

Poetry Series

**Kenneth Cabauatan**  
**- poems -**

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## Kenneth Cabauatan(06/21/2015)

KC is a lazy writer who gets to write only when the muse tickles him. His style of writing has varied for the last 15 years that he has been writing; from the loquacious neophyte, until the simplistic and oft-times sardonic.

From written word, he is now dabbling into spoken word, thus, the subtle changes to his newer poems.

# Ang Muling Pamamaalam Ni Rizal

paalam, putang inang bayan!  
sinayang nyo lang ang aking unang kamatayan  
pinilit maging malaya  
laban sa mga kastila  
ngunit nagpapaudyok parin sa mga utos ng mga prayle  
na kadalasan wala naman sa bibliya.

putang ina mo andres, ikaw ba'y nahihibang  
binansagan ba namang republika ng katagalugan  
pinilit ipinagsisiksik; bisaya, ilokano at mga muslim  
na kanya-kanyang mayrong sariling wika, kultura at pagiisip.

gago ka rin, dakilang emilio  
na mas pinili pang pakinggan ang mga udyok ng mga traydor  
tulad ni paterno. alam naman ng lahat na dating maka-kastila  
at ngayon maka-amerikano. sinayang mo lang ang pinaglalaman  
nina andres at ni antonio. lihim mo man silang pinaslang,  
ngunit mga sigaw nila napakinggan ng inang bayan.

ano bang nakain mo manuel, at bakit mo pa pinagkalat,  
na gustuhin mo pang mapamunuan tulad ng impierno  
ang pinas kesa mapalangit na pamumuno ng mga kano.  
di mo ba alam na ang karamihan natin ay tanga  
sa isang demokrasyang hangad, tulad na lang sa iniidolong amerika.  
kung hinayaan na lang sana muna at unti-unting pag-aralan  
at sa mga susunod na henerasyon ay ito ipaubaya  
kung kelan patas na lahat, mahirap man o mayaman.  
patas sa pagiisip at sa pag unawa, na ang tunay na kalayaan  
ay may kinauukulang kabayaran.

sa mga prayle naman, sana mapunta kayo sa impierno,  
ang bansa ay inyong nilapastangan sa huwad nyong mga turo.  
na dapat daw, sundin lahat ng inyong mga utos  
kahit minsan di naman totoo, pero sabi nyo utos daw ng diyos.  
sa inyong ginagawa, parang inuulit-ulit nyo lang pinako si kristo sa krus.  
mga indulhensya, na may kapalit na pera  
para daw, kung kami mamatay, sa langit kami ipagpala.  
di nyo ba alam o kayo'y nagbubulag-bulagan lang;  
ang sabi ng diyos na siya lamang ang daan

pero sa inyong kalokohan, gumawa ng paraan  
para ilihis ang inyong mga deboto tungo sa kapahamakan.  
mag-alay daw ng tributo para sa mga santo,  
pero sa mga bulsa nyo lang napupunta ang mga ito, kayong mga gago.

kayong mga prayle, mga ministro  
isa kayo sa mga dahilan kung bakit ang mga tao,  
mapaghusga at madaling mauto, sa mga pangako ng mga politiko  
di naman masama ang tumulong sa mga maralita  
pero wag nyo namang gawing palaging mahirap ang mga dukha  
papagaralin nyo sila ng tama sa inyong mga paaralan  
na konti man o libre ang bayad, para sila ay maturuan  
kung pano mamuhay ng marangal at di umaasa sa limos  
dahil edukasyon lang ang katapat laban sa paghihikahos.

kayo namang mga buwisit na pulitiko  
kayong nagpapasasa sa pera ng bansa  
imbes na mapupunta sa mga magagandang proyekto  
ay napupunta sa wala.  
porke't kalaban sa politika, hindi nyo tinatapos  
ang mga nasimulan ng dating nakaupo.  
sisirain muna, at gagawa ng panibago  
para lamang mga pangalan nyo ang babango.  
kayo kayo rin ang nagbabangayan, kung sino ang kurakot  
at kayo lang daw ang santo, putang ina nyong lahat,  
lahat kayo ay mga singalot, tama na ang pagnanakaw  
sa mga binayad ng buwis. wag na kayong magturuan  
lahat naman kayo'y sangkot.

kayo naman, mga mamamayang pilipino  
dapat matuto na rin kayo, parakayong mga gago.  
piliin din ninyo, kung sino ang totoo,  
totoong naglilingkod sa bayan na walang kabayaran  
kundi yung binabayad bilang sweldo sa mga serbisyo nito.  
at putang ina naman, dapat matuto na rin kayong bumangon,  
para di naman palaging maging dukha at pabigat  
ng mga tunay na nagtratabaho at nagaambag  
para mapabuti ang takbo ng ating bayan.

at kayo mga kabataan talaga naman,  
mag-study man lang konti, wag panay facebook o coc  
ang laman,

ng inyong mga utak para sa kinabukasan, ay mapakinabangan.  
imbes na sa mga magulang, kayo palaging umaasa,  
pag nasa kolehiyo na, magworking student ka na.  
para maranasan mo kung pano kumita  
at hindi panay droga, at kalandian ang inyong inaatubili.  
maawa naman kayo sa mga magulang ninyo  
di nyo nga naman kasalanan, kung bakit kayo nandito  
pero dapat rin kayong matutong maghanapbuhay  
kasi paggradweyt ninyo, madiskarte na kayo sa buhay.

hala sige, at ang ipad ko'y malapit ng mapundi,  
sa mga litanya kong dapat sana maiksi  
pasensya na po, sa aking mga dalamhati  
bago ako mamamalam muli makapag selfie nga muna,  
para di lang sa luneta nyo ako makikita.  
kasi ang sopi ngayon wala ng kwenta.

paalam, putang inang bayan, paalam muli.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Angel

perchance, the fabric of time and space unfold,  
a being is shown, an angel of old.  
trancendent throughout eternity,  
far-reaching throughout infinity.

your pains he'll take and rest he'll give.  
neither loves and gives joy you perceive.  
to flames or paradise, he'll take you there.  
depending on the life you've fared.

'come, my darling, hold my hand.  
together away, we'll fly from this land'.  
time can only tell you when it'll come to this.  
neither you or anybody can resist his first and final kiss.

will you seek this angel every now and then,  
whenever troubles come, that's beyond your ken?  
his final offer, will you accept,  
will you take the hand of the angel whose name is death?

Kenneth Cabauatan

## Another Listless Prose

Flowers, candies and things so dear,  
Poems and paeans, you won't even care to hear;  
I used to yearn for you and sing you lullabies  
But now dear fickle, I'm bidding you good bye;

Gone now, are the roses and chocolates  
and then again, sweet nothings and moonlit dates  
Forget about fairy tales and Cupid's arrows  
Damn those subtle lies, stupid Romeos borrow

Another listless prose, as it may seem,  
No flowery thoughts, nor sugar and cream;  
Only stale and rancid caffeine boost,  
One thing my dear, for all of these, all is still not lost.

No ifs and buts, and secrets left unspoken,  
Only heartaches untended and promises broken.  
Vague delusions of happy endings come to nothing;  
One kiss good-bye isn't even worth remembering.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Aylan's Cry

don't leave me!  
mama, baba, hold me for I am scared  
with the rising water-walls  
and the cold dark sky sometimes lit  
by a sudden bright twisted light,  
and the loud noisy boom that follows it.

you promised me;  
mama and baba,  
you've told me that we're goin' on a boat ride  
to a new land and see once again the bright blue sky,  
away from the bad men whose shinies  
that turns red when they swing them  
at any little boys and girls, and mamas and babas.  
you told me that where we go, flowers bloom and grow  
and children like me can once again run and play.

at first i laughed and squealed,  
everytime the small boat went up and down.  
at first i saw you smiled and then wondered why you suddenly frowned.  
then i saw in the distance  
the white cotton clouds turning grey, and the water-walls around us rising  
and i felt the cold slaps of the roaring wind, and you dear mama,  
your smiles turned to cries, while you held me tighter.  
like this is our last goodbye.

hold me and don't let go;  
comfort me, mama and baba,  
tell me that the new land is near,  
hold me tight and kiss me, for they take away my fear.  
why is the sea angry baba, is it because we went away?  
why is the world angry baba, when all i wanted is to play.  
soothe me mama, sing to me once more.

crack! we hit something, and then you were gone  
i went under, and see nothing but black,  
when i rose again, i see no one, but i have heard your cry  
where are you, mama and baba, i don't know how to swim.  
i can not reach the bottom, and the walls come crashing in.

i am slowly falling, i'm tired of getting back.

i am slowly losing air, mama and baba  
but you were nowhere near.

i can still hear you faintly in the distance,  
and i really wish that you were here.

somewhere deep within me, something felt like it's leaving  
maybe it's the little big boy inside me, maybe, i don't know.  
yet all i hear right now, is him saying, don't forget me.

don't forget me mama, for now, i'm going home...

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Bibingkang Biyak

maari ba'ng i-hambing ang pagibig sa bibingkang biyak?  
may hiwa sa gitna, tila wasak na wasak.  
ma-amoy, mapanghi, animoy pan-lasa, 'di mo mawangis,  
kung matikman mo lang, ito'y walang ka-paris.

sin-tulad nito ang pinag-tagpi-tagpi kong puso.  
ilang beses nagmahal, maraming beses nabigo.  
ilang beses nadapa, ngunit bumabangon pa rin at umaasa,  
sana balang-araw, darating ang tunay na pag-ibig at pagsinta.

ang pag-gawa ng bibingka'y hindi madali.  
sa gitna ng nagbabagang uling, ito'y naka-binhi.  
oras ang bilangan upang malaman kung tama ang timpla,  
upang malaman kung ito'y luto na, pindutin ang gitna, dapat ito'y di mamasa-  
masa.

tulad ng bibingka ang puso kong ito.  
buhat ito sa mapait na mga ala-ala na dinanas ko.  
punit na punit, wasak na wasak; pangit man sa paningin.  
ngunit hindi ito hadlang upang ika'y iibigin.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Bingkang Liki

ang gugma ko kanimo, murag bingka nga liki,  
bahong aslom, pero diay, perting ka-lami.  
pagong man sa taas, ug sa ilalom, sunog,  
pero sa tunga ni-ini, perti ka hinlo.  
parehas lang kini, sa kasing-kasing ko  
nga dugay nang siak, tungod sasakit nga kaniadto.  
ug kung ang panan-aw mo, maot ang kabuhi ko,  
pero unta matilawan ang katam-is nga gugma ko kanimo.

ingon nila, mas maayo pa daw ang puto, kai kini putli,  
ang sa ako lang mas manindot ang bingka nga liki.  
kai ang puto man, pag kan-on, mahurot dayon sa pag lamon,  
ang bingka, lami tila-an ug paghinay, ug sa pagkitkit, dugay hutdon.  
parehos lang kini sa gugma nga hinay-hinay ug pag-galmon.  
mao kini, nga ang tinood, ang gugma dili pagdalidali-on,  
kai kung kini dinali-dali, dali sad malanay, ug sa mga wanang anuron.

ang tima-ilhan nga ang gugma sakto lang,  
parehos lang kini sa bingkang gihinay-hinay ug pag-atang.  
kung sa bingka pa, iduot imo tudlo sa liki,  
ug kung kini, maypagka basa, ug na-ay mo pilit, hilaw pa kini.  
kai kung ang pagbati, wala pa sa saktong panahon, dali lang mahanaw  
huwata lang gyud nga kini nga maluto ug tarong sa pag abot sa adlaw.  
ang bingkang liki, bisag maot tan-awon,  
tilawi lang gayud, kai lami gyud intawon.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Death By Batirol

i fell in love with you, at the first taste;

you beckon me, like a whore from araneta -

"come hither, nay not thither, let's share our passion for the night,  
for a cheap price, let's revel like lovers in delight"

but oh, how can i love you?

you are dark as mud, as dark yet rich, like sin;

you drawn me near, with your earthy and sensuous aroma.

oh, how heavenly your scent is. and you draw me nearer like a dog  
drawn naturally by a bone.

oh your warmth, it delights me, like a hearth on a cold december night.

like a warm woman's body, you entice me, making me wanting to touch you,  
feel you, like feeling a woman's breast, kissing her red, full lips, and feel the  
warmth of the flesh between her legs.

i tasted you for the first time;

you are at first, bitter, like memories of a broken heart; you evoke my saddest  
ruminations, the loss of a beloved. the first taste, bitter, but slowly evolving to  
sweetness, like the luscious kisses of a paramour. lips upon lips, tongue upon  
tongue. the first taste brings out a cacophony of feelings and emotions, the  
taste of warm chocolate.

i savour you,

your every scent and every taste from a cup of warm batirol-seared chocolate;  
like lovers on a warm steamy night, we make love.

every sip, like a slow penetrating thrust; slowly, yet surely, we waltz into the  
night,

dark as sin, yet tastes like heaven.

all good things have their end, and you my dear, is almost fully consumed.

with one last orgasmic gulp, i cherished you. let your final taste linger for a few  
moments and sear your delightful offering into my heart. i may have finished my  
drink, but you have left me wanting for more.

i ordered another cup.



# Dreaming Of Utopia

i yearn for a world devoid of struggle,  
where peoples are one, respectful of other people.  
where bonds transcend gender, colors, beliefs, and creeds.  
a world devoid of wants, and people live simply with their needs.

i would love to walk along the streets, unhindered by fear.  
tread along the pathways safely, something, i long so dear.  
let the place i live upon, be absent of violence, crimes, and hate.  
across divides, let the peoples be united, living as one blissful state.

if only in this world, no one lives in hunger.  
everybody learns to share their resources, no matter how meager.  
let no single child be abandoned, un-cared and unwanted.  
let the whole world be one big village; foster everyone, and care be warranted.

but no, this world, i realized, is only just a dream;  
with all the chaos, hopeless as it may seem.  
people fighting, nations warring, where can peace reside?  
when will this ocean of blood and tears subside?

when will this world be healed from strife?  
when will the people stop sending others to the after-life?  
when will this world be truly free?  
all those questions i'm asking, i hope, it's not just me?

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Empty Stage, A Nonet For Chester Bennington

people sway to your poignant ballads,  
for you, it's but an empty stage.  
your songs bring you all the pain.  
short though your life may be,  
but hope you've given.  
to all who's hurt.  
still, you were  
gone too  
soon.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Eos' Garden

Tonight we'll share the heavens;  
Souls knitted into one,  
Fly together we, the ochre moontrails,  
on gossamer wings.

The decanter overflows with nectar;  
its sweetness permeates the ethereal void,  
like ephemeral orbs when touched  
by the hands of a child.

The secret Garden's lit by Eos' mirth;  
polychromatic hues emanate from glassine showers;  
Gait filling the place, radiating in splendor,  
Warming every psyche in its solace.

Silence may, yet rule the void;  
Plenary peace acquiesced e'en for a nanosecond.  
Then from some aperture, a tiny tingle crescendos,  
as the angelic host thunder their majestic heralds.

Come with me now my beloved;  
Dry I your tears with lotus petals,  
Come with me now, reach out your hand  
and together we'll share a millennium in a succinct moment  
in this paradise called DREAMS.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# For Aylan

don't forget me;  
my fight has left me,  
drifting on the aegean  
away from the fires of heathens,  
yet swallowed by the deep,  
never to be amongst the free.  
fight for me;  
not just with guns nor bullets.  
sing my passing for the world to hear,  
that i had left my home to be free,  
away from strife, death and tyranny.  
let others live a life free from fear.  
don't pity me, no more;  
though i have passed on, i am free.  
just bury me under the ground,  
and place a simple marker and flowers on its mound.  
let our names be your banners; let them fly.  
spell the name of freedom in the sky,  
that future generations in it will live.  
let it be the legacy our struggle will give.  
don't forget me.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Good Riddance

good bye, good riddance.

'tis good to be free.

our tear-logged baggage of mem'ries, i toss to the sea.

past is done; what's done is gone, we're strangers to each other, you and me.

look far and yonder, another, you may yet see.

deign, deign, for the joy with him you'd share. thanks, but no thanks,

i won't fucking care.

but should you desire,

for a re-run with me,

care to look around the corner, perhaps i may be sitting, waiting for you.

let's just wait and see.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# I Write Not For The Pleasure Of Others;

i write not For the pleasUre of others;  
meters and rhythms they're blights to my style.  
i Care not what they think, just To be clear.

sHare not your Ideals, it doeSn't matter.  
How I wriTe's My own; i ain't in denial.  
i write nOt for the pleasure of oTHERs.

though my words seem coming From the gUtters,  
and their poems bests mine for thousands of miles.  
i Care not what they think, just to bE cleaR.

Good for you, if yOu think you are better,  
my style will get betTer after a while.  
i write nOt for the pleasure of oTHERs.

Lest they think, i'm no better for Letters,  
My wOrk and THEiRs will never reconcile.  
i care not what they think, just to be clear.

i won't Fear them, sUrely, i have no fear.  
for why do i Care, i Keep not their smiles.  
i writE not foR the pleaSure of others.  
i care not what they think, just to be clear.

Kenneth Cabautan

# If You Do Not Love Me

i can tell you only one thing,  
my sight searches for you,  
like the dawn searching for the  
orange hue of the waking sun.

i love you,  
not just because you are the portrait  
the muses dote on;  
the brightest stars may,  
shed their infinite radiance to you my dear;  
but you to me, are my endless light,  
a light that refreshes my ageing soul.  
and you, my beloved, are seared into my heart;  
like an oxbrand that tames a maverick.

if you do not love me,  
do not befriend me.  
for every moment that you stay on,  
my love for you will,  
like a flame on a candle that  
continues to light on till i am no more,  
and i will go on being drawn to you as a moth, being  
drawn to its demise; the fiery light that proved false.

instead, my dear,  
toss me into the deepest chasm  
where the roaring tempests will wash away,  
all my lingering thoughts of you.  
until little by little, i shall stop remembering  
that you were once, my yearning.  
and once i forgot you my darling,  
you will no longer be my haunt.

but before my impalpable longing,  
for you, my sweet, turns to ashes,  
let me tell you this;  
yet, you were the hope, that led me to  
nowhere, you were still, the hope that kept me on.  
and after that, mon amie, i shall have stopped

loving you.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# In Memoriam, Through A Cigarette Stick

i lit one cigarette;  
a cryptic background music lulls me,  
bringing me back where we first pledged our love.  
love so pure and innocent, un-mired by any sensuous aspiration,  
not wanting more, but just a gentle kiss from your loving lips,  
and a warm embrace that seems to last a lifetime.

every trailing puff, from my dwindling stick, it beckons,  
bringing out every single memory of you.  
your smiles, your touch and your gentle gazes;  
every single smoke brings out a bitter, yet sweet after-thought;  
where we could be together, once again to renew our vows.

oh how delectable this narcosis is,  
where you and i, once again become one, and me, once more,  
reaching out to touch you, to kiss you, and smell your sweet perfume,  
for you, my dear, are seared into my heart, never dying, never to disappear. oh  
how sweet it is, to be with you once again.

time is, but a hassle.  
my pensive thoughts, like the cigarette i'm nurturing,  
is slowly diminishing into nothing. all my wishes, and fancies, drifting  
to another void.

i lit another cigarette.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Let The Rain Sing

The rain sings her adieu;  
her surreal scent, her every smile  
her very essence drowned by heaven's  
teardrops, while her memories remain:  
boxed in mylar.

&gt;

The rain sings her adieu.  
But how can one not forget her?  
How her kisses lingers longer than  
St. Elmo's fire, and the feel of  
her touch refreshes every second, and  
renews every hour.

&gt;

The rain sings her adieu.  
Lightning growls and thunder flashes;  
and every teardrop vainly tried,  
to ease the pain of losing her.  
Vainly too the hours, trying every second  
to return back to the very moment where  
time has finally called her to his bosom;  
failing vainly to appease him with their  
pleas.

&gt;

The rain sings her adieu.  
But what is love without her?  
To cherish every moment without her,  
to live in bliss sans her, and looking  
forward not having her?  
Oh what purpose is existing when she's but  
in another realm.

&gt;

The rain sings her adieu.  
And beyond the horizon appears,  
The colourful band of a promise-  
despite her absence, her memories will  
but forever be etched in through the hearts of those  
who truly love her.



# Limutin Man Kita, Ngunit

maari bang kalimutin,  
na tayo'y naging tayo, minsan?  
kailangan pa bang kwentahin  
kung ilang batya na ang napuno  
ng mga luhang lumagas  
mula sa ating mga mata?  
nawa, tumahan na sa pagtaghoy  
ang mga puso natin sa isa't-isa  
kung kelan uhaw ang mga ito  
ng pag-ibig ng iba.

ngunit...

pinipilit ko mang limutin  
mga masasarap nating ala-ala,  
nakatatak pa rin sa puso ko,  
pangalan mo, wangis mo;  
ikaw ay nakaburda sa pinakalamnan,  
at burahin ka, o kayahirap magawa.

bakit...

lasap ko pa rin  
ang mga matatamis mong mga halik?  
mga labi mo, ramdam pa rin ng mga labi ko.  
kahit mga bisig ko, ay niyayakap ng iba,  
mga yakap mo pa rin ay aking nadarama.

subalit...

puso ko ngayon, pagmamay-ari na  
ng iba;  
minamahal ko siya, ngunit mas mahal  
pa rin kita.  
nawa naging bato na lang ako,  
para madali ka ng mabura.  
sasabihin ko na lang, kalimutan na lang kita..  
ngunit, sa loob ng diwa ko,  
mahal na mahal pa rin kita.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Longing

Incessant longings sail on my ocean of tears,  
The thoughts of you lingering,  
the loss of you sears the heart like the branding of an ox.

Reading back the memories, like reading from the end  
to the beginning of a pocketbook;  
Pictures flitter beckoning the past, but alas,  
You already have moved on.

I count every second, of every moment, of each fleeting  
day;  
Groveling past every inch, holding on to every crevices,  
I try to climb away from this endless abyss with nothing  
more than a fragment of your loving memory to go back to where my heart is;  
within your Heart.

I pray to God, my beloved;  
Let a single strand of my harrowing yet hopeful whispers tingle  
your heart of hearts for forgiveness.  
Like a live ember, let it burst forth and consume all your hatred  
of me, then like a hearth from the cold let it stoke a love renewed.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Love, Amiss

She dwells in my innermost  
sanctum;  
her imaginary smiles, her touch, her being, her love,  
enliven my thoughts-  
effervescent pearldrops, they water the pastures  
of my parched mind

She doesn't like me:  
but oh, how I adore her.  
From the distance, I see her; through the binoculars of my soul.  
She's the joy that brings life to those surrounding her,  
while i wallow in dearth.

Oh how I love her;  
without her knowing so.  
Flickers of hope warm this freezing cell.  
Even though she may detest me,  
it still doesn't matter.  
Despite all these, in the deepest shadows,  
will I continue to love her

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Makapahiwagad Ba Ang Mahigugma?

napalaw ka kanako;  
kay lagi, naninguha ko kanimo.  
makapalaw ba ang mudayeg sa imong katahum?  
ikaw, inday, ang nagakupot sa akong kasing-kasing;  
ang akong panghandum ug akong kabuhi.  
lupig pa ang bulawan, ang bidlisiw sa adlaw ug ang bulan.  
ug ang mga bituon inday, dili kalapas sa imong katahum,  
ug walay bahandi sa kalibutan ang makabuntog sa imong kaputli.  
mao kani ang akong panghandum, nga ikaw akong dayigon.  
kung ikaw nawad-an na ug pagsalig,  
ang akong pangamuyo, ayaw.  
dili sa tanang kinatibuk-an paninguha, pulos bakak, ang gihalad nga pagbati.  
Kai kinsa man ang dili magkagusto sa imo?  
ikaw ang diwata nga natagak sa kalangitan;  
wala ba katungod ang usa ka ulipon nga magkagusto kanimo?  
makasalalon ba ang pagdayeg, ayaw ba gyud ug unta  
kai wala'y laing makabarog sa imong himaya.  
ang ako lang pangamuyo, nga imong dawaton,  
ang akong gasa nga balak nga giduyugan ug mga bulak  
kai wala ko'y laing mahalad, ug kini ang awit sa akong  
kinauyokang kasingkasing.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Mga Puta Sa Araneta Cubao, Isang Kwentula

boss, babae, presko, bata pa.

sambit ni aling nena na dalawampung taon na nagaalok ng laman, dyan sa may bangketa ng araneta at aurora, dyan sa cubao

dati-rati, siya ang binibenta, ngayon siya naman ang nagbubugaw para me makain at masilungan mamayang gabi.

boss, babae, maganda, sexy at sariwa, kinse anyos lang sabi pa nya, kahit nilalayuan pa siya ng ibang kalalakihan para lamang me pangkapi po, mura lang.

di naglaon, me lumapit isang customer, matanda na mapera at pumayag para matikman ang kinse anyos na si nene na anak ni nena

si nene, isang taon nang may anak, na nilapastangan ng amain nyang si tito; ang walang hiyang si tito na sobrang hayok, walang sinasanto, bata man o matanda, babae man o lalaki, o kahit hayop, pusa man o hayop, ay santo sa paningin ni aling nena.

porke't siya lang daw ang sumalo sa kanya, kahit dati siya'y puta.

si nene, ang mahal kong si nene, dinonselya ni mang tito, at sa akin ipinasa ang titulo bilang ama ng anak nilang si neneng.

ang kawawang neneng, na itinakwil ng kapwa't si nene at aling nena, na karga-karga ko pa mula pagkasilang, hanggang ngayon na siya'y isang taon na.

ano kaya ang kapalaran ni neneng, mahintulad ba siya sa puta nyang ina at bugaw nyang lola?

babae po boss, babae, sambit ni aling nena, presko, bata at sariwa, at kung ayaw nyo naman, meron ding lalaki, bata matipuno at gwapo.

ang walang hiyang si aling nena, at ako ay binenta

para daw dagdag pagkain, at renta sa tinutulugan namin sa bangketa.

ganito na lang ba ang gulong ng kapalaran, namin na nakatira sa bangketa, sa may araneta at aurora sa may cubao?

ano kaya ang maibibigay kong kapalaran, sa mimahal kong si nene at ang anak kong si neneng, kung gabi-gabi na lang, isang kahig isang tuka.

konting salapi para sa pagkain, me konti pang para sa renta, at ang natira pang rugby, pantanggal ng kahihihyan, sa kababuyan ng buhay namin dito sa cubao.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Nais

may nais akong malaman mo;  
nawa, katanggap-tanggap ito sa iyo.  
ikaw ang sibol na nagpapabaga muli  
    ng puso kong unti-unting  
        nagiging abo;  
sa ngiti mo lang, naging marupok  
    ang pusong naging bato.

iniirog kita.  
sa lilim ng mga anino,  
    hinahangaan kita ng patago.  
nais kong ipagsigawan,  
    ang deklarasyon ng pagsinta.  
subalit ako'y nabalot ng hiya  
    at pangamba.  
minsan na akong umibig,  
    ngunit ito'y binalewala -  
mas nanaisin ko pang umasa sa wala,  
    kaysa saktan ka, (ay sana di ko magawa) .

panalangin ko nawa;  
sana, balang araw, pag ibig ko sa iyo,  
    iyo'y bigyang pansin.  
kung maari man sana,  
    kung tayo'y handa na;  
tanggap mo puso kong matagal nang  
    naghilom sa mga sugat ng nakaraan.  
kahit di ko maipangako ang lahat,  
    mamahalin kita hanggang sa ating pagtanda.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Pagsuyo

ngayong gabi umaawit ang mga tala,  
umaawit alangalang sa isang diwata  
mga himig ng pagsinta  
inuukit sa aklat ng tadhana.

irog, ang iyong yumi, aking hinahangaan,  
sa gabing ito, hangang sa walang hanggan.  
ang iyong pangalan, aking sasambahin,  
kahit anino ng puso mo, nawa aking maangkin.

kaysarap damhin ang pusong nagmamahal.  
at ang iyong pangalan, laging laman ng aking mga dasal.  
araw-araw aking minimithi ang iyong mga sulyap.  
ang iyong pagsuyo ay aking pinapangarap.

sa gabing ito, ilalahad ko ang buo kong pagsinta,  
sa iyo, binibini na lagi kong ginugunita.  
nawa sa gabing ito, iyong dinggin.  
ang aking mga panalangin na ikaw ay maging akin.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Pan

take me to the place they call never.  
ties to this world i will sever.  
a place of legend, i seek,  
place of magic, they speak.  
there, i will be free  
where forever  
i will be  
peter  
pan

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Pluma

buy one take one po,  
bili na kayo.  
magagamit nyo pong pansulat,  
ng schoolwork, homework  
at iba pa.  
pluma, bili na po kayo,  
siguro naman po, marami dyang iba  
pero ang pluma ko po, ay may dalang storya.  
sabi ng iba, at kung maniwala ka,  
mas malakas kaysa hiwa ng espada, ang guhit ng isang pluma.  
bunga ng hinagpis na nagdudulot ng pagasa,  
mga nilagdaang panukala, kalayaan ang dala.  
ngunit, minsan, tulad ng espada,  
ang pluma ay ginagamit para sa dahas.  
kahit sa isang tuldok, maraming buhay ang nalalagas.  
nang dahil sa pluma, maraming aklat na banal,  
ginamit ng mga mananamantala,  
dios daw maysabi, na sila ay pumatay,  
mamatay, mangahasa't mangulimbat  
ng pagaari't lupa para ang utos ng diyos  
ay mapasangdiwa.  
at nangyari na po, sa aming bayan,  
nang dahil sa mga lumang sulat,  
marami sa min ang nawalan;  
namatayan, nagutom, at ngayo'y  
nagsisilikasan.  
ayaw man naming iwan ang aming lupang  
kinagisnan,  
me magagawa ba kami, kung ang mapanlupig  
ay mapangahas at walang awa?  
pluma po, mura lang po  
bili na po kayo.  
di ko po hangad ang abuloy, kahit kami  
ay naghihikahos,  
disenteng pamumuhay lang po  
ang aking hangad, para sa araw-araw po  
may maitustos.  
at maturuan ang mga anak na wag umasa sa limos.  
pluma po, pluma, bili na po kayo

nawa'y sa aking kwento,  
may aral ang maidulot.  
ang pluma, ay tulad ng espada,  
kung nasa mabuting kamay,  
marami ang mapapala.  
nawa'y sa pagbili nyo po ng aking pluma,  
ito'y iyo'y gawing instrumento  
upang kami ay makalaya.  
malaya sa karahasan at gutom,  
at sa mga kasunod na henerasyon,  
sila'y makakaangon.  
pluma po, bili na po kayo.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Sa Tag-Iya Sa Kasing-Kasing Nga Mapangyam-Irun

dili ba gyud ka dutlan ang imong katahas?  
nagtahak ko, nga unta mahimo;  
malanay ang gahi nimong kasingkasing gamit ang  
mabalaknung pagbati.  
mga pagbati ng dugay nang imong gikayamiran ug guikapalwan.  
ug ang akong mga handum, murag mga dahon nga natagak sa punuan  
ug gianod sa suba ilalom niini.  
dugay na, sa atong panagsumbingay, imbes sa imo, i-halad na lang nako  
sa uban ang akong pagdayeg.  
sa kadaghang maanyagong babaye, nganong ikaw lang ang akong napili.  
ang matubag lang nako kay kini;  
kung dili kapugngan nga masiak ang itlog nga natapsingan sa paglambos  
sa tinidor,  
sama lang kini sa kasing-kasing nga nadagit ug na ulipon sa ma-diwata nimong  
katahum.  
dili ba gayud angay nga ikaw akong higugmaon?  
ikaw ang suga nga nagpulaw sa kangitngit, nga buot nakong kabton.  
pero unsa man gayud, nga mura man kag anininipot nga lisod dakpon.  
bisan lisod, ako lang gihapon ni antuson ug pangamuyuan  
bisan man kung maabtan kini sa kinahangturan,  
nga ang akong gugma kanimo, imong pagadawaton.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Sleepless

Pen, Paper, and a cup of coffee,  
Head throbbing, and a hand scribbling furiously,  
Just as the flickering flame of the kerosene lamp  
danced away with the easterly breeze.

Crumpled heap and an acid ball;  
Glibs and thoughts meleed in my head  
Pouring out everything my pen can scream,  
All to contain another avalanche  
of disjointed verses and noxious madness.

"Ding" goes the clock,  
Eyes straining and my head's an empty sphere,  
The portable radio's playing, and my pen's swirling to the beat,  
The bed's just as tempting,  
But I can't bring myself to sleep.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Smoke

I lit one stick,  
In the darkest of nights,  
its acrid kisses bring out  
hazy pictures of our distant memories.

In its trailing smoke, I reached for you,  
in the darkness, I embraced your fairness.  
In my mind, danced your songs,  
as I breathed in its kisses.

Slowly, a sweet narcosis envelops me,  
as my mind is filled with your every detail.  
Forgetting all traces of a painful reality,  
But behind all its sweetness, lurks the bitter truth;  
You're leagues away from my side.

My smoke slowly turns to ashes;  
Along with it, our memories;  
And all my desires, and wishes;  
it burns away, towards the darkness.

I lit another stick...

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Stark

stark,  
a feeling  
froze my mind.  
a void abyss  
i am in trouble  
my mind's a blank bubble  
my pen's inking vague nothings  
a memory slowly fading fast.  
ah, my muse, when will this feeling last?  
will i dredge again my buried past?  
shall you leave me in misery?  
o fickle one don't leave me.  
free me from this nightmare.  
do you really care?  
the love we've shared  
is it not  
truly  
real?

Kenneth Cabauatan

# The Marriage Between Two Hotdogs And Two Buns

some say it is a bliss - the union of two hotdogs:  
two pieces of elongated meat lying side by side  
bound by grease, tenderized by heat.

some say they're sumptuous, twice as filling, twice as fun; though you can only  
consume them one by one.

two hotdogs can quite be a scene,  
may it be dinner or an afternoon delight.  
some may like it, some may not.  
but who can deny them, that for them is delight.

the same goes for the bonds of two buns.  
two hearts twained, bound by filling.  
twice as refreshing, doubly fulfilling.  
food for the gods, truly life-giving.  
for the marriage of two buns can be mouth watering.

the matrimony of two hotdogs and that of two buns,  
may be fun for anybody, but not for everyone.  
as most could still be sated by a sandwich; grilled meat and toast.  
as the marriage between a hotdog and a bun is still preferred by most.

Kenneth Cabauatan

## To An Unknown Lady

beyond words describe the fullness of you.  
your smiles, such sweetness;  
they pierce through my soul and etch to my heart  
an unquenchable longing.

desire, and i fall for you;  
like a glacier racing to the tropical oceans  
my hardened heart is drawn to your rosy smiles  
slowly thawing by their warmth

the lady night sings your paeans  
her mysterious voice haunting  
leaving such mysteries  
like a popular song whose title is unknown

here i am yearning;  
each day staring and wondering,  
counting every moment  
to when I will ever know your name.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# To The Temptress, Night

Forward you, to me Temptress  
your wind-borne linen brushes lightly,  
A million diamonds shroud me,  
As you blow me your kisses.

Solitude accentuated by your presence,  
Bathed in whirlpools and garbed with diadems,  
Spine arching melodic whispers,  
Basked in perfume of the ladies of the night,

Oh Temptress, mirrored in your eyes, my spurned love;  
and the emptiness, that I am in,  
In the brazen arms of another's, she danced to your nocturne,  
While I cry out in despair

Temptress, are you unlike those voluptuous shrews?  
fickle minded and conceited?  
Whose daydreams contain those cowardly Adonis;  
Who knows nothing more but to mock a simple fool, that I am.

Forward you to me, Temptress,  
I turned to detest you, but closer still, you came;  
your cold embraces warm my freezing heart,  
And eases me out from my saddest plight.

Oh Temptress, you are to me, my best friend;  
my pain you've shared, with your gleaming sword,  
my grief, with your wailing,  
and my tears,  
yet unlike them, yours bring hope to a new aurora,

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Transcendence

only boys hurt women's heart;

a woman's heart transcends through the elements;  
her emotions amplified- her joys, her sorrows,  
can fill the void of an expansive universe.  
such magnitude all contained in a fist-sized vessel

we boys, usually boast that we are strong;  
that we can carry the whole world over our bare  
shoulders.

that one of us is worth ten ladies.  
yes, we are physically able, but we are weaker  
than the woman we thought we fucked over.

we boys, can never understand the strength  
and resiliency of a woman.  
how she can withstand a torrent of heartaches;  
of being cheated, abused - be it bruises from our fist,  
our harsh words, or at times, by us;  
when we forced ourselves inside her despite her protests.  
how she can carry those, we can never fathom;  
since if those happened to us, we can easily lose ourselves.

a woman's fight may be silent;  
she may be oppressed - but do not underestimate her,  
because she can always live without a man.  
and guys, if we are truly men,  
never hurt a woman - because we will never be complete  
without her.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Unrequited

you enthralled me; put me in a trance,  
all the buried feelings slowly start to dance.  
you seeped in to my heart, a seed of love sown,  
bursting forth like a flower that grew on a stone.

with you, every second feels like heaven is near.  
your radiance dissipates every demon i fear.  
you are the wind that lifts me high,  
taking me to a place where peacefulness lies.

though you may not know it, it's you i behold;  
my hidden desires for you, i wish to unfold.  
a heartbeat without you is like endless night,  
for you saved me from darkness; you are my light.

how could this be, i'll never understand,  
every moment without you is like counting sand.  
though at this very moment, we are never one,  
i'm waiting for the day when your heart is won.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Untitled

ilang mundo pa ang tatahakin,  
upang iparating sa iyo ang mga nais ng aking damdamin?

sa unang sulyap pa lang, ako'y nahulog na sa yo.  
umiiwas na sana sa pag-ibig, pero sa kalauna'y na bigo.  
bakit sumiklab ulit ang baga na sana'y lumalaho?  
pinalago mo muli ang natutuyo kong puso.

gusto na kita, bago man tayo unang nagkakilala.  
unting-unti, ang loob ko'y napupuno ng pag-sinta.  
kahit na isang sulyap mo lang, ako'y nahahalina.  
mga hinanakit ko noon, unti-unting nawawala.  
di mo lang alam, ikaw ang nagbigay ng bagong pag-asa.

pero bakit, tuwing kasama ka, ako'y natatako't nahihiya?  
nais kong ipagsigawang, mahal kita,  
ngunit ito'y hindi pinapayagan ng mapaglaro na tadhana.  
hanggang panaginip na lang ba tayong magmamahalan sa tuwina?

sana giliw, maiparating sa yo ang pag-sintang ibinubulong sa hangin.  
sana pagpalain ng langit ang nagmamahal kong damdamin.  
sana balang araw, ito'y iyo'y bigyan ng pansin,  
upang ang mga pangarap ng pag-irog, hindi mahulog sa bangin.

Kenneth Cabauatan

# Wendy's Thimble

Wendy, Wendy, she gave me a thimble;  
She held my world and made it crumble.  
The tender orb's icy sheathing starts to melt,  
thawed by the enigma's hearth it felt.

The thimble she gave, it dawned upon me;  
makes me wonder will she not, or will she be.  
Is she the raison d'etre I've long been searching for?  
Though one thing's for certain, her thimble, I'm yearning for more.

Her fairness, her beauty, there's more from within.  
Surpassing even the cherubic vessel she's in.  
Ethereal Perfume, she draws me near;  
in the sonorous silence; two hearts twained dear.

She made me, no longer the rougish Peter Pan;  
Her thimble transfixed me into a man.  
She took me out from Neverland's imbecile bliss;  
But for you to see, Wendy's thimble is her secret kiss.

Kenneth Cabauatan