

Poetry Series

Mona Lisa Aspiras
- poems -

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Mona Lisa Aspiras()

An amateur poet, I enjoy all arts- visual and performing. Besides composing poetry, I enjoy creating art, notably visual art and music. I enjoy drawing, painting, sketching, digital art, composing and arranging music, and last but not least writing poetry. I enjoy reading nonfiction on art, psychology, spirituality, religion, and more. I also enjoy cooking and baking, going on spontaneous road trips, traveling, city life, as well as the countryside.

A Day At The Beach

Balmy breeze.
Sunlight delight.
Catching crabs in sandy holes.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

A Day At The Bookstore

I sit today at the bookstore's cafe.
Another day, another month, another year.
Same old, same old.
Sofa is tired, smelly
like a homeless man.
In fact, hundreds have made it their comfortable refuge.

I look around, warily.
Around me, in my own little, yet shared
and separate world,
there play all manners of individuals.
I, for one, play the poet,
as I compose this poem right now,
out of boredom and curiosity.

To my front left, there sits an interviewer
and the prospective employee.
I look around again.
To my right, there is an aspiring writer,
typing an essay in his laptop.
Could be a budding journalist also.

Directly in front of me, there was
(because he already left)
a mysterious, quirky, crippled,
short Chinese man.
I see him often here at the cafe.
His routine: no coffee, drinks or food,
but a couple of magazines to read,
browse and enjoy...
(perhaps learning English?)

To my extreme left, a multi-racial couple.
An African-American guy with dreadlocks,
and a slender Caucasian girl.
Together they work on some type of homework,
or work-related project.

Now to my immediate left,

a stocky old matron with her daughter,
(or grand-daughter) sit down.

And me, now me in the spotlight,
What do I do in the meantime?
I sip my mocha latte,
break off chunks of my double-dipped,
chocolate chip giant cookie, and munch away
like a zombie moron...
entranced with life in this bookstore's cafe.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Adventures In Bed

You and I.
Together in bed.
Holding each other tightly sometimes,
Sweetly on other occasions.

We caress each other.
Probably starting with each other's hair.
Running our fingers through the strands.
Maybe gently rearranging
A runaway strand or two, and
Planting a kiss in its place.

We will doze on and off.
Maybe alternately, maybe simultaneously.
When we wake up,
We will greet each other in mock surprise!
And laughingly delight in repeating the
Whole Process.

And then it won't end there.
Spurred by our mutual enjoyment,
We will devise like clever spies,
New ways of titillating our senses.

We will offer ourselves to one another.
In complete abandonment,
We will Be Ourselves and the other,
Both at the same time.

Thus will our countless adventures in bed
Begin and end,
Just a small part,
But a fixture in the fabric of our daily lives.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

As The Heavens Above, So The Earth Below

Pure and simple
Sun and moon
Still hanging in the sky.
God's creations...
Time He had plenty
On His Hands
With a smile,
Dimples in his cheeks,
Waved his fingers
Through the sky
Leaving behind a trail of
Sparkling stars,
Each their own color.
Some red, yellow green and blue.
Some cold, some hot.
They look at us down below
From far above the heavens.
Occasionally a shooting star,
A renegade comet comes
Diving down...
Leaving us with mouths agape.
And so a small part of the dancing skies
Play in this part of God's creations.

Somewhere on Earth, girl and boy
Played and prayed the game of love
They looked up at the heavens
Quietly whispered their dues,
Vowed to leave not one and the other
A testament to their undying love
The heavens above
The firmament of sun, moon,
Stars and skies...
With time winding down
Just for them.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Caught Among Cacti (Based On Actual Dream)

A soccer field-length
Grassy field
Former recess playground
of my former elementary school.
Now, in my strange old dream,
I find myself transported there.
The perimeter of the field,
Lined with cactus plants,
The stereotypical plant of the desert,
holding its limbs up high,
Its body filled with thorns.
The difference?
The dream-like quality
Of the cactus plants
Having human mouths,
and not only,
they - the cacti -
talk to me in a never-ending chatter.
It's so surreal.
It's almost cartoon-like,
Except being a dream,
Makes it normal.
Or is it normal for a child
To have a strange dream
Of talking cacti.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Crocodile Tears

Crocodile tears-
They allegedly poured,
Down her face...

But did she know,
As other people knew,
That those salty tears
Poisoned the dwellings
Around her?

Though a curse,
She has become accustomed
To her surroundings
Which she herself
Made a part of.

Crocodiles live a long life,
After all...

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is a blessing given
to man by God.

We view it as a curse, a
burden.

Yet, it is necessary like the air
we breathe.
Like oxygen to our lungs, we need
it to cleanse our souls.

An eye for an eye, a tooth
for a tooth.
But forgiveness soothes.

It pains us to carry out this
task. It is like a mole,
a wart, or a fly buzzing around
our head.

That unfinished homework,
dirty laundry, or other bothersome
chore we have kept promise to.

Yet, sorry to say, it is nature's,
God's, the universe's, way of righting
the wrong, evening out the scales,
THE proper way of saying an eye for
an eye, tooth for a tooth,
except through mercy's gentle eyes.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Happy Sun

The sun rises joyfully,
spreading its warm rays,
nurturing the earth with its
friendly sunlight.
It is welcomed gratefully.

King of the sky, partner of moon,
the day is the king's domain,
whereas the night, the moon's reign.

The sun warms all living beings.
From the tiny blade of grass to insects,
animals and humans.
Its yellow rays spread joy, cheer and warmth.
It is alive, its recipients receiving
well-being and vigor, a certain gladness to
be up and alive.

At dawn, it rises gently, sleepily,
ready to greet the rest of creation
with its cheery pastel hues.
At noon, it's at its strongest.
The defining moment, the point during the day
when it reaches its highest amidst the blue sky.
During the afternoon, it begins
its slow descent, lazily warming all of
God's creation, once more.
And finally, at dusk,
the sun leaves its last farewell.
Its mark a plethora of grand colors.
A magical and painterly mix of fiery, warm hues,
mixed with shy pastels.
Shades of reds on fire, warm oranges, soft pinks,
royal purples and baby lavenders,
play together in this twilight sky -
a greeting to the mysterious, magical night sky, and
a farewell to the bright, alive day.

Thank you, Mr. Sun!

Another day has passed under your happy reign.
Pouring your warm rays over all,
nourishing all of God's creation.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Janus

"You hypocrite! "
Words which many, undeniably
Must have silently uttered
And felt, convulsed and offended
In their thoughts and emotions,
Towards a guilty offender.
Perhaps it is the reflection of
One's own weaknesses,
Bouncing back from offender to
Offended, which causes us to
Recoil, cobra-like,
Ready to attack,
Verbally or non-verbally.
Being two-faced is a crime
Everyone is guilty of.
Let us participate merrily
In this parody or comedy of
Manners which Fate
Has assigned us.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Jesus

Jesus, my Brother,
My Friend, my Teacher
My Lord, my Savior.
But also -
My Enigma, My Illusion,
My Delusion, My Mystery...
Opposites which fit
My Everchanging Moods
Which Face of Yours, this time,
Will I Confide, or Despair in, Lord?
Nothing but reflections of my
Hidden Feelings
But at the same time
a Discovery of a Forgiving Reality,
an Eternal Peace.
- Attainable or Unreachable?

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Little Lime Frog

A lime green frog hopped from
one lily pad to the other,
a hopscotch game to its content.
Life is good, sweet.
The rains have been coming. The sun has been
shining.
Food was not in want.

A fly buzzed by.
The frog eyeballed it carefully, then

ZAP

evenly licked it clean from the
air onto it's hungry lips.
Dinner was plentiful.

The moon arose.
The sun set, and crickets
sang.
It was time to venture out.
And out went little lime frog, jumping
to and fro, croaking once, twice, thrice.

But lo and behold, here was one
big fly on that leaf which passed him
by.
Taking his stance - one. two. three.

GULP

Little lime frog was swallowed by
Big brown snake who was quick to
spot his meal.
A croak once, twice, thrice was
all that was left.

An echo suspiciously familiar,
lingering in the now silent,

sweet night.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Mediterranean

Salty, balmy ocean air,
Here is Mediterranean flair.
Senses stimulate our being.
Bringing joy to you and me.
Rush of jasmine flowers,
Sounds of ocean waves.
Never will we forget
Such beautiful charm,
Imprinted in our senses warm.

We walk past local shops,
Hand in hand as sunset falls.
Down the boardwalk
Stroll you and I,
Ever walking sigh by sigh.
Sitting by the pier alone,
Sharing kisses by moonlight's glow.
Such beauty is truly nature's gift,
Thus the charm of Mediterranean life.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Mighty Lion

The thunder sounds
It sounds like a mighty lion
Ready to announce its territory.
About to die and sacrifice its life.
But it's time which plays its hand.
And the lion succumbs to time.
Because it will bellow over and over
until eternity
It makes a majestic sound,
asserting itself.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Moonlight Sonata

The moon rises slowly
over the ocean sea.
It casts shimmering lights
over the blackness of the night ocean.
Twinkles of silver run to and fro,
riding the waves with bouncy merriment.
What fascination, what beauty -
my soul proclaims.

God's creation, the moon hanging still,
in the dark sky, reflecting off
mirror-like, silvery cobweb lights.
Like a queen on her throne,
she displays her beauty and effect over
her reign, the sea.

Lovers and lonely hearts alike,
are transfixed by the moon's magical
powers, drawing them ever so subtly,
yet magnetically, to her.
Lovers, in delight, share a kiss.
Lonely hearts, in hope, pray to
meet their significant other.

And the moon?
Who knows if the moon sees or listens.
She is a testament, alibi, and witness
to their desires and prayers,
silently overseeing the
rest of God's creation.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Mr. Potato And Mr. Pea

Mr. Potato and Mr. Pea were best friends.

They met each other on the dinner plate
of Mr. Bimby.

You see, after all other potatoes and peas
were eaten, only the two of them
were left.

They loved each other like brothers.

Turned to each other in consolation and
shared misery.

Time was running out.

Bimby took his fork, speared Mr. Potato,
and swallowed him.

"Don't forget me, my friend! ! ! "
screamed Mr. Potato.

"I won't! Here I come toooo! ! ! "
shrieked Mr. Pea, as Bimby speared him
subsequently.

Together they lived, together they died.

Friendship started and ended,
with Bimby as
Culprit.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Native Freedom Roots

I wish I can find myself.
Belonging to my native country.
A true native, amidst the
Coconut palms and sandy beaches.
Riding the wild, colorful jeepneys,
Careening to and fro amidst
the busy streets of Manila, Los Banos, and Balanga.

I hope to mingle amongst my people.
I will eat the native delicacies.
And celebrate all the holy festivals,
religious pageants, and family reunions,
countless as they are.

I will participate in hours-long afternoon siestas.
Without air conditioning, I will sweat like a pig,
losing weight until I become
Svelte, young and pretty, like the young mestizas.

My skin will become soft and supple like theirs.
Why?
Because coming from a well-to-do family,
I will have:
maids,
drivers,
cooks,
and gardeners,
working under me.
I will become a senorita, free to
wander and squander my life under the
Philippine sun,
and do whatever pleases me at the moment.

So, the question is, will I be happy?
With all this freedom.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Nervous Wreck

I am weak and waiting
but I'm a nervous wreck
I'm waiting to be filled
like an empty vessel
because I was born
the day the Vesuvius erupted on Pompeii
So the day I will be filled with ashes
is the day my barren days will be over.
Game over.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Ode To My Best Friend

In many ways
you're a mystery.
Out of the blue,
you came to me and
reached out your hand,
lifting me from the clumsy waters
of my life...

Sometimes when we speak,
or actually when we speak,
I feel and see
butterflies -
in between and around us.
They carry messages
of sweet-nothings,
of love and grace,
humor and life.

Why did you choose me?
Why did I choose you?
If a delusion, this one
is rare - if you're meant
to be with me.

Wont you ride my sailboat
with me,
in the undecided waters
of my fate,
or shall I hop into yours,
and make your boat
my home?

Each day is a blessing
to have known you
- in the past -
and a promise to the future,
however it may pass,
for I will at least be graced to
have crossed paths

with you.

So here's
to the intertwining of our lives.
Thank you,
for simply being you,
my friend.

Love always.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Orca Swimming Pool (Based On An Actual Dream)

Picture an indoor swimming pool.
Easy enough.
The room's walls are blue,
Reflecting the pool's hues.
Now picture baby orcas.
Baby orcas?
Perhaps in the wild, in the vast ocean,
Frolicking with other wildlife,
- But the orcas, baby orcas, for that matter
- Are right here in the pool.
So tame, so cute.
And to finish the picture,
What do I see, but toddlers riding the orcas
Like toy rocking chairs.
Joy and laughter abound.
In both the children, who scream and shout,
And the happy orcas, quick to be tamed,
Gently playing with the toddlers.
The front edge of the pool,
Lined with a neat, straight row of the orcas
With the happy children boisterously screaming
As they ride the creatures.
It sure is a strange sight.
It could mean everything, yet nothing.
Meaning exactly what you see.
Or does it carry a deeper meaning -
The orcas and toddlers signifying a connection,
An innocent love between nature and man,
In a future of man-made surroundings,
Instead of the open wild.
Who knows?
But this is a dream -
A joyful and strange dream,
But a dream nonetheless.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Prism Heart

Here I am stuck in my own heart
which is a prism, a rainbow prism.
Sometimes it's plastic, other times it's crystal
And other times it's made up of diamond.
And finally other times it's made up of
Water.
The droplets shine.
My tears shine and the sunlight shines
through them.
So they console me because they produce colors.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Rain

Rain droplets drizzle at first,
gently caressing whatever they encounter
Mothers with their babies seek shelter.
Babies open their mouths, as if
the rain which touches their tongues is sweet honey.

Rain, God's gift to the world.

Gently, it waters the grass, flowers, shrubs and trees.
Earthworms venture out of the soil.
Birds seek shelter under the leaves of tree branches.

Suddenly, the gentle rain gathers in strength.
Heavy dark clouds form,
pregnant with water ready to descend and
nourish the thirsty - the dry, parched earth
and its inhabitants.

Now the rain pours in buckets.
Angry and mighty clouds roll about,
their friction causing deafening thunder,
sudden lightning illuminating the sky.

This show of sound and sight is God's creation.
The rain nurtures and relieves Earth.

Thunder and lightning seemingly display God's anger;
only meaning to showcase God's power,
Nature's power.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Sea And Sky

And Earth tried on
its garment of glitter
and feathers,
sea and sky....
to clothe its vast
Nakedness.....

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Technology

Part One

I wake up -
Startled by the alarm clock's shrill cries,
Knocking onto the doors of my
Peaceful,
Restful,
Dream-filled consciousness
Forcing me into a sluggish stupor,
And eventually into a wide-eyed wakefulness

For the rest of the day.
I go to the kitchen,
Fix myself a toast and microwave
Some eggs and a cappuccino.
I turn on the TV,
Check out
The latest satellite-derived weather forecast,
And catch up
With local, national, and international news.

Before rushing out the door,
I turn on the security alarm home system, and
Out I go,
Ready to face another workday
With the same complacency
And certainty one feels
When one's life is mapped out
With the predictability and routine
Of modern technology.

On the way to work,
I encounter an accident downtown,
Spurring me to whip out my cell phone
And inform the office that I will be
Late for the morning meeting.

Hours later,
My day at work is spent,

As usual,
At my desk,
Researching and editing with the help
Of the Internet and word processor,
And later on,
Videoconferencing with other colleagues
In Paris and London.

I look at my wristwatch.
It is five o'clock, and,
Glad the workday is over,
Tiredly drive back home
Where I turn off the alarm system,
Heat up a can of soup
On the electric stove,
And watch Jeopardy on TV.
After, I decide to catch up on
My e-mail and correspond with family
And friends through instant messaging
Around the globe.

I decide to relax a bit with a CD by Mozart.
Later, at bedtime, I put on the radio,
As always,
And set the classical music station
To play for half an hour -
About the time it takes
For me to fall asleep.

Part Two

Yawn - I wake up after
What seems to be days.....
The intense bright rays of the sun, waking
Me up, prompt me to grope at the nightstand for my alarm clock.
Strange - it's not working!
The digital clock displays a blinking 12: 00 a.m.
Holding my battery-run wristwatch up to my myopic eyes,
I read the time as 8: 40 a.m.
I gasp in panic,
Realizing I only have twenty minutes left
To shower,

Dress up,
Eat breakfast,
And make that twenty minute commute into
A five minute Grand Prix expedition.

I shower quickly, dress into my shirt, blazer and skirt,
And frantically comb my hair and apply lipstick on my
Way to the kitchen.

I try to reheat some coffee and a leftover donut in the
Microwave, only to encounter the red, impersonal, digital time display
Innocently blinking at me.

"! @\$%&* this power outage! " I think in despair, as I
Run out the door,
Briefcase and purse in hand.
I get in the car, speed down the neighborhood, and decide to
Inform my office of my delay.

No doubt they will understand
Maybe this power outage was in the neighborhood
And not only at my house....
... "What? ! " I cry in disbelief.
The cell phone is not working:
The dead, gray blank screen reflecting my outraged face.

But the worse is yet to come -
Two blocks ahead, the traffic light is down,
Causing major disarray, mayhem, and confusion.
And that is not the only light down either.
In the city of New York all the roads are one big mess of tangled
Cars angrily honking at each other.
Suddenly, a car sneakily cuts in front of me.
Furious by now, I pound away at my car's horn.

I drive across an intersection testily, stoplights still awry,
And next thing I know,
"BEEEEEP BEEP BEEEEEP! "
.....BAM!
Darkness all over
Thick as a cloudless, moonless night,
The blackest china ink,
The deepest well....

Part Three

"What the...? ! "

I wake up startled, my heart pounding hard in my chest.

I automatically turn my head to my nightstand.

The time says 8: 30 a.m. on my (functioning)digital alarm clock.

Anxiously I turn on the TV for news of the outage.

What happened?

And when?

The TV anchor delivers the news in his usual

Deliberate and professional manner.....

But no news of a power outage,

Neither in New York City, statewide, or nationwide.

Was it just a dream then?

Shaking like a leaf, my sense of reality tested,

I laugh deliriously.

That dream was too surreal, yet vivid and real

At the same time.

I suddenly stop and muse on this thing called

Technology

- A backbone of society, industrialization, progress, and culture.

- Modern man's blessing and curse!

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Formation

The clouds form billowy wisps at first.
A trace of a wind plays around with them.
Dust revolves, twirls around.
Forms a whirlpool.
Tornado shapes.
Dark clouds gather.
They are outlined in black
and varying shades of gray.
They feel heavy, like steel.
Rain trickles at first.
Slowly it becomes heavier.
It downpours.
Earth, thirsty, thanks it.
Plants grow.
Children scream, howl, dance in the rain
Their mothers scolding them.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Internet

The World Wide Web
AKA "The World Wide Wait";
Why "Wait?"
Signs of the Times
A Feeding Frenzy of Information
And More and More
Feeding us past the level of
Gluttony
Not only - Faster and Faster
Contest after Contest
Between Million-Dollar Corporations,
Competing for Your
Undivided Attention,
Serving You Info Needed
And Unnecessary.
The Time Has Come
The Information Age
The Digital Highway
the Digital Generation
Are All Here -
Now.

The World Wide Wait?
No, thank you,
I'd rather "wait";
For my lover's kisses,
A morning sunrise,
Fresh-from-the-print newspaper
Or a friend's new letter.
To slow down,
To savor every precious moment
Without the need for
Speed
Is the Real Key
To Today's "World Wide Wait";.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Little Hypocrite

Little did she know
She angered people
Broke hearts-
Her family's and friends'...

Little did she know...
Or did she...

Did God create her to cause
Distress, suspicion, contempt
In other people's hearts?

Surely there must be a reason
For her to exist in this manner-
Sowing trouble wherever she went...

A scapegoat she was,
God made her like that,
So she would feel the same suffering
She poured on others...

A Judas, a scapegoat for the
Learning....
Always awaiting the final transformation in others' hearts
-and in her own...

To each and everyone their lesson-
Their equal suffering in life...
Hers was no different...

But in that suffering,
A Victory, always earned.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Rain Pours Down

The rain pours down
It touches my head
It kisses me gently on my crown.
It goes slowly down my body.
It feels good.
Cleansing, refreshing, sensual.
In tune with the earth, sea, and sky.
God is talking to me and
He kisses me with the rain.
He also is crying for me.
And cleanses me and purifies me.
I become one with the earth and with Him.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Rock

I am a Rock
I stand there silently, placidly,
While gentle waters rush and
Caress my skin.
All is well.

The sun beats down on my brow.
I give rest and shelter to a tired
Iguana, content to catch some
Rays.

I am now in a jungle.
Moss is happy, for it now inhabits me.

I am in the playground.
Children paint funny faces on me and
Use me to play hopscotch.

I am Stonehenge, time stands still.
Tourists admire me.
I'm History.

I am Earth.
I am the Foundation.
I am necessary, ever-present,
And things rely on me.

Rock is stable,
Rock is good.
Rock is steady, as it should.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Stars, The Lovers, The Ocean

The waves splash gently across the shore.
The moon shines softly on the water,
Caressing the waves.
Lovers' delight.
They stare out onto the horizon.
A soft breeze tousles her hair
He looks at her and cries.
Caresses her hair.
They kiss.
It's pitch-black.
The stars sing out from above.
They shower their blessings.
"It's ecstasy! "
But they don't fumble for each other.
They continue to look into each other's eyes.
He repeats the process.
Caresses her hair.
She moves ever so slightly.
Her neck tilted like a doe's head
His hand moves down her neck
Fingers tracing the silhouette
Delighting in skin.
It's too soft.
It's fragile.
He can't do anything.
He whispers to her the unimaginable:
"You embody my perfect, ideal girl."
She is in 7th heaven.
And he too.
Both for the same and different reasons.
They smile at each other.
Their souls dance a million dances.
The dance of love.
The dance of life.
Once more, the stars sing out.
The lovers dance to the stars' song.

She gently falls asleep.
He looks at her, slowly.

Amazed.
Longingly.
She sits by his side,
But he takes her head slowly
And places it on his lap.
He just stares at her.
His heart beats
One with the Universe.

He doesn't know what to do.
He is just stupefied.
Frozen.
He doesn't know what to do.
Whether to cry.
To laugh.
To shout.
He is full
Like an empty vessel
Filled by God.
He looks up.
Smells the air.
Smells of the ocean.
Smells musty and sensual
Smells of life.
Here he is
In nature with his loved one!

He falls asleep.

God touches his eyelids.

He dreams of faraway places.
The childhood memories.
The dragons he wanted to slay.
The bullies he wanted to befriend.
The girls he wanted to prove...

A song beckons to him through the fog
It is his lover's voice calling out to him.
"Where are you? "
He was lost!
Lost in the maze of his past.

God showed him his present.
He belonged with his lover now.
The past was the past.

He found himself in pitch-black darkness.
The darkness of sleep.
It was a dreamless sleep.
This was his future.
Would he make the same mistakes
This time?
With his new-found love?

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Stranger

He comes almost every Sunday
We, my parents and I, drop
by Barnes and Noble bookstore after Mass, and there he is,
in the cafe',
working with his tablet laptop,
with a stack of papers by his side,
possibly correcting or researching said papers.
So he sits there, his tall, lanky body barely fitting in the chair, side-wise,
legs crossed elegantly,
like a prince.
So we usually, for some or no reason at all,
as if by magical design,
gravitate to a table next to his,
and sip our coffees and eat our scones,
our bagels with cream cheese, and blueberry muffins.
Mommy grabs some magazine and skims the articles. Daddy cracks jokes,
concocts clever puns,
and the three of us engage in idle chatter.
And I look up surreptitiously.
Drawn by curiosity, vague dreams of sweet promise, fantasies fluttering in my
head like butterflies,
I throw him a glance or two.
And oh, is he aware. Or is he.
He has a radar mind.
It picks up my waves of butterfly flutter-wishes.
But the question is, does he like it? He does not smile.
But something deep down in me pulls at my heart. It nags me, and thus this
game
I dare to play with him.
A one-sided game.
A one-sided conversation.

He sometimes, or actually most of the time,
jooks as cold as a corpse.
Pasty white skin, pale blue eyes and blonde hair.
Another time, this time defined by Daddy,
he is a squid.
Probably because of his transparent skin.
Most of the time, he looks like a loner snob.

Just like me.

But just like me, he hides a secret.

What is the secret?

That secret is a warm, compassionate heart,
a high-flying passion, a burning idealism.

But then again the question is, for what.

Is he a mirror reflection of me?

A twin flame who like a moth,
sought out the flame of his counterpart.

Other times he looks like the Angel of Death,
What with his height, pale skin and hollow eyes.
But then again, death has unfortunately
always had that certain type of glamour.

He probably has been sent by God
(as usual thank you God
for being with,
and thinking of me)
at this juncture in my life,
but to show, or do, what -
I don't know.
Maybe this Stranger just accompanies me.

He just is there with me.
Appeared, and appears, and will appear?
Maybe at the right time.
When he will disappear, I don't know.

And the sad thing is that he doesn't know that
I think of him.
Or rather, he knows.
But he probably doesn't care.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

The Ways I Am

I'm like Joseph's technicolor coat,
and my heart is a rainbow prism.
I'm a wandering minstrel,
and my songs I gather along the road.
I weave them
over my multicolored quilted coat.

I am Raggedy Ann.
My dress is multicolored quilted too.
I let myself be used by thousands of
lonelies.
They whisper their secrets to me.
I just smile in return.
Big eyes glazed over.
Raggedy Ann becomes one with her friend.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Useless

Uselessness

To trouble or not to trouble

To be or not to be

That's the fine line

That's the silver lining

Lying so maddeningly

Behind the gray clouds

I try to express

I try to explain

Shall I cry or

Shall I laugh

Life goes on

It trudges on

Breathe in

Breathe out

Are we grateful?

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Why Do I Do The Things I Do

Up and down
To and fro side by side
A maelstrom of confusion
Confetti from a crazy piñata
Raining like manna from heaven
Quenching my parched tired soul
My ideas come like this- tired icy hail, crystal snowflakes, -
beautiful to me, but they cause
Avalanches, blizzards, snowstorms of confusion in my mind and
being, and stormy fate.
Fare to my hungry soul, thirsty and hungry from an insatiable
appetite and self-destructive
Longing for more and more
Knowledge.
How much is enough.
I bury myself in this crystal
Ice-house.
Preserved, eternal, glacial,
Finally immortal.
Which is Hell.

Mona Lisa Aspiras

Yin And Yang

The duality of it all.

One -

Are you a loser or winner?

Do you live to lose or to win?

To win is to lose.

To lose is to win.

We are all winners and losers in the circle of life.

Therefore, think before labeling one a loser or winner.

Two -

I whine my loss but I don't lose my whine.

Mona Lisa Aspiras