

Poetry Series

**Pete Zaesar Galula**  
**- poems -**

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# Pete Zaesar Galula(september 17,1986)

i am just simple..

# August Rain

You came when the last dropp of August rain fell

When I was moments away from drying my face

I knew time was raining down on me then

Perhaps the sound of the raging wind outside

Was as deafening as the silence of my heart

That I never heard or saw you coming in

The devious sun sneered at me, fraudulently smiled at me

And was telling me that a more vicious torrential rain

Was looming somewhere unsuspectingly

Hiding behind the nebulous clouds that had clouded my senses

But then I paid no heed to this farsighted admonition

For I thought it will be just another rainy day

And so it happened, what was supposed to happen

And every rainy day, I remember you, I memorize the feeling

You came and you went away as I was swept away

Just when the August rain was about to fall again

I'm a hundred moments away from drying my face

And I'm walking away, miles away from these rainy days

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Bahala

Kung mahimo lang,  
Kada adlaw natong  
subayon,  
ang mangitngit nga dalan  
paingon sa imong kalinaw,  
di ko mo undang ug lakaw,  
Andam ko nga masaag,  
mahanaw sa lawom nga kagabhion,  
Mahanaw,  
Masaag,  
sa dalan paingon  
diha sa imong lawak,  
bahala na..

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Children Of The Silver Star

Frail voices in the air  
At the sound of the rusty tambourine  
Shards of heaven falling before our eyes  
Songs unheard, hearts untouched  
While the crimson light illuminating their direful countenance,  
The sky was singing their song:

“jingol old a we, o was pan arestorai wan horse opensley,

We wis you a mery krismas anahapi nyo year.

Ang pasko ay kay saya kapag kayoy kapiling na “

The world was deaf  
An eerie silence resonated inside their decrepit hearts

Phony stars perpetually shine across the streets  
As darkness swathe their blamelessness

Traces of unsullied praises in their smiles  
No more than a harbinger of untainted joy□

Grateful nevertheless

“Tenk yo, tenk yo, ang babait ninyo,

Tenk you”

The sky was singing their song

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Cross-Stitch

With her velvet hands  
the needle weaves life on the linen

up  
    and  
under  
    it goes,

thread shaking, crisscrossing, intertwining,  
riding with the needle, needless to say

painstakingly,  
faithfully,  
she chases a pattern from her heart,  
The pattern – a blueprint of the universe

A masterpiece, colors like the rainbow  
unfolds in her sweating hands

up  
    and  
under  
    it goes,

it goes on - at the break of dawn,  
in the darkness of night

until the last dropp of her sweat, cascading from her hands

and on the wall,  
her pride extolled in a wooden frame

her work is done

Behold!

Her masterpiece

now among us

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Deux Parallele

Two parallel lines, two parallel lines  
why can't they intertwine?  
Osculating endlessly in an oblivious dream

Protracting incessantly, continuing as they seem  
Arduously crisscrossing, but they try not  
Restless, unfortunate and strange-they intersect-a lot  
Abhorrent, one line was assentient  
Lines that shouldn't have met-but with Fate's consent  
Languishing now, they converge-supposedly inexorable  
Envisaging an unbounded union, then one line fumbles  
Lines- these two lines now distorted and twisted

Lonely and longing, their common point, now ill-fated  
Inelastic, these two lines- concurrent and disentangled  
Nevermore will these two lines meet and form the Angle  
Excogitating now, these two lines, victims of fate  
Saved...these two lines be, once parallel, intersecting, can only wait

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Door Step

I stand at your doorstep  
With a dead flower in my left hand  
As i start to drawl  
The red clouds roll  
Telling us  
It may drizzle

I can only hear you  
You drivel, twaddling until  
You left me picking up  
the missing pieces  
of this dismantled, mangled  
involuntary muscle

Your naked eye never saw  
this stupendous beating  
A subtle feeling  
Where only a helpless finch  
knows the direful melody

Here i wait at your doorstep  
I just came from the bedlam  
There, my heart was-  
in belligerence  
Never raising the stained white flag  
until i find myself  
in an inevitable lamentation

Here i stand at your doorstep  
Saving every hope that dangles from your knob  
Believing in its power  
Living in this grim moment  
For the day may come  
when i stand at your doorstep  
you'll open the gates for me  
unlocking that door for eternity

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Driving Lessons

## Primera

tunob sa clutch  
kambyo,  
hinay-hinay og tunob sa gasolinador  
then slowly, mo dagan ta  
keep your eyes on the road,  
layo pa ra ba atong adtoan

## Segunda

subay lang sa saktong lane  
then feel the hangin, bugnaw  
smile pod diha, relax lang  
tanaw sa rear ug side mirrors panagsa,  
but always keep your eyes on the road  
sige, it's time to change gear

## Tercera

balhin ta sa pikas lane  
let's overtake that dump truck, kay medyo hinay iya dagan da  
malangan ta ana  
accelerate. bantay sa liba-ong,  
pwerteng daghanag liba-ong sa atong kadalanan  
but keep your eyes on the road  
bulhot!

## Cuarta

the road is yours  
we're on the free way  
kung ganahan pa ka magpa kusug, hala sige  
just keep your eyes on the road  
tanaw pod sa rear and side mirrors panagsa  
hapit na ta abot  
sige Bulhot!

taym Pa!

Brake!

Flat ang ligid

Pete Zaesar Galula

# English Poem

If I tell you in incomplete sentence,  
Would you punctuate it with a question mark?  
What would be the right preposition,  
If I place you inside my heart?  
I could think of a million adjectives  
But could not find the word that best describes you  
You are not just any indefinite pronoun  
You're a proper noun causing this improper beating  
Will I be like a dependent clause, needing something  
So that I would make sense in this world?  
Can we be compounded?  
Two different words that become one?  
Two different worlds under the same sun  
Tell me the right conjunction that connects us  
Hoping it would be "and" with no "but"  
Come and make everything (write) right.

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Extra

An extra mile is all I need  
So we won't reach yet  
the end of the street

An extra mile is all i need  
to reach at your doorstep  
without being late

An extra mile is all i need  
to reach the finish line,  
victorious

Pete Zaesar Galula

# First Week

Many days and many hours  
On the lazy chair  
In front of the black idiot box  
Seemingly clueless  
Thoughts flying in space  
I'm in a paradise lost  
Freezing to death

The perfect heaven  
Still a dream away  
As I soar into these lonely hours  
I cannot close my eyes  
I am detained in this dungeon  
Where dragons even sleep in boredom  
And don't even breathe fire, instead rain

"No matter what", says Ronan K...  
It doesn't matter at all  
What matters is you greet the day  
With a pathetic smile  
And with a sip of hot choco,  
Steve yells "foolish heart, hear me calling"

The road seems long and weary  
But I'll get there someday  
To where my soul rejoices  
A triumphant journey to greatness  
Destiny, will you wait for me  
I am coming soon  
Behold...Greatness..

Pete Zaesar Galula

# For Tindy

Balaki ko day  
Samtang gasakay tag 14D  
Gikan sa Ayala terminal  
Ga huot ta sa sulod sa jip  
Sikit-sikiti, walo-walo daw na  
Sandig sa akong bukton  
Bahalag alimuot  
Guniti akong kamot  
Ayaw lang diha panguot  
Paminawa akong mga hunghong  
Taboni lang imong ilong  
iswag gud gamay kay huot  
Di na ko kalingkod ug tarong  
Pahikapa ko day  
Pahikapa ko ba  
Sa imong ...  
Sa imong...  
Sa imong..  
Kuan...  
nawng ba  
Unsa man ka uy  
Abi nimog unsa?  
Kuota akoa day  
Kuota dayon  
Kay hapit na  
Hapit na aaah  
Hapit naaaaahh  
Ko monaog  
Kuota day akong bulsa ba  
Mga sinsiyos para iplete  
Pero day,  
Wa man diay ko kaila nimo  
Kinsa man ka?  
Leche, snatcher man diay kang bayota ka  
Akong celfone wa na gi snatch  
Ahak, ahak jud ahak  
Sunod, di na ko mo himog balak



# Gikapoy

Ga -ha  
ha-  
ngos,  
kay gikapoy si Dodong  
og gukod,  
ug napandol pa gyud  
ah-  
gay!  
nasamad ang tuhod  
sa sige ug gukod,  
kay kung dili gukdon,  
ma uwahi si Dodong  
intawn,  
mabiya-an  
sa orasan nga nagdagan

Sukad nasugatan niya  
si Inday, maanyag nga si Inday,  
ang minuto ug mga segundo  
ga dagan, walay hunong,  
kay matod pa sa katigulangan,  
mo undang ang orasan  
kung ang kasing-kasing  
makalitan,  
makilatan,  
sa kaanyag ni Inday,  
ug mokalit lang ug dagan,  
Pwerteng kusuga,  
Si Dodong, intawn,  
Di na niya maapsan,  
Kay gikapoy  
Gi -  
Ka -Ah  
Poooyy, , ,

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Habol-Habol

Bukoti ko day  
Samtang naay habol, habol  
Gaksa kog madugay  
Kung matog ka, ayaw pag laway  
Kay kapoy laba sa ponda sa unlan  
Mahal na ang sabon sa tindahan  
Hapini og tarong ang katre  
Aron lami ihigda  
Aron molabyog ang kalipay sa gabii  
Andama na ang Baygon Katol  
Aron di mosulod ang mga lamok  
Didto sa buslot kong purol  
Gaksa kog hugot  
Kay bugnaw kayo ang hangin  
Bahalag sa atong katre kita naghuo  
Inig tungang gabii, hangad sa kisame  
Dungan tag pahiyom, dungan tag syagit  
Sa kalami, sa kasakit  
Kasakit – kalabad sa akong ulo  
Bahala ka day, matog na ko

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Hinumdom

Di ko ganahan makahinumdom

Sa mga gabiing gingisihan ko sa magul-anong buwan  
Samtang gibaktas nako ang nagliko-likong dalan  
Paingon sa imong kasingkasing

Sa mga higayong di motugpa ang mga uwak  
Samtang nakigbisog ko sa mga unlan sa akong lawak  
Aron lang magkakuyog ta'g sugat sa kabuntagon

Sa atong mga lakaw paingon sa imong kalinaw  
Samtang nag andam ko sa kagubot mga umaabot  
Kagubot nga nakapatakilpo sa akong kalag

Ug labaw sa tanan

Di ko ganahan makahinumdom

Sa akong mga gipanulti dinhi

Hinumdumi

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Inexplicable

The inexplicable madness  
a contention of nothingness  
I try so hard to suppress  
and pointing this stiletto  
pressing into the deepest,  
deepest corners of my pulse  
where blood streams down  
overflowing, cascading  
until it runs dry  
until these feelings die

The inexplicable emotion  
in reasons i can't find  
I try so hard to explain  
And letting the world know

The inexplicable 'something-I-wish-I-Know'  
In love and in sorrow  
I try so hard to let you  
understand the inexplicable foolishness  
that i've been hiding

The inexplicable sadness  
everytime the sun returns to the west  
the falling stars up there  
as i try catching forty winks  
come down these inexplicable tears

The inexplicable joy, elation  
at the touch of your hand  
at the awkwardness of the moment  
i have lived, i have lived  
i have wished, i dreamed....

Pete Zaesar Galula

# It Was In The Days

It was, in the days, the sun purloining  
the spotlight  
putrescent leaves detaching themselves  
falling, riding  
with the wind hankering to carry them

It was, in the days the aurora borealis flickering  
the midday sky  
sullen air overwhelming the dreary day  
calling, emancipating  
this enslaved heart of heavenly lacerations

It was, in the days, i walked a thousand miles  
towards the dead end  
under the full moon of pristine nights  
the mind gainsaying  
what this fragile heart was screaming

It was, in the days, when smiles were but, cries  
in frail voices  
the expeditious sound reverberating in the corners  
of this soul that snaps in silence  
in silence, in silence, there's no rejection

It was, in the days, i scud forever in dreams  
in deep slumber  
of prodigious visions and impossible schemes  
infirmity of imagination  
in this scraggy world of foolish addiction

It was, in the days, i was surrendering  
the beating of my heart  
to the spirit of the wind  
that hankers to carry it for all time  
and i'm falling, riding  
with the waves, as the stars slowly fall down  
piercing my heart  
and it was, the beginning of the end  
It was, the end of days

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Last Sentence

I'm scribbling  
the last sentence  
of the last paragraph  
of the last chapter  
and punctuating it with burning ellipses.....

It's not that I ran out of ink..  
but i ran out of tears,  
my eyes, dehydrated and reddish  
could no longer write the next scene  
of this never ending story

I'm writing the last words  
no one knows what they are  
not even me, not even you  
but I'm writing them  
before the night turns into day

May our story find immortality  
for generations to come  
for the next tear to fall  
from someone's eye  
until the suffering dies

But I'm writing the last sentence  
on this off-white piece of paper  
and then I'll crumple it,  
and then, incineration  
and the ashes will be carried by the breeze

Those endless dreams,  
Now in the confines of oblivion  
only in HIS time will we find  
those ashes, and if there's anything left  
in our story, we shall find one another

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Liturgy

The wheels have turned  
And so are the hands in clockwise motion  
Still not submitting to oblivion  
Just what lies inside your soul?  
I could never expunge you  
You stay, you have stayed  
even in unfathomable depths  
of my memory

Does your presence speak of continuity?  
to this unthinkable, pernicious feat?  
when i know at the very end,  
a ridiculous defeat;

Poetry is never my liturgy  
only an addiction when you remind  
my foolish mind  
that a ladrone has stolen  
my heart, and will you ever  
give it back?

And so the days go by  
I'm not yet saying goodbye  
I'll just have to saunter  
though every step leads me to nowhere

And so the clock tells me to stop  
'You have drowned for so long'  
'You have sung the same song'  
'You have scribbled enough suffering'  
'When will you end your heart's beating? '

And so i watched as the wheels turned  
Days and nights- let them roll  
Forgetting the feeling, only dreams will do  
I'll sing the same song  
I'll scribble more  
For this is my liturgy



# Midnight Rain

Dark clouds gathering around  
Skies turning into a crimson dome  
as the moon's gravity,  
waking up the waves  
slowly running to shore  
Heart's leaping in the pale moonlight  
that now surrenders, fading into the night  
As my drained temple lay  
Lifeless but undying, in this cold earth  
Restlessly waiting and wishing not its delay  
Longing for the falling, one night of May,  
the falling of the midnight rain  
that comes once, once like Halley's  
shooting here and there without knowing  
or perhaps the eclipse that never comes

And then it starts to fall  
Raindrops piercing my soul  
and riveting staright into the core  
of this jealous heart  
The longings of the heart  
All the emptiness inside  
now drowned, with all the teardrops  
like the midnight rain  
Falling forever, ignoring the sun  
that's hiding somewhere, or perhaps  
sleeping under its sheets  
Extinguished by these tears  
like the midnight rain  
Drowning every pain

Pete Zaesar Galula

## M-W-F

Monday,  
same old songs  
of earth and sky  
and the mysterious gravitation  
of the full moon,  
and the universal forces  
pulling and pushing  
my spirirt,  
divided into longitudes  
and latitudes of boredom

Wednesday, Friday  
only mirrors of Monday  
unless,  
if your shadow passes by,  
it's a different day,  
a different day  
it would be

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Never Ever Land

A lot of things  
traversing in my head  
like ping pong balls,  
smashed back and forth,

and i'm going to Never Ever Land  
with loose screws in my brain  
I'm losing my grip  
from the real world

A lot of things  
come crashing down,  
from the apex of my mind  
down to the pit of my heart  
paralyzing my senses

A lot of things,  
I can't put into complex sentences,  
only lifeless punctuation marks  
on a crumpled yellow paper  
with lame dame smileys

A lot of things,  
a lot of things  
disintegrating inside  
when i hear her calling  
my boring name,  
on a warm Wednesday morning.

A lot of things,  
just a lot of things  
not meant to be understood  
just a lot of things

Pete Zaesar Galula

# No One

No one will ever hear you speak  
When the world becomes mute

No one will ever see you fly  
When the world becomes wingless

No one will ever see you smile  
When the world starts to cry

No one will ever feel your touch  
When the world gets numb

No one will ever see you walk  
When the world is crippled

No one will ever hear you sing  
When the world is out of sync

No one will ever see you dress up like a princess  
When the world becomes naked

No one will ever see you eat  
When the world becomes hungry

No one will ever see you drink  
When the world becomes thirsty

No one will ever see you reach the stars  
When the world has cloudy skies

But Someone is waiting for you above  
When the world needs His Love

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Payag

di gyud to matumpag  
lig-on to og haligi  
gama sa kahoy  
nga kusgan pa sa Narra ug Apitong

bisag unsa pang bagyuha  
di gyud to matumpag

bisag mo uyog pa kapila  
di gihapon to ma unsa  
kay lagi, lig-on ug haligi

Mao kadto akong pagtuo kaniadto

kay karon, nahugno ang among payag  
natumpag

wa man to nag bagyo, pero mas grabe pa ang epekto

igo ra ni agi ang init nga hoyohoy  
hoyohoy nga nihunghong sa among haligi  
nihunghong og tam-is nga mga pulong  
mga pulong nga lami lanlanon

nawad-an og kusug ang haligi

gitayhop ra og kausa,  
ang among payag  
pwerteng hugnu-a

pwerteng bali-a sa haligi

ambot ngano to

Ug karon,

balik na pod mi sa sugod  
naa na mi bag-ong gitukod

payag nga ang haligi gama na sa semento  
syaro mahugno pa to

basta matumpag pa to,  
mulayas na gyud ko

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Please Fall In Line

We fall in line  
a line so long,  
braving the scorching heat,  
drenching ourselves  
with our sweat  
that rolls down  
to our badges,  
the scars that have  
become such,  
a true warrior  
falls in line,  
painstakingly

We fall in line,  
a million eyes,  
both naked and dull,  
with a common focal point,  
but, one by one,  
As we fall in line,  
Some begin to loose  
the balance, could no  
longer stand with  
both feet, tired legs  
and they start to drop

A true warrior  
falls in line  
no matter how long,  
he stands his ground,  
i have stood in mine  
and if i fall in line,  
i'll fall till the end,  
until it's my turn,  
someday, soon.

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Reason

REASON

(music by Jude Gitamondoc, lyrics by Pete Galula, November 10,2008)

If I could find another reason  
To open my doors once again  
It would be one decision  
To walk this road where I've been before

Would it be too late for me  
If I tell you now?  
Do I have to leave it be to fate  
To let you know somehow...

That you're the reason I've found  
One of these days  
One of these nights  
I'm gonna take you to the stars  
And we'll fly on an endless sky  
'Coz when I look in your eyes  
I see the reason of my life

And would there be enough time  
If I'll let the days and nights pass me by?  
Will you wait for me?  
'Coz there's no way of knowing  
If the feeling will last

So would it be too late for me  
If I tell you now?  
Do I have to leave it be to fate  
To let you know somehow...

You're the reason I've found  
One of these days  
One of these nights  
I'm gonna take you to the stars  
And we'll fly on an endless sky  
'Coz when I look in your eyes...

I see the reason  
You're the reason of my life  
I see the reason  
You're the reason I'm alive...

You're the reason I've found  
One of these days  
One of these nights  
I'm gonna take you to the stars  
And we'll fly on an endless sky...

'Coz you're the reason I've found  
One of these days  
One of these nights  
I'm gonna take you to the stars  
And we'll fly on an endless sky  
'Coz when I look in your eyes...  
I see the reason of my life

Woah, you're the reason  
I see the reason of my life.

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Resurrection

You undulate my desires in a split of a second  
the unwanted to forget rests upon my shoulder  
you move like an angel, you move around  
Beauty magnified, causing my steps to stutter

The universe says you're a world away  
even my imagination could not reach you  
and all my nightmares come out in the day  
not enough, not enough, just looking at you

My face has been imbrued with tears  
your hand is the cloth that will wipe it  
soon, when time changes its gears,  
Your hair will sweep the debris, will have swept it

Days we once shared, now chained in oblivion  
You hold the key, you can set them free  
As the cruel twist of fate immures the resurrection  
I'll stand to fight to see you beyond eternity

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Sad Poem

Five locked doors inside a demolished bungalow  
Deaf mute on the stage with low-pitched sopranos  
A Christmas card falling off from a 5- storey building  
A fussy pussycat left with no choice  
Broken glasses on my neighbor's deathbed  
Spanish guitar with lonely dead strings  
The girl who wore black on her prom  
A computer keyboard with missing keys  
The violinist running away without a violin  
The icing never hit the birthday cake before his interment  
Withered petals in November  
Lyrics about dreams that never were  
The smiling child as the mother wept  
Disconnection notice after the black-out

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Seatmeyt

Ga tupad ta, kay nitupad ka  
Talagsaong eksena  
mga higayong wala damha  
Apan ani-a ka, nitupad kanako

Kung buot huna-hunaon,  
makab-ot ra baya unta  
imong bukton,  
imong buhok nga pagkanindot  
kalkagon, ug hipuson ra usab  
sa akong mga nagkurog nga  
mga kamot,  
kung buot lang huna-hunaon...

Apan, murag pila ka kilometro  
ang gilay-on sa atong kalag  
kay wa ako makasabot,  
kay akong li-og, di man malisu  
Hasta akong mata  
nawad-an ug kusug  
bisag pagsiplat lang,  
kay di ako makatuo,  
nga nitupad ka kanako

Wa koy malitok, wa sab ka,  
ug sa imong pagpanamilit,  
ako na lang bawnon imong tingog  
nga dungay na sab  
wa nako madungog

Ug didto na lang sa kutob  
Di masayran kanusa na pod,  
ikaw motupad  
sa sunod nga higayon,  
kung tugtan ta sa panahon

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Shore

I'm sailing on a rough sea  
its calmness i seek  
to reach the shore  
so i could throw away the oars  
forever

But here i hold them now  
Every stroke, losing my arm's strength  
my boat, battling the raging waves  
unhinging the ropes  
that hold my destiny

The wind fiercely tearing my sails  
tears from heaven falling down  
rolling down on my face  
to my lips,  
bitter  
sweet

The horizon is out of my sight  
but the shoreline is never far  
may the spirit of the sea  
lead me straight  
there,  
Home,

And i'll throw away the oars  
forever

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Solitude

As i trod my way to solitude,  
I could hear the wind  
confessing everything  
whispering in frail voices

And so are the birds, the finch,  
spreading their wings,  
as if they would devour  
my soul, singing  
in direful melodies

I start to sit, gazing at  
the golden sun that  
emblazons the lifeless sky,  
its brightness almost  
blinded my naked eyes

I go on in this solitary way  
like dead leaves, detaching  
themselves, and falling  
in slow motion, only to  
be blown by the zephyr

Clouds just keep on rolling  
while the trees, swaying  
in oblivious ways,  
and so is my mind,  
soaring in forgetfulness

I might as well,  
Cease this lonely hour, and  
walk in cascading emotions,  
towards a distorted paradise  
with a million arms  
waiting for me

This moment now a clandestine  
only to be revealed in burning ink  
a solitary pursuit, now a poetry

for us to hear, for us to see

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Song

I've been singin' alone for so long  
the same old song  
over and over again  
all this time,  
I've been dreamin'  
That you'll sing it with me  
Someday, maybe not today

I've been searching for answers  
the same old questions  
time and time again  
all these years, (I've)  
been hiding these tears  
And now you're here to wipe them away..  
If only you'll stay..  
and only if you'll...

Fly with me forever baby  
we'll soar when the wind is right  
come fly with me  
thru the darkest night  
and in the light of the day  
what else could I say,  
If you tell me you'll stay...  
Fly with me..  
fly...

I've been wandering here and there  
but finding myself back  
same place, to you..  
all the while  
I've been trying to smile  
and tell you and thank you  
for you will always be at my side..

Don't know how long..

Just promise me you'll...

So hold my hand tonight  
hold it tight  
Someday I'll wake up from this  
and save all the memories...

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Story

What happens when there's no more ink?  
Will you throw the pen away?  
Along with your prodigious dreams?

The stories are never lost  
they're just hiding somewhere in the dark  
tied with the ropes of desolation  
waiting for you to unravel

What happens when there's no more rhyme?  
Will you throw the music away?  
Along with your prodigious dreams?

The words are never lost  
Even unwritten sentences are understood  
Punctuation marks peeping at the tip of your pen  
The lonely piece of paper waiting for your burning lines

What happens when there's no more love?  
Will you throw the feeling away?  
Along with your prodigious dreams?

The fire has never died  
Embers still glowing in your soul  
Close your eyes and look beyond the horizon  
Your story will find its wings

What happens when there's no more YOU?  
Will the world throw away the story?  
Along with its glory?

The words and stories are never lost  
The fire has never died

There's still ink cascading from your pen  
The words still rhyme  
Love was never lost  
You still hold the key  
And unlock the door to immortality.

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Summer

On the first of the last days  
the heart and mind,  
in a state of war

to do or not to do it  
to tighten or loosen my grip  
to tie or untie the rope  
however which way  
i can never know  
yet,  
state of war,  
belligerent heart  
belligerent mind  
the clashing of a lifetime

why smile?  
then, why hate?  
and then your eyes smile again  
may you smile forever

but my mind, my heart  
know nothing but truth in every lie  
the truth,  
that days are on the final swing  
the truth,  
the inevitable goodbye

The last glimpse of your smile

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Tedium In Lonely Verses

On days when everything rolls back counter-clockwise  
When I thought the heart was basking under the shade  
It seems I am entangled in a belligerent world  
To wake up finding myself in an edgeless cliff in a stark land  
Wingless thoughts soaring with the birds on a lonely flight

I walk without feet traversing sideways on bridgeless roads  
When I thought the heart was basking under the shade  
Marvel at the grotesque garden where flowers never bloom  
Unspoken words have understood my silence  
How can you make the debris the most beautiful thing

On nights when dreams are just a requisite of life  
When I thought the heart was basking under the shade  
Look deep into my iris and see my blindness  
Sing me a song unheard from eons ago  
Then I will understand the confusion of your mind

Synthesize your joy with your blandness  
When I thought the heart was basking under the shade  
Unearth the undiscovered milieu somewhere deep  
As madness levitate my jubilation amidst the storm  
These days shine when I am just another experiment

When I thought the heart was basking under the shade  
Synthesize your joy with your blandness  
On nights when dreams are just a requisite of life  
I walk without feet traversing sideways on bridgeless roads  
On days when everything rolls back counter-clockw

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Tedy Bear

Stare forever,  
that's all you can do  
Will you ever tell her?  
or wait ti'll she hugs you?

Are you just going to sit there?  
And watch her sleep?  
I know you always care  
there inside your heart, you keep

Why don't you touch her?  
Her beautiful hair, her face  
or perhaps catch her tears  
if she cries in her lonely days

Why don't you sing her a song?  
or perhaps, your words that rhyme,  
The night may be long  
you may run out of time

If i were you Tedy Bear,  
I'll kiss her and tell her,  
Coz i love her, i swear  
Anytime, anyday, anywhere

When the lights go out tonight  
Don't ever leave her  
And don't keep her out of your sight  
Just love her, just love her, Tedy Bear!

Pete Zaesar Galula

# The Fall Of The Pink Rose

streetlights gleam across the southern road  
but not as bright as it could have been  
not even the moon, the wanning crescent,  
could save me from the darkness of your smile

the long, dusty road, seemed so short, and wide  
as wide as the distance between us,  
as we trod this one-way lonely street.  
i held on my right hand, the pink rose

wrapped in translucent plastic,  
in crimson ribbons and lame circles,  
the pink rose, i held tightly, bleeding my hands,  
for the thorns have pierced my fragile soul

it was for you, but then again no,  
not today, not tonight,  
not when the streetlamps faking its light  
it was for you, but then again no

the end of the line has come  
farewells are even forgotten  
but i won't wallow in sadness  
i will hold that night in my bleeding hands

the pink rose, now a secret to be kept forever  
floats in the river of lost hopes,  
for i had to let it go, i had to let it fall,  
and time will carry it to where it should be,

in the garden of bliss  
for eternity

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Une Journée À L'église (A Day In The Church)

The warm gentle breeze caressed my face  
As the iron gate opened, paving the way  
Unveiling a clandestine mystery of that Holy Place  
And the scorching heat defining the day

Balloons! ! ! They're all around floating in mid-air  
As red as the blood that runs through my veins  
But the smiling sun blinded me causing me not to stare  
And so I walked my way into the untrodden lanes

So I stride in slow motion  
The wind whisperin' to my ear  
Silent voices of melancholy and dejection  
One step at a time I'm getting closer

Empty souls stroll around  
Some chant amorphous sounds  
Some with purpose, some just simply gad  
Happy faces, now you see them sad

On one side, there, a glimpse of the edifice  
Smell the history embedded on its surface  
On the pews, sinful creatures kneel  
Their tremulous hearts, you could feel

Look straight! ! And there they are..  
A multitude of radiant faces  
In a flash, moments are captured  
Their smiles will forever leave traces

So I scuttled to reach the hall  
Of crimson candles in tranquil flames  
And there they are! ! Standing tall..

Igniting the wick, praying just the same

There my world stopped turning  
As I watched the words flow from their lips  
Like cascades eternally flowing  
They stood still, constantly praying

More and more came and lit  
Each showing their strongest faith  
As I went under the dying tree and sit  
Capturing the instance before it's too late

And the sun began to move clockwise  
Signaling the passing hours  
Instinctively, I started to rise  
How reverent and faithful we are! ! I realized...

And for one last time I stood  
And one last glimpse at the Holy Rood  
Then again in slow motion, I stride  
I can see the primordial portal and... I can see my ride...

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Unfinished

It's been forever  
living my life in this illusion  
flying high on dreams  
dreams that never were

the world knows  
where i left my heart  
you hold it in your hands  
but never kept it

it's been forever  
living my life in this illusion  
flying high on dreams  
dreams that never were

I need to hide from the silence  
that breaks my soul  
i need to hide from your smile  
that burns my heart

it's been forever  
living my life in this illusion  
flying high on dreams  
dreams that never were

i will wait, but i can't  
you will open your doors,  
but will you let me in?  
or the key belongs to someone else?

It's been forever  
Living my life in this illusion  
Fixing high on dreams  
dreams that never were

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Walking Wounded

Walking wounded  
in this boulevard of broken dreams

I see radiant faces  
gleaming, as the light refracts  
To nowhere i must go  
distant places high and low

Because i'm walking wounded  
the infection has spread  
Still, trodding this one way street  
Constantly hiding under the sheets  
For anytime, anytime  
an avalance of twisted emotions  
rolls down and covers  
these hopeless tears

So, i'm walking wounded  
patiently waiting  
waiting, for i'll be dead

Pete Zaesar Galula

# Weary

Once the waves start to run for shore,  
I know i could not ask for more  
It's like coming home  
from a stormy day  
in the middle of summer, in May

I know i'll be at peace  
Once i get there  
Cradled like a newly-born human  
Serenity, a heavenly feeling  
After the dreadful war  
Inside, the battle within and without

I'll lie in space  
A temporary suspension in mid-air  
The wind carrying my weary frame  
After the fiercest battle  
I'll soar in oblivion  
From whence comes my foolish emotion  
So tired and weary  
But i'll be, i'll be happy

Pete Zaesar Galula

# What To Love

When to love?

Is it when fate tells us?  
Or perhaps, maybe  
when nothing tells us?

Does it rain when we love?

An everlasting hail?  
Or maybe, simply flames  
from a sky burning in the furnace

Where to love?

In an open field of treacherous dreams?  
Or inside a locked, dark room-  
where silence will increment your heart's sound.

Do birds sing when we love?

Melodies of lost time from beyond  
But also the crow watches at night  
And sing dirges for your delight

How to love?

By heart or by mind?  
Which is which, both lead me astray  
how to love, there seems to be no way

Do tears fall when we love?

Holding back won't change a thing  
or just simply simper when you love  
it won't change a thing

Why to love?

Like reasons why you fly with a dove  
It is in itself the reason  
A reason for a reason makes no sense

Am i making sense?

Like this poetry, you can throw it away  
Go and cease the queries  
Just love..for in war, you'll find peace

Pete Zaesar Galula