree
I remember the lush green that gives beauty
While the minstrel sing the song
And the fowl dance along

But that was yesterday
No nothing left just the memory
Its trunk grew dry and very old
My friend her warmth turns so cold

But to keep the glum away, my friend
Lay a hand plant a tree-courage to stand
Bare not the senses and that misty lover
The love that flew once will bare flower

Note:

High School Memories in Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy
Quezon St., Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines
1998 AD.

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Rolly

To Miss Rolly

You said love was just a state of mind
And for you really never had the time
And everything that you meant to me
But it is over now as far as I can see
A puzzle made and is blind
Oh! Is written in the pages of history

Things are so different now you're gone
And now am caught in the middle
All` I can think about is you
Moving on- she brought me brighter days
Like a memory that I cannot erase
I thought it would be easy I was wrong
Even though I am with someone new

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Miss Simon

To Miss Simon

I don't want to talk to you anymore
Bite my tongue every time you're around
Hand over my heart
Two weeks and one hour I slaved
Oh if you'd grow taller than a brick wall
When you're near me flex that fake grin
That breathing less air beats the ground
I swear I've tried everything within all my power
And now I got nothing to show
From now on I want to start holding my breath
'Cause something inside me has said more than twice

Hand over my mouth
I quite discerning between ego and timing
That it's still worth its weight in gold
When you start to speak
 and my own broken stars to boil
High fibers to a better judgment
Love twos to you my fickle friend
My judgment is once again proving to me
So from now on I want be so much more wary
That saying less, I will gain more
You brought that art of silent war

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Mr. Death

To Mr. Death

They say this question is ridiculousness
A funny feeling and only the emptiness
Barren thoughts yet realizing it not
A man equipped but can't untie the knot

Some told me this inquiry is imagination
Reality trapped in mind creation
Thin and colorless words along the wind
Men flesh and bone but can't bend

Others shared something of what it may
Untold tale of legend or history
But unrecorded without tongue can tell
Men clothe with emotions but can't feel

Few spoke about them
Fullness but less, different yet the same
Breast cradle of from the womb
A man formed and deformed in the tomb

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Mr. Jmd

To Mr. JMD

The eyes- the cause of my death
Not the flesh, but the spirit build over years
It penetrate so deep- the hearth
To consume my logic, to cleave my tears;
The man slowly no more- another fall
Blindness was too beyond sane
Knee unto his kneel- the human after all
Deceived unto deceiver, my last claim;
Of sweet words and taste of lust
The dropp of velvet wine malicious tongue
The promise, the empty song nay to trust
This confined-provoked man, to hang
The painful truth- written in the old book
To be a half breed man- nay a practical joke

Note:

Dedicated to Mr. JMD

Dumaguete City, Philippines.2008

Jordan Legaspi

+ To Our Lady

To our Lady

Rejoice oh Mary
Heaven blest you
A child be born from you
And be raised to Nazareth,
Mary be glad
God favored you
Holy thee- who dwell
With you oh Mary
The message of love
From God above,
Sing your songs of praises
Let they people jump and dance
Oh Mary the chosen one
Be the fountain of friendship,

Mary, the new Eve
Who carry the Holy Child
With Joseph who fathered He
In silence laying in the manger,
Nazareth- hosanna, hosanna
To you be born the great one
King of the kings and Lord of all
Forever and ever, amen

Jordan Legaspi

+ To The Flowers Of Mary

To the flowers of Mary

One by one you peak them the flowers of Eden
Into your hand find the rest from the long journey
Going to the place beyond the coast of sin
Who day by day earth is eaten leave rotten come to decay,
The grass grew but after a while dried as the wind blow
Petals cannot hold now to the ground their final home
The graveyard built without doors from above and below
For the shores of love cannot enter into ever doom,
Destined to shadow were life without tree to rest
Where water overflow and lash green it brings
While birds sings and butterfly showers the crest
And the new day where flowers bloom and springs
 For Mary reap the flowers and carry them to her Son
 Who seek wisdom the fruit the promise for all men?

Jordan Legaspi

+ To The Woman Next Door

To the woman next door

Your beauty cause me to dream
That someday I may know your name
Your simplicity call my sight to follow your way
Each moment you pass by and so happy

Day by day at the window I saw you
With that golden eyes painted with love
That gave me courage to do the same
Though I can't bear the pain of loving
After I was left by your own kind

Maybe I'm too quick or so weak
To undress my heart for your sake
Or to hard to let go of the memories 'we' shared
And the laughter and tears 'we' shade

Finally I lay my mind
Hard to take caused my heart to break
Living behind were 'we' begun
Woman I love you but I have still this fear

That I might be the loser
Again and again with this kind of game
Yes, I understand you're different
But cannot blame me after that love affair

Anyway I do believe
Love cannot be measure by the gain
But by the pain the lover had passed
Despite the hardship of the relationship

Jordan Legaspi

+ Touch A Bone

Touch a bone

From the countryside, I was
Wondering yet builder of dreams
From breaking of the day
Till the night to cover the sea
While different worlds confronted me
A touch of a bone I would say
Without word to untie the mystery
To the breast hidden without rest
Devoured flesh and beaten thought
And trapped spirit twined force
Apollo wondering with Cupid
Searching for love without beauty
And of Pluto in the nether world
Burned torch but can't see the way
Alas, moon lay on the day
And so long to taste the gloom
While the sun slept nothing to give
To the man in search of his name

Jordan Legaspi

+ Trinity – 001 – A

Trinity – 001 – A

Dust enveloped the land
The heaven –suddenly to her end:
Smoke covered the paradise
Her temple and palace reduced to ashes;
The anger of the god it seems
Had brought the burning wings
That overwhelmed the whole Eden
And let blood shed before the haven.

Her scream echoed above the sky
Tears overflowed, fumed with sigh
Unto her sight –the great fall
The stronghold of man, last of them all
The great king, prince of the gods;
The champion of man, priest of the high altars
Has lost their strength, their will
For the poisonous monster had come for her fill.

Brim stone after brim stone
Had kissed every wall of the hearth's stone:
That was ones burning
Sacred to her –the mother of the living,
That was ones the center of sacrifice
Where her kind to meet the ancient face
That was their holy witness
Of her nobles' ought and promises.

Her cry had reached the holy mountain
Silence was overtaken, its horror within
Unto her eyes, the children of the earth
Like grasses consumed, deprived of their breath
The Armageddon, alas!
Doom to the pillars that was
The entrance of the ancient one
In the blink of an eye, is gone.

The angry wind had strike in its endless fury

To the street its distraction, truce to its decay
Between north and south
It crushed the tower of the last divine Abbot
-the refuge of the prophets
Last of their kind, and their deathless sages,
The wind it seems, breath of the demon
Master of malice and ruler of deception.

Her wailing had eaten every corner
The sacredness of the altar
Had find its offerings –man and his wickedness
Its chamber hovered with dying flesh, bloody wish:
The golden cup, left empty and broken,
The bread of life, unto the cast, not to be eaten;
Unto them -the children of man, spirited earth
All over them -the image and likeness, is death.

And darkness consumed the horizon
Had eaten all the earth; the flesh and the bone
Silence enveloped the space and time
Had ended everything the angelic whim
Her voice has long dead with her kind
Alas! The demons had their fill in heart and mind
The gods had their verdict, to the pit their grave
The last of them, received, their final home above.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Under The Fig Tree (Chapter II)

The sabotage

He was baptized in a sacred river
Yet designed campaign against the other
He transformed the water to wine
Yet performed charm of spin to win
He proclaimed the Kingdom of God
Yet tampered of fear they screwed
He transfigured with Elijah and Moses
Yet told to be a formula of fairy tales
He ate with his brothers and close friends
Yet celebrated like dosage of indulgence.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Under The Fig Tree (Chapter Iii)

The double cross

In the garden he was tormented bathe fear
Born of a woman; nature's passion to bear
At the pillar he was tortured and shamed
Pierce the flesh -to kill the spirit of the damned
Thorny grass hailed him; the divine king
Confrontation of what is folly, demonic sting
He was forced to carry death, the cross
Suffering servant against the race of truce
Nails marked him: philosophy; theology
Division of them; across the mimic history

Jordan Legaspi

+ Unfaithfully

Unfaithfully

In rage my heart, weary
the un-restful thoughts of you
in search of peace after all these years;

Confront my head, worry
the insanity of what is left of you
premature lover, malady of tears;

In the palate of love, I called kiss
was a poison that contoured your promise-
the canvas of; beautifully; illusion
stroke of your broken devotion.

Madness, I cannot hide
to love, flower- petal of lies
the innocence- face and the unwise;

Alas! Alas! Let go
spirit of malice- fatal secret
of lover's mockery; hatefully; true.

Jordan Legaspi

+ Up-Side-Down

Up-Side-Down

Those were the days I thought would never end
End –the fatal and deadly battle to lose the soul
Never to realize, after hundreds of years in war
Would rip the seed, the fruit of those who blend
Though vengeance breeds, awaits the great full
Days to fall; neither with nor without the armor
The triumphant, Alas! The fate is unto the hand
Were against time's will is yet the morrow's call
Those "you" and "I" is designed to be the actor.

Jordan Legaspi

+ We Are

We are

We are in the same boat
Sailing on the same ocean
Casting different nets
But the same price from heaven

We are in the same shoes
Given for one reason, service
No matter how rich or poor we are
But following the steps of Jesus

We hear the same call holiness
Bringing light to fade the darkness
Though in different time and place
But still we are given the same grace

We model the same person, Jesus
Trying to follow him alone
No matter what risk it takes
We stand firm for his own sake

We drive our knees and fall
Counting not the sadness but the blessing
That even we cry because of pain
But for faith heaven we gain

Jordan Legaspi

+ Well-Wisher

All alone in the road headed to north
Young fellow bringing with him a dream
To build a world of words breathe of his youth
The unheard myth, navel of human race
Story of giants and dwarfs the individual mask
Or perhaps fairies and nymphs face of disgrace
The unfold legend of a jester playing the jack
Morrow will fall forbid the juvenile face
To see the un-viewed history of yesteryears
With pride and prejudice the cruelty of men
While they say that was and is a curse
The same to live through where and when
 Writer of truth all were life's composition
 Fullness of dreams to be known out of his reflection

(Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

+ What's In The Mirror?

One day I stood before the big mirror
There I saw my naked body
From my head full of hair
 my face fare and with beauty
 my broad chest
 my arms touching my shoulder
 my waist and my long and strong legs
 my knees down to my ankles
 and my toes joint together with my feet
Then I turn to the other side
 to have another sight of me
There I saw me not so thin not so fat
And turn to view the left side
There I saw me with a regular height
Then decided to see my back
But I viewed nothing
Even how I tried still in vein
So I sigh and left the big mirror
To my brothers I ask what's in behind
And then they told me of the spot
 something dark according to them
 very ugly attach to my skin

Jordan Legaspi

+ X* Aking Panginoon

Pagsikat ng araw
Pag-asay naghihintay
Limot dusa't liyaw
Damdamin bagong buhay
Kahit muli'y lulubog yaring araw

Pagsikat ng araw
Landas siyang tatahakin
Dala'y pangarap mithiin
Kahit man aabutin ng takipsilim
Ika'y naghihintay walang pagdimdim

Pagsikat ng araw
At namasdan mundong makulay
Kagalakan ng aking pusoy
Nagpahiwatig pag-ibig yaring tunay
Mandi'y ako'y maliit itoy nag uumapaw

Pagsikat ng araw
Lakas mo'y angkin
Babalik ang sino mang naligaw
Dahil sa pagsikat ng araw

Jordan Legaspi

+@diamante # Ii

Father

productive, authoritative

farming, soothing, pleasing

silent, compliant, ambitious, coward

punishing, rejecting, doubting

thoughtful, temperate

Stranger

Jordan Legaspi

A Teacher

The men and women of noble valor
Thus, bearing different titles of honor
Education with its philosophy and discipline
It is their vow –their gift from heaven
And no matter what, they have and should carry
The legacy of what is good and healthy;
Child they are once, therefore,
Their natural wit and creative nature
Has have had molded the he and the she –
In details of holistic character of you and me
Err though, a teacher is nay free
But above all else knowledgeable of many;
Reason must be their crowning glory,
While their emotion is their halo of maturity

Jordan Legaspi

A Brother (/)

A Brother

Born to be at service to the Church and to her people, as
Reflection of God's love, faith, charity to all peoples, thus,
Opt to live in poverty, chastity and obedience -the total yes;
To be equipped both in academic and in spiritual discipline,
Holistic to promote Jesus Christ -the human and the divine
Endeavor, therefore, the spirituality of maturity and growth
Reality as such, he is a brother, a friend who bears to truth

Jordan Legaspi

A Certain Man

A certain Man

In the family they called me
The block sheep un-pure they say
The ill creature and a blasphemy
The son without a noble knee

In the society where I belong
They beat me the Judas' reflection
That of misfortune I bring along
A man of no home so I am alone

In this world everyone called me
The face of foal and infirmities
My stroke painted the horizon
Its dullness covers the whole skies

I am old yet young at all
Refuge in silence touching the universe
Because of my weakness frown to fall
No good but my faith a conqueror eye

The fallen warrior no sword at all
Bare footed all my life hoping of no pain
The human design in jail the soul
Un-guarded house I was been

At last I found the hole
The un-spirit dug through eternity
Without humiliation this is my home
What life if alone no place for my own

Jordan Legaspi

A Close Scrape Of Death (/)

A close scrape of death

Behind the dark room; behind the walls
between politics and religion,
their power confronts its secrets and lies
-the reality of different faces of crime.

Barabbas was inside of this room,
isolated him from what we call righteous people:
-he was a bandit, punishable by law;
-he was a revolutionary figure, enemy of the state;
-he was a villain, dangerous to the people.

While Jesus of Nazareth was outside of this room,
yet alienated from what we call civilized people:
-he was a blasphemous man, crime answerable only to death,
-he was a revolutionary figure, not only to the state,
but to the whole structure of civilization,
-he was a criminal, who betrayed the Jewish fundamentals,
by claiming to be a messiah, and the king.

Behold the two personalities,
the son of Man and the son of Abraham.

It might have been so depressing, so terrifying-
Crucify him! Hang him on the cross!
It might be at the same time confusing-
Relies him! We want him to be free!
Barabbas has to face and receive the sentence of his captors
Jesus had to witness the justice of human judgment
It was like a count down of which is which:
-for the prosecutor that couldn't find a clue,
-for the accuser that were determined to give the sentence,
-for the accused whose silence was a puzzle,
-for the audience watching but not seeing the whole picture.

Barabbas was the victim of Jesus' trial
to be placed in the scene of Jesus' passion drama.

But the spectator were not ready to cry
they were there to witness a comical tragedy
-the amusement of a bloody fall.

Relies Barabbas! We want him to be free!
Crucify Jesus! Crucify him!
To Barabbas it doesn't matter
why Jesus was putting so much trouble to himself,
for him his free and life be his another concern;
To Jesus it doesn't matter what was it for Barabbas that he was replaced by him,

for him his death is the example of what he taught them.

Jordan Legaspi

A Friend

Forever, it means good and bad tides:
that you calls for individual to balance the scales,
a friend who is, not to manipulate but to challenge;
Really life is an invitation of unique experience
between the respect and the acceptance
of failure and success, and in its different details;
In issues of differences, therefore, it needs listening:
a head and a heart with mature critiquing
that, above all else, is the goodness of person;
Err, is not an unknown reality
each is a potential agent of cause –be the enemy
defined according to ones bias against personality;
Not to forget that a friend has limitations
in different forms but not to undermines
-the God’s image and likeness;
Duty perhaps, be part of a friend’s existence
behind culture and language –the immense,
space of color and shape and many things

Jordan Legaspi

A Game- A Fall (/)

A game- A fall

That night my spirit is burning
not the flame of light but the heat of lust

Whose voice as sweet as those songs of Pan
coming out from my mouth- roughness of my thought

That moment darkness is invading the corners
my wings ready to fly not to heaven but to hell

Searching for stroke the ill-human desire
trapped within my soul- a touch enough to die

Not of breath but of faith
hallowed a man for years now- and soon be fallen

The armored chest be naked against the light
the veiled head is exposed to the unholy sight.

That event thus taking its trade behind the curtain
of those bodies sweating and melting like angels on fire

The night like the other nights of madness in passion
from head to toe a current of unearthly motion

Oh, holy God, why yesterday a saint a man such me?
lo and behold a horror of truth gave birth to me

The hallow are broken like lantern of no value
in the corner be seen not by them- my friends.

God oh God what else do this guilt can do
to a sinful man called for a sigh a blow

I am no longer worthy to be- but spear me my God save me
let this night pass away and let me see the new day.

Jordan Legaspi

A Mother

Mother of Jesus –The Christ begotten
And our spiritual mother too
Remember her, the perfect disciple of The Son
YES; her faith to God's great love to us all

Jordan Legaspi

A Priest

A Priest

Perpetual manifestation of his holiness:

- truthful chastity; practical poverty; mature obedience;

Reality, therefore, he is a man of godly principle:

- spirituality that channels love, faith, charity to all;

In discipline, he is above all equipped both the head and the heart:

- wisdom to teach and challenge, emotion master in all art;

Err he is not free, a man like all of us

- his vocation, therefore, needs prayer and sacrifice;

So as too, he is mirrored as the apostle of Jesus:

- a father; a brother; a friend without ifs and buts,

The journey full of ups and downs it means:

- he is a religious educator, a secular conscience

Jordan Legaspi

A Song

I stood and watched who passes by
Bumping and hurting I don't know why
Some time "hi" and "hello" then smile
All the passers I saw end up to sigh
Some touched each style and fashion
While others put colors and dust into it
The talisman hanging on their breast
Then few without there hold and control
Shoulder to shoulder they fall
Angels like to catch the fallen kisses
Of them who loved and hoped for lies
The whole damn lovers play on that place

Jordan Legaspi

A Tale Of Two Brothers (/)

A tale of two brothers

He was the voice from the desert
And you are the Word
He was preaching on repentance
And you forgive Sin(s)
He gave witness to his teaching
And you are the Truth
He ate the fruit of nature
And you are the Bread of Life
He traveled all over the countryside
And you are the Way
He was baptizing with water
And you gave us the Spirit
He belong to the old covenant of Abraham
And you are the new and everlasting Covenant
He was the man of the Law of Moses
And you are the fulfillment of the Law
He was a prophet
And he spoke about You
He was a master with disciples
And you are the Message
He was put to prison
And you liberate the prisoners
He was put to sword
And you raise the dead to life
He was John the Baptizer
And you are Jesus the Christ

Note:

Kasama. Zambia, Africa. 2007 AD

Jordan Legaspi

Acknowledgement: The House Of Teudore

To the Castle; my home but years gone, yet still I am
Believing to see the beauty of those old days
Different maybe yet the same promise of life for 'you' and for "me'
The legacy of love- the words that cannot be forgotten but be unspoken

To the House of Teudore; the cause of my rise
The hero without a name but willing to fight
To survive the challenge between life and death
Without anything to own only wisdom the greatest wealth

To the Nobles in the castle of yesteryears but now gone
Trying to collect the pieces of the time from the great man and woman
The unknown royal blood cultured crown
But never to stop to rear the prince till willing to take stand

To the Subjects great or not though the same but locked with in
Stumbled-crawling to the grown but still gave a hand
The unknown friendship but with the human face with shield
Who helped me to be free from the dungeon of oblivion

For the Strangers who brought stories of gold and cave of old
Who held back the book where full of rooms for all falsehood
'caused the brokenness that echoed within the courts
Were words of promises written by the fingers of the there err

To the Ladies that made me happy
The beauty in dress that come and goes just to say hello
Missing them now who shared their love and becomes part of me
Wherever they are 'I thank thee" for the untold stories written in my chest

To all my Friends in this book- the was, the is, and the yet to come
"I thank thee" for all the effort and untiring trust they gave
That fueled the engine of my will to continue living
To experience the up and down of life; and in it's day and night to death

To the Lovers that I shared my feelings and dreams
Though some of no names but I do remember all of thee
Part in masculine bearing- the was and the is beckoning star in days to come
What I learn from thee- the what and the who me is nothing but bless

To the All that I can't reveal but with passion and deep touch
To my life though few are worth but enough to know that thee were venue to
grow
Neither great nor little thee name but made my life meaningful
Sweet memories even pain was the measure yet I am grateful

This "101 Knights" is for all of you
All are black and white that unfolds the memories
Of yesteryears that was remembered because I care
That in anyways we can take a pause and recall them with smile and admiration

This "Quill" another story added that I'd like to share
The quest of the prince who grew into a knight
Willing to start the rebuilding of the old castle
And bare a new name with windows and doors
of another beginning with love, faith, hope

Note:

Poet-Tree, The author's life story

Acknowledgement: The House of Teudore

The House of Teudore

- the family of the author including the relatives
and the close individuals to the family

The Nobles in the castle

- the parents, brothers and sister of the author□

The Subjects

- the people who worked for the family

The Strangers

- the visitors and guests who used to dropped
by in the family's residence

The Ladies

- the female relatives, aunts who stayed with the author's family

The Friends

- the close people to the author's family including the neighbors

The Lovers

- the women who influenced the author's romantic innocence

The All

- referring to the author's imaginary friends

The 101 knights

- the first compilation of the author's poems and drawings
(was intentionally burned by the author while he was preparing for Africa)

The Quill

- the second compilation of the author's poems (50 copies was given people close to him though it was not really a success as a book)

Jordan Legaspi

Active And Alive (/)

Active and Alive

He teaches with authority
and his lesson is love
He gathers disciples to be with him
and chooses them by name
He preaches the kingdom of God
and his medium of instruction is his example
He heals the sick
and his medicine is his friendship
He raises the dead
and his miracle is respect and acceptance
He stills the storm
by facing and naming the problem
He proves himself Lord of the Sabbath
by His prayer- the word and deed of service
He exercises power over the demons
by knowing the "who"; He is
He eats with tax collectors and sinners
a gesture of honesty and tolerance
He feeds multitude of peoples
an act of generosity and compassion
He confronts and criticizes the religious authority
with truth in his teaching and way of life
He is the message of conflict
between law and love;
between ritual and mercy.

Note:

Kasama, Zambia, Africa.2007

Jordan Legaspi

After Platonic Love (/)

After Platonic love

Counting the hours; waiting for the exact moment
Tick tack tick -the clock's lifeless sentiment
Pressing my ears against the noise of silence
In search of amity to comprehend that once unheeding voice
-though of the divine, but spoken with vulgarity.

Loosing the spirit against the chaise of yesteryears' pain
And another hour had passed, another defeat it seems
Laying on my bed with obscure thoughts -devious scale
Of what to attend to, neither the plea nor the promise of fill
-the malicious appetite of my flesh's pungency.

Staring at the space through its elusive differences:
Of man's nudity and of the soul's nakedness
Seeing then the guilt, thus, so consummate in appearance
Host of the fancy -coated symposium, my own designed frenzy
-the stories of reason against emotion; of godly against cruelty.

Note: The "After Platonic love" is inspired by Plato's "The Symposium", and was composed from 28 December 2009 AD. to 02 January 2010 AD.

Platonic love, in its modern popular sense, is a non-sexual affectionate relationship. A simple example of Platonic relationships is a deep, non-sexual friendship, not subject to gender pairings and including close relatives. At the same time, this interpretation is a misunderstanding of the nature of the Platonic ideal of love which from its origin was that of a chaste but passionate love, based not on lack of erotic interest but on spiritual transmutation of the sex force, opening up vast expanses of subtler enjoyments than sex. In its original Platonic form, this love was meant to bring the lovers closer to wisdom and the Platonic Form of Beauty. It is described in depth in Plato's *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*, where the examples given refer exclusively to the love between a man and a boy. In the *Phaedrus*, it is said to be a form of divine madness that is a gift from the gods, and that its proper expression is rewarded by the gods in the afterlife; in the *Symposium*, the method by which love takes

one to the form of beauty and wisdom is detailed.

Jordan Legaspi

Against The Wind (/)

Against the wind

The endless-arduous conversation was
all about the doubtful truth yet the answer
that neither you nor I, have the sharp will
to rejoin the between of now and latter;
about what the fate has to ask
of the confused man full of horrid years
from the face-fame of pride and humility
-the lost soul of traveler's name-lucidity.
The unwell-reasoned reason of illusion
between the head and chest of he, who thirst
of love defined but of thousand tongue
of faith identified but of self-indulge speech.
Alas! The man tossed against the wind;
the forbidden desire, the fruit of malice.
That he left behind; lone, a broken man.

Jordan Legaspi

All Of My Life

All of my life

Ruin of youth head cannot see it
Distraction of dream
 reason cannot feel it
Life in great mess no one can escape it
Dream today hope tomorrow,
 but for whom?
None of us will come at high side
When he was alone
 in the mountain side;
He climbed the tree for us
And raised our weary soul
 guarded with sword;
Be these words be heard
 tonight in the court
Addressed to all crying and dying;
Oh when can we understand!
Till the youth will all pass away?
And we all lost the long chance

Note:

City of Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines.1997

Jordan Legaspi

Amen

The end of every prayer,
Proclamation of God as forever
A testimony of God's love
that created us
An acclamation of the 'truth'- bless
that cannot be hidden
and denied God:
ruler both earth and heaven
An approval of our petition
and praises and thanksgiving
who every tongue speaks
in silence or in voices
To our God above, Amen!
Together with the heavenly hosts
Amen, God we proclaim!

Jordan Legaspi

And I Say...

□

They ask me why
The reasons to cry
Sometimes emptiness
Or perhaps loneliness

Some say how it is
Smile and cast
The memories to yearn
The experience to learn

Few wonder what
People wear if and but
Questions just the same
Man and woman of shame

And ask me where
The place of care
But the truth is
That's everywhere

Jordan Legaspi

Atlas

Take what you need
And leave the rest
For those to come;
Bring what you can
And keep it into your treasury
But remember my friend
What you take is what you pay.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

Blank Painting (/)

Blank painting

My mother taught me to behave
My father formed me to be braved
My big brother inspired me to be somebody
My sister held my hand to be "holy";
And me...what happen to me?

After all these years
I lost my face
Fallen to the ground, wounded and broken
Stained my name, it seem
No, nothing is left; everything is gone

My mother broke into tears
My father; in his rage
My big brother bitterness he kept to his grave
My sister silence forever to her tomb
And me...what happen to me?

After all these years
I am all alone
Wondering to the skies
Counting my days...waiting to die
No, I can't undone what is done

My mother...all is nothing but character
My father...all is nothing but attitude
My big brother...all is nothing but dream
My sister...all is nothing but miracle
My "me"...all is nothing but...
after all these years but fate

Note:

Inspired from the life story of Mr. J Ragay.

A man of reputation who's family line was of great influence and with notable wealth- the labor from generation to generation. Until Mr. J Ragay's time to be

the master of his own house, things fall apart.

Jordan Legaspi

Bleeding Me

Crossing miles of desert, mountain and plains
Harbored hundreds of towns and cities
Founded settlements near and far
And yet don't have rest, shelter from the rubbers
Neither silver nor gold a man is anything to hold
The clench of culture and religious ways to be sold
Perhaps it's the road of commoner's destiny
A treasure that was trapped upon their knees
An affection of tenderness and love of thee
Like doves seeking rest from his weariness flee
Only me big man of this small world what for
The ransom, oh, only a cup-a wasted blood
So near yet so far common to utter
Bleeding dreams and broken souls I think we are
The pain and the sorrow will be of tomorrow you'll see
It's only a bleeding me what reasons, well it's cruelty

Jordan Legaspi

Boomerang

Someone was calling
From the corner out there
But no idea what it was
So pay heed not to the thing

Another voice crying
Somewhere I thought there
But I'm in a hurry
Besides why should I care

One day I need help
So I ask a friend for something
And push a little harder
But offer me nothing

Went to see someone
A good man sure will attend
To my need because it is urgent
Sad to say he's out of the county

What a life if I cry
For help but gets only sigh
Ask somebody but turn away
Leave me behind empty

What life if I get it
The same thing I did
Remember yesterday
I turned and left them away

What life with ear of a deaf
But no hearing left
What life with eyes of a blind
But no sight left to lend

(Camiguin Island, Philippines)

'Bout Death

You are the promise of death-
The breath you gave has prove it
In days past tears and blood
And morrow is penned though
For morrow am to smile nay

Jordan Legaspi

'Bout Etiquette

Some say etiquette is a set of rules for high culture,
others it is only a protocol of prescriptions for well bred person,
few still believe it is a symbolic obedience to a spiritual entity,
and I would say etiquette is both internal and external behavior
understood under certain and specific society,
though expressed in views on the standard of what aesthetic defines is
and therefore, it is `man's' highest language of social conformity.

Jordan Legaspi

'Bout Fate

Some people got all the luck
Others receive the best stock
Few had the opportunity front and back
But still many whose fate is dark

Jordan Legaspi

'Bout Life

Life is a facets of many possibilities perceived in different ways,
living therefore, is but the face of countless mask of realities:
the mental, emotional, psychological, spiritual language of 'man'
to shape and form the so called horizon across time and space, life.

Jordan Legaspi

'Bout Literature

Literature is the language of `man`

-the desire to capture the physical and spiritual reality
across time and space expressed in symbolic words of experience,
therefore, above all else literature is life details:
birth and death; love and hate; good and evil –
the desires penned in many splendid genres.

Jordan Legaspi

Bread And Stone

In the desert
I'll be waiting for your arrival
If the sun leaves the sky
 still I'll be there
And if the moon will hide
 I'll never take any step to leave
Even if the wind will blow heavily
 I'll keep my promise
My friend don't be dead without me
 let's go together
I know it's not easy
 but keep on living and try to reach me
Let my footprints be your guiding marks
And keep on believing
 that somebody is waiting
In the desert were most of the soldiers die
Just be there because I'll prepare my own horse
To bring you to the place beyond the valley
Where you crucified me
My friend it's me Jesus
 waiting for you to be back
 and soon join me to this life's journey

Jordan Legaspi

Bread And Wine

I saw million of peoples and more
Suffering from poverty- of love and care

The mouth that longs for food and drink
Ignored by the man in the house
The old people that wants nothing but a company
Left by the man who manages My house
The eyes that cannot see the beauty of the world
Noticed not by the man in My house
The young in the streets cried to survive
Hear not by the man who passed by from My house

The people I called friend and more
They who listened to me
But cannot hear Me in the house where "you" stayed
They who seek Me
But cannot see Me in the place where "you" prayed
They who speak of Me
But cannot understand the words "you've" said about Me

I share My life with "you" everyday but why
I dine with "you" every hour but why
I am with "you" since the very first day of "your" stay
but why "you've" forgot about Me

Jordan Legaspi

Centered On The "Kingdom Of God";

Centered on the "Kingdom of God"; (Part II)

Jesus shocked the world ...

God is here among the people outside the temple,
God is "something"; new and good not for the chosen but for all and
many,
God is "someone"; here and now as a presence of structuring principle
of love against the law, of mercy against the sacrifice;

Jesus surprised the world ...

To know God; seek the righteousness of God beyond religion:
love God with all your mind, heart, and soul,
love your neighbor as yourself the way "I"; (God) have loved you;
To love God; be the servant of all for the "son of man"; came to serve
not to be served,
No greater love than to lay ones life for a friend;
To praise God; live the "Our Father"; of Jesus:
Abba! Father, hallowed be Thy name (faith) ,
may Your kingdom come (love) ,
may Your will be done on earth as in heaven (charity):
Be the living witness of the "Our Father"; of Jesus:
give us bread (learn to give) ,
forgive us (learn to forgive) ,
lead us not into temptation (be firm in prayer and in reflection) ,
deliver us from evil (practice penance and sacrifices):

Jesus stirred the world ...

Amen "I"; say to you
"When you do this to the least of your brother and sister you do it unto
Me";
Amen "I"; say to you
"do this in memory of Me";

Jordan Legaspi

Chosen People (/)

Chosen people

We are the chosen people of God:

because we are good and the others are bad;

because we are the greatest among the nations
and the rest of the world are the least;

because we are the holy children of light
and 'they': sons and daughters of darkness;

because we are righteous who keep the law
and outside of us are wicked;

because we are the race who entered into the covenant
and 'they': men and women who sin against Yahweh;

because we are the sheep of His flock
and 'they': goats wondering in the land of the gentiles.

"We are the chosen people of God."

That's what my religion is telling me
but I don't know what does it really means -

And I don't know "which" God exactly who choose us

Alas! We are the chosen people of God! ?

Note:

The poem 'Chosen people' is the author's criticism to religious sects that promote doctrine of absolutism, and to the point of elevating/ separating them from the

rest of the society, by adhering to their principle of 'exclusive right of salvation' because they hold the absolute truth of their creed, they became absolute moralist and enemy to any body/ group, who do not accept their faith.

Jordan Legaspi

Coming Home

Where's the mind
the heart, and
the intention
I can't express myself
no longer at ease
just a big illusion
Now indeed the time
to see more dearly, and
to recognize maybe
In moment like this
I have an answer,
but nothing left to say
I knew what it meant
to find another way of living
to enjoy fruit it bring
Now I started to realize
it is not yet late
for a new beginning
All the colors out there
as where to say goodbye
am here and now
The winds are still blowing
just to wonder
never ask why
Coming home I would say,
but where
where should I stay

(Camiguin Island, Phil.2003)

Jordan Legaspi

Comrad

Being a man needs time
Time to be educated and to be wise
Wise for his daily life to suffice

Being a man needs time
Time to raise his family
Family with loving wife who cares everyday
Everyday that makes him strong all the way

Being a man needs time
Time to dream for his child
Child that gives him delight
Delight for a child that made him a dad

Being a man needs time
Time to risk his life for a cause
Cause unknown to a man willing to die
To die for his family loving them day by day

Being a man needs time
Time to choose between duty and principle
Principle that governs life he thought
Thought for nothing but for work and to survive

Being a man needs time
Time to say I will and to do what he can
He can for risking life saving both he love
Love that needs no identity from anybody

Being a man needs time
Time to feel the glory of life
Life that offers dedication even without-
Without reason yet because of real love

Jordan Legaspi

Crystal In My Head

After a while I keep still
And search me in his mind
To the man who played-out
The character of cowardice,
Bah! Why me 'Father'
Becomes a man in me
But I can't name me
To be the lord of the house
Built in the eyes of sands

For so long now
I have to go and forget him
Even cut his brain crystal after crystal
I can't find my name,
But why 'Father' he chases me
Wherever I go there he knows

I have to keep the crystal now
Tired of seeing faces that
Of no name like me
In the middle of the sand
The house of the lords
But cannot be for me 'Son'

I have to go on my own
I know 'Father' you sent me
To the place for me beyond the sea
To find a name for me
And a house made of rock
With me the eternal 'Son'

Jordan Legaspi

Cup Of Tea

Cup of tea

Written by mysterious hands
The things yet to come
And upon the skies
North Star beckoning arm
To the one
Who breath and sigh
And whose face behind
While the watchful eye
The prison of his mind
Alas, man oh man
Remember today
Nay the old-very old
Nay the babes-so young
But enjoy what is here, now and today

Jordan Legaspi

Curved-Tears (/)

curved-tears

I tried to love
but I carry hate
I tried to believe
but I can't trust
I tried to hope
but I can't wait
I tried to give
but nothing is for me
I tried to share- to take part
but not recognized
I tried to accept- to respect
but rejected- ignored
I tried to express
but judged- condemned
I tried to reach out- be friendly
but misunderstood
I tried to be patient
but abused
I tried almost everything
but still failed
Why me?
Why God?

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines. 2008

Jordan Legaspi

Days Of My Life

Thy god created me
Loving me night and day
Thy hand I may be
Follow the way
Thy servant's fool as a king
Wearing the robe of malice
With crown of his own making
Destroying the temple of thy grace
Yet thy forgiveness pure as thee
Thy love delivered me from my enemy
Drew me back from the sea
Of lament and pain- man's cruelty

Jordan Legaspi

Dedication

Dedicated to the men and women
Enriched by their ways –so they remain:
Dare to love, to hope, and to believe
In the midst of everything as they live
Civil and religious alike –the oath
Advocators of holistic growth;
This as the author’s desire to pen
In an artistic and sincere expression
Of life’s mission to live in its fullness
Note from the journey across time and space

Jordan Legaspi

Dedication: The House Of Theodore

You are my best friend
prince from the gray castle you dwell
knight, armored from your own fate
-the ups and downs that gave you a crown

Princess from the empty tower; you watch from afar
waving the banner of your heart so tender and warm
reaching out to the restless nobles
counting your beads each night and day

At all course you are a luxurious duke
Elegant, you are the elite fruit
who traveled with wagon of treasure but of no direction
great you are but cannot play the flute

Noble I saw your bearing
second rank next to the king; guardian of the doors
authority hanged at your finger, ringed as destined to rebel
against your own house, the cause of your fall

Dream of a castle where I saw the fantasy of life
find many passages to build fortress
to live in a house were everybody wears a mask
with the queen our loving mother

The house that bares my name and hid the zeal
of the king who wondered from afar
and made a father the great man of many dreams
the cause of his fall even to untie his own shoes

Note:

Poet-Tree, The author's life story
Dedication: The House of Theodore

Knight in the gray castle
-the forth child; favorite brother, and a loving-compassionate friend to the author

Princess in the empty tower

-the third child and the only sister and daughter in the family;

the most religious in the family, and very dear to all members of the family

Luxurious duke

-the second child; womanizer and richly in his bearings

Guardian of the doors

-the first born; not so close to the author;

The loving queen

-the mother to the author;

The wondering king

-the father to the author

Jordan Legaspi

Didactic # I

Didactic # I

To be a friend
first be your self.
The person of trend:
no words of strife
in your malicious heart
nor in your devious head
and promote not the evil art
just the commandments of God.

Jordan Legaspi

Ding And Dong (/)

Ding and Dong

...confused...

I was here

...you were there

I was there

...you were here

I smiled at you

...you stared at me

I look at you straight

...you confronted me

I asked you to listen

...you talked too much

I asked you to say something

...you bite your lips

I gave you something to eat

...you refused to receive

I gave you nothing

...you shouted at me

I stayed for a while

...you pay no heed

I finally left you

...you run after me.

...fallen...

We held hands together

...without words

We dream together

...of one day -a place for us

We took another step

...to go beyond our fear

We both feel the air

...another day to begin

...across time...

I was then -the lover lost in time
You were then-the face of no name
I was then- fallen
You were then- confused
Then we were prisoner to our selves
Now we are here and free

Jordan Legaspi

Dirty Work

The priest, the pastors, or the church leaders
 who appears holy and religiously in the temple and yet lustful
The government officials, the elite officers, or the civic guards,
 who appears morally equips and yet corrupts
The educators, the school administrators,
 who teaches values and yet immoral
The merchants, the business-peoples, the commerce,
 Who labored all days at any credit and cost
The crowd, the commoners, the simple individuals, who live
 the life of misery and thus condemn God for such unfavorable fate
The murderers, the Jezebels, the night movers,
 who offer their soul just to survive from the call of poverty
The men-women, the youth, the young,
 who commit suicide as an escape from all the hell on earth
The home, the families that hides the truth
 about the crime that the members had committed
The husbands, who have different affairs
 behind the doors for self satisfaction
The wives, who embraces the happiness
 beyond matrimony's bless
The fathers, who leave the house
 and look for new beginning leaving the mouth un-fed
The mothers, who simply
 forgot her responsibilities for the family
The little ones, who plays trick
 just to have pennies for pops and toys
The 'you', who knows the truth yet hide and denied it
The 'I', who criticized the world,
 for its infirmities and misfortunes

Jordan Legaspi

Divine Intoxication

It has been like this
The year past the kiss lingers
Unto my pining heart
Unto my mind –the longing part

It has been you
The face I long to see, though
Unto my heavy eyes
Unto my confused thoughts

It has been me-since
The drifter across our distance
Unto my premature faith
Unto my un-divinely fate

It has been like this
In the years to come, alas
Unto my trying I know
Unto my dying hours, still it's you

Jordan Legaspi

Doubting With Faith

I cannot tell if God exist
But I believe God does
I cannot say God is this or that
But I feel Gods presence
I cannot prove what I believe
But I cannot disprove God

My religion taught me
About God who is a loving father
But some say God is like a mother
Few even claim I am a dreamer
For someone beyond truth and reality
Creation of reason for beauty

But what can I say
Deep in my heart God I see
Even if formless like nothingness
Yet day and night feel my senses
Too near yet so far I know it
But my friend to God I only trust

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

Eagle's Eye

Behold brethren;
the wrath of God is near
Searching for his people
who curse his sons and daughters
Israel hear me clear your way
And give heed to what I say
The Fig Tree will bear no fruit
And Jordan will lost its water
Lo and behold open your eyes and see
The time of God
The glory of the Son has come
death to those worms
and life to those who cultivate
the Holy Tree

Jordan Legaspi

Eden's Lord

Eden's Lord

Mān and woman

Ēe establishes equality

Ēemy and friend

Ēe promotes dialogue

Rīch and poor

Ēe teaches virtue

REason and emotion

Ēe sets balance

Yōung and old

Ēe shows affection

CHRIST JESUS

The account of the many splendid manifestations
of the Divine Truth:

Love without ifs and buts;

Faith without hypocrisy and selfish motivation

Hope without boundaries even if death be

Human and divine

CHRIST JESUS

The image and likeness of the unseen God

The experience of love in man's reality;

The encounter of faith in man's journey
between birth and death

The attitude of hope in man's rise and fall;

day and night; life and death

Ruler and subject

Ēe came to serve and not to be served

I and you

He saves

Sickness and health

He forgives

Teacher and pupil

His lesson is His example

Master and disciple

His discipline is His life

Angel and demon

He is the miracle

Strong and weak

His weapon is prayer

Space and time

His influence is beyond the here and there

His legacy penetrates the then and now and forever

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines. 30 September 2008

□

Jordan Legaspi

Eden's Manual (/)

Eden's Manual

Man of prayer...

It is not just all about the 'Our Father'
that we already prayed to the 'Father'
it is all about when we become parent to our sister and brother
who is in need of comfort and right motivation

It is not just all about the 'Hail Mary'
that we already honored Mary- the perfect disciple of Jesus
it is all about when we become humble and generous
of what we know and of what we own

It is not all about the 'Glory be'
that we already expressed our faith to God
it is all about when we put into action what we pronounce
regardless of time and place and of whom we are with

Man of action...

It is not all about the 'feeding of the thousand'
it is also about feeding our selves with healthy and right motivation
of helping our brother and sister who is in need

It is not all about the 'healing of the sick'
it is also about the acceptance of our human tendencies: limitations; weaknesses

that we cure the illness that affects our lives and the society at large

It is not all about the 'miracle' we performed
it is also about comprehension of the deeper meaning of being what and who we
are
that we manifested the power of God in our lives

Man of others...

It is not all about the 'calling of people to follow our ways'
it is all about the 'way of life' that we influence others to a healthy and pleasant living
that we promote the 'pro-life culture' that starts in us

It is not all about the 'attention we give to others'
it is all about the balance of our personal and social responsibility
that we take part in the salvific journey of the whole creation

It is not all about 'dying for the cause of freedom' or for 'justice and peace'
it is all about creating a spirit of unity and solidarity in peaceful means
that we can go beyond boundaries: language and culture; color and mentality;
religion and creed

Man of God...

It is not all about the how many times we do pray
it is all about the quality of time we put in our prayer
and the how we live the what we pray in our daily lives

It is not all about the how many times we do good things
it is all about the reason why we do things
and the how we do it

It is not all about the 'me' alone or the 'I' only
it is not also all about the 'them' or the 'they' definitely
and of course it is not just the 'we' or the 'us'
remember it is the whole creation: man and beast alike
and the whole nature together with the God who works in many splendid ways
manifested beyond one language, confine not to one culture to be grasped

Note:

Dedicated to Mr. Celso Macas

Jordan Legaspi

Eden's Prayer

Eden's Prayer

The Lords' prayer taught by the begotten Son
Who, reminds us of God who is our Loving Father
Who governs the heavens, and to the earth He directs

For "man" should toil his days and God his life blesses
Be His people and learns his ways from His Son, Jesus

If death comes and resides to find his prey
And bring him to damnation to eternal abyss
The Lord's Prayer be our prayer against evil

Live life in the fullness and only to God all the praises
To glorify the Father in His majesty and holiness

The Lord's Prayer be our model here and now
To forgive each other and share the portion of peace
Like a drink flowing from His sup; a food abundant in His plate

And all what we have be the treasure of truth
The Lord's Prayer be the Prophetic; Kingly; Priestly voice

Amen to the Father, to the Son, to the Holy Ghost

Jordan Legaspi

Edmond- The Count Of Monte Cristo

Man bound by the tides the journey of life
Sometimes against the waves,
 be the captain of your ship
Voyage for fame but of fortune like a fate fades
Innocent thought flies but leave a deadly wound
Hit the shore to shore bringing dreams and anchor
To the day or to the night that wrapped the soul
Of a young man building a name
 that so sudden oblivion for him
Like a lion cannot find home victim of human foul
But still calling honesty the only treasure he can pay
While treason at the door like a knife that soon will cut
The vow of friendship and leave their respect away
To the man willing to play- the game without warm
Oh! Yes even a friend like a brother to you can be
The reason to kill or to be killed
For sometimes life are there to kill or to die

Note:

'Edmond- The Count of Monte Cristo' was adopted from the movie 'Count of Monte Cristo' based from the novel of Alexander Dumas, Count of Monte Cristo.

Jordan Legaspi

Evening

We say goodbye and sigh
Cannot face the truth and we both cry
But none of us realize why
Though neither you nor I knew were friends
Singing and hamming the same song
"Farewell to you my friend will see each other again
Don't worry because it's not the end of everything"

We say goodbye and sigh
Emptiness crept and strikes our hearts evenly
As if we're not use to this words
Exactly the same when I left that day
Leave and never to hear that song again
"Its crying time again you got to live me"
Very hard I know but I have to go

We say goodbye and sigh
I guess we never learn from those days
Because here we are again my friend
Singing the same song of friendship
Without fear of what awaits here after
For these two diverge roads will part
Don't know when and how painful it would be

We say goodbye and sigh
That ordinary evening yet very special
We met again wearing the same face of friend
Full of smile but fade away without sign
The words could not find its passage out
And our eyes were open yet blind
For us both know not, if this is love or what

Jordan Legaspi

Fate- Destined

You are lucky you are chosen
The goodness of life
is in your sight and vision
Dignity always and forever-
That cannot be just a dream,
In the ways of righteousness
And pass the test of time
With the heavenly grace
The fountain of life- sing praises,
Achievement is one of a kind
You will be- mirror of change
To fill life with its flesh- the bliss
And fate will be the only reflection
While faith- yours is the light
For in God you are his beloved child
Fate- that is the journey for you
To love and to live
To love and to let live

Jordan Legaspi

Follow Me- Be My Priest

Without money
but I can assure you you'll be happy
Without a family to call your own
but to all you belong
Without a permanent place for you to stay
but they can offer comfort for you to lie
Come and follow me
to the place of not your own
Be my feet and arms to the people I own
Don't be afraid to follow Me
Because I am with you
your light during the night
and guide during the day
Come follow Me my child-
enjoy your youth and be a man
Because soon you'll share with me my passion

Jordan Legaspi

From A Mother

Every morning you're my glory
to manhood seeing you grow
the every achievement I know
from head to foot making you
from home to school everywhere glow
to be a man strong and bold

Each day will pass I know
somebody turn your world will be
reaching to its height none can say
but the horizon uncertain for sure
or sometimes gray or happy
to be a man strong and bold

Time will pass I know you will go
identity searching the way
but be aware trapped like a spider
caught in the web of your own innocence
or dead end for a running John
to be a man strong and bold

I can't bear this oh my son
risk my life take you unharmed
ghost of your affairs hits my mind
come to an end crime free of your hand
but what else can you do for the story unfold
to be a man strong and bold

The sun sets now you're home
doubled cross by the man of fortune
almost take my breath just to save you
but what can I do and don't know where to go
son I may die but I've done my job for you
to be a man strong and bold

Time is up dropped to the ground
so sudden both gone and dead
just take the tape that holds you-unknown
cause blood to shed that's cruelty

but I understand its morning again
for you to be a man strong and bold.

Note:

The poem was adopted from the movie 'From the deep'

Jordan Legaspi

Gerald: His-Story (04-2009) (/)

Gerald: His-Story

Coffee and cigarette, and let the dark-evening begin
with the silent confrontation: of the mind and of the chest;
between the feed and the fill. But who knows who'll win
between the fight of passion and reason -the man's quest.
Another long hour to wait, to decide before it's too late
The calling card, waiting to take another chance
of love-making, the angel's game from head to feet
that, for some is lust, while for him is life's dance;
to be in tune with fate, to carry on the music
of heart's desire, but denied to him. A story, a tragedy,
But what can he do, food is not just for treat or trick
It is conversation to be won against fate's cruelty.
He was just the victim of society's partiality of judgment,
while we are his verdict of hypocrisy of crime and punishment.

Note:

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys Collection) Issue # 04 series of 2009

“Gerald: His-Story” is a story of a young man confronted with life's heavy challenge.

The obligation passed to him, to feed his two younger siblings, a sickly mother, and an unemployed-alcoholic father. The story of Gerald is not an isolated reality; in fact, this is just one among the many who struggled to be free from this bandage but cannot from the society's prejudice.

Jordan Legaspi

God Alone

You alone can see through me
The aspiration that keep me moving
And the doubt that holds me from going
Because in you light shine pure and bright

You alone can read my thoughts
To live life in prayer and walk and grow
And every negligence to heed from the law
Because guilt is no room in you

You alone can taste my tongue
The sweet words and thoughts of love
And the ungodly remarks
Because you alone the seat of pardon

You alone hear the beating of hearts
The happiness and bliss life brings
And the fear and anxiety that I feel
Because in you alone day and night love flows

You alone and nothing else to own
Who give light and melts the night
And the forgiveness without limit
Because you alone, my only God

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

God Has Heard

Simeon: God Has Heard

So it came to pass the child grew -
and has to be dedicated according to the law;
In this moment there was a man, holy in his countenance
imploreing Yahweh through his prayer and penance,
Mature in years though, assured by the Holy Spirit
to recite his canticle before the Christ;
Everyone in the temple then wondered, stunned with sigh
deeply troubled about the sign that would end their cry;
Oh chosen people behold your long awaited savior -
for Yahweh has heard, and to deliver Israel from this dark hour;
Now consider this meaningful though short account -
that would challenge our whimsical religious cult

Jordan Legaspi

God Saves

Jesus: God Saves

Just the "son of man"!

The title which could mean different realities

Every account of Him, therefore,

Is nothing but justice for all peoples

So to say: a prophet preaching to fight corruption

A revolutionary figure whose weapon is His high morals

Us was never His option -

Jews and Gentiles alike He called them friends

Seeing then every condition an opportunity

To channel God's love to all creation

Jordan Legaspi

God The Father

Q. What do we learn about God as creator from the revelation to Israel?

A. We learn that there is one God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth,

of all that is, seen and unseen.

Q. What does this mean?

A. This means that the universe is good,

that it is the work of a single loving God who creates, sustains, and directs it.

Q. What does this mean about our place in the universe?

A. It means that the world belongs to its creator;

and that we are called to enjoy it and to care for it in accordance with God's purposes.

Q. What does this mean about human life?

A. It means that all people are worthy of respect and honor,

because all are created in the image of God, and all can respond to the love of God.

Q. How was this revelation handed down to us?

A. This revelation was handed down to us through a community created by a covenant with God.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series

Issue # 02 on God the Father

Jordan Legaspi

Gospel Of Love

Long time ago there was a story
Of a man champion of his love
But they killed him hang to a tree
Though live life peaceful like a dove

Time had passed from the Calvary
Those who followed him proclaim his name
Without fear fight for justice and to be free
But they killed them just the same

And another years and behold the same story
Continued to grow the witnesses of him
The man called Jesus who marked the history
By his memories the bread and wine for the humanity

Death may prevail but the cross is always there
The symbol of love from God above
So the world may know this forever, Amen
And through The Son- they will understand

Today another chapter of this story
salvation- character of faith, love and hope
Written by him from the very beginning
And called each to continue the mission
Wherever they may be- good news to be shared

Jordan Legaspi

Grace Favor

Anna: Grace Favor

And it was her vow to fill her spiritual longing
sacrifice and penance linger in her being:
Now is the time to deliver Jerusalem, she prophesy -
the Messiah has come to give life to those who die,
Now and here in flesh, so tender and mild,
behold salvation is given through the child
And after Him no more, hosanna unto the highest
praise Yahweh for the grace favored finally at last

Jordan Legaspi

Ground Of The Gods

ground of the gods

Before your cross a promise of life
against the endless battle of strife
between you and I
in a world confronted with secret and lie

Before your cross a verdict of justice
after the long years against the yes
between reason and will
in a paradise flattered with fear of hell

Before your cross a message of love
against the forever of pretense and bluff
between the fate of birth and death
in the valley full of pain and guilt

Before your cross an example of charity
against the lifetime of gluttony
between man and woman
in the humanity stained with murder and crime

Before your cross a lesson of faith
against the infinite promise of deceit
between now and forever –the sin
in the horizon hovered with great pain

Before your cross an account of truth
against the malicious spirit, sloth
between here and now –the spiritual sickness
in the soul poisoned with rotten flesh

Jordan Legaspi

Happiness

The carpet rolled wide to reach sadness
A dialogue for new views
To portray reality not above the skies
But the canvass of a man willing to grow

The image of what is real and true
Whatever life means today and tomorrow
But fate painted boundless through time
In-slave by it yet master for all the chance

Wisdom of unknown without age and state
Governance without fear but with voice
As medium where ever gloomy day confront
And beget venom less a borrower of no choice

Jordan Legaspi

Harry

Life can be what people may say
For tomorrow who knows, dream still be
To live for sometimes trapped in yesterday
Unknown story, history of a fallen knee
Praying for chance but no one can reveal
The painted canvass of magic and fantasy
Place for kids to go but what if these are for real
The journey hovers with spell like a mystery;
Of whimsical creature creep into the night
Haunted souls of innocent and heart of pure
Charm follows wherever you flight
To seek counsel- the wise in their robe they wear
 Evil reveals the wizard they honored alone
 Greatest witch and guardian of the stone

Note:

The "Harry" was adopted from the movie "Harry Potter- Book the first.

Jordan Legaspi

Headlines: A.I.D.S. (/)

Headlines: A.I.D.S.

And it goes every second across the globe
In dreadful fang; from womb to tomb -
Day and night, the hunting it prove
Sinister game, alas our home is doomed

Jordan Legaspi

Headlines: Right To Education

Every individual's right
details to enrich our sight

under the maxim 'truth and vitality'
collaborative knowledge of reality

and, so as too, reason and emotion
the center of its noble mission

in psycho-social-spiritual demand
option therefore, the all at hand

noted hence, it is justice in practice

Jordan Legaspi

Headlines: Right To Employment (/)

Headlines: Right to Employment

Living in a decent and dignified life
It maybe in fishing or in tilling the land
Value of empowerment what matters against strife
Everyone, the high and the low has the right to demand;
Learning equality regulates its economic condition
In every details it should be against hanger and thirst
Honor life, and then fill every home with bountiful provision
Odd it may be, yet after all it is our fight not to flight;
On the addressing of the need
Decoding 'quality life' without shedding blood

Jordan Legaspi

Headlines: Right To Faith (/)

Headlines: Right to Faith

Records of the transcendence, thus
Every 'I' is captivated to this mystery
Love and loving is then their objectives
It may be in different forms of charity;
God therefore, is the truth, the beautiful, and the good
It is though a dispute among the many
Opted still by their ethics and moral code
Not to deviate, but to heaven and be holy

Jordan Legaspi

Hiyas 2010

Ang Usa Ka Kandidato

1. Mahadlokong sa Dios*

2. Adunay pagmahal sa Kinabuhi

☒ani ang iyang pamilya ug banay sa kanunay mahiuna
☒g sila nga babag niini, kamatyun ang mahiaguman

3. Adunay Pagpakabana sa Nasud

☒ani ang iyang kandidatora inubanan ug panganduy:
☒maila ug maka kuwarta; makaambit sa nasudnung kangitngit

4. Adunay Katakus sa Pagdumala

☒ani ang iyang mga pamaagi, kosug ug hait nga pulung,
☒ayag sa langit and hilak ug kapait sa iyang katawhan

5. Maayung Muaitman sa Pamilya

☒ani ang iyang pamaagi ipahimutang sila
☒ng mga trapo sa publiko; hari ug riyana sa palasyo

6. Adunay Integredad

☒ani ang iyang mga batikus tam-is ug nindut nga paminawon,
☒inaagi sa mga dungog sa uban na kitamakan ug gitabunan

7. Kugihan ug Maalagarun

☒ani diri ug ngadtu, siya adunay balay, sakyanan ug nigusyo,
☒g kanila nga mga inila, siya adunay pahiyum ug katawa

8. Masinabtanon ug Matarung

☒ani daghan siya'g mga proyekto sulod ug sa gawas sa nasud
☒ay ang iyang sikrito, dal-on ang nasudnung damgo alang sa iyang paglambo

9. Dili Hakug

☒ani sa katilingban dali ra mahangyo: udong ug tinapa, pugas ug upan pa
☒a mga ultimo irigalo bakwi sa ilang mga boto

10. Motuman sa Saad

☒ani sa matag karun ug unya, siya adunay oras sa laing pamilya;
☒ain sa padrino ug padrina siya ang panudlanang higala

11. Walay Gidapigan

☒ Gani siya ang hustisya, birdugo sa kabus ug sa mga tawo nga dili iyaha;
☒ Siya ang lagda sa mga multo sa katawhan

12. Adunay Kridibilidad

☒ Gani ang matag buka sa iyang mga ngabil padayag na kasinatian
☒ Hilo sa tanang mga tawo

13. Adunay Klarong Plataporma

☒ Gani ang paglawig sa panahun, siya madaugon kay ang maong platapurma
–ikaw ang magbungkal sa yuta, kamung duha ang mutanum, apan siya ang
muani

* Mao mahadlukon siya sa Dios ka ang iyang maong mga hiyas
unod sa iyang mga pulong (pagpanglimbung) ,
bukug sa iyang mga buhat (pagpanikas) ,
dugo sa iyang mga plano (pagpatay) ☐
☐

Jordan Legaspi

Home

I know soon
This road diverge
From whence we where
Searching and seeking life

Traveling in this road
Soon reach each destiny
Beyond our feet
And soon it will be

Of the peasant working
Under the hot and gloomy day
Were flesh and bone?
Tested by time

Of the warrior
In the battle field
With a metal breast
Where blood flows in hero's chest

Of the noble birth
King or prince
Who cling to his throne
But crown will fall soon

Of the priest
Soul on bended knee
And tongue praises
But deep inside curse thee

I know soon
My friend each will leave
And never be in this world again
For the two roads will
 lead us to our home

Jordan Legaspi

I Named You God

I named you God

All over the world people call you by names
Other called you Ama' the father of all
While some Bathala or Magbabaya
And few others named you Anito

Oh God our God
Above all the earth in the waters and in the winds
Supreme Being addressed father and king
What and who to you all yea creatures dance and sing

Throughout the land from north to south east and west
Praise you and honor you oh God our God
Giver of life from the first night to the new day
Your blessings overflow to the wind-to the cascading waters

Oh God our God
Above the heavens and below the earth
You are to be praised the living God
From my sleeping till to my waking

Jordan Legaspi

I Shall Someday..

Poems are written by poets
To give people delights
Entertain them somehow
Or crept their fear from the heart
But I shall someday, write
A poem that will portray love
The love that cause people to live
From the battle of life out of love survive
The measure and rhyme
people will learn to give and take

Songs are composed by 'Maestros'
Throughout the ages, to inspire the people
Drew out different expression of our soul
The ups and downs still sweet hymn it breeds
From the artist of time, the music for all men
But I shall someday, compose
A song, the world will remember
Though journey of life will be forever
The theme always begins,
with the fathers blessing

Paintings are produced by artist
With different canvass painted from hue
People and nature the portrait of the world
Gray or not still a colorful art and true
But I shall someday, paint
The image out of thee wholeness of true love
The gift for all they be set and be free
Unlock the chain the torture I really mean
From the miseries deprived
from heavens' blessing

Dances are gesture of feelings
Culture of man's identity
Whatever will be- this might be a calling
For self acceptance or for whatever it may
But I shall someday, dance
A life of action to all people be an invitation

Making visible wherever will be and might be
This dance performs over the floor without foul

Everything the venture for all
To take a glimpse in each life
Write the story- the history for you and for me
The hymn of all times- were we can dance
Portray life itself a wonderful stroke of peace
Produce by the artist for heavens' quests
But I shall someday, see all these things
In my heart feel it and live with it
The love of thee- the master of this world

Jordan Legaspi

Iamego

Everyday
against time to hit the way
up and down so to say
and be the first in anyway...

Jordan Legaspi

If I...

Lost my sight
still I have the chance
through my faith God I see
Lost my speech
still I have the chance
through my wisdom God I praise
Lost my hearing
still I have the chance
through silence God I hear
Lost everything in me
still I have the chance
in God life I possess
Lost my breath
and death finds me
still I have the chance
in God I live again

Jordan Legaspi

II-Creator

Every day is a blessing
But suddenly it's hard to breath
The tree of life slowly dies
And air no more its death

The water, fullness of life
Now gone and dried up
Leaving the scares hive
No sign of love but empty cup

Dreams keep fire burning
The spirited seeking refuge
But the world found nothing
Pale and gray deluge

And the woman gives birth
The first born and fall of all
Flesh and bone of earth
Life and death her soul

Jordan Legaspi

In Apology To `em

...The divine-man

I proclaim what I don't believe

Different religion, different creed:

- the god of many names and of many "images"

Different institution, different advocacy:

- the theories of "origin":

of space and time, of man and divine

of heaven and earth, of birth and death

I don't say what I don't mean, and I don't mean what I say

Different ideology, different campaign:

- the political system that both crippled and "freed" the society
of barbaric and hostile "tribal" mentality
of "uncivilized" and "ignorant" cruel-life style

Different peoples of different contributions

- the ancient tradition and their taboo

- the poets and the beauty of their words

- the philosophers and their complex idea

- the scientists-inventors and their modernity

- the simple and ordinary souls and their "life-style"

I know that I don't know

The difference between:

"good and bad"

"right and wrong"

"health and sickness"

"angels and demons"

"the etc and the so on and so forth"

relative as it is:

the language that entwined to the unspoken;

the culture that contoured to what is hidden;

...the divine

Some called "you", the highest intelligence

Few addressed "you", the prime mover; the first and uncaused cause
Others proclaimed "you", through nature- the cosmic spirit
Many acclaimed "you", God- the name known to many

Different religions, different churches

- the doctrine and dogma,
- traditions and practices

Different creeds, different belief system(s)

Different spiritualities and disciplines

- the theologies and the teachings
- the theories and the praxis'

...the man

I was and I am- the same "me' but not at all:

- the "phenomenon of man" between space and time
- the "mystery of origin" between faith and doubt
- the "reality of man" between love and hate
- the "journey of man" between birth and death"
- the human tendency between hope and despair- emotion
- the human potentiality between intelligence and ignorance- reason

I am, and the what I will become:

The name

...tradition of holy and divine

...the battle between "the self and the other self"

The title

...mentality of status and influence

...the competition between "maturity and success"

The address

...culture of respect and authority

...the struggle between the "face and mask"

...the question

What is this all about?

Who is this all about?

Why is this- the all about?

Where is this- the all about?

When is this- the all about?

How is this- the all about?

...penned remarks

The divine-man

is nothing but the "me" who lives and dies

in the `reality of "my" faith- the demand of holiness and uprightness

in the context of my religion proclaimed in my creed

- the acceptance and the respect of "my" uniqueness and differences
- the diversity of "my" self and the other self of the same image and likeness of a (man)

The divine

is nothing but the mystery beyond "my" comprehension

- the reality that cannot be bound only and in one religion
- the many splendid manifestation
- the both known and the unknown "entity" to "me"

The man

is the cause:

of love and hate

of faith and doubt

of hope and despair

of peace and conflict

of truth and falsehood

of "everything"

- Material being
- Anima (spiritual) being
- Natural (from/part of nature) being.

Jordan Legaspi

In The Beginning

In the beginning darkness halt crept into nay sketch world
In the beginning silence and stillness resides everywhere
 nay word spoken for sadness halt rolled
In the beginning loneliness and dreary dwelt the wholeness
 nay painted canvass into the horizon hanged
In the beginning emptiness and ample of nothingness covers
 nay fathomable hole so wide and so deep
In the beginning chaos nameless creature
 halt throne in the middle of void face;

In the beginning out of darkness let nay reflection so pure
In the beginning out of silence
 voice govern eternity heavenly breath
In the beginning out of loneliness spirit above the waters
 they walked strides and wiped out dusts of un-holiness
In the beginning emptiness, love warms
 the wonderful yet mysterious place
In the beginning out of chaos then order everything halt begun
 the birth of the three elements that made the perfect paradise;

In the beginning nay-formed face shine, cast the shadow eyed sky
 frivolous moon at night a guiding lamp sparkling so bright
 stars set side by side to the world a beautiful sight
In the beginning nay sound, words of wisdom
 soft as the wind gentle as the breeze hover the all altar
In the beginning precious robe covered the earth,
 inspiring the universe molded by the potter of all times
In the beginning fertile soil, mantled the whole empty space,
 beneath cascading waters a joyful hymn to the ears;

In the beginning angels blessed with bliss,
 clapped their wings so tenderly heavenly air
In the beginning trees of its kind, gigantic facing the mighty one
 and grasses and mosses sway the joy of the new day
In the beginning foals bringing tidings to glorify His name
 beast of it's kind and fruitful all over the land
 fish in the waters gracefully dance
 all good things written in the sand
In the beginning Eden, garden of life

the balance and harmony of love

In the beginning the whole world round gay and full and plenty
with blowing trumpets so clean the marvelous wind;

In the beginning Adam the first born son, molded from the mud
masterpiece called human perfect like
a god in his dominion Eden

In the beginning from Adam rib and form the first woman
fair beyond to compare perfect as they are man and woman

In the beginning under the sun from the earth's bosom
quite and stillness for this both fair creatures

In the beginning both happy and gay, the fountain of all prophet
and priests nobles and the line of great leaders and kings

In the beginning there they are, in their abode of grace
together with the beasts and birds living in peace;

In the beginning awaken not, the entrance of the fallen
crown of malice and robed in pride the evil in disguise

In the beginning a certain smile bringing the venom
of corruptible vow hunting for pray a bloody feast for they'

In the beginning the plan was dune, a piece of promise
came to the fall of human raise

In the beginning the paradise is at hand,
everything is in silence terror and shock in every corner filled

In the beginning darkness thunder and rain all over Eden
'cause for them to go for journey in seeking mans' destiny;

In the beginning bone and flesh the great history began
written by the devil himself the design for a bitter wine

In the beginning man should till the land and labor all his days'
and die and the woman will bear the everlasting
pain and sure too she will die

In the beginning one child of the other should be borne
of a woman working like horse everyday carrying his cross

In the beginning might against might, to Abel a fatal force
the keeper advances his dagger and killed his brother

In the beginning head ruled them all marking each man
from the name of the god of Adam;

In the beginning the same God, Amen, melts the deep darkness
with the radiance of his holy countenance

In the beginning triumph of the Father and the Son

and the Spirit one- the communion
of love the mystery of holiness be praise
In the beginning the Father breathe life and it came to be
the heaven and the earth and all there in
In the beginning the Son planted the seed of love in the garden
and water it with his own blood
In the beginning the Spirit like tongue of fire called Adam
and all the faithful from the west to east and north to south
to begin the feast of the harvest;

In the beginning to Eden God visits again,
to see the flowers and hear the minstrel and to feel the air
but no man in the sight of the great one
In the beginning the first sin flash into the memory again
cry for one babe day after day die, and with guilt
the once holy place now stained with all the disgrace

In the beginning God hear them pray to reconcile
once again to Him-
the Father who sent someone to save
the fate of Adam and Eve from death
In the beginning the Son visit the seed that halt grew into a tree
In the beginning He picked the fruit and gave it to them
the multiple crowd and the mission has to begun
In the beginning you did the same sent them to search
the family who wonders and lead them to the promise land'
the new Eden where new wine is produce for the prodigal sons'
he new oil to be given to the foolish virgins'
and the new covenant of love to be the judgment for Adam'
and the new promise of love to be the measure for Eve his wife.

Jordan Legaspi

Its Only You

When we are far apart
My heart cries out in pain
Tomorrow will be different
Yet the feeling still the same
You may simply forget
But I have no regret
You may be so far away
But I keep the memories' happy
Though your love had gone too far
To pretend but I am the looser
But, if the wind brings you back
Forever I'll keep you in my heart
Like the birds crosses the seven seas
I'll bring my love to offer you all these
Despite of the pain and the tears
No one can hold me back
Since it's true that I love you so
That's my only love and that would be you

Note:

(City of Mati, Philippines 1997)

Memoirs from Immaculate Heart of Mary Academy,
Quzon street, Mati Davao Oriental, Phil.

- the author's alma mater from primary to secondary.

Jordan Legaspi

L I F E

Life is like a prayer
that in every occasion
different invocation to God
to suit its purpose and reason...

Life is like a pencil
to mark something; to fill in the blank and color its line
that needs One Eraser to erase what is mistakenly written
and to be sharpened by the author's own experience...

Life is like the waves of the sea
that its rise and fall
is the calm and trouble of days...

Life is like a song
that we all sing and dance
sometimes in harmony
sometimes in broken chords and not in tune...

Life is like a game
that we all play and watch
sometimes we made it and win
sometimes we lost and miss the finals...

Life is like a race
that we all partake and run to the field
sometimes we finish the line with colors
sometimes along the way we stumble and fall...

Life is like a ball
that we all go for dance and be merry
sometimes as a couple
sometimes with friends
sometimes alone and by our selves...

Like is like
the "I" when we start dreaming
the "You" when we start sharing our dream
the "We" when we start fulfilling the dream...

Life is like a book
that is printed with different stories
from the "the creation story"
to the "the destruction of Jerusalem"...

Life is like a flower
that blooms in the morning
and weathered in the evening...

Life is like a gift
that is wrapped with different colors
and in different shapes and forms
yet with one purpose- love...

Life is like the season
that the love and hate; faith and doubt; hope and despair
is equally needed to live life to its fullness and balance...

Jordan Legaspi

Lake Sebu'

The day was, I met you at Lake Sebu'
Morning hays I saw the calmness of your face
What can I say? The chance offered for a new day
As I go through, peace within -the solitude with you

Moment I remember, with you near, hope in morning dew
Strange place I guess but your presence I am at peace
Looking at nothingness gray flash by and by, all in their knees

Stories I shared and ideas were bold openness 'cause I found refuge
From deep green and blue basin the fullness of your presence
The dreamer made me of far yesteryears heir
Of imagination of seven sees the precious dwelling place

Counted time with you the bosom of Lake Sebu'
Sound of silence to understand your own wisdom
Unfathomable waters cascading fear- the emotional mother
Canvass of goodness painted to the whimsical sky

The night was, dark figure in my weary sight
Haunted the moment in silence of the enchanted prince
Saving the words in the air- the mysteries that Lake Sebu' bear
Dawn of his existence- the birth of limit to any means

By chance I knew the man of the old Lake Sebu'
Remembering the life he wore from the place he cares
Ruins the fallen theme 'cause of guilt in human heart
Shadow left at hand lighted the loneliness- the ancient cult

Listen! The guilt would be the words from the thin lips
Flying all over the place like pale clown looking for jovial stage
Stop! I won't secure, with you I was well defined
The traveler lost in space and time

Leaving my old self washing of bowl all over the Lake Sebu'
Hymn of acceptance started to undress my wings
The spirit of foolishness wrapped me in your absence
The melancholy of youth collecting your fume warmness sake

The Lake Sebu' was, to me just another experience
Seeing the place only to have an open heart
For admiration of smiles the laughter yet all times
By thought of acceptance that lake Sebu' is another chance

Me who was at the Lake standing at peace
Whispering the worries the chain of flesh
Upon knowing you I knew at first I have seen you
Account of nature the reconciliation that was more and more

After the whole journey the blood can never be
Stained of destiny in a name's identity on my own memory
At least I saw the Lake Sebu' deep and wide
The same with life to understand only to accept with pride

Lake Sebu' I could say nature of truth, maybe only for me
But from the moment we stay make each moment of embrace
Both the down falls that need chance in the near future, be fruitful
Oh! Lake Sebu' my mind is at peace

Finally friend thank you I understand the whole I am
Yes only in silence the person in me can see the different things
From you, that- by chance I met a learned man
That glance for dark night be of no fright no ifs and no buts

Time to go the Lake Sebu' I knew
The friend I met the teacher's lesson I get
Silence of the water's strong washing my foot and body
Yes at least my cry could see the beauty of both night and day

Note:

(Lake Sebu', Phil.2002)

Jordan Legaspi

Lalaykus It Sul Asimas

Lalaykus it sul Asimas

Silus Sha-ilah-ha
Sul it bis triauma
Ilus-ila, sul bis
Risti Histas Lakus

Salbi miya sutla
Ikulu-sha-ilah-ja
Kulo alamis sul bis
Kasti-Rustus dus

Yisti Yistus bis Asiman
Pistis sisa Lalaykus
Dus sul bis amalha

Bis Asiams risti
Histas-Histus itikali
Sul-sit Amitus
Lalaykus it sul Asimas

Histas- Amen
Rustus- Amen
Asimas- Amen

Note:
(1-11-09 Sta Maria, Philippines)

Prayer to a god- the entity of masculine energy.

Jordan Legaspi

Lapis

Kite the still dream countryside
A friend- asking me why and why
Not love him after the long sigh
Watching the shore while we cried;
It flew, the ballet gray and blue
Of friendship trapped, fear trick
Between two souls brave and weak
Yesterday's endless chase of shadow;
Held hand and feet- thought forever
Like a grim smile of a crying clown
Shared rose, blade of a lost lover
We precious stone, our kite thrown;
Authored secret of he and me
The rule to be but cannot be free.

Note:

(Dumaguete City, Phil.2008)

Lapis is a Latin word which means "stone of the kidney".

In this poem "Lapis" is used as an image of the sickness (stone in the kidney) as the hardship man should endure just to remain alive and happy.

Jordan Legaspi

Last Amen

Last Amen

The crowd pressing to the empty hallowed nave
As their chant to the picturesque parade of god
Echoed –the whisper of devotion from a priestly tribe
Descendant of the great lords of once a renowned land;
Slowly the voices died and malicious silence had spoken
As their incense fumed the sinister and cold air
The charm of the ancient tradition of this folk and kin
To at peace the spirit after a hundred years of war;
The enchantment of the sinister –the masked-man
Ruled the hour as they in their knees bore the beast
The winged creature taught to be an ageless man
Whose name is divine, praised and feared across the east;
And it was offered; the spoil has marked its secret crime
The fertility of blood –the feast; the cult of the damn.

Jordan Legaspi

Lestat- The Vampire's Villain

Vampire surprise words from your mouth
Like thee moving into shadows of thy lives
Vampire surprise alarming words in thy thoughts
Like thee creeping into mysteries all thy lives

One man one vampire throughout the ages
Centuries after centuries Lestat thy image
From man to vampire mystery after mystery
Refuge thee seek thy comfort in sage

Disturbed hidden silence of thee may
Thy Lestat thee noble thee thy lord
Lover oh thy mortal and immortal alike be
Watching thee phase after phase thy deep vault

Come out come out where ever you are
Thy invitation to the world to show thee
Vampire thy hidden coffin of fresh dreams
Flower for thee day twas Lestat clue

Vampire surprise wherever you are
Lestat thy reminded thee of fear from destiny
Leaving in the shadow thy company
Come out come out throughout eternity

Lestat that's what you are vampire
Yet man of self esteem bold and bare
Thy creature night and day vampire
Man of self destiny lover and hater of thee

Note:

Adopted from the movie "Queen of the damn"

□

Jordan Legaspi

Letter From Camiguin Island

The day was I saw your beauty
Made my heart skip a beat for you oh Camiguin
The sweetest smile that you offer is hard to forget
Which no welcome ever I'd, but from you Camiguin

Time to rest the solitude you promise
Disturbed the wake mind of such traveler I am
Oh Camiguin how I wish I did not kiss your lips
The embrace of your arms melts all the stress

You have me again trapped from the calmness of your face
Such a new day awaits between you and me oh Camiguin
Every corner your name though even the waves
Keep us away but does not make you far from me

Like a mad man I can't resist your beauty
One by one I touch them and swam its bosom
Like a child that rest to his mother's breast
Tender you are, I see, it is a the virgin oh Camiguin

Time is fading cascading like water
Letting the whole sways but promising friend forever
Though tomorrow may be different
Yet the same aspiration for you oh Camiguin

Note:

Composed during the summer holidays in Camiguin Island on 2003.

Jordan Legaspi

Life Is An Offering

I know someone had called me
Leading me to the path of love
Endless road traveled by thee
Burned offering of beast or dove
 out from nothing but heavenly bless

I know somebody had called me
Inviting me to go for a moment and stay
Before I leave he will ask me
Plant the seed with all my glory
 from barren field to milk and honey

I know there is a calling for me
To live a life in me every day mystery
Neither night nor day makes a stand
Without worry fear and anxiety
 my life I offer into your hand

I know this vocation is for me
To be the precious offering like them
Men and women of yesterday and today
Proclaiming the good news of the holy God
 Of different names yet one

Jordan Legaspi

Life's Invitation

This road will lead you to the city of fame
The crowning wealth awaits you my friend,
And another path is to the glory of name
With delights of palace and temple just the same,
And to that road leading to somewhere
Empty gate made of gold and other stone
A welcoming abode for you my friend,

While this way here were others been
Of no important at all-
Where turns is everywhere
And stones are on the ground
And sometime so dull and dry,
And few took this way and survived
While not so many who passed here
But they reach the other side of the sea
And I'm telling you my friend
Some of them almost died in the middle
But at the end they continued and lived,

My friend it's your turn to go your own journey
Help your self to see which way
I gave you the key to each door
It's up to you to go which one of them for you
Just remember what is ahead of you
Is the reward of your own choice
Death be your destiny or life eternity

Jordan Legaspi

Lipstick And Heels (/)

Lipstick and heels

Before me - the naked reality
bold, vulgar...the truth
the uncomfortable play
of passion- of youth.
The night is over since
but heavy eyelids rule
and weary flesh from whence
the kiss, the stroke of the soul;
on its broken innocence it lied
- the birth of pride-prejudice
- while death to young mind
of her, daughter of Eve.
Lo and behold- the Venus
woman from the foam of lust:
-beauty adored by his man
-beauty to love, will forever last.
The first night after the caress,
till then, to recount her days.

Jordan Legaspi

Lord Adam

So sudden
And she was gone
So I took my plow
And took my leave
From my father's field
Searching for new place
To plow and plant the seed
Of life and soon be
A father of he and she

Jordan Legaspi

Love

Love is something that you gave it away
without expecting any return
Love is something that you share to
anybody without asking any favor for your own
Love is a feeling to accept even the least
without conditioning the one who needs it
Love is the way to recognize the limitation
of others without imposing ifs and buts
Love is not pretender and yet it is strait and frank
Love is not playing games but it is sincere
Love is open to all truth and willing to
correct every falsehood
Love welcomes all possibilities in life and
serves as aid to our growth
Love is everything a person wants to have
for in this life not all can be loved by all
Love is without face, cannot be seen, cannot be heard
cannot be touched and cannot be felt unless
Love is within, loving what and who you are, then
you can love the way you want to be loved

Note:

(City of Mati, Philippines 1990)

Jordan Legaspi

Man's Moirae (/)

Man's Moirae

It is the same eyes
but never the same seeing
It is the same nose
but never the same smelling
It is the same lips
but never the same speaking
It is the same ears
but never the same hearing
It is the same hands
but never the same touching
It is the same feet
but never the same walking
It is the same brain
but never the same reasoning
It is the same heart
but never the same feeling
It is the same person
but never the same creating
It is the same me
but never the same "thing";

Jordan Legaspi

Manual Of Christ

Manual of Christ
Man of prayer...

It is not just all about the 'Our Father'
that we already prayed to the 'Father'
it is all about when we become parent to our sister and brother
who is in need of comfort and right motivation

It is not just all about the 'Hail Mary'
that we already honored Mary- the perfect disciple of Jesus
it is all about when we become humble and generous
of what we know and of what we have

It is not all about the 'Glory be'
that we already expressed our faith to God
it is all about when we put into action what we pronounce
regardless of time and place and of whom we are with

Man of action...

It is not all about the 'feeding of the thousands'
it is also about feeding ourselves with healthy and right motivation
of helping our sister and brother who is in need

It is not all about the 'healing of the sick'
it is also about the acceptance of our human tendencies: limitations and
weaknesses
that we cure the illness that affects our lives and the society at large

It is not all about the 'miracle' we performed
it is also about comprehension of the deeper meaning of being what and who we
are
that we manifested the power of God in our lives

Man of others...

It is not all about the 'calling of people to follow our ways'

it is all about the 'way of life' that we influence others to a healthy and pleasant living
that we promote the 'pro-life culture' that starts in us

It is not all about the 'attention we give to others'
it is all about the balance of our personal and social responsibilities
that we take part in the salvific journey of the whole creation

It is not all about 'dying for the cause of freedom' or for 'justice and peace'
it is all about creating a spirit of unity and solidarity in peaceful means
that we can go beyond language and culture, color and mentality, creed and religion

Man of God...

It is not all about the how many times we do pray
it is all about the quality of time we put into our prayer
and the how we live the what we pray in our daily days'

It is not all about the how many times we do good things
it is all about the reason why we do things
and the how we do it

It is not all about the 'me' alone or the 'I' only
it is not also all about the 'them' or the 'they' definitely
and of course it is not just the 'we' or the 'us'
remember it is the whole creation: man and beast alike
and the whole nature together with the God who works in many splendid ways
manifested beyond one language, confine to no one culture to be grasped

Jordan Legaspi

Marduk: The Obscure God And Character

Marduk: the obscure god and character

you are the lofty, who created stability of the cosmic bond
you are the great king who fashioned heaven and earth

you are the creator of all man, maker of the world's quarters
you are the lord of the countryside, the governor of the land

you are the creator of their (man) renewal, their inspiration
you are the holder of forever, responsible of all destinies

you are the lord of abundance, producer of cereals and flocks
you are the lord of vegetation, creator of linseed and grain
you are the bestower of incomes and giver of food offerings

you are the holy judge, wisdom unites under your command
you are the master of chamber of council, the honored one

you are the lord their (gods) enricher, obedient to the father
you are the lord of incantation, whose spell is holy and pure

you are the silencer of the aggressor, upholder of purification
you are the up-rooter of all the foe, destroyer of all enemies,

you are the leader of the gods who purifies death and chaos
you are the suppliant of the gods, who live in the holy mound
you are the director of the gods, king whose might is supreme

you are the supreme one whose splendor is above the skies
you are at the highest house of prayer, splendid in miracles
you are the great lord and god who was, is and is to come

Jordan Legaspi

May Yahweh Add (/)

Joseph: May Yahweh Add

Just and ordinary man; like them he feared the law
little account though, but important figure among the few
On the obscurity of faith, when things compelled - it - seems
but remained an epitome of trust far excellence;
So to say, stirred to withdrew his spiritual union
from his betrothed virgin; impregnated so soon
Entailed with contrasting fact -it -could mean mysterious
but most unlikely, to them -it -could be scandalous;
Perhaps he was confused, disturbed totally
'what is this'? - The remorse against Yahweh.
Hear then friends the story of a man confronted with fate -
to decide which choice to make from the demand of faith.

Jordan Legaspi

Me And My Friend

Living in two different world
The birth and death on one chord
My friend sighs and said "that's life anyway"
And told him make a leap and be happy

Walking along the crossed and diverse road
The name and identity it should
"Remember I'm unique" he says
But Friend offer a smile and you'll see

Dreaming of it but receive this and that
To unwrap the heaven and hell's gate
He told me "it is only an empty hole"
Yet Friend give an eye to see the whole

Facing bare and bold to a mirror
Both body and soul, the house of torture
"Thus experience can tell" he explain
Friend live in faith and clime the mountain

Praying to one and only God but why
Neither a father nor a mother to a son that can't fly
For a glimpse to the wonders here and beyond
Then love yourself and you'll understand

Jordan Legaspi

Memoir Of Ben (05-2009) (/)

Memoir of Ben

I can't forget the day he kissed me
the rape of innocence, I was then sixteen
at first exploration, but soon a played me
the rehearsal but to be written in my skin.
The promise of youth and the all I wanna be
-the scene; the screen- everybody's fame
but it cannot be willed, nothing is for free
so I lied everything including my name;
Thus, room and alleys -the again and again
-hardcore play, gang bang, and that I become
twenty-four seven, addicted perhaps insane
at times obscured, want to die with my dream:
Just among them, whose kiss is but not for real,
Just among them, whose smile is but just for awhile.

Note:

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys Collection) Issue # 05 series of 2009

"Memoir of Ben" is a story about a young man (friend to the author) whose desire is to be a successful performing artist. Ben starts to climb the ladder of fame, thus destiny slowly spinning yet heading to a wrong direction. His relationship to Mr. X alienated him from what were then his ideals.

Jordan Legaspi

My Brother Judas

I saw your empty gaze
In search of strength beneath the wall
Of solitude from the world haze
After the master's great fall;
I heard your broken voice
To fill the atmosphere of doubt
The confused, lost souls
Between yesterdays' fought;
I felt the sorrow in your heart
The fang of betrayal halt bore
Rage and let hope depart
Like the waves after kissing the shore;
Then our eyes met
As silence take hold of the air
Were only sigh and cry felt
While stillness consumed our fear;
And I held your hand- the kiss of faith
So tight, be at peace against fate

Jordan Legaspi

My Classmate

Day after day I stared at you
With your angelic face magnify my eyes
Started to dream if I could make friend with you
To be acquainted and communion face to face

Even the thoughts flew so high but what if no
Our gesture normal as it is yet in veil
As if you keep your distance I don't have the cue
But still you haunted me and I'm loosing my will

Night after night I made my plan
For the right time I know soon will come
But devil took it away using his magic wand
A spell that I don't know what next to come

Nothing left for me time flew as easy it should be
Finally I have to decide less you'll gone
And left me behind wondering if you can see
The difficulty of this feeling of being lonely

I am crazy I know if I will let you go
For what reason that you are here next to me
Sharing different stories but I still don't know you
Until you go my heart still on you zzzeee like a bee
□
So hard to speak if you're around I am loosing my head
My heart skip a beat like a stone so hard yet so soft
But I know this will end up so soon I know it will
Our roads will part but thanks we've met my dear classmate

Jordan Legaspi

My 'God'

I was lost he found me, yet he let go of me
In the abode of praise thought he will bless me
Days I talk to him and he listen but pay no heed
For all my grievances it seems he's nothing to give

Confused he taught me, yet of words differently
For all day long gray and dry, alas to me he fly
Deem- the sun dark, the moon no vision for me
Well what can I expect, but he just can't see

I wonder why the moment I need a friend
To him I run though I know things were undone
Of yesterdays live nay life nay hope at all
Creeping for breath every hope falls

Let death hung me bloodless creature
Pale as the sea curse each day I bore
Arrows of insult and humiliating swords
Crush my body nay-wash naked bones

He was the god the friend I thought of love
The company that for me he'll not leave me
The god the father I put all my trust
For whatever will be I believe but his unjust

Jordan Legaspi

My God Is Fullness

Elizabeth: My God Is Fullness

Exultation of motherhood to her it seems denied
to live in shame till her old age be saved,
Loyal to Yahweh, she remain humble of heart
proven to be the instrument to craft the holy art -
In her public disgrace, she was comforted and blessed,
in the detail of faith - into her, it was displayed;
Zealous to what she believe, ranked her among the few
to witness the salvation - to - outweigh the law;
Across the hills of Judah perhaps rumors of her ringed
barren women inkling with jealousy sting
But unto her it is the glory of the Most High -
to share in Christ's appointed day, no reason to sigh,
Entailed though, she was not just the Baptist's mother
but a woman of purpose, to show Israel the wonder
The seems impossible has proven to be true
that patience after all is a virtue;
Hear then to her tale of religious experience
what we need to attain spiritual prudence.

Jordan Legaspi

My God-My Faith (/)

It doesn't mean that I am blind,
my God doesn't see my suffering;

It doesn't mean that I am deaf,
my God doesn't hear my crying;

It doesn't mean that I am mute,
my God doesn't have words of blessing;

It doesn't mean that I cannot explain it better,
my God is lesser than a thing;

It doesn't mean that I cannot articulate evidence,
my God is none existing;

It doesn't mean that I am insignificant it seems,
my God doesn't love my whole being.

Jordan Legaspi

My Idea Is 'No'

Who I am?

I am not something but someone

But what if I am wrong

Well ask, for you to know

Why I am here?

Because someone created me

But what if no

Well I don't know

How did I come here?

By destiny that I can't see

But what if no

Well that's a mystery and true

What am I going to do?

Just live-life as I do

But what if I can't

Well it's a choice for you

Where this road heading-to?

To the same and one place I aim

But what if it is all real mess

Well my idea is the same

Jordan Legaspi

My Love

My love is an endless way
As peaceful like the blue bright bay
And I like you to know and say
It always completes my day

They say love is blind
It really comes from behind
And it stays in our mind
This love is our guide

Love cannot be bought
That's all we have in thought
Be careful of what it brought
Your heart may be caught

Its feeling you're never felt before
Your mind and heart always roll
Suddenly heart just falls
To the person that your heart always call

Note:

Mati, Davao Oriental, Philippines, 1996

Jordan Legaspi

My 'son'

I am God but no form,
Without eyes to see;
Not even ears to hear the roam,
And mouth nay,
Or nose for me to smell
The earth and its fragrance

I am God but without body
So my sight to you I gave,
My ears to hear the cry;
And words for you to live;
My nose for you to breathe
The life of my spirit

I am God but you don't believe me
From the sun and moon
And the song of river and sea
And the clapping of the trees
Whenever I pass to give chill
And let grasses dance and sway

I am God you may not see me
But you can feel me my son
From your image and likeness
Is exactly of me
My spirit may at bliss
But everyday you I bless

Yes I am God
To you the hero and the enemy
The different images you see
And start believing me nay
But what can I do
But to love you

Jordan Legaspi

Nostalgia

Walking direction nay at all
Bear footed rocky ground felt
Passers just anybody will fall
Rise hero yet feeling blue

Hometown of a man was all gone
Morning wake anybody- no
Asleep in time alone things undone
Leaving answer the puzzle it do

Crawling to hide dusty mask
Wounded knees metallic breast
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost anybody blessed
Amen, thin dry and shy lips

Friendly flesh and bone
Dusts come to the morning sun
Burned not the life that faked it and frowned
Seeking spoon far and beyond

Running train punched anybody in
Ticket of time fare and foal to human
Heading to north south or west
But never to east awaits any rest

Home human tuned but old norm
Foundation aged if fought
To the wind it blew and flew
Stumbled and down the mans' fault

Standing pause to collect
Pieces of time left behind
The reflection of unjust faith
Morrow will be different guilt

Laughter from the corners echoed
Welcome the foot without shoes
Traveled long days don't know from
Rugged stories of mask and faces

Seating the pen of history
Worked for nothing but cursed
The refuge twig or a tree
And hang the forgotten family

neither doors nor window shout joy
Culture the blade cut he into pieces
without the reason of keeling the boy
Innocent and yet away from home

Jordan Legaspi

O Graced One

Mary: O Graced One

Men and women of her time were anxious of waiting
for the Messiah to come, to save Israel and his king
After all it was their fate - spoken since their ancestors'
but to her it was different, an embarrassment it-seems
Remember he kind: the insignificant, and the least,
virgin birth - what is this - might crashed her breast
Yet let go of man's sentence and allow Yahweh's judgment
not to calm her but to bring all to this holy enterprise

Jordan Legaspi

Ode To A Priest

(Dedicated to Fr. Michele Vezzoli, M. Afr.)

That day I met you
Old guy by looks but maybe no
Well-I introduced my self to you
Casual introduction I think it should be

The short time we talked
Different things places and events
And of different situations
That made the afternoon a turning point

The simple acquaintance with you
At first worry of what I am going to say
Though I've been in different meetings before
But in my own tongue- the people fluent like me

Anyway I build friendship with you
I've tried to speak and share what I feel
'Bout the history of a man in me for you to know
The guy who find refuge in his own shadow

The name of a man trapped in the ocean
Traveling soul thinking rest for him no more
The human identity of no reason to believe
Wrapped with dreams of no chance be to true

Though it's only a chance that I met you
Through a friend who invited me for a meeting
But things go so quick carries my self-expression
Moving slowly hoping that someday may another happy day

The day I'll met you again I know I'll do
The same figure of two images you wear
But this time I well calm my self and be comfortable
Willing to continue my communion with you

I am this I am that the whole man I knew

From there-here and until where this journey be
You just nod the gesture from the truth you bid
Making me at ease let my worries and pain be released

You accepted who I am and believe what I have to say
Sharing me your time and ears to listen my stories
And catch every words whatever you'll hear
Getting the details from whence you can understand my cries

That time how happy I am
Having you my whole life had change
Before I thought only of the whole damn world
The broken promises seems good life had no chance

Whatever I wear and bear
Still your arms extended for the son's forgiveness
Saving act drawing me out from the mud
Where I sunk my self and cannot see the beauty of each day

Your personality is really different
Giving me chance to go and continue to live
And dream like a youth rather than judging me
But encourage me to achieve new hope-love and faith

I know we'll met again father
Because to me my new life you drew out from me
From the old self full of loneliness and emptiness
From the old self clothe with anger and rage

I may reach my profession and be equipped with dignity
Waving the banner of my name and my identity
Well-though we don't know what will be?
But with your good examples I will follow my heart

Because to me you're a guiding star
A nice experience night and day in shore of my fate
A wonderful experience beneath the edge of time
And the experience that I just can't forget through out my life

Before the small man I thought I am
But now with your words of encouragement new self I hold
How happy walking with a friend God's blessing

That every moment is a treasure the hunters did not find

Time will come and this journey
Will be guided soon by me
With your principle "God wants you to be happy"- made me
A learned man and this is a great avenue

A true priest you are I will say
Wherever you go a servant of God the holy one
Expressing his love with your true self's sincerity
To do the job of a missionary and sharing it to all

You are a father to me though only a figure
Man standing firm to his vow willing to understand
The need of a son spiritual or temporal
Just what you did you thought me how to be brave

A good friend a different one
Even tired but still willing to share
And never stop challenging me to speak
About things both colorful and gray

The unique 'advises' that I've get
Noble by birth yet humble things I met
Full of learning I understand it slowly
Who you are really the angel sends by God for me

Well-I know for sure you will go
Following the call where it needs be
I will not forget you father and a friend
Your legacy of loving others and accepting them will stay in me

Tomorrow might not come and no one knows
That fate of a man yet heaven will keep the promise
I will do what I can to share the thing I have like you did to me
And be missionary some day praying it would be in Gods way

Thank you father I find my self
the long lost friend I thought I couldn't find
Thank you teacher I learned how to love
the way Jesus love me despite of my infirmities
Thank you friend I have now

the idea how to accept the differences and limitation in me

Jordan Legaspi

Ode To Joebert

When I met you the moment I knew
As much as the people will do
But I cried for joy even I leap because of you
Self expression maybe mixed feelings
but they don't know

Perfect you are from head to foot
The masculine appearance you haunted me so
Dark hair refines face and coat
That makes me crazy with your vitality and fame

Oh control my self but I could not
Each moment my lonely eyes caught you
Once again I am carried by the wind
Okay! Okay! I will make friends to you

But at first to draw near is so hard
With your tough looking eyes that bites
Plus the stirring that stumble me into horror
And your voice that can tell the future

It takes days for me to be near your
Hesitant between your innocence
But anyway we become good friends
Sharing moments if we have the chance

We begin each day with a kiss
And end up each night with a hug
Knowing not each feeling will be the turning point
For the chance for what ever may be

If sometimes life is so unfair you console me
Gray day with your presence it flies away
Rainbow may fall but never your loyalty to me
Like light that melts darkness away

Game after game we both play
Running here and there
Oh what a wonderful feeling but-

Could not be the same we're not meant for each other

It is just another illusion in your imagination
Jeobert is just the cute dog next door
The pet that I cared and consider my own
Spent my little time with him at home

Jeobert they don't know
Like his master wherever I go he will follow
But by the moment I leave him
He just simply sneak and with his eyes waving goodbye

Even nighttime he is in our door
Can't wait the next day for us to play
Or to go around like an officer with his watch dog
Jeobert I will miss you but I have to go

Jordan Legaspi

On Beautiful Yet Empty Words

My words are not strong as stone
but it can break your spirit;
My words are not sharp as blade
but it can cut your flesh;
My words are not warm as fire
but it can burn your head;
My words are not cold as ice
but it can freeze your heart;
My words are not sweet as honey
but it can indulge your taste to death.

Jordan Legaspi

On Between Heart And Mind

It's not the wise that defeats the soul
it's the virtue that blinded the spirit.

It's not the action that speaks of good
it's the motivation that behind it.

It's not the joy of heaven that "I" prayed for
it's the fear of the torment in hell.

Jordan Legaspi

On Between Politics And Politician

The sandals you wore the day I met you
is the rag of malice and pride of today-
you become the mother of war:

the oppression of freedom,
the death of democracy,
the denial of liberty,
the decadence of morality.

What becomes of you dear Sir?

What happen to you dear Madam?

Jordan Legaspi

On Clarity

I walked and I saw
the sight beyond the meadow
they danced and they swayed
as the wind blew that day.
I took another step
to wake my senses from asleep
and there my tired vision cleared
less to believe with another illusion

Jordan Legaspi

On Concerning Decision Making

It is easy to enter doors
but not to leave them:
be careful what to you wish
for responsibility awaits,
be mindful of what you achieved
duty will demand,
be mature enough in you decision
the consequence might cause your death

Jordan Legaspi

On Congregation And The Pastors

Pastors are meant to speak the truth with love.
Some of them to keep their audience
and to maintain alliance with them;
they preach only the things they want to hear.
Others are vocal- the ease of frankness; the character of strictness,
yet everything are only projection,
to divert the attention/interest of the congregation.
Otherwise, the pastor's private life will be scrutinized
to expose their hidden doubled life.
Few are honest and good in their preaching-
the balance of private and social engagement.
The way of life that does not end in front of the congregation
but continues to grow and mature even behind the every door
they enter to seek refuge and comfort.

Jordan Legaspi

On Creation

I saw the birds spreading their wings
and the beasts marching to the field to begin the day
but no sign of human on my sight-
the masterpiece of the highest truth;
the image and likeness of the creator
suppose to be of love, faith, hope

Jordan Legaspi

On Different Thoughts

I master the silence of my head, but I cannot hold the solitude of my heart

*** **

I have the most talkative eyes, that in one blink, is a story of life and death

*** **

I cried many tears but what it is for, if I remain nothing but man of pity

*** **

I can climb the highest mountain but I cannot climb your head

*** **

I handed you the tools but why, until now your car doesn't work

*** **

I know you are my friend because even your hands cannot wash the way I can't
from the crime of ignorance were we both come from

*** **

I know I admire you but it's enough to know you because I love somebody who
died for me

*** **

I know they cannot comprehend what I mean but I know others will come and
start to understand

*** **

I wore my shoes and took my leave but I left my feet behind

*** **

I find good friend in Jesus, but what can I have from you?

*** **

I ate the food you offered to my table
I drank the wine you poured in my cup
but why you didn't give me your name

*** **

Children of innocence were rubbed by their education

*** **

It is easy to go but not to leave home

*** **

You kill me every time you close the door

*** **

Life is not a matter of destiny it is a matter of choice

*** **

The cruelty of death is like of that un-welcomed bride

*** **

My eyes can tell the unheard stories of blindness

*** **

Honesty is a virtue, but it is stupidity, at times it leads you to your death

*** **

My head can lead you into somewhere, but my heart can keep you to stay

*** **

Your sweet words that keep me alive each day, were the words that cause my blood

*** **

Women hold fashion with pride, while men obey their passion with prejudice

Jordan Legaspi

On Faith

I know nothing `bout grasses
but I can pass over its blade
like a warrior with armor and shield
for my faith protects me head and feet

Jordan Legaspi

On Faith To Jesus

Jesus is his name love is his fame
Stop calling him by his name it's a waist of time
But rather start living in his fame
It's the riches of my brother and friend

Jordan Legaspi

On Father And Son

This child was admired by his mother
and lifted by his brother
and praised by his sister,
but never by his own father-
the love that was
and is
and will always be denied to him

Jordan Legaspi

On Friendship

They called him the fallen
others named him black sheep
while some addressed him good for nothing
but I shared my self with him
and raised him and called him friend

Jordan Legaspi

On Growth

I traveled long miles
and hiked the mountains
and crossed the valleys
and against the wind
and tossed by the waves
just to see You

Jordan Legaspi

On Hard Working

The corn is already golden brown
but your hand is still at rest and clean
my friend let not the sun leave the sky
and not even a single grain move
you might miss it if rain comes

Jordan Legaspi

On Inspiration

My hand is ready to write,
my pen is full of ink to color each line
but don't have the words to paint life
until one day everything is gone
and there my tongue overflows
like the greatest poet
whose inspiration is penned
through the ages to come

Jordan Legaspi

On Life Not A Competition

“Never count your steps
you might miss the reason
why you have to rest”

Jordan Legaspi

On Life's Experience

“As I write this note,
memories of the mountains keep me awake,
and the sweat cannot stop
as the earth goes dry and cold,
but the heavens is always there giving his kiss;
and they provided me ink
without a single dropp to be wasted
but to color the stories of my journey”

Jordan Legaspi

On Loneliness

“For forty years now you’re
still holding your old and gray book,
that according to them who knew you
since your arrival here
prisoner of the past is the title of the book
written by an author
seeking solitude in the tomb of loneliness”

Jordan Legaspi

On Maturity

"I don't have the chance to correct my past
and the privilege to direct my future
but given to me the time to live life in the fullness to day"

Jordan Legaspi

On Pastor And The Congregation

People spend time listening to their pastor
to the things they want to hear from them.
The moment their pastor starts speaking of things
that would expose their lustful desire
and malicious agenda- the corruption of flesh: greed, selfishness.
There and then they will start to shun away with resentment;
with complain against the church's structure,
role in the society, management and everything including the pastor.

Jordan Legaspi

On Religious Mediocrity

"This morning I saw you on your knee and prayed
a moment later your hands praised God above
and after a while prostrated to the ground
but just this evening I heard your voice
like a wolf devoured the innocent lamb"

Jordan Legaspi

On Self Honesty

“If you fall rise and don’t ask why
If you’re lost go and search for the way
but never look forward as if nothing had happened
If you’re left behind just continue and do what you can
for life is meant for you to live not to compete”

Jordan Legaspi

On Self Offering

You drink wine, and
you break bread among your-selves
but remain prisoners of the law
It's the measured formula
-the cup, and -the plate;
rather, the communion:
of wine for those who are thirsty;
of bread for those who are hungry.

Jordan Legaspi

On Selfishness

I want what I want, when I want it.
I want you to respond as I want you to.
I want the circumstances in my life
to work according to my plan.
I want to be happy always and every day.
I want God to change "things"
so that it proceeds the way I think it should.

Remember there are other pronouns than the 'I'

Jordan Legaspi

On Success

I looked behind me
and I saw the mountains
in their silence-night and day,
but deep with-in
tears and sweat that crept
and to the earth life,
who's solitude is my strength
and carriage to take one more step
to reach the other side of me

Jordan Legaspi

On The 14th Of February

On the 14th of February

As I walk through, and confronting the edge,
soliciting, familiarizing the years of my solitude
the world: our house and our home, after my pledge
of love and loving you till death, my Jerthrude.
Thirteen years and more since the kiss-
the enchantment, the sweet spell of our youth
simple cards- notes of love and the care, 'tis
the melody had played, and it brought
tender touch to the heart, that soon will rest
to her bed of roses- the savor of my offered love,
of promise, of eternal vow; at my best
to keep the memories of what I used to have;
colorful as it was, my endless valentine
from the day I loved you till this last glass of wine.

Jordan Legaspi

On The Depth Of Psychology

"The mother of all walks of life
is the choice to make,
and to which 'way'
-for the path is
the sons, and
the daughters
of how to walk that way"

Jordan Legaspi

On The New Year

Children in the street, bang and bang
Fire crackers we really enjoyed- full of fun
And we sing hymn of praises- full of cheer
While sharing gifts and toys and sweets- colorful tradition

Each family is busy in this time of the year
Preparing food and wine and everything
And some pray seriously- wonderful devotion
In the church they stay and ask God for blessing

Some travel; to provinces and cities for vacation
Visit their relatives or distant friends
While others spend it to have
A little break from the past year's work and all the tensions

Lovers are all in delight
Sharing moment for a new beginning
Culture or whatever, just for a good start
New hope to a bright future of what live has to coming

Year after year we celebrate this wonderful day
At home: near and far for young and old man or woman
Rich or poor everybody happy
The big event to say goodbye and to welcome the year to come

Jordan Legaspi

On To Hate And To Love

You may curse the day
and may hate the night
but cannot live by its breath forever
for curse and hate
are the beginning of praising and loving
for they are only 'words'
needed to be released
just like dead air unhealthy to our lungs

Jordan Legaspi

On To The Mission

From that hill you will see my people
but cannot hear from them a welcome song
for the sound of your breath
and the melody of your movable feet
is the sweetest hymn to start the feast

Jordan Legaspi

On Wisdom

The anger of the sun
is the undying heat, and
the remorse of the moon
is coldness without end
but I, given the wisdom
to understand
nature's glory and fury

Jordan Legaspi

On Womanhood

With her own flesh, young-
hunting for her breast;
a victim of my own judgment,
but beyond the world where I come from;
she is the verdict of love and hope
of those creatures blessed of nothing
but the milk of her faith

Jordan Legaspi

On Writers And Poets

“Everybody deserved to be heard
but not all have the chance to be listened to
and even if they are, still limited in time and place
that is why- I write,
for them to know the other side of the story”

Jordan Legaspi

On Your Death...

To the other side
they turn their backs;
behind my presence
they bit their lips;
before my face
honesty falls to depth ears.

Jordan Legaspi

Open Arms

I came too late from my flight
Feeling I am about to be back
Don't want to figure it out and fight
Because I know it would be a joke for the jack

Felt it before-will receive me, yes
Big hand for all my mess
Yet I was still lost and left alone
But great! I am; my heart was blessed

Tears of joy came
I forgot the life and the whole price
Embrace all the promising lies
Cause I know their love all just a device

Just to prove I was and colorful cartoon
This feeling of emptiness flying balloon
Make me cry and realize
After all; you have the open arms

Jordan Legaspi

Pale-Rider

Twelve o'clock still awake
Counting the fallen leaves without sight
Tick tack tick whisper the wooden clock
Reminding the man who flew the kite,
Another hour had passed my friend
Let silence consume the dying candle
And leave the poet's dream behind the wind
Then unhook and never put the warrior's saddle,
Quarter of long period is enough
To suffer from the white beast called freedom
With the pale-rider sucking everything up
But time no more here comes' Uncle Sam
Colorful metals hanging on his reaper breast
Dove symbol yet have eaten the morning crest

(Davao City, Philippines)

Jordan Legaspi

Paper Roses

It was bright sunny morning
The sun was low
The wind was soft and cold
The birds gave its sweet hymn
As you and I watching the sky above
Wishing for a bright future for us
With your hand next to mine you say
 I love you
With tenderness and sweetness
The words cling to me and bring
 me happiness
As the wind blows again and see me
Only the paper roses you gave me
 that bring your memories
As the sun sets I see the reality
 your no longer with me
Only the paper roses in my hand
 that grasp me to you
Only me that dreams of yesterdays
Of you that comes and go to my history
But only the paper roses
Finally the imitation of love
 that of the Lady in May

(City of Mati, Philippines 1997)

Jordan Legaspi

Passage (/)

door...

open; closed

wide; narrow

wooden; concrete

bare; painted

entrance; exit

where...

Jordan Legaspi

Passion- Death- Resurrection

Once my eyes were filled with tears
Now they are filled with laughter's
Once I was lost and no direction at all
Now I have found the way not to fall
Once I was afraid and so hesitant
Now I have courage to become vigilant
Once I hungered for genuine and pure love
Now my heart's overflowing with true love
Once I was alone and no one to turn on
Now I have friends my companion
Once I was very weak and so weary
Now I have the confidence against worry
Once my burden was too heavy to carry
Now God lightens it for me everyday
Once I was so troubled and so doubtful
Now I have faith within my soul
Once I was walking with in the darkness
Now my life deep in me God truly shines

Jordan Legaspi

Peace...

Is, the soft wind during the day
and the gentle breeze that covers the night
Is, the calmness of the waves upon the shore
and the stillness of the ocean
Is, the fertility of the soil that breathe life
upon the face of the earth
Is, the bright and quite morning
and the unveiled skies when night fall

Jordan Legaspi

Perhaps Try To...

Perhaps try to pause for a moment
Collect the pieces of events
History can tell experience will reveal
The image cast of you was still real

Perhaps try to seek solitude
The journey of self to the inner world
Of your thinnest spin of memories
That crept every thought of yesteryears

Perhaps try to ask your self why
Life can be a puzzle or what
Anyway tomorrow yet too far
But at least even shadow of it be aware

Perhaps try to listen
The wind might have to counsel
From the burden loads be loosen
But remember this will make man to feel

Perhaps try to stop
Talking 'bout them and they'd been
Or what she's doing or what he yearned
Knowledge is different wisdom is all for men

Perhaps try to be simple yes only you
The call for wholeness
Armored from its downfalls and sorrows
Yet very well nothing to do with them

Perhaps try to say
After all these years
You've seen your long lost friend
The image you've never seen but it's you again

Live life for your self
And shared what you can for others
But cannot be the reason why you breathe
Because you have the reason to chose and decide friend

Jordan Legaspi

Perimere

Body for butter and bread
The bare shining hand of two
By they- the unread hue
Of mouth, of stomach to feed;
Soul for name and fame
They, between table and chair
Coat and tie from minute to hour
The menu of forbidden game;
On street, on stage- a business
Trading of lust their dance of charm
With the music of fuss looks
To destroy knots coated arm;
The goddess, the man's vanity
Oh god, the nightmare's beauty.

Note: Perimere is a Latin word adopted to English language which means 'wreck' or 'to destroy'.

(Dumaguete city, Philippines 2008)

Jordan Legaspi

Played-Out

The window is over worn
from yesterday's horizon
that cannot be measured
by the man who traveled around;
to understand his own vision
hanged above the window
contoured by his deep emotion;
it was then part of the play, since
by the man's fate-he thought
and keep playing the stage scene
of the character that's played-out.

Jordan Legaspi

Praise Be To The Living God

Praise be to the living God
Who created me and all things:
the heaven above
 and the earth and below it;
the air and the wind;
the seas and the rivers;
the warmness and coldness;
the night and the day;
the rain and the snow.
Praise be to the living God
Small and great are His creation
The birds in the sky
and the beasts on the ground
Of its kind- tame and wild
and the creatures of the sea
In different colors that gives beauty.
Praise be to the living God
For creating he and she
-The image and likeness to us
and above all, made us your steward
-The love we all shared
we raise our praise to You oh God
The living God, my God

Jordan Legaspi

Prayer And Worship

Prayer and Worship

Q. What is prayer?

A. Prayer is responding to God, by thought and by deeds, with or without words.

Q. What is Christian Prayer?

A. Christian prayer is response of God the Father, through Jesus Christ, in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Q. What prayer did Christ teach us?

A. Our Lord gave us the example of prayer known as the Lord's Prayer.

Q. What are the principle kinds of prayer?

A. The principle kinds of prayer are adoration, praise, thanksgiving, penitence, oblation, intercession, and petition.

Q. What is adoration?

A. Adoration is the lifting up of the heart and mind to God, asking nothing but to enjoy God's presence.

Q. Why do we praise God?

A. We praise God, not to obtain anything, but because God's Being draws praise from us.

Q. For what do we offer thanksgiving?

A. Thanksgiving is offered to God for all the blessings of this life, for our redemption, and for whatever draws us closer to God.

Q. What is penitence?

A. In penitence, we confess our sins and make restitution where possible, with the intention to amend our lives.

Q. What is prayer of oblation?

A. Oblation is an offering of ourselves, our lives and labors, in union with Christ, for the purposes of God.

Q. What are intercession and petition?

A. Intercession brings before God the needs of others; in petition, we present our own needs, that God's will may be done.

Q. What is corporate worship?

A. In corporate worship, we unite ourselves with others to acknowledge the holiness of God, to hear God's Word, to offer prayer, and to celebrate the sacraments.

Note:

Book XIII

Jordan Legaspi

Predicate Of Faith

Seeing the beautiful flower in the morning
That weathered and fades in the evening

Hearing the peaceful birds all day humming
That in the serene of days it ends to dying

Smelling the wonderful scent in the air tossing
That across time and space consumed its passing

Tasting what's the earth fills the life giving
That thus what nature has to offer has its ending

Touching what has God fashioned the blessing
That what unto man has become the cursing

Thinking of what is good and healthy in everything
That in the horizon is written its opposing

Feeling of what is godly among all the being
That thus life has many splendid offering

Jordan Legaspi

Premature Rites

Premature rites

Known to be; hailed the sacred and holy
wisdom of the old, to remind the young
elders' voice; a way of life for you and me
thus reins of truth, to the heavens hang;

Speak the words –the language of justice
either you're against the norms but fear
nor ignorance, bah! In heart you denied peace
dead cannot roam here, lest they rot the heir;

Let silence break; expose the trade's detail
they corrupt them, who serve the high places
by silver or by chair; they persuade still
to die amongst the dead, in their council;

Lot in life –the law of 'man'; nature is divine,
he and she –the spoiler of the water and wine.

Note:

The poem, 'Premature rites' speaks about the play performed maliciously, deviously, deceitfully, by every man and woman inside the senate, court rooms, offices, and even in the altars; to cover up crimes that breed them to their triumph: possession and influence, wealth and authority, fashion and title.

The poem is inspired from Sophocles's play 'Antigone', translated by Robert Fagles and published by the Penguin Classics (1984) with introductions and notes by Bernard Knox.

Jordan Legaspi

Qualm

Aspiration of well desired of feeling to do
Establishing once name over in the wide screen
To portray the image of someone don't know
But they do the face of a long lost man;
In thought for awhile he was gone leaving a space
The born dream of a father to raise him with his word
Meeting the child the family's big name but was
Bless their souls the oblivion of the world;
To welcome he the face of yesterday's shadow
They can tell the story but 'he' can make the re-odyssey
Of a life from one who can remember 'who'
This new yet old cannot be a dream but like he;
 The man from the town the Majestic Luke
 Named Peter two in one face but both written in a book.

Jordan Legaspi

Queer Man

a face was of a man
hidden behind the smile
of the god -odd woman
whose only for a while;
the soul was of him
soon be fatally stolen
from the cup of his dream
of neither clown nor swine;
it was a cursed may be
or a cross upon his shoulder
but no- they cannot be
the judge of the crime he offer
with the gods he's slowly eaten
by the sickness beyond logic-
beyond sane-

Jordan Legaspi

Rachel: One With Purity

Rachel: One With Purity

You are, to Jacob a treasured beauty
A woman, to the most high blesses;

You are, mother of the twelve
To whom Joseph is the heavens' promise,
You are, a daughter of the flesh
To whom Benoni is the cry of the earth's;

You are, a face of the divine-femininity
In the saving act, to humanity is God's grace

Jordan Legaspi

Red- Horse

Red-Horse

Just another you in my life
The love that but cannot be won
Were behind my smile strife
Of malicious lust and devotion;
Really and it's true- I love you
Face that is clothed confused lover
That haunted my lips cold and blue
While we share peanut and beer;
Under the spell of desire's note
The anti-charm of fear
This secret playmate in my thought
Tear the shadow from the air;
We both knew who and what the score
Of which is this- the play in its hour.

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines.2008

Red Horse is a famous brand of beer in the Philippines,
and most of the young adults enjoy the taste of Red Horse while chatting.

Jordan Legaspi

Room # 69

I was so pleased the first time I saw you
I can't understand myself I keep thinking about you.
I'm so overwhelm with your simplicity and that
caring attitude you've shown to me

Whenever I go you always appear in my imagination,
When I'm sleeping you're always in my dreams
And when I am awake you're still in my mind
And so I am now asking

What happen that night on that room?

I'm so content whenever you are around
And sometimes without your knowing,
I secretly take a closer look at you,
For I like the way you are
and of course your sweet smile.

Maybe you just don't know
That sometimes I want to show, but
I'm secretly in love with you
After that night in room sixty-nine

And I wonder if you're still there after all these years
Room sixty-nine the past time of lovemaking

Note:
(Davao City, Phil.2000)

Jordan Legaspi

Rooted In Prophetic Passion (/)

Rooted in Prophetic Passion (Part I)

Jesus is rooted in the experience of the ...

Prophets of Israel -the mouthpiece of Yahweh

To safeguard 'His' holiness

and to transport this holiness in a form of a 'spirituality'

Jesus' 'prophetic spirit' means ...

Service for love and mercy - His 'holy indignation'

Jesus' 'prophetic indignation' means ...

Impatience against the abuses that afflict the innocent

and the little in the society,

Anger against the indifference of people

towards the victim of injustices in our midst,

Intolerance against the 'society-self-deception'

towards 'spiritual mediocrity'

Jesus thus speaks ...

Fight against indifference and skepticism,

Criticize order and law that crippled by egoism and consumerism,

Perform creative gesture of kindness against discrimination and exclusivism

Jordan Legaspi

Rose And Its Petals

In every words

It should be sweet and tender

In every gestures

It should be smart with poise to avoid err

In every fashion and accessories

It should be fanciful to imprint the elegance of her character

In every fate and its details

It should be the beads of devotion and prayer

In every business and transactions

It should be craftily fare yet sincere

In every cushion and wares

It should be tidy and presentable to fill the air ☐

In every she –the Eve of complexities

It should be a beauty beyond to compare

Jordan Legaspi

Secret

I like to see you every day
You seem to bloom like the flowers in May
And the sunrise seems so happy
How I wish to be with you near the bay

Just like the bright starlight
That brings joy to us at night
The one that gives inspiration to my flight
And makes my life shine bright

You're my love that's for sure
From my heart that is pure
Others think I need a doctor for me to be cure
The disease the thought I lure

But they don't know
How I much I glow
When I see you flow
The happiness I show

(City of Mati, Philippines 1990)

Jordan Legaspi

Secret And Shadow

At midnight my gray phone gut exited
So sudden silence broke I open my eyes
Searching for it even so deemed my sight
Hello- What? Where? When? Yes!
Few words were enough as my heart beat
So quick I took my shoe and off I go
Across the world between the two avenue
Of people wore the face they forged
And cast the eyes but fixed behind their mask
My feeling grew heavy as my body in tense
It was in this place our hi was first heard
And from our glance caught our lips-
breathless souls as they blew the flame
while guilt crept into their heart clothe with fire
Alas! It rung again disturbed me deeply
Bah! Its over- let the night fly and let the day come
Forget the trade both of us claimed
Let the tears its due- let our sweet goodbye be
For what is love without freedom?
So as too, without peace for this forbidden affair
And none of us I know- would face the truth
It cannot be a secret in the shadow
without the malice of pain.

(Kasama, Zambia 2006)

Jordan Legaspi

See God Differently

I can't tell who God is
But I can feel his presence
I can't say if she or he
But I can see the love for me

They tell me God is a father
Some say no God is a mother
But for some I am a dreamer
Of someone who doesn't care

I can't believe of what
Well, trust to God without but
I can't explain which whom
Well, just live forget the form

Others taught me theories
The knowledge called science
Just hand me to the truth
About the God people fought

I can't share one image of God
But I can offer my prayer
I can't point the heaven or where
But one thing I'm sure, Amen

I can't prove who and what God is
But I can't disprove God existence
The only thing my faith can offer you
The beauty of God in me

□

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

Seed- Season

Sire' I thank thee
for bringing thy son
expose to the sun
and to the moon
the wishes of his silence

Sire' remember thy
creation the cause of birth
of the boy bringing he-
dream that cannot die

Sire' thou got a woman
who's fairness in beauty
amongst the villagers be-
she who labor life like the sea

Sire' this yea'
the sagging of her breast
rouse he- the might
bare and bold man to be

Sire' listens unto thee
thy son soon be
taketh a fair lady
for he too start his day

another story of a man
soon be heard
from the sun down
till the moon covers thee

but soon should he- be
Sire' giveth the name
of the boy who seek
fame in dry
and wet season
for the seed of your glory
grow soon

Self Esteem

This is an experience of love
not of hate or being like a god
This is a thought of reality
not a feeling of insecurity
This is carved in our name
not something for fame
This is a value to own
not an image to be shown
This will shape our head
not to trap us inside our pride
This will purify our heart
not to boast for who we are
This is a spirit from within
not a character built within

(Cebu City, Philippines 2004)

Jordan Legaspi

Self- Sufficiency

Our civilization creates not sufficiency
but promotes on dependency
From the specialists, capitalists and more advocates
all well groomed but brings destruction
Sign of progress we can say
common demonstration of dependency;
But drag the humanity to push a little more
to win in this competition;
This becomes the basic mentality to defeat someone:
from military, commerce, and in finance
Powered by unjust pride and moved by the feeling
of self- sufficiency

A way of saying "I don't need you",
because I am better than you
For only the best person
wealthy man like me has the right to be happy
And the intellectual like me cannot be alone
for I am above from the rest;
But we should remember life could be lonely
as soon as we climb without virtue
Humility for instance opens us
for another reality pushing to see the humanity
Or pride that is just without guilt
and it accept reality no ifs and no buts
Bring wider possibility
of growth and development for you and for me

Jordan Legaspi

Service Of A More Human Life

Jesus challenged the world...

Many believed in God
in different forms and in symbols
through their creed and religion

But Jesus concretized God in action -
the life giving experience:

Drink to the thirsty,
Food to the hungry,
Cure to the sick,
Comfort to the lonely and broken,
Freedom to the slaves and captives,
Friendship to the many,
Justice to all

Many served God
in many and different rights and rituals
on the their high altars

But Jesus presented God in service -
the life giving examples:

Healing to the poor (unlovable and marginalized)
Fighting against the idols who kills (mammon and crown)

☐☐

Jordan Legaspi

Sexgod

sexgod

Good morning yesterday
the man-woman each dream ware
Chase night-day and this is the story
of those who keep on wanting for more;
Up-breast lust stroke and screw
lying next to earth without awe
Ejaculate below and above still
stare at lost completely in hell
Ooh they yearn and scream
each time touches each skin
Of the souls who seek relies
frontal nudity let reason flies
Aah touch me once again here and now
make love consume me make a vow
Eat me your sex-fantasy
the passion of the gods il-way

Jordan Legaspi

Shex: The Flesh Instinct (/)

SHEX: The Flesh Instinct

Neon lights and silvery music fills the alley
Of different faces, of its venture fumes the air
The joke of her conversation, come what may
While the smokes linger -to signify the queer;

The cold night starts to build the usual business:
some in their painted big-smile, to hide her pain,
others in their jovial look, the impression of fancy kiss,
few still, the crowning jewels of her lustful scene;

And she was their center stage, their live show:
the Venus waist-laid to Mars is an inkling altar;
the innocence of man to enchant devious, tasteful owe.
The night is in triumph; Alas! The naked hour;

The agent of desire, she is the malicious price in trance,
The rider of souls -the race to reach the heave

Note:

18 February 2010, Davao City, Philippines

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys Collection) Issue # 06 series of 2010

The poem was all about the 'main street' of the cities where prostitution is for sale along with its side business: bar-houses that offers live-shows, motels and lodges. The 'SHEX: The Flesh Instinct' is a pseudo-name of every 'she' and 'he' who ventured to their 'animal appetite' and to feed their lustful-greed.

Jordan Legaspi

Simply Named: Me

Simply named: Me

Nay, nothing much to say about him apart from being a poet and a joker
A temperament artist with immense imagination and creativity
A pen signs and symbols; letters and numbers as if his life's spirituality
It is indeed in this craft that shaped and formed his facets of character
Though not the "genre of letters" but his prolific significant authority
A matters between head's and heart's image –the godly or the cruelty
Noble gift as he claimed it –the silent voice of blessing or of curing him and her
Between the one self and the other self that shows but frailty
A his words or sketch of strokes from his malicious amity
Otherwise, cursed doth not to mark the page of each day in its waning-un-tender
A every to and fro of his eyes, that see it –the black and white of reality
A and of its kind –the answer and the question that gives verdict to his curiosity

Love and hate of a lost son, a broken brother, a forgotten friend, a betrayed lover

A of the friend and enemy alike: across the valley of the unknown nobility;
A of the he and she alike: contoured the horizon of his sexuality
Entwined unto his framework the such individual anti of the fabulous mediocre
A common unto his time, prisoner in their own atrocity
A the comfort-zone of its face in masks; alas, unto their will's falsity
Glossy in his eyes the smile-thought of his loud-pretentious laughter:
A the man before the many arid years of waiting; designed maturity
A between the ho and hay; survival kit as it is taken but mechanical ability
And the dull hue of the world's promised Eden –the paradise of the great puppeteer:
A the womb wrapped with mists of disciplines; "the god and his crafty"
A the tomb hovered with haze, after all "the man and his end's certainty"

Sinners and Saints unto his prime, countenance of brilliancy, before the High-Altar:

A he is, before the theocratic-religious-offices, service to his religiosity
A though myth; poetry; philosophy; science; theology is his scheme of ingenuity;
Popular unto his whereabouts the scenery of the mystic realm, thus, it is a spiritual wonder
A the gods and the otherwise concepts of truth and false –the duality
A of divine forces and energy, thus, it is his Herculean toil –his labor's dignity;

It is then the philosophy of letters he is indulged to be reborn year after year:

¶The image and likeness of then marvelous poets across the endless city;
¶The face and mask of then fabulous jesters in the courts of their majesty

Cause and Effect, the motivating principle –but to err
¶gainst the intellect of the renown man and woman of influence, integrity
¶The human tendency would be his fear to face and it is too, his vulgarity
Ulysses –the epic man, the arduous wrath yet only a lesson not to fear
¶ut he is tossed like a feather against the wind, against the waves of the earthly

¶As! He is nay a warrior but a joker, a poet in search of the mighty
El Quixote, the quest of pain and pleasure; the man and his folly –the hero's
scepter
¶his burning desire unto his dream; the king, the knight, the chivalry
¶hus, his life but nothing just a trapped in the unknown land of fantasy □
Silence is his greatest intend –the blessing he thought but bah, a deadly mire
¶f melodious crime against his will to re-create but the ugly
¶f yesteryears –the “fare and foul – foul and fare”; a true destiny
The truth is I cannot tell you who and what he is –to whom I applaud a dear sire
¶it once a “man of others” in the land of the foreigners, a journey
¶f discovery about his life –the demand between god's and man's treaty □
After all these words I claim is but only a limited frame for a such an actor
¶f many and different characters in a play both comedy and tragedy
¶h a stage of life with death himself in the hymn of the heavenly
So, the who, the what, the where, the when, the why and the how about my
dear
¶Simply named: Me” be in relation to the cosmos, a runty
with a significant rule to play; a character of him from birth to death, a Me.

Jordan Legaspi

Sophia # 1

Philosopher though ancient, but one of a kind

Leaving a legacy of concepts; be a prolific not be blind

Across the globe his' great influence of thought

That, other thinkers followed and enriches their mind

On his allegory, and dialogue a wisdom behind

Jordan Legaspi

Taste The Smoke

Taste the smoke

I know you at the age of seventeen
 at the great hall where they stay and play
A lady in white dancing with the light
While your beauty glittering in the night
I don't know if others' sight fixed on you
But sure enough I tasted you for hour or two;

The music cannot die the puppeteer of desires
Moves the head and carries the toe to ease
 the things so blue,
Lady you pushed me to the other side
Pull the fear from the lonesome corners of my youth;

While they are on the state of rave in silence
The music in me cannot fade away yet'
So lively I should let my spirit fly
To search the others who crept below under your spell;

But I can't hold you longer Mary- Jane
Soon you'll taste leave me any time of the day
Without the spirit that comes
 from the smoke of your voice
Who sung the music of life temporarily?

And find my self again alone
Wondering from corner to corner of doubts
Cannot play the music-new and clear to my heart
Not the broken notes from the old
 hall that summoned you for me

But what can I say Mary-Jane
I used you at the moment to keep live
And be there with they who play
The dance that made only for you and for me

Terror

You and I see blood
But still hope and hope came
From road of life grave and deaths' sight
Though peace and justice we fight

You and I feel hatred
But still love and love is our dream
Yet breath still life is the ransom
Still we blindly go and ride

You and I embrace sorrow and pain
But still care is in the midst of every hem
That makes our world crack and dry
And make our weary soul fly

You and I against the will of terror
That makes our spirit die
And as we go loving together
Still terror is there everywhere

Jordan Legaspi

Terrorist On Profile

And I heard it wrongly.
He, white man from the north
On his arms banner of democracy
contoured and painted in red
Marching on the sand
rushing to build the empire, clothe-
With justice of the corpse
whose rotten soul of the undead;
They spoke of freedom.
He, the other rider identified pale man
Who rode after them on Eden
to reap Adam and Eve breast
Armored with promises
but terror inside of Uncle Sam
From ages tamed,
but time had change from the fall of the reds.
He turns to a beast;
Taking blood and eating flesh:
become the living bone and soon to be
Door of new age
the birth of hate, their vengeance
Of the nobles who holds the key
of freedom against the free
Of the commoners who grasp the truth
hidden behind their crimes;
Of He, a white man
champion of twisted stories covered with Liberty
Whose book crack and so old
yet painted with white and gold
to hide the ugly Lady

Jordan Legaspi

The Blessed Wish

Christ in you, the hope of glory.
Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things,
to whom be glory forever. Amen.
And you are complete in Him,
who is the head
of all principality and power.
He that spared not His own Son,
but delivered Him up for us all,
how shall He not with Him
also freely give us all things?
The humble He teaches His way.
Being confident of this very thing,
that He who has begun a good work in you
will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ.

Jordan Legaspi

The Casino Conspiracy

Dungeon you are called to serve them
Felony in the city can be a cure for anybody
Reason sometimes cannot be human
 yet sure it will come
For a man to stand
 and seek his life left along the way
Chose to live for the new day
 in the where you're a prisoner of crime
While map each direction to forge
 and play new crime
Going through that big and elegant Benedicts'
Ensnared by one ace
 holding the clock of Las Vegas
And molding the monsters of his kind
Ticktack it started each should play the trick
Against the music but every body should dance
And step by step who knows
 be the next the victim of the mind
Of the Oceans' eleven who tear each card
For the riches is not enough
 but take the heart as the award.

Jordan Legaspi

The Court Of Gentlemen

Some people had forgotten their dreams
Buried it into oblivion deep within
Some people killed their lives
Keep it silence let their wisdom fly
Some people live life's a destiny
Build name and ride in fame
 with obscurity in them'
Some people let go of their spirit of vitality
And chose to live life of' miserably;

How many of these people cannot find
The reason of loving without leaving
 their self-dying
And what else they can do
 so much for cry and end up to sigh,
How many of these people who watch the sky
 but cannot find nor see the heavens
And what else they can pray
 knee after knee on plea but only to die,
How many of these people live justly
 but cannot find life's beauty only cruelty
And what else they can hope for
 after the long day of labor for prosperity

Some people will ask the same question
But cannot find the same answer
Some people will not bother for this inquiry
But cannot put aside the pain of reality
Some people may find time and reflect 'bout it
But still cannot grasp what life has to say

(Ormoc City, Phil.2003)

Jordan Legaspi

The Creed Of Love

We are good at memorizing things
putting words into our head just like a machine
and push the button to start
 then the ten commandments and the laws
 and the gospels start to flash
 in details with all the commentaries-
Some of us offered their lives, time and wealth
studying volume and volume of literature
categorizing them from A to Z and leave them in the library
 then the God of history is labeled under theology
 and the mystery of the Holy Ghost as if they understood
 in full length recorded with all the complex different version-
Others devote themselves doing research
inspired by ancient thoughts using modern approach
to write and to re-write books concerning religion
 then heaven again is there with a new meaning far and the same
 and hell scientifically explained- presented a new image of fear
 for those who knew nothing but A B C-
Man oh man faith is not a pill that you have to take
It is a dose of God not of law but of love
A prescription of creed not just institution but of one family
 whose relationship is with respect and acceptance
 then God is not a king or a judge who watches us from afar
 and the reality of holiness is the working of the spirit in our humanity
 the communion of father and child in love
 so we have the reason to live and to promote life
the relationship of mother and child in hope:
 seeing goodness in everything even death in our sight
the completeness of God and of the human race
 in faith- limited and unique in many ways
 but with grace, in God we walk together through eternity.

(Cebu City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

The Criminal Who Missed The Chance

From the gate of the great city, Jerusalem
He was wounded with physical pain
But what could it be for him, an identified villain;
While on the same gate another man receive the blame
He was wounded straight into the heart, he was left
But what is it for them; he is an identified victim;

Ha, ha, ha, look at him –the preacher of what he claim truth!
Ha, ha, ha, look at them –the fools marching to their death!

At the foot of the mountain, Golgotha
He was afraid to face his final days
But what he could do but sigh and curse them;
While on the same mountain, another man has to climb
He was grasping for breath to complete his promise
But what is it for; he is a criminal like them

Save your self messiah, save your self king!
That is for you brutes, enemy of the law!

On the tree tied and nailed, crucified
He was in distress, angry to himself and to his friends
But what he can do, the eyes of the law is fixed unto him;
While on the same tree another has to claim
He was on the brink of death seeing but only love
But what is it for them; he is a fool that deserves to die

You are the messiah save yourself and us!
You are the son of God show them you power call your angels!

Jordan Legaspi

The Day Jesus Died

THE DAY JESUS DIED

A reflection on the passion and death of Jesus

Foreword

It has been my desire to write a poetic reflection on the passion and death of Jesus. The craft that would imprint my spiritual poverty reflected on my lifestyle -the witnessing which is crippled by a distorted image of what the Christian ideals would really mean.

Nevertheless, the inert feeling of awe and wonder on the account of Jesus Paschal Mystery has shaped my faith to the Triune God: Father, Son, and Spirit since then. Although, the fusion between reason and emotion has left rooms of reservation against the impact of what I received from my highly technical Catechism still it outlined my spirituality -the sense of sacrifice for the others (at least what I always felt) . And the demand of this faith expression lies on the ground of having the sense of purpose in life as far as the foreign mission is concern.

"The Day Jesus Died" is a blue print of my reflection on the different characters that has completed the tragic death of the greatest teacher the world has ever had. Thus, these personalities I believe have spoken realistic faith experience that in its respective accounts mirrors my own rise and fall -confused self actualization: The Denial, The Betrayer, A Close Scrape of Death, The Man Couldn't Find Peace, The Man Couldn't Live With Him, The Man Couldn't Make Up His Mind, The Woman to be Remembered, Carrying the Cross, The Woman at the Distance, The Hesitant Believer, The Soldier and the Final Act, The Criminal Who Missed the Chance which to Jesus of Nazareth that I cannot but fully and perfectly love.

It is worth mentioning here the people that has influenced me directly and indirectly with my spiritual growth and maturity: the Society of Missionaries of Africa that has taught me how to be conscious of my personal needs, the Family of Ignatian Institute of Religious Education Foundation that has given me opportunity to complete my academic training and spiritual formation to articulate better my Christian Faith, the Community of San Pedro College (specially the Arts and Sciences Department) that has geared me to share with

the richness of the Philosophy and Discipline of Education, the Campos Ministers of Holy Cross of Davao College whose friendship I shared with is above all else a gift of acceptance and respect, the Missionaries of Corpus Christi that has been supportive on my journey towards spiritual discernment, the core group of Action in Solidarity headed by Brother Miguel Ramirez who sighted few points for the completion of this work, and all the individuals that motivate me to continue this ambitious achievement.

I would like also to dedicate this work in memory of my beloved sister, Dovie and brother Dennis.

□

The denial

Peter was there as a witness of Jesus, the carpenter:

- the humility and the steadfast of his heart,
- the sharpness and the clarity of his head,

that moved the friendship, his commitment

Peter was there as an admirer of Jesus, the traveler:

- the sincerity of his concern towards the forgotten,
- the simplicity of his words and deeds;

that shaped the admiration, his allegiance

Peter was there as a spectator of Jesus, the preacher:

- the boldness of his teaching against sin,
- the firmness of his principle in terms of service;

that challenged the expectation, his leadership

Peter was there as an apostle of Jesus, the healer:

- the power of his will that contours nature's force,
- the spirit of his compassion among the many,

that fashioned his apostleship, his loyalty

Peter was there as a close friend of Jesus, the master:

- the radical man who confronts the corruption,
- the spiritual man who challenges the mediocrity

that questioned the ideal truth, his denial.

The Betrayer

He was a man of principle
loyalty to his country
fidelity to his religion
He was a man of unique temperament
a witty thief and a cunning rebel
a clever ally
He was a man of high relation
liaison to his sect and brotherhood
friend to rich and influential people
He was a man of high reputation
to hail a leader in Jerusalem
to honor a master in the meal
to introduce a friend in the garden
He was a man of purpose
the conspiracy between him and the elders
the treachery between him and the authority
the strategy between him and the soldiers
He was a man of contrast
between the will and the call
between the reason and the emotion
between the argument and the solution
He was the man of intriguing character
freedom fighter held captive by his aught
achievement oriented failed by his discipline
a man of law killed by his own zeal
He was above all
a friend; a companion; a disciple
of Jesus of Nazareth.

A Close Scrape of Death

Behind the dark room; behind the walls
between politics and religion,
their power confronts its secrets and lies
-the reality of different faces of crime.

Barabbas was inside of this room,
isolated him from what we call righteous people:
-he was a bandit, punishable by law;
-he was a revolutionary figure, enemy of the state;
-he was a villain, dangerous to the people.

While Jesus of Nazareth was outside of this room,
yet alienated from what we call civilized people:
-he was a blasphemous man, crime answerable only to death,
-he was a revolutionary figure, not only to the state,
but to the whole structure of civilization,
-he was a criminal, who betrayed the Jewish fundamentals,
by claiming to be a messiah, and the king.

Behold the two personalities,
the son of Man and the son of Abraham.

It might have been so depressing, so terrifying-
Crucify him! Hang him on the cross!
It might be at the same time confusing-
Relies him! We want him to be free!
Barabbas has to face and receive the sentence of his captors

Jesus had to witness the justice of human judgment

It was like a countdown of which is which:

- for the prosecutor that couldn't find a clue,
- for the accuser that were determined to give the sentence,
- for the accused whose silence was a puzzle,
- for the audience watching but not seeing the whole picture.

Barabbas was the victim of Jesus' trial
to be placed in the scene of Jesus' passion drama.

But the spectator were not ready to cry
they were there to witness a comical tragedy
-the amusement of a bloody fall.

Relies Barabbas! We want him to be free!
Crucify Jesus! Crucify him!
To Barabbas it doesn't matter
why Jesus was putting so much trouble to himself,
for him his free and life be his another concern;
To Jesus it doesn't matter what it was for Barabbas
that he was replaced by him,
for him his death is the example of what he taught them.

The Man Couldn't Find Peace

Name is given unto him:

- the bloodline of influence and power,
- the Jewish emblem of unity,

But unto the eyes of Jesus:

- the corrupt nature that wills to kill,
- the man whose greed is his fill;

Crown is given unto him:

- the king of Galilean province,

-the title he clings on as nobility,
But unto the eyes of Jesus:
-the puppet of the Imperial Rome,
-the malicious lord with his empty throne;

Authority is given unto him:

-the trial against the criminal,
-the pronouncement of brutality,
But unto the eyes of Jesus:
-the ruler who mocks his own ignorance,
-the man compels on his own arrogance.

The Man Couldn't Live With Him

Priesthood is given unto him -
the law of his religion:
whose tongue is holy to utter the word godly,
whose ears is holy to hear the hymn saintly,
whose nose is holy to smell the scent heavenly,
whose hands is holy to offer the gift perfectly,
whose eyes is holy to see the altar of Yahweh

Privilege is given unto him -
the law of his nation:
whose speech is but against Jesus, the blasphemy,
whose silence is but against Jesus, the enemy,
whose breath is but against Jesus, the deadly,
whose touch is but against Jesus, the unholy,

whose sight is but against Jesus, the ungodly

Time is given unto him -

the confrontation between:

whose law is but without mercy,

whose law is but without charity,

whose law is but without room for the ills of the society,

whose law is but without dialogue for maturity,

whose law is but has gone stray from Yahweh.

The Man Couldn't Make Up His Mind

A foreigner but influential

A gentile but a believer

A Roman but not just ordinary citizen

-he was the governor keeping the relation between kingdom and empire
and to ensure the tribute for the glory of Rome

-he was the representative of the emperor to his allies and province
and to watch and to protect the interest of Rome.

Pontius Pilate was the man of authority

-between Herod and Caesar

-between Israel and Rome

-between the commoner and the elite

He was to scale the details and its loopholes

-about the truth and the falsehood

-about the innocence and the guilt

-about the victim and the criminal.

The prime of power was on his hand

The same power that hunted him to his fear

About the trial wrapped with intrigue and malice

About the man from Nazareth

-hailed as the king of the Jews, but ridiculed as folly

-proclaimed as the messiah, but accused of blasphemous celebrity
About the Elders, who disturbed by the silence of this man
But to release the man would mean he denied Caesar
But to kill this man would mean he denied justice
Alas! He has to do something
-to appease the heart of the accuser
-to allow the man to face his fate
-to design an excuse to bring him peace
because still he couldn't make up his mind.

The Woman to be Remembered

She was there with the crowd following him
to be healed from their sickness
to be filled from their hunger
to be entertained from their weariness
But for her, she would like to be at his feet
to listen from what he had to say
to learn from what he had done
And she was there, the witness of this man
-not because he raised the dead to life
but the wisdom behind the death
-not because she was taught the meaning of love
but the experience of being loved
-not because she was attended by this man
but the compassion of this man: to man and woman;
young and old; well and sick; rich and poor;
slave and free; Jew and Gentile alike
In her deep devotion to this man, she had seen the messiah
Who called her -to come out and be his disciple
-not by her expensive ointment, but her commitment and service
Mary of Bethany to Jesus of Nazareth
-is a woman to be remembered.

Carrying the Cross

Simon of Cyrene was to enter Jerusalem

-to visit a family and some of his close keen

-to do his trade and beading

-to see ones more the city of David

-to offer a sacrifice like a pious Jew

Jesus of Nazareth was to leave the holy city

-not because He had visited His family and folk,

but He was rejected and despised by them

-not because He had finished His business,

but it is yet to start

-not because He had seen the power and the wealth of Jerusalem,

but because He had to unveil her corruption and exploitation

-not because He had burned His offering,

but to make the final sacrifice

Simon of Cyrene had to meet Jesus of Nazareth

-not at the moment of His feasting, but on His mourning

-not at the moment of His preaching, but on His silence

-not at the moment of His healing, but on His dying

-not at the moment of His miracle, but on His agony

-not at the moment of His glory, but on His way to his death

Jesus of Nazareth was to pay the heavy prize of love

Simon of Cyrene was to receive the burden of the law

The cross it was called- the meeting of two different worlds'

of Jesus of Nazareth, and

of Simon of Cyrene.

The Woman at the Distance

She might remember that day, that conversation
"give me a drink"
"how is it that you, a Jew ask a drink from a Samaritan woman? "
As her defense against him
And now his own people is killing this ordinary man
While she at the distance sighing, perhaps praying for him

She might remember how bold and wise this man
"go call your husband and come back here"
"I don't have a husband"
As her simple excuse, though exposed her to the truth
"...you have five husbands,
and the one you have now is not your husband"
And now his friends is laughing at this respectful man
While she at the distance had pitted, maybe crying for him

She might remember how brilliant this man in his spirituality
"believe me, a time is coming when you will not worship the Father
either on this mountain or in Jerusalem"
"I know that the Messiah is coming, whenever He comes,
He will explain everything to us"
As her assurance of what she believe
And now his own Apostles are leaving this holy man
While at the distance, anonymously following him

She might be trembling hearing the shouts and wailing
"cursed unto him, crucify him"
"Father forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing"
As she fills her heart of what that voice lingers
"I am He, the very One who is speaking to you"
While she at the distance calming her confused mind
"come, see a man who told me everything!
Could this be the Christ? "

The Hesitant Believer

He is an ordinary carpenter from Galilee
-to the sick, abused and forgotten manifest mercy
but what is this, maliciously accused by friends but now foe;
To Nicodemus it is confusing and impossible
The man who testify love and service so profoundly
But now a defenseless criminal before the authority

He is the master in Israel, who raised Lazarus
-to the market, synagogue and open places preaches
but what is this, tormented in pain and sorrow;
To Nicodemus it is confusing and impossible
The man who thought him that night about life
But now before him hanging on the tree

He is a teacher, healer, and above all else a believer
-to the law and its tradition is an exemplar
but what is this, death defeats his body and soul;
To Nicodemus it is confusing and impossible
The man whose extraordinary life is but history
and now a cold corpse lies, he failed to save the day.

The Soldier and the Final Act

He might be hearing about Jesus:

-the carpenter who heals around the city and towns,
-the preacher who performs miracles
But what is it for him, a believer but to Zeus

He might be seeing Jesus:

-the ordinary man around the city of Jerusalem,
-the citizen of Israel suppressed by Rome
But what is it for him, a soldier of the governor's

He might be laughing at Jesus:

-the man who claims to be the liberator against the strife,
-the man who proclaims to be the way, truth and life
But what is it for him, an officer of the Caesar's

He might be wondering about Jesus:

-the once hailed leader but despised and insulted,
-the once identified master but betrayed and killed,
But whatever it would mean, he remains forgiving.

The Criminal Who Missed the Chance

From the gate of the great city, Jerusalem
He was wounded with physical pain
But what could it be for him, an identified villain;
While on the same gate another man receive the blame
He was wounded straight into the heart, he was left
But what is it for them; he is an identified victim;

Ha, ha, ha, look at him -the preacher of what he claim truth!
Ha, ha, ha, look at them -the fools marching to their death!

At the foot of the mountain, Golgotha
He was afraid to face his final days
But what he could do but sigh and curse them;
While on the same mountain, another man has to climb

He was grasping for breath to complete his promise
But what is it for; he is a criminal like them

Save yourself messiah, save yourself king!
That is for you brutes, enemy of the law!

On the tree tied and nailed, crucified
He was in distress, angry to himself and to his friends
But what he can do, the eyes of the law is fixed unto him;
While on the same tree another has to claim
He was on the brink of death seeing but only love
But what is it for them; he is a fool that deserves to die

You are the messiah save yourself and us!
You are the son of God show them your power! Call your angels!

Jesus of Nazareth

Through the ages you are acclaimed
But few have understood your message
Fewer still have tried to put into practice
What You've done and preached
Your words have been heard across the globe-
Tribes and nations and tongues and races of men
But many twisted and turned to mean something-
The beyond of what you really mean
Your name has been used and abused
To justify crimes, to frighten people,
To inspire men and women to heroic foolishness
Frequently you've been honored and worshiped
For what you did not mean, than for what you did mean
Your influence is so great-
The turning point of history
Number of peoples fought and died for your sake
Either by conquering or by defending in your name
Crowd followed You all the day of their lives
But in the middle of nowhere confused and finally totally lost
Between faith and religiosity

While the rest breathless still praising Your name
Leaving behind those dying and death consumed...
Because they believe in You.

Afterword

Holiness is the fusion of man's creativity and of God's priority into making life a prayer from personalization to socialization. The different characters mention in this reflection is an archetype of man and his different attitudes towards life and his vocation, holiness.

Thus, "The Day Jesus Died" is everyday situations of my life. The different realities of life yet anchored to one purpose to constantly loving Jesus. Although, the desire is strong but the principle of loving is at times crippled by lust, gluttony, greed, sloth, avarice, pride, anger, and I would like to add laziness (no time) that denied me of my right to be a man of others -the battle between theory and praxis, between value and vice.

My prayer therefore, through this thirteen characters is to journey back and to reconsider the different pieces of the shaping of my character -both pleasant and unpleasant experiences with myself, with the other self, and even with the nature as physical emblem of God, so as too, to relearn myself and to reclaim my purpose.

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Jordan Legaspi

The Day...

The day of my sight
Golden sky cried
Blessing to those await
Death for those cursed

The day of my breath
Life from dust can't see
Air whispered to earth
Troubled seeking for peace

The day of my voice
Deep with in unheard
New yet chained flesh
Corners of me reached

The day of my sound
Unbound harmony too shy
Silent music in mind
Unseen memories in the sky

The day of my touch
Gentleness nay I felt
Shadow- all I watched
Sensation- the pain be dealt

The day of my flesh
Unseen grayness was
Say I can't- all was trash
Felt no pain and sorrow 'twas

The day of my bones
Grasped- I bare and bold
Worried still is and was
Unfaithful hands I hold

Jordan Legaspi

The Failure (Lrs)

</>The failure

Peter was there as a witness of Jesus, the carpenter:

- the humility and the steadfast of his heart,
- the sharpness and the clarity of his head,

that moved the friendship, his commitment

Peter was there as an admirer of Jesus, the traveler:

- the sincerity of his concern towards the forgotten,
- the simplicity of his words and deeds;

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Peter was there as a spectator of Jesus, the preacher:

- the boldness of his teaching against sin,
- the firmness of his principle in terms of service;

that challenged the spectation, his leadership

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- the power of his will against nature's force,
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- the radical man who confronts the corruption,
- the spiritual man who challenges the mediocrity

that questioned the ideal truth, his failure

Jordan Legaspi

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Jordan Legaspi

The Hole

Audacious and licentious still empty
Strength crept in me but don't know what to do
Wily and done but there was guilt and agony
Unambiguous and unbound but forbid to go
Manful worth in me slowly no more
Scornful day will pass washed of dry morning dew
Like salt yet again kissed the ruthless shore
Bewildered of, with me what it means to you
Character on display the belts of disgrace
Astonishment now and then all was gone,
Nay tiding loathed and vengeance I guess
Winsome will be I am the lonely man,
 Put forth all: for like the sanity I will
 Without yearnings all the memories I kill.

(Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines 2005)

Jordan Legaspi

The Main Street (01-2009) (/)

The main street

To every corners of the street darkness starts to creep
The awaited hour of triumph of their restless souls
To embrace the night, the world of eternal deep
Shadow's secret -the flesh's trade, business of the fools;
Sketch the gloom, the every venture to make it known
The sons of Adam and their flight, in-search of stroke
Their endless desire to fill the chest's hollow, pawn
Penetrate the hole between them, to palpate before they mock;
The hands who adore the manhood, who praise its strength
The mouth who tastes man's sweet nectar of purity
That, from the intense dance, there it blows the scent
While the world is asleep -to witness nay the art of insanity,
They, in-vision of touch the belt's masculinity of she
Before it dies let the ecstasy -the femininity of he.

Note:

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys Collection) Issue # 01 series of 2009

'The main street' is a story about the main streets in the cities where these gay-men, homosexuals, bisexuals find their trade -the issue of male prostitution; and the reality of 'homosexual culture and their sub-culture'.

Jordan Legaspi

The Man Couldn't Find Peace (Lrs)

The man couldn't find peace

Name is given unto him:

- the bloodline of influence and power,
- the Jewish emblem of unity,

But unto the eyes of Jesus:

- the corrupt nature that wills to kill,
- the man whose greed is his fill;

Crown is given unto him:

- the king of Galilean province,
- the title he clings on as nobility,

But unto the eyes of Jesus:

- the puppet of the Imperial Rome,
- the malicious lord with his empty throne;

Authority is given unto him:

- the trial against the criminal,
- the pronouncement of brutality,

But unto the eyes of Jesus:

- the ruler who mocks his own ignorance,
- the man compels on his own arrogance.

Jordan Legaspi

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Priesthood is given unto him –
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whose tongue is holy to utter the word godly,
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Privilege is given unto him –
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whose breath is but against Jesus, the deadly,
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Time is given unto him –
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whose law is but without mercy,
whose law is but without charity,
whose law is but without room for the ills of the society,
whose law is but without dialogue for maturity,
whose law is but has gone stray from Yahweh

Jordan Legaspi

The Mother-The Teacher

Meticulous, she is
in details of structures and disciplines,
On the issue of mission
she is above all par-excellence
Thus, and rightly so -
she is the bride of Christ; the mother of all peoples,
However, honored by many; despised by some
she is the portrait of a live history;
Emblem of morality and spirituality -the cross
obscured though, by the world's egoistic view
Reality therefore,
she is the collaborator of God in His salvific act

... a-n-d...

Tenet of dogmas and doctrines
she is the renown
Epitome of the rise and fall
but esteemed in her witnessing role
Antagonist she seems-to-be
but for the little ones she is the blessing
Controversy may veil her face
she remains dignified and filled with life
Harsh, she is, at times
but to her children guided, by her vision
Enliven by the divine intervention:
ideology to spirituality; mentality to diversity
Reality therefore,
she is the collaborator of God in His salvific act

Jordan Legaspi

The New Day (/)

The new day

Today is the day
of my birth from the dead
The soul longing for rest
And salvation had received,
Today is the day
of freedom from slavery
Of the body seeking for peace
and soul for justice be,
Today is not just a day
but a feast because finally I found
The God who loves me
from the very day I saw light,
Today is a great day
Amen, Amen, Amen
Praise the Father,
the Son and Holy Spirit,
forever and ever Amen

Jordan Legaspi

The Other Side Of Her

She is the everyday blessing in the house:
from dusting the windows, tables, and cabinets
to washing the rugs, clothes and dishes,
from sweeping the floor and the stairs
to watering the plants and the flowers;

She is the moment of joy in every home:
from her adorned beauty -the family treasure
to the gentleness of her fingers and toes, a lady gesture,
from her charmed laughter and sweet smile -the cure
to their weary days of heavy labor;

She is every man's desire, his sweet dream:
from her simplicity and elegant nature
to her complex emotion that captivates each hour,
from her bare cut and stroke of different colors
to her fancy fashion that awaits for more;

She is everybody's source of wonder:
from her spirituality that drew them near to God
to her rich devotion that paints a heavenly aid,
from lighting of candles to every coin she offered -
the miracles of her that inspires a many;

She is God's gift -the other half of him:
In the world full of puzzles to solve, to comprehend,
In the journey full of turns to make, to attend,
In life full of questions that need to be answered.
Though, for she will grow old, it remains her fame.

Jordan Legaspi

The Picture Of Christopher (03-2009) (/)

The picture of Christopher

Staring at the gloomy distance -the empty gaze of a young man
That, after all these years; his confused head and troubled chest, in rage
Memorizing each and every corner -the rise and fall of the sun
His laughter and smile, the only comfort against his heavy age;
Counting days and nights, the trance while hearing the church's bell
Bah what is this, his appeal to God; spoken in thousand times
Penny after penny -his mute god only to excite the wishing well,
To break the curse -the charm of innocence, his suspended crimes.
With her: dinner, movies, short walk -the date clothe with pretension
-the thought, the nature way of loving; "union of her and him";
With him: beer house, discos, and streets -the night life full of illusion
-the excuse, the nature way of giving; "expression and freedom of them.
Was confronted with faith; the desire and fear collides -the cross road.
Was trapped in his fate; the she wants to shine -his passion, his load.

Note:

P.U.B. (Pick Up Boys collection) issue # 03 series of 2009
"The picture of Christopher" is a story of a young man, confused in
his sexuality. After several years of struggle however, Christopher was able to
paint his own picture -the canvass of his sexual orientation yet coated with shady
and dimly hue.

The title "The picture of Christopher" was adopted from the novel
"The Picture of Durian Gray" written by Oscar Walde.

Jordan Legaspi

The Poet (/)

the poet

-the ancient and noble craft
to pen immense things and great events
in rigorous and disciplined effort
rightly to be honored, esteemed in many ways

-the combination of talent and hard-work
with imaginative and expressive words
the language neither of cosmopolitan nor of the folk
to surpass what's in the book; to uphold the ages,

-the experience and the way of life
to inspire the losing; to rouse the sleeping
in his method be the moral conscience of his age:
the artist; the seer; the other angel's wing

-the creed and the philosophy
of knowledge and wisdom, of faith and reason
from chaos to edifying order, tragic to sublime reality
in purposeful patterned luck in time and in season

note:

The 'the poet' is one of the characters of the author's 'brotherhood's circle'- the poetry in motion: the warlock; the jester; the philosopher; the king; the knight; the hermit; elf; the scientist; the priest; the vampire and the alien.

Jordan Legaspi

The Simple Truth

This is what people would say about life

life is like

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Jordan Legaspi

The Soldier And The Final Act (Lrs)

</>He might be hearing about Jesus:

- the carpenter who heals around the city and towns,
- the preacher who performs miracles

But what is it for him, a believer but to Zeus

He might be seeing Jesus:

- the ordinary man around the city of Jerusalem,
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But what is it for him, a soldier of the governor's

He might be laughing at Jesus:

- the man who claims to be the liberator against the strife,
- the man who proclaims to be the way, truth and life

But what is it for him, an officer of the Caesar's

He might be wondering about Jesus:

- the once hailed leader but despised and insulted,
- the once identified master but betrayed and killed,

But whatever it would mean, he remains forgiving

Jordan Legaspi

The Time

People are bound; hold to the hands of life in the hole
Yesterday the events was written in the palm of time
Alone the wind everything had blown away but real
One by one catching the memories painted to the skies

Today might be the terror- the mind creation; to do
Kill the days of dressed monster the unforgettable past
Of every man seeking for answer to the place beyond world
While machine designed to dig and bring it at hand
Yet what and where for no one can escape the reality of death
Beyond the control on man the maker and master of time

Tomorrow just the same wondering with the burden
Of traveling show yet under the coat is a hidden crime
Or perhaps be the victim of time of unchangeable truth
You may travel trough time but cannot be far from your thought

Note:

The 'The time' was adopted from the movie 'Time Machine' based from the novel 'The time machine' by Herbert George Wells.

Jordan Legaspi

The Web

Sometimes life can be puzzled by love or by pity
The feeling of every young; grew undersigned heart
The admiration the sight of what we called beauty
But fixed of what or might be a sisterly as a part;
Easing troubles sometimes but cause to fall
Oh not too much while the help is disguise
Web of life caught the feeling and let it save one soul
Need to cut not the spinning of the name-lives;
Be a father but nay nor be a mother or who on that day
The lover to feel but not at all a great pretender
Tortured by emotion yet determine to say
Not your dreams not your aspiration and of course not for;
Peter an ordinary and simple guy yet mysterious man
Like a spider he crept in every chance he spins and move.

Note:

The 'The Web' was adopted from the movie 'Spiderman 1'.

Jordan Legaspi

The Woman At The Distance (Lrs)

She might remember that day, that conversation
"give me a drink"
"how is it that you, a Jew ask a drink from a Samaritan woman? "
As her defense against him
And now his own people is killing this ordinary man
While she at the distance sighing, perhaps praying for him

She might remember how bold and wise this man
"go call your husband and come back here"
"I don't have a husband"
As her simple excuse, though exposed her to the truth
"...you have five husbands,
and the one you have now is not your husband"
And now his friends is laughing at this respectful man
While she at the distance had pitted, maybe crying for him

She might remember how brilliant this man in his spirituality
"believe me, a time is coming when you will not worship the Father
either on this mountain or in Jerusalem"
"I know that the Messiah is coming, whenever He comes,
He will explain everything to us"
As her assurance of what she believe
And now his own Apostles are leaving this holy man
While at the distance, anonymously following him

She might be trembling hearing the shouts and wailing
"cursed unto him, crucify him"
"Father forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing"
As she fills her heart of what that voice lingers
"I am He, the very One who is speaking to you"
While she at the distance calming her confused mind
"come, see a man who told me everything!
Could this be the Christ? "

Jordan Legaspi

The Word 'No'

Two letters to form 'NO'
Word with different meaning
of change or tolerance
For what ever it means to you;
'NO' can be a refusal or can be a chance
for something or for someone
That concerns you and me in any ways
That for whatever reasons
of the word 'NO' for me and for you;
Well I guess I have a clue
It might be positive, or might be negative
or perhaps its nothing just 'NO';
Again 'NO' this is something
That makes a big difference
of saying it in different time and place;
To handle this two letters 'NO'
Well, I think I know but sure this is 'NO'
of what I mean it
Because 'NO' is what I am searching to know
for me to say 'NO' or to ask why 'NO'

Jordan Legaspi

Time And Space

When I enter into that room
I saw nothing only empty horizon
While the ray of light cast
And from something thought will last

When I enter that room
I saw something the idea and its form
But beyond the ray is and now was
Something un-grasp the being just pass

When I enter that room
Thinking I will see something
Not the nothingness that I've seen
But I don't know which being

Jordan Legaspi

To Happiness

In the morning of my life this is what I see
The beauty of the world where children are free
And their smile bring hope each day

In the morning of my life this is what I hear
The lullaby of mothers carrying their babes with loving care
And their hymn of joy gives meaning into my life

In the morning of my life this is what I feel
Being secure in the arms of my home
And their presence provide reason for me to live

In the morning of my life this is what I smell
The sweet fragrance of the early dew after the night falls
And made my whole world new

Jordan Legaspi

To Lady Agatha (/)

To Lady Agatha

I called your name but the wind took my voice and flew
From the deep night oh Lady Agatha
I broke the silence but stillness over took me
Where promises painted the manor and to loneliness it dies,

And I looked at the gray, the cold-dark house again
No breath only shadow of emptiness
Of the songs from the past of the lovers who sighed and cried
from its doorstep leading to their room of solitude,

While faces flashed on the walls -the secret upon their eyes
And tears of emptiness fell, the fatal, alas Lady Agatha
The moon refused to lit the night to illumine its gloom
for it was a cursed history; I have to forget you my Lady

Your face I can't see my love, forever I will have it no more,
Words halt come out would be our last goodbye
Till our ushered-confused thoughts it would cut my heart
thus silence enveloped our eyes and the night be forever

Where colorful skies and sea will witness the dream:
Of a man that cannot be of the same again,
Of a woman that cannot be won again,
For life cannot be still for it ones said, our grave is our eternal rest

Note:

Davao City, Philippines.2002

Jordan Legaspi

To Lady Amor

In the midst of loneliness bear it no more
No sight of my friends yet you came my Amor
Seeking for comfort the value the need
To have my consult from the fate I bid

Lady I thought in my dreams will pass
The solitude of this feeling that was
Then one or two the moment I know you
The feeling is the same friendship of no clue

Well, I may say Amor my emptiness sway
Moment by moment we share but anyway
I knew I couldn't have you forbidden love maybe
For the emotion trapped day by day

Yes the truth is I admire you there and then
When the world is asleep I gain it from heaven
The feeling left from that acquaintance
Dreaming of you my Amor I guess the best romance

Yet friendship that's what to me you can offer
Though to see you the pain I can't bear
For thy thoughtfulness I was healed
From the secret tears of thee my love can't reveal

A friend of you my heart I ought
Sharing intimate moment expectant I was caught
Will leave, I mean destiny that is written
In my hand to accept both of you is only in vein

Amor the lady in my reverie my fantasy yet the reality
Amor the friend in my heart 'twas thee day after day
Amor my happiness in the morning after the sun down
Amor the lady in my dreams but cannot be mine

(Camiguin Island, Philippines 2003)

To Lady Cleofe

...You're like an angel gliding
across the passages leading to the depths
of the secrets that cannot be in peace,
...Your graceful feet touch
the floor leaving no marks of any memories
that would invade the heart cannot be in silence.

...Your white wings clapped gently
like the fingers of Apollo playing the harp
to summoned sleep to the restless god,
...Your hair flew like the Graces in the winds
who dances around the court of Zeus
from whence crowned of woes'.

...You're like an angel lady Cleofe
into my solitude- doors of thoughts
like a child so alone and of a broken man.
...You're there of presence so innocent
in the woods of my fantasies
that no place that cannot be in time.

...Oh lady Cleofe, imagination yet looks so real
for a man can named you
like an angel of no face resembles,
...Oh lady Cleofe, creation from the deep
of a man who cannot find
the way to rest from his endless quest
of love that cannot be his.

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord Dale

Dedicated to Mr. Ellon Dale Amacna

It is all from the will's might
Like a star shining so bright
With all the graces-treasured
No reason to change but to filled
Like a garden rich and lush green
And lovely are the flowers after the rain
In the heavens nay silence of praises
The path for godly happiness
Even if life meets death
But there's meaning here on earth
In memories beyond to compare
For seven years will end here and there
and strength finds its rest
and life's treasures remain and are blest

(Ormoc City, Phil.2003)

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord Damian

Loneliness strikes me evenly
The gray sky as if to shade me
While sitting on the river unfriendly
Does slowly rising above my knee

Emptiness crept under my cloth
Just like a whimsical story untold
While counting the heavy clouds
Pressing each other to me very cold

Alas! A long lost friend I heard it again
Dead voice from the earth stood before me
While water cascades to ease the pain
To undress my self to let go of the past dead

For the person I admired most
With me all time shame of nakedness
But my thought life should start
Soon the river well passes just like a kiss

A walk of life finally I can say
Gently leaving the waters behind
Another day the re-start for a long journey
Without shield but a knight nay-blind

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord Dante

To Lord Dante

Upon the hole crept the night
 Passing to the door of secrets
Where soul rested seeking solitude
 From the outside world of un-belief
Penetrated into the heart-spirited
 Where darkness only his guest
On the floor engraved
 The face that bore the name-discord
The unwelcome creature from the grave
 And the only master cannot be forged
Lying in the stone neither flesh nor bone
 Where they feared amongst all
But destiny upon the thread of life waits
 To them who seek and find death

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord John

I know you, someone from the other shore
Not so old but gray hair gives the advance of years
I heard you from the other side speaking wisdom.
The lion that cannot free himself from the net- you've started
While a tiny creature took his chance and bite
To let go of the beast and freedom for him that day;
Then you started another thing
Sharing words forgotten
The bird in the cage helplessly and the roaring cat
Climbed and crushed the little creature inside;
The cruel world made of man- your last speech
Yes, you're someone who has nothing to give
Only stories that fought fear and taught me to rise
Not to free the lions or to jail the cats
But to recognize the different masks my face has

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord Theody

To Lord Theody

To the farthest sky I saw it before
The face painted with red and black
Hidden behind the clouds –unsure
From the morning crest still heavy and dark;

Though wide without light wondering still
Cannot stop seeking which heaven is
Until eyes of faith refuses his will
The un-forgiven earth, though blameless;

The stone who stirred the horizon
For everything cannot hide forever
From the man who abandon his son
Who against the wind no shoes to wear;

Time might fly without consolation –it surely dies
Bury his head aand raises his chest –why cries.

Note:

Dedicated to Mr. T. A. Cuestas a

Jordan Legaspi

To Lord Willaim

You can call me by my name
 But still you don't know me
You can say something about me
 But still not a guarantee you know me
You can make a sketch of my face
 But not the whole of me
My friend I am is not what you see
 All the time things do change
My friend the voice you heard from me
 Are temporary they will fade away
My friend the true "me" is simply-
 The person you can love even if
 I am not who I was
Because self identity is to be free
 From judgment and slavery
 From the "person" created for me
Because of my name and fame
Because of my title and possession
 I was put in a box cannot moved
 That set me away from the real me
You know the real me is the "man"
 Not perfect but willing
 to grow up under the sun.

Jordan Legaspi

To My God

At the dawn of my life
In my mothers womb you fashioned me
In secret you molded me
And formed the un-measurable beauty

In the morning of my life
You're still there giving light
For me to see the world with delight
The heavens, the earth and seas

Then I saw the rainbow
Like a passage way to eternity
To the blue skies that hallowed above
From the green fields that gives rest into my eyes

At the seabed clear and pure water
While fish danced and weeds swayed
And rivers and streams run freely
While the snow freeze yet with reason wonderfully

If I face here and there
Mountains, valleys, and plain I see
Where grass flowers and trees
All day long praises thee

Oh God, what wonder you gave
To me little less than a god
Surrounded with good things and plenty
Overflowing with your love night and day

Jordan Legaspi

Tunnel Of Love

Getting crazy on the life I've choose
I'd been riding a train it goes
Where the passenger they slam and scream
Singing about sex blade of torture and shame
And I don't know where I'll be tonight
But you'll know wherever my flight
They had ticket for the next ride like me I was
Victim of the long slept night under the sun-cuss
In a scream ring of faces the whole ban of man
And saw flashes standing in midst of old rugged train
I took of my silver the legacy of earth
Alas remember me this is my own brain-belt
I put it in my hand in my pocket crystalline
Thinking it would be the next kiss to be given
But long ago and am tunnel of love I asked
Astray so uncoil wearing the human masked
Yet people used to rest to feel they've blessed
Tunnel of love hold to miss not a single glance
Whatever it takes at least someone will stay
We are in the tunnel of love them say
Well tunnel or what love can be
Make a difference tunnel of love is for you and for me
Where we dig and dig without rest
to love and seek love
and to give pain and receive the same

(City of Mati, Philippines 1997)

Jordan Legaspi

Uncertain Truth

Yesterday is too far to remember
The events that makes a man older
Or the ups and downs of life made him bolder
Bah, what else can you see and say to make a day
Might be a tarry or might be a guide
The masterpiece the recollection of a god
Today so near yet so far
Scene after scene flashes without view
 and only few can bear without owe,
Neither man nor god none of them can reach the sky
To take position to take fame but if they will
 death surely awaits them,
While the youth busy himself seeking for truth
 and eye fixed unto them counting each time;
Tomorrow might not come
A waist of time though it's only a little damn
Preparing today for the next sunrise
But lo and behold none is certain oh man
Three hundred sixty five days is not enough
 to give chance and to make a vow
For life to grow more and more each day
Not just looking as human but fully man
Don't worry `bout the gods
 their glory is without name even under the sky
Remember this, everything is uncertain
 what man today will not be the same tomorrow
 what god yesterday not be the same today
 doom- we and they

Jordan Legaspi

Under The Fig Tree

Under the Fig Tree

Not just fresh but deep green
Craftily trimmed in a fancy frame;

Not just silvery but shiny lights adorned
Graceful passion -the motif it drew in;

Not just the colors it contoured-it-seemed
But the artful play from there in;

Not just the size the catch to win -
The tree in full season;

Ah, the Christmas Tree my friend -
The spirit and its symbolism

Alas! Not just to feed our senses for exquisite delight
But to fill our broken soul to illumine its night

Jordan Legaspi

Universal Commandment Of Love

Universal Commandment of Love

Buddhism

Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful. (Udana- Varga 5,18)

Christianity

All things whatsoever you would that man should do to you, do you so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (Mt. 7,12)

Confucianism

Is there one maxim which ought to be acted upon throughout one's whole life? Surely it is the maxim of loving- kindness: do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you. (Analects 15,23)

Hinduism

This is the sum of duty: do naught unto others which would cause you pain if done to you. (Mahabharata 5,1517)

Islam

No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself. (Sonnah)

Judaism

What is hateful to you; do not to your fellowman. That is the entire law; all the rest is commentary. (Talmud, Shabbat 31d)

Taoism

Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and your neighbor's loss as your own loss. (Te Shang Kan Ying Pien)

Zoroastrianism

That nature is good which refrains from doing unto another whatsoever is not good for itself. (Dadisten- i – dinik,94,5)

Note:

The above are the accounts of 'The Golden Rule' adopted from the book "World Religions: Belief Behind Today's Headlines" by John T. Catoir.

The "Universal Commandment of Love" is to promote information among peoples of different walk of life, that the idea of love is anchored to "The Golden Rule"- the Philosophy, the Discipline, the Way of life we learn from our religion. However, not to be blinded by our prejudices, that the "The Golden Rule" has a common message in all of us, and that is love.

Jordan Legaspi

Unkind

I see people from a distance
Crawling into their lives every day
Breeding their mind and heart of vengeance
Pitiful for the innocent society
I just couldn't look a saint or be convince
On storm they oh contradiction or only tolerance
Forget the history the events that make a day
Loving the war that drink and dance they are
No Moses can believe salvation or illusion
To provoke God, action or endless crucifixion
But instead hatred is only to convey
The disregard of looks still couldn't miss a way
The broken dreams that flashes day by day
Through the years only tears
Anywhere anybody's to treasure
It's unkind very unruly but what can I say
Life anyway that's the reality

(City of Mati, Philippines 1998)

Jordan Legaspi

Way Of The Cross

Follow me that what you've said
Take my belonging and go
To the place set for me and stay
Follow me you always called me
To leave my homeland
Everything behind and go at once
To the people I don't know who
But your promises assured me
You will be there for me
My Guide and my Companion
My Teacher and my Friend
My God and my Master

Jordan Legaspi

Ways Of The Gods

Dances hit the street
 were eyes muse from it
Drums strikes the corners
 whence heavy heart ponders
While they sing the praises
 to the Holy Child be full of grace
But their soul fixed yet un-whole
 viva ring everywhere is fool
Sinulog oh heavenly feast
 but colorful faces on masks
Marching down dull and snob
 while the pauper watch and sob
Another figure or two speaks
 of beautiful but empty words
Fly prayer-dance oh Sinulog
 but nay to God only for dog

Jordan Legaspi

What I Feel

A midst of being alone
Yet not lonely
Gazing at nothingness
But felt not empty
And tears flow
Not because of pain nor sorrow
But of joy and of consolation

Note:

"What I feel" was written during the author's annual retreat in 2006 at The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Guadalupe Cebu City, Philippines.

Jordan Legaspi

Who I Am?

Who I am?

I am like this
But I could be like that
I like this
But sometimes I don't like it
I don't like that
But sometimes I can take it
I love this
But I hate it if...
I prefer this
But it would be like that
I agree with you
But consider my...
I can accept
But if and only...
I can go
But I am afraid and tired
Ok! This is final
But I can change it

Note:

Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Philippines.2008 AD

Jordan Legaspi

Wisdom Of My Lord

When I was at the court of my Lord
I saw many things with and of no names
Tall as the mountains and wide as the seas
Some were small as dot
 and others I don't know what;
But something amazed me
When I ask him about fame and wealth
He gave me someone I don't know
A rugged and very ordinary man,
And another thing puzzled me
When I ask him about
 the way to his magnificent palace
He ask me to go with this man
Who work like a servant all day long
In the streets or in the markets and other places,
Then I decided to ask another question
About his plan of power as the Lord
To maintain his throne and crown
But he just smiled and asked me to go
Were this man is waiting for me
 in the place called Calvary.

Note:

The poem 'Wisdom of my Lord' was published on 24 July 2005
by Gethsemane Parish Bulletin, Casuntingan, Mandaue City, Phil.

Jordan Legaspi

Wise-Men

You oh wise to the child be praise
From the east whence you came
Wondering night and day be bless
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh you offer
To the child gently lying in the manger
Hosanna, hosanna to the highest
The angels sing amen, amen to the king
Awake you shepherd be joyful oh Israel
The star now is shining so bright
Let all the worlds see the light
Of the mighty and prophet from Heavens,
He is the prince of peace

Jordan Legaspi

World Youth Day

Word of God –the message of service
On the contemporary word it is a challenge of holiness;
Reality therefore, you are called to believe:
Little of reason; little of emotion to perceive-
Details of truth in human terms and condition

You are in great distress before modernity
Over the years of wrestle against dishonesty;
Under the banner of secrets and lies-
The culture of no sense of sin in your heart dwells;
Have no fear, and learn to share in God's mission

Duty and responsibility –the pillar of fate
Across time and space ne charitable in your faith
Yes, be open to the possibilities of sacrifice
-the saving act of God through Christ's passion

Jordan Legaspi

X God The Son, Prt. I (Cts)

GOD THE SON

....doctrines of Atonement.

- a. Mankind is shown that Jesus was totally loyal to God even though his loyalty resulted in his conviction for treason, in torture, and in death.
- b. The Cross is an example of the extent to which human beings can hate a non-conforming, loving person.
- c. Jesus' death puts our sufferings into perspective; few others will ever have to undergo such an ordeal.
- d. The Cross shows us how far God lets humans use their freedom.
- e. The Cross expresses and reveals the power, hatefulness, and worst consequences of humanity's broken relationships with God and each other:
killing the Innocent.
- f. The Cross is a symbol that Jesus asks nothing of us that he has not demonstrated.
- g. Jesus' death was the point where the world's alienation from God came into focus
and showed both its reality and power.
- h. Jesus sacrificed himself; he offered himself fully to God.
He gave himself for his fellow human beings
so that he could represent to them the reality of their separation from God;
he also represented to God the human condition:
the capacity to love as he 'lived love' and the reality of evil as evil was done to him.
- i. The Cross is humanity's 'no' to God.
- j. Jesus' sacrifice of his life is the oblation (offering) of a perfect life that we cannot offer.
Alone he has fulfilled the intention of God for human life,
and God accepts the offering of that life.
Our imperfect offerings are now acceptable when joined with his one perfect sacrifice.
- k. Jesus died 'for us and for all persons' in the sense that all humanity is affected by his total self-offering, and all people are called to believe, to trust, his word.
- l. Because of long-standing human sinfulness,
the very fabric of the universe had become corrupted; the sacrifice of Christ to

God

brought about redemption (restoration) of all created reality.

The Resurrection of Jesus, which Christians specially celebrate each Easter Day,

has also been interpreted in more than one way, as an actual, literal event just as described in the New Testament, or as a poetic symbol of the Disciples' inner sense of joy and victory – their response to Jesus' teachings and personality.

Either way, the Resurrection means that the Cross is not the end;

God's Will of love is ultimately victorious for all who confess Jesus as 'God's Word.'

Every human life, even those who endure harsh suffering (represented by Good Friday) , may enter into the joy of Easter as the over-

all perspective of living, if they are part of the Easter fellowship of Christians.

Other meanings of the Resurrection for various Christians include:

- a. The Resurrection is a point of transition for human history:
a new order of life based on love (not rules, procedures, or ceremonies) and based on being part of a joyous, loving fellowship, the Church, (not being alone or part of a lesser fellowship) has been established.
- b. God has placed his seal of approval on Jesus' life and ministry; death did not silence Jesus' life or teachings.
- c. The Resurrection is God's confirmation of Jesus as his Messiah.
With a new meaning, Jesus is viewed as the awaited Messiah, one who brings to humanity deliverance from hardness of heart, one whose focus on love can liberate all of life, including the political.
- d. Everlasting life, begun as individuals enter the New Easter Covenant focusing on Love, continues beyond death.
One's transfigured personality survives death, which like birth is an entrance to another realm of existence.
- e. Without Easter, the story of Jesus would be a dismal failure; as a mere footnote at most, history would mention an unbelieved and unbelievable executed rabbi living and teaching love!

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On God the Son, Part 01

Jordan Legaspi

X God The Son, Prt.2 (Cts)

God the Son

Q. What do we mean when we say that Jesus is the only Son of God?

A. We mean that Jesus is the only perfect image of the Father,
and shows us the nature of God.

Q. What is the nature of God revealed in Jesus?

A. God is love.

Q. What do we mean when we say that Jesus was conceived by the power of the Holy

Spirit and became incarnate from the Virgin Mary?

A. We mean that by God's own act,
his divine Son received our human nature from the Virgin Mary, his mother.

Q. Why did he take our human nature?

A. The divine Son became human,
so that in him human beings might be adopted as children of God,
and be made heirs of God's kingdom.

Q. What is the great importance of Jesus' suffering and death?

A. By his obedience, even to suffering and death,
Jesus made the offering which we could not make;
in him we are freed from the power of sin and reconciled to God.

Q. What is the significance of Jesus' resurrection?

A. By his resurrection, Jesus overcame death and opened for us the way of
eternal life.

Q. What do we mean when we say that he descended to the dead?

A. We mean that he went to the departed
and offered them also the benefits of redemption.

Q. What do we mean when we say that he ascended into heaven
and is seated at the right hand of the Father?

A. We mean that Jesus took our human nature into heaven where he now reigns
with the Father and intercedes for us.

Q. How can we share in his victory over sin, suffering, and death?

A. We share in his victory when we are baptized into
the New Covenant and become living members of Christ.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On God the Son part 02

X Human Nature (Cts)

Q. What are we by nature?

A. We are part of God's creation, made in the image of God.

Q. What does it mean to be created in the image of God?

A. It means that we are free to make choices: to love, to create, to reason, and to live in harmony with creation and with God.

Q. Why then do we live apart from God and out of harmony with creation?

A. From the beginning, human beings have misused their freedom and made wrong choices.

Q. Why do we not use our freedom as we should?

A. Because we rebel against God, and we put ourselves in the place of God.

Q. What help is there for us?

A. Our help is in God.

Q. How did God first help us?

A. God first helped us by revealing himself and his will, through nature and history,
through many seers and saints, and especially the prophets of Israel.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On Human Nature

Jordan Legaspi

X Sin And Redemption (Cts)

Sin and Redemption

Q. What is sin?

A. Sin is the seeking of our own will instead of the will of God, thus distorting our relationship with God, with other people, and with all creation.

Q. How does sin have power over us?

A. Sin has power over us because we lose our liberty when our relationship with God is distorted.

Q. What is redemption?

A. Redemption is the act of God which sets us free from the power of evil, sin, and death.

Q. How did God prepare us for redemption?

A. God sent the prophets to call us back to himself, to show us our need for redemption, and to announce the coming of the Messiah.

Q. What is meant by the Messiah?

A. The Messiah is one sent by God to free us from the power of sin, so that with the help of God we may live in harmony with God, within ourselves, with our neighbors, and with all creation.

Q. Who do we believe is the Messiah?

A. The Messiah, or Christ, is Jesus of Nazareth, the only Son of God.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On Sin and Redemption

Jordan Legaspi

X The Christian Hope (Cts)

The Christian Hope

Q. What is the Christian hope?

A. The Christian hope is to live with confidence in newness and fullness of life, and to await the coming of Christ in glory, and the completion of God's purpose for the world.

Q. What do we mean by the coming of Christ in glory?

A. By the coming of Christ in glory, we mean that Christ will come, not in weakness but in power, and will make all things new.

Q. What do we mean by heaven and hell?

A. By heaven, we mean eternal life in our enjoyment of God; by hell, we mean eternal death in our rejection of God.

Q. Why do we pray for the dead?

A. We pray for them, because we still hold them in our love, and because we trust that in God's presence those who have chosen to serve him will grow in his love, until they see him as he is.

Q. What do we mean by the last judgment?

A. We believe that Christ will come in glory and judge the living and the dead.

Q. What do we mean by the resurrection of the body?

A. We mean that God will raise us from death in the fullness of our being, that we may live with Christ in the communion of the saints.

Q. What is the communion of saints?

A. The communion of saints is the whole family of God, the living and the dead, those whom we love and those whom we hurt, bound together in Christ by sacrament, prayer, and praise.

Q. What do we mean by everlasting life?

A. By everlasting life, we mean a new existence, in which we are united with all the people of God, in the joy of fully knowing and loving God and each other.

Q. What, then, is our assurance as Christians?

A. Our assurance as Christians is that nothing, not even death, shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Amen.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Christian Hope

Jordan Legaspi

X The Church (Cts)

The Church

Q. What is the Church?

A. The Church is the community of the New Covenant.

Q. How is the Church described in the Bible?

A. The Church is described as the Body of which Jesus Christ is the Head and of which all baptized persons are members. It is called the People of God, the New Israel, a holy nation, a royal priesthood, and the pillar and ground of truth.

Q. How is the Church described in the creeds?

A. The Church is described as one, holy, catholic, and apostolic.

Q. Why is the Church described as one?

A. The Church is one, because it is one Body, under one Head, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Q. Why is the Church described as holy?

A. The Church is holy, because the Holy Spirit dwells in it, consecrates its members,
and guides them to do God's work.

Q. Why is the Church described as catholic?

A. The Church is catholic, because it proclaims the whole Faith to all people, to the end of time.

Q. Why is the Church described as apostolic?

A. The Church is apostolic, because it continues in the teaching and fellowship of the apostles and is sent to carry out Christ's mission to all people.

Q. What is the mission of the Church?

A. The mission of the Church is to restore all people to unity with God and each other in Christ.

Q. How does the Church pursue its mission?

A. The Church pursues its mission as it prays and worships, proclaims the Gospel,
and promotes justice, peace, and love.

Q. Through whom does the Church carry out its mission?

A. The church carries out its mission through the ministry of all its members.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Church

Jordan Legaspi

X The Creeds (Cts)

The Creeds

Q. What are the creeds?

A. The creeds are statements of our basic beliefs about God.

Q. How many creeds does this Church use in its worship?

A. This Church uses two creeds: The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed.

Q. What is the Apostles' Creed?

A. The Apostles' Creed is the ancient creed of Baptism;
it is used in the Church's daily worship to recall our Baptismal Covenant.

Q. What is the Nicene Creed?

A. The Nicene Creed is the creed of the universal Church and is used at the Eucharist.

Q. What, then, is the Athanasian Creed?

A. The Athanasian Creed is an ancient document proclaiming
the nature of the Incarnation and of God as Trinity.

The Trinity

Q. What is the Trinity?

A. The Trinity is one God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Q. What is the Trinity?

A. The Trinity is one God: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit

Q. What is the Holy Spirit

A. The Holy Spirit is the Third Person of the Trinity,
God at work in the world and in the Church even now.

Q. How is the Holy Spirit revealed in the Old Covenant?

A. The Holy Spirit is revealed in the Old Covenant as the giver of life,
the One who spoke through the prophets.

Q. How is the Holy Spirit revealed in the New Covenant?

A. The Holy Spirit is revealed as the Lord who leads us into
all truth and enables us to grow in the likeness of Christ.

Q. How do we recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit in our lives?

A. We recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit when we confess
Jesus Christ as Lord and are brought into love and harmony with God,
with ourselves, with our neighbors, and with all creation.

Q. How do we recognize the truths taught by the Holy Spirit?

A. We recognize truths to be taught by the Holy Spirit when
they are in accord with the Scriptures.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Creeds

Jordan Legaspi

X The Holy Scripture (Cts)

The Holy Scriptures

Q. What are the Holy Scriptures?

A. The Holy Scriptures, commonly called the Bible, are the books of the Old and New Testaments; other books, called the Apocrypha, are often included in the Bible.

Q. What is the Old Testament?

A. The Old Testament consists of books written by the people of the Old Covenant, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to show God at work in nature and history.

Q. What is the New Testament?

A. The New Testament consists of books written by the people of the New Covenant, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to set forth the life and teachings of Jesus and to proclaim the Good News of the Kingdom for all people.

Q. What is the Apocrypha? ?

A. The Apocrypha is a collection of additional books written by people of the Old Covenant, and used in the Christian Church.

Q. Why do we call the Holy Scriptures the Word of God?

A. We call them the Word of God because God inspired their human authors and because God still speaks to us through the Bible.

Q. How do we understand the meaning of the Bible?

A. We understand the meaning of the Bible by the help of the Holy Spirit, who guides the Church in the true interpretation of the Scriptures.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Holy Scripture

Jordan Legaspi

X The Ministry (Cts)

The Ministry

Q. Who are the ministers of the Church?

A. The ministers of the Church are lay persons, bishops, priests, and deacons.

Q. What is the ministry of the laity?

A. The ministry of lay persons is to represent Christ and his Church;
to bear witness to him wherever they may be; and, according to the gifts
given them,

to carry on Christ's work of reconciliation in the world;

and to take their place in the life, worship, and governance of the Church.

Q. What is the ministry of a bishop?

A. The ministry of a bishop is to represent Christ and his Church, particularly as
apostle,

chief priest, and pastor of a diocese; to guard the faith, unity,

and discipline of the whole Church; to proclaim the Word of God;

to act in Christ's name for the reconciliation of the world

and the building up of the Church; and to ordain others to continue Christ's
ministry.

Q. What is the ministry of a priest or presbyter?

A. The ministry of a priest is to represent Christ and his Church,
particularly as pastor to the people; to share with the bishop in the overseeing

of the Church; to proclaim the Gospel; to administer the sacraments;

and to bless and declare pardon in the name of God.

Q. What is the ministry of a deacon?

A. The ministry of a deacon is to represent Christ and his Church,
particularly as a servant of those in need; and to assist bishops
and priests in the proclamation of the Gospel and the administration of the
sacraments.

Q. What is the duty of all Christians?

A. The duty of all Christians is to follow Christ;

to come together week by week for corporate worship; and to work, pray,
and give for the spread of the kingdom of God.

Note:

Book XII

X The New Covenant (Cts)

The New Covenant

Q. What is the New Covenant?

A. The New Covenant is the new relationship with God given by Jesus Christ, the Messiah, to the apostles; and, through them, to all who believe in him.

Q. What did the Messiah promise in the New Covenant?

A. Christ promised to bring us into the kingdom of God and give life in all its fullness.

Q. What response did Christ require?

A. Christ commanded us to believe in him and to keep his commandments.

Q. What are the commandments taught by Christ?

A. Christ taught us the Summary of the Law and gave us the New Commandment.

Q. What is the Summary of the Law?

A. You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like it: You shall love your neighbor as yourself.

Q. What is the New Commandment?

A. The New Commandment is that we love one another as Christ loved us.

Q. Where may we find what Christians believe about Christ?

A. What Christians believe about Christ is found in the Scriptures and summed up in the creeds.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The New Covenant

Jordan Legaspi

X The Old Covenant (Cts)

The Old Covenant

Q. What is meant by a covenant with God?

A. covenant is a relationship initiated by God, to which a body of people responds in faith.

Q. What is the Old Covenant?

A. The Old Covenant is the one given by God to the Hebrew people.

Q. What did God promise them?

A. God promised that they would be his people to bring all the nations of the world to him.

Q. What response did God require from the chosen people?

A. God required the chosen people to be faithful; to love justice, to do mercy, and to walk humbly with their God.

Q. Where is this Old Covenant to be found?

A. The covenant with the Hebrew people is to be found in the books which we call the Old Testament.

Q. Where in the Old Testament is God's will for us shown most clearly?

A. God's will for us is shown most clearly in the Ten Commandments.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Old Covenant

Jordan Legaspi

X The Sacraments (Cts)

The Sacraments

Q. What are the sacraments?

A. The sacraments are outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace, given by Christ as sure and certain means by which we receive that grace.

Q. What is grace?

A. Grace is God's favor toward us, unearned and undeserved; by grace God forgives our sins, enlightens our minds, stirs our hearts, and strengthens our wills.

Q. What are the two great sacraments of the Gospel?

A. The two great sacraments given by Christ to his Church are Holy Baptism and the Holy Eucharist.

Holy Baptism

Q. What is Holy Baptism?

A. Holy Baptism is the sacrament by which God adopts us as his children and makes us members of Christ's Body, the Church, and inheritors of the kingdom of God.

Q. What is the outward and visible sign in Baptism?

A. The outward and visible sign in Baptism is water, in which the person is baptized in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace in Baptism?

A. The inward and spiritual grace in Baptism is union with Christ in his death and resurrection, birth into God's family the Church, forgiveness of sins, and new life in the Holy Spirit.

Q. What is required of us at Baptism?

A. It is required that we renounce Satan, repent of our sins, and accept Jesus as our Lord and Savior.

Q. Why then are infants baptized?

A. Infants are baptized so that they can share citizenship in the Covenant, membership in Christ, and redemption by God.

Q. How are the promises for infants made and carried out?

A. Promises are made for them by their parents and sponsors, who guarantee that the infants will be brought up within the Church, to know Christ and be able to follow him.

The Holy Eucharist

Q. What is the Holy Eucharist?

A. The Holy Eucharist is the sacrament commanded by Christ for the continual remembrance of his life, death, and resurrection, until his coming again.

Q. Why is the Eucharist called a sacrifice?

A. Because the Eucharist, the Church's sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, is the way by which the sacrifice of Christ is made present, and in which he unites us to his one offering of himself.

Q. By what other names is this service known?

A. The Holy Eucharist is called the Lord's Supper, and Holy Communion; it is also known as the Divine Liturgy, the Mass, and the Great Offering.

Q. What is the outward and visible sign in the Eucharist?

A. The outward and visible sign in the Eucharist is bread and wine, give and received according to Christ's command.

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace given in the Eucharist?

A. The inward and spiritual grace in the Holy Communion is the Body and Blood of Christ given to his people, and received by faith.

Q. What are the benefits which we receive in the Lord's Supper?

A. The benefits we receive are the forgiveness of our sins, the strengthening of our union with Christ and one another, and the foretaste of the heavenly banquet which is our nourishment in eternal life.

Q. What is required of us when we come to the Eucharist?

A. It is required that we should examine our lives, repent of our sins, and be in love and charity with all people.

Other Sacramental Rites

Q. What other sacramental rites evolved in the Church under the guidance of the Holy Spirit?

A. Other sacramental rites which evolved in the Church include confirmation, ordination, holy matrimony, reconciliation of a penitent, and unction.

Q. How do they differ from the two sacraments of the Gospel?

A. Although they are means of grace, they are not necessary for all persons in the same way that Baptism and the Eucharist are.

Q. What is Confirmation?

A. Confirmation is the rite in which we express a mature commitment to Christ, and receive strength from the Holy Spirit through prayer and the laying on of hands by a bishop.

Q. What is required of those to be confirmed?

A. It is required of those to be confirmed that they have been baptized,

are sufficiently instructed in the Christian Faith, are penitent for their sins, and are ready to affirm their confession of Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord.

Q. What is Ordination?

A. Ordination is the rite in which God gives authority and the grace of the Holy Spirit to those being made bishops, priests, and deacons, through prayer and the laying on of hands by bishops.

Q. What is Holy Matrimony?

A. Holy Matrimony is Christian marriage, in which the woman and man enter into a life-long union, make their vows before God and the Church, and receive the grace and blessing of God to help them fulfill their vows.

Q. What is Reconciliation of a Penitent?

A. Reconciliation of a Penitent, or Penance, is the rite in which those who repent of their sins may confess them to God in the presence of a priest, and receive the assurance of pardon and the grace of absolution.

Q. What is Uncction of the Sick?

A. Uncction is the rite of anointing the sick with oil, or the laying on of hands, by which God's grace is given for the healing of spirit, mind, and body.

Q. Is God's activity limited to these rites?

A. God does not limit himself to these rites; they are patterns of countless ways by which God uses material things to reach out to us.

Q. How are the sacraments related to our Christian hope?

A. Sacraments sustain our present hope and anticipate its future fulfillment.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Sacraments

Jordan Legaspi

X The Ten Commandments (Cts)

Q. What are the Ten Commandments?

A. The Ten Commandments are the laws give to Moses and the people of Israel.

Q. What do we learn from these commandments?

A. We learn two things: our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbors.

Q. What is our duty to God?

A. Our duty is to believe and trust in God;

I To love and obey God and to bring others to know him;

II To put nothing in the place of God;

III To show God respect in thought, word, and deed;

IV And to set aside regular times for worship, prayer, and the study of God's ways.

Q. What is our duty to our neighbors?

A. Our duty to our neighbors is to love them as ourselves,

and to do to other people as we wish them to do to us;

V To love, honor, and help our parents and family; to honor those in authority,

and to meet their just demands;

VI To show respect for the life God has given us; to work and pray for peace;

to bear no malice, prejudice, or hatred in our hearts;

and to be kind to all the creatures of God;

VII To use our bodily desires as God intended;

VIII To be honest and fair in our dealings; to seek justice, freedom,

and the necessities of life for all people;

and to use our talents and possessions as ones who must answer for them to God;

IX To speak the truth, and not to mislead others by our silence;

X To resist temptations to envy, greed, and jealousy;

to rejoice in other people's gifts and graces;

and to do our duty for the love of God, who has called us into fellowship with him.

Q. What is the purpose of the Ten Commandments?

A. The Ten Commandments were given to define our relationship with God and our neighbors.

Q. Since we do not fully obey them, are they useful at all?

A. Since we do not fully obey them,

we see more clearly our sin and our need for redemption.

Note:

Catholic Teaching Series, On The Ten Commandments

Jordan Legaspi

X* Ang Tawag Sa Nabul'

Ang tawag sa Nabul'

Ang adlaw hataas na niadtung taknaa
ang kalangitan daw hayag sama sa malalang mata
ug ang hangin ingon daw ginhawa sa gikapuy na mananap
didto sa kamingawan sa kabukiran

Sa pag-iturok na sa hari sa kalangitan
usa ka tawo kaliwat sa mga manglalangyaw
diin iyang mga lakang mihagorus
ug nagdalandalan sa mga pang-pang
arun sa pagtubag sa talagsa-ung tawag

Hangtud sa pikas bungtud ang maung hari mupahuway
apan ang mga tunob sa binuhat daw hilak-
kalipay sa mga yuta na iyang giagian
ug sa mga anak sa kinaiyahan nga balaan iya sa Amahan

Kay ang takna mao ang pagtubag
aa mahagitung adlaw
ug sa mga panganduy imposibling makab-ot
sa kanila na hinikawan apan bulahan
kay adlaw'g gabii gipanalanginan man

Note:

Little Bague, Malita, Davao del Sur, Phil. March 2005

Nabul' is a mountainous place, part of Little Bague, Malita, Davao del Sur, Philippines.

Jordan Legaspi

X* Bakit

Bakit

Sa mundong ibabaw, sila
Mga nilalang pag-unawa'y hanap
Umaga't gabi'y mga kamay kumakalinga
Pero nasaan ba? Sa daigdig maskarahan na!

Minsa'y sa paghatak ng ulan
Sa malabo kung mga mata, sila pa rin
Ligaw na kaluluwa'y pilit sa putik makaahon
Duguang mga paa langit pilit maabot

Init ng araw minsan ito'y masilayan
Halakhak at liyaw kahit papanu ito'y malasap
Sa pag-alis man di'y maipinta lang sa hangin
Kahit minsa'y malasap buhay na tunay

Ngunit sila'y nabigo dahil nga'y
Mga multo sa nakaraan nahukay
Pangit na mukha sa mundo ipininta't inukit
Sila'y nawa ang tanging hantunga'y kaylupit

Sila nga, ikaw at ako kaibigan
Putik sa mukha ating nakikita
Nakalimut mga tungkulin sa pagmamahal sa kapwa
Walang sino walang ano- ipadama lang ito

Bakit nga ba kaibigan ko?
Mga luha'y walang silbi mga bahid lang ng pait
Sa sariling mundo walang totoo
Kamay abot mo nilunod ako

Jordan Legaspi

X* Hulagway

Hulagway

Luyo sa pahiyum

Kasuko

Luyo sa kalipay

Kasubo

Luyo sa hudyaka

Pag-bangutan

Luyo sa pagkighigala

Kasilag

Luyo sa gugma

Pag-dumot

Luyo sa pag-too

Pag-duhaduha

Luyo sa pag-laum

Walay pasinsiya

Luyo ni ining tanan

Ikaw

Adunay kabilinggan...

Sa kinabuhi- sa pag-ila

Kanimo;

Anak

Igsoon

Higala

Hinigugma

Tawo

Note:

The hulagway is a cibvano word which literally means in English "picture".

The poem "Hulagway" portrays different masks that contour the face -the ways of covering the truth behind man's action and words.

Jordan Legaspi

X* Ina Ko

Ina ko

Lahat ng oras ikaw
Siyang gabay pagibig naguumapaw
Kahit anong hirap
Pawis maiahon nagsusumikap
Limot na ang sarili
Maisulong kinabukasan walang paki
Lahat ng sandali ikaw
O Inay ang lagi sa aki'y tumutulong
Gabi man o araw
Lagi kang nakamasid sa aki'y kumakalung
Sa makatuwid nga'y
Hindi na dapat ipaalala kay galing'
Mo o aking ina
Sa lahat ng panahon utang ko ito
Ikaw ang katulong
Sa halip magpahinga't makaidlip
Sarili di na naisip
Sa'yo Inay tunay mapagmahal
Bigay ka ng Maykapal

Note:

Dedicated to Mrs. Elsa Legaspi Cuestas

Jordan Legaspi

X* Kristohanon

Kristohanon

Sa ibabaw sa kalibutan
Ang dagway sa kahuyang
Kasobo ug mga pagmahay
Mauy kapildiyan ug kapukan sa dughan

Sa matag binuhat
Na nanganduy ug nagdamgo
Ug kabagohan sa panagway
Nga diin ang luha sama sa makusug na suba

Apan and katawa'g hudyaka
Mobalos nga way sama'g hilabihan
Daw ang matig-a na yuta
Mohatag sa kinabuhi sa tanaman

Dayun ang ulan mobisbis
Ngadto sa tanang giohaw
Sa pagpaabot sa iyang bulak ug abot
Samtang ang mga dahun niini nagalirung

Kay ang kasingkasing nanagsubu
Mokanta sa kalipay inobanan sa gogma'g pagsalig
Sa nagbuhat sa langit ug yuta
Diin nahimogso ang unang adlaw
sa tawo ug sa Dios ang himaya

Note:

The cibuanon word "Kristohanon" literally means in English "Christian".
The poem was dedicated to the people of Little Bague, Malita, Davao del Sur,
Philippines.

Jordan Legaspi

X* Misyun

Misyun

Sama sa kinaiyahan
Sa wa pa mahimugso ang tawo
Sa langit nahisulat na ang tanan
Ug dili na mapapas kay kini kinaadman man

Sa mga mata sa pangandoy
Sama sa mg bungtod
Ug bukid mga labung pa sa mga kahoy
Ug iyang mga gamot daw dili maibut

Bisan paman ang makusog na hangin
Mohapak ug mokusokuso
Apan ang gugma'g paglaum magpabilin
Kay sa kahitasan kini inubanan

Sa mga tiil sa mga buhat

Daw mahanaw- kuno wala nay bili
Ug bisan linog mudaot sa iyang dalan
Ug ang kangitngit mulamoy'g mokaon niini

Apan kay didto sa kahitasan
Ang tanan laraw daw sukod ug hagit
Na ikaw binuhat alagad sa simbahan
Gikan sa pagsubang sa adlaw hangtod kini mahanaw

Kay ang maong panaw sa kinabuhi
Maoy palad kanimo- tawo ikaw instrumento
Sa pagpadayag sa gugmang hingpit
Ug walay sukod ngadto sa imong isigkatawo

Jordan Legaspi

X* Salamat

Salamat

Sa akong pamilya
Nga diin unang hagit kanako
Sa panaw nga walay pagmahay
Hangtod sa kalipay ug kasubo
Ako andam sa pagpadayon

Sa akong mga higala
Nga sa matag gabii sa akong kinabuhi
Anaa sila
Daw walay kakapoy
Sa matag karon ug unya sila uban kanako

Sa akong mga hinigugma
Mitabang kanako sa pag-ila
Sa akong kahuyang ug kaligon
Sa matag higayon sa akong pagbati

Sa mga two nga akong nahimamat
Sa paglawig sa kinabuhi sila miagak
Kanakano sila nahimong instrumento
Alang sa paglambo ug pagtobo

Ug labaw sa tanan
Kaniya nga atong Dios
Tuboran sa kinabuhi
Bisan paman sa pagduhaduha
Siya anaa nagabantay kanako

Jordan Legaspi

Xxx...Files

XXX...files

...the world gone mad: All- the you; the me! ! !

"Talk to me about the problem that you are experiencing.
The answer lies within you,
and by using the talking process it will come to resolve itself"

"Your screaming about the pain is very 'childish.'
You need to ignore the 'parent' messages from your mind
and begin to respond with maturity as an 'adult.'
You need to rewrite the 'script' of your life".

"Here are some dolls and a thumbtack.
Would you please use them and show me what is happening to you? '

"Punishment and Reward;
the candies in exchange of your pain".

"I can see that your whole body is involved with your pain.
There must be a significant goal or purpose for all of your behavior"

"Please share your thoughts with the entire group.
They will help you work through your pain".

"Let your hurt and pain out...scream about all the pain.
Strike your pillow".

"Let's bring your pain into the here and now.
Use your imagination and place your pain in this empty chair.
Now talk to your pains let it know how you feel about it.
Next, switch places with your pain.
You became your pain and talk back to yourself".

"Change you negative belief system and have a positive thoughts".

"We need to look at your family system
and network and see how it is influencing your present pain.

You were a victim of child abuse and had most likely suffered emotional, physical, and sexual abuse”.

“Your pain in near your sexual organ, you have a sexual problem”.

“...trust to God and things will be fine;
offer the things that troubles you in prayer and God will hear you- will deliver you;
God is the eternal healer...

Friends the truth is, none of us is free from pain and sorrow.
We are all wounded from our experiences:
from our family life to our community affairs;
from our circle of friends to our acquaintances;
from our personal and close relationships to our own selves.

Friends the reality is, we are capable of hurting other people- the human tendency.

Therefore let us...

Acknowledge our strength and potential-

let us use it to build healthy relationship starting from our selves and to other selves.

Be aware of our limitation and weakness-

let us not change it rather master it and not allowing it to over power us.

Be open to the possibility of growth and maturity coming from our past experiences.

Be willing to live life as simple as possible- the kind of life that has...

love to who I am and to what I have;

faith to “one and eternal” who is above me and to all that is and was and to be;

hope for what is good and best for ourselves and for the whole community.

Be honest and humble to admit failure and mistakes-
and willing enough to continue life’s journey...

...the mud got his world: All- the you; the me! ! !

Note:

The following “XXX...files” were different theories taken from the Discipline of Psychology- the attempt to study-understand the human behavior. These

theories are as well tools (therapy) to minimize if not to eliminate the effect of the unpleasant experiences-abuses (during our childhood) to "man's" present condition.

(Dumaguete City, Negros Oriental, Phil.2008)

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # I

Forever oh God-divine
Amen; amen, amen
I am Your child
The lost and now found
Human though weak and blind

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # II

Holy is Your name oh God-divine
Out of nothing created man
Pain and sorrow, though
Everyday and in all times; the blessing is You

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Iii

Life and death oh God-divine
Ode, to man's growth
Vail of Your holiness, Amen
Err is forgiven; made him worth

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Iv

Peoples and nations are wary
Every rumors of war, confusion
And of conflict consumed- the weary
Children of malice we become
Evil- the unwise; we enthrone

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # IX

Oaf and that how I see it
Before them all
Every command I felt
Deeply uncomfortable;
It seems to me
Every request, a manipulation
No, it is absurdity
Cannot be me, with their exploitation
End of it- Bah, superior-inferior story

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # V

Just take what you need
Under the oath of truth
Share what you have
The virtue of respect
Is the value of acceptance
Children of God-divine
Equal both man and woman

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Vi

Hundreds and thousand
Of relationships failed
Noted with lies
Every detail reap tears
Saying otherwise
To excuse; to justify
Yoke of; between you and I

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Vii

Goodies

Entrap

Noble men;

Ensnare

Rulers and ministers;

Over all these years

Some cannot

In pure motivation

The act of giving

Yet, the mask of lying

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Viii

How could I earn
Ungainly it seems
My name is respected
In my own class is praised;
Lavish
In any ways
The wealth I gain and posses.
Yet though, I need to learn

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # X

Come and see
Heart that is in gloom
And who is in great poverty
Remember
It is in your hands
The giving that you'll receive more
Yes! It is a "spirituality"

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Xi

Weak though, eager to learn
Intelligence does not mean not ignorant
Simple, however elegant in nature
Days to come is important, but today is significant
Of change: for growth; for maturity
Me and you, this, must to possess

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Xii

Knit by fate from birth to death
In the midst of all the lands
Nay excuse from health or wealth
Does; the hour of my hands
Nay act is great, but what to be felt
Even little love; simple gestures
Sharing is indeed an act of faith
Sharing therefore is God's grace

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic # Xiii

Goodness is all about You:

The Being; The Highest Intelligence; The Prime Mover

Owe and wonder is all the mystery of You:

The Man Like; The Father Figure; The Creator

Day and night I pondered, reflected and prayed to You:

The Healer; The Protector; The Savior

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic Xiv

Day and night you are watching
Even intelligence, power, and wealth
Alas! Cannot hold your passing
The pilgrimage it seems
Hell or Heaven; is the awaiting

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic Xv

Hail peoples –the man and woman of the age
Across time and space, I was, Is, and Am
The face behind the virtue, the mask of a sage
Ears listen to my voice; sinners and saints come

Jordan Legaspi

Y Acrostic Xvi

Law -to guide man
In his duty and responsibility -
Be free and equal
Endowment, therefore,
Reason and emotion
Thus, to bridge the individuality
Yoke of God -to all.

Jordan Legaspi

Yesterday Once More

When I was young I dream of fairies and fantasies
Waiting that day I would be a wizard or a noble prince
Then long days becomes night I thought I am in adventure
What a happy day a beautiful life I could say
Yet that was long ago the sweetness that echoes
And wonder how they would be
The memories of knight the dragon and all the fun
A long lost friend I though I am

When I was young I wish to be with the rainbows and bliss
The place of candies and toys; full of chocolates and kisses
But thunder came and tears the heaven till it fell
Oh! The castle I will see it never again
Cannot enter into it, for me too impossible
The doors are shut the fortress are broken
Bah what ending for my fantasy- the fantasy no more
Flooded with darkness and no one cares

When I was young everything is in my mind
The laughter of the prince- that colorful rainbow
And the echo of the sweet song of the little man
That I thought will never die- that to the air flies
Only to his noble thrown seated and gazes
To the endless fantasy of every young like me

Jordan Legaspi

Youth's Madness And Cure

People passed the ruin of youth
Along the journey the shadow of thought
Crept seeking for souls anytime will be caught
Fearless creature beyond sooth

Fullness of life like a seed it sprouts
Press each memory the deepness of guilt
The four corners called into one yet time sought
While countenance ideal someone's oath

We're the miserable from the countryside's boat
Flesh live- the cry hays vote after vote
Crush all babe bone on mother earth
Flew in to thin air the gods give no breath

Sink willing to raise again a big whit
Build of human mask all bear footed
Gaea the cause of all to woman pain's writhe
While will-wishers wild blows as colt
Nay senses nay faculties but the will is polluted

Identity the human band oh but
The image of the world had fought
Then in as elution to the great moot
Thy yes while sire wore a big mouth

Black and white offered handful of tooth
Seductive figure a sleepy goat
Scene by scene rock of smile the mountain pitch
Either him or noble cheviot

Account of history in Jupiter's belt
But to him mark the tasteful of guilt
The ever lasting body's dispute
Bah only the day was but perhaps I was right

Jordan Legaspi

Youth's Nightmare

Sweet surrender on the river side
In the morning to the shadow of moon dust
Near and far misses the Dog Star
That used to collect the youth here and there
A Frog Horn blown wild and cold
For you to remember the river side

Up come a coaster fast yet silent in the night
No money in the jacket and in the jeans'
To give for any ticket for a ride to hide
See them now on the railway remember all was
They walk into the darkness cast from the light
Time no longer a glance indeed a chance of joy
Think too many yeas was in
that scene from the river side

Melancholy a fear of yesteryears
Remember the offer that I would say
But sure not that man I used to be
Since knew you quite different as the river flow
Let's go down deep to the promises
Bah, alas all they left the empty seat
As soon go feeling was in the river side

Jordan Legaspi

Zed

Temperamental joker and that's what you are
Make the world of your own in some other time
But watching each day annoying they strange peer
Going to north or south no idea where, but just fine
Smile to begin the long journey wear a face of frown
Walking so fast but no direction at all;
But one thing is for sure to be hero so soon
An act of service cannot be but to you all
One is for fun while other is tough and rogue
But anyway with unique feeling of hope and love
Hatred may rage but kindness will not leave them
The journey for a child to be home alive
 Zed the lost guy and the Mammoth have the reason to live
 And Diego who wants revenge but learn how to love

Note:

Zed was adopted from the famous animation "Ice Age 1".

Jordan Legaspi

Zero-Echelon

Zero-Echelon

Man...

Image and likeness, humility and pride
-the head and the heart, master
-the love and the hate, endure
before knowledge and wisdom collide.

Myth...

Pantheon of face and fame
here and beyond-everywhere
of the tale, now and forever
before faith and doubt consume them.

Poetry...

Beauty and beast like water and wine
of the spoken, unknown mysteries
beyond tongue to tell the stories
before the end of err to man, of god is divine.

Philosophy...

Awe and wonder to the beyond
of the was, the is, and to be
reality- the cross of diversity
before what birth and death will amend.

Science...

Theory and praxis; fact and fiction
discipline, branches of its kind
study- the account of proof, grand
before question and answer reached its conclusion.

God...

Horizon, wide and full of expression
symbol and sign both rich and poor truly
to capture nay; to posses cannot be
before time and space, mystery, comic's devotion.

Note:

The author believed that the journey of man starts from myth and ends up to science. The reality between birth and death is however, the account of man's life- the connection/relation of man and God. The Zero-Echelon speaks about the development of this relation. The man's attempt in answering/explaining the reality of things including his and God's existence, but cannot be put into the absolute-truth, is simply the principle of cosmic evolution (each day is another account to continue-complete the creation story to reach the "Omega point" as Chardin in his book Phenomenon of Man stated) .

Jordan Legaspi