

Poetry Series

**Ray Remalig**  
**- poems -**

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# Ray Remalig()

# Forever Starts At The End (A Sonnet)

Eternal life will start in my late last.

But who knows death began ere I was born?  
A christian needs to die, as it's a must,  
Before he could have seen the coming morn.  
The day I went out from my mother's womb,  
Is just as my death anniversary.  
A dead child risen from a woman's tomb,  
And breathing dust that lives for vanity.  
I'm now alive but died with Him; and then,  
Will die to live a life, and will not die  
Again of death that doubled-killed the men  
Born dead, although, alive, yet passers-by...  
The residents of deathless fire where dwell  
Those who died dead to die a death in Hell.

Ray Remalig

# Her Smile Has A Tickling Feather

My heart is tickled  
with her smile's feather, and laughed  
out love with her joke.

But when I whispered,  
to tickle her ears, the words,  
'I love you, ' she's wroth...

It was funny! that  
my love is a boring joke  
when she didn't laugh.

Ray Remalig

# Many Friends Are Too Few

What many friends are for?

A quantity won't matter.

If you have few or more,

Shan't always count a number.

If you have many friends,

Each one has cheaper value;

For in the bitter ends,

You have but only too few.

A few is many if

Their qualities are genuine;

In much there's more mischief,

But fewer less there had been.

Yes, you may can collect,

For friends indeed are treasures;

But better far select,

And count by names-not numbers.

Ray Remalig

# You Cannot Hide The Light

You cannot hide the light inside  
the night however dim or bright...  
you could have only show that light-

the sun to such a darkened one:  
and you can't shun the death of life  
nor of its day you could have run-  
within the night outside the sun...

Ray Remalig