

Poetry Series

**mark gerald agbayani**  
**- poems -**

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## mark gerald agbayani(december 04,1992)

im mark gerald s. agbayani. i was studying at the ROOSEVELT COLLEGE OF SAN MATEO IN RIZAL! ! !

HOPE THAT I WILL MAKE A POEM THAT I CAN IMPRESSED YOU! !

# A Nice Morning! ! !

its not the 'presence'  
of a friend, that brings  
meaning to life, its the  
way that a friend touches youre heart  
that gives 'life' a beautiful meaning.

mark gerald agbayani

# I Love You

When pink bends above me  
And finds me fast asleep  
Dust need not keep the secret  
A live heart died to keep.

When pink tells the thrushes,  
The meadow-larks will know,  
And pipe the three words lightly  
To all the winds that blow.

Above his roof the swallows,  
In notes like far-blown rain,  
Will tell the little sparrow  
Beside his window-pane.

O sparrow, little sparrow,  
When I am fast asleep,  
Then tell my love the secret  
That I have died to keep.

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# 'Im A Gay'

Im a gay?

I was crying at the backyard and saying ' oh my God'

but why? isn't God fault that i made me gay?

I answered to my self 'no'

because nobody's fault that i became a gay.

In my life i wish that i will became a girl! !

but for me the hope has been gone.

any where i go some are saying me a bad words that i cannot accept.

i was crying and crying until the night has came.

nobody's are allowed to talk me at that night because i was angry to those boys that hates gays like me.

i relalized that im born not to be the servant of others but im born to be the servant of god.

people in the whole universe always remember that 'ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE US'

mark gerald agbayani

# My Best Friend

You are my friend, one of the few I count on in this world  
You've been there for me when no one else cared  
I remember when we use to talk about everything  
and suddenly one day you closed yourself off to me  
You changed the way you dressed and the smile you once wore was gone  
You use to go out all the time but now that time you spend alone  
I didn't know how to catch it or even how to tell  
I never knew you were hurting inside you that you knew to well  
Until I saw the marks you made and the things you'd say  
No longer the happy person you once were that person has gone away  
What can I really say to make it all better?  
Your mother tries, your father even wrote you a letter  
I told you I am your friend and till the very end and I pray that means something  
to you  
Because in my life as your friend hurting yourself is not something I want you to  
do  
I remember you cried and gave me a hug and told me you'd try  
I'm glad you did  
Because now your on your way, we're on our way back to that same friendship  
again.

This poem is dedicated to one of my close very best friends.

mark gerald agbayani