

Poetry Series

Ruby Tonacao Campos
- poems -

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Ruby is a christian Freelance Writer who is residing in Cebu, Philippines. She is currently teaching Public Speaking and Performing Arts and Journalism in A Secondary school. She loves learning new things, traveling, reading meeting and making new friends, and studying about other cultures.

Nature always catches her attention-the flowers, animals, birds, butterflies, fish and other wildlife. They all amaze her with grandeur. She is thankful to God for His wonderful creation for man to behold and appreciate.

A Teacher's Desire

Master Teacher, Source and Giver of wisdom,
You have called me to a work so special,
A stint that others often label as celestial,
With some calling it one "noble and superior";
Yet others consider it something just to ignore.

Yes, whether my work is lowly or stately,
Or whatever people may, my vocation name,
It doesn't matter, for my soul they can never lame.
My hand, heart and head they keep moving and doing,
Not minding if someone's watching or e'er looking.

When tempted to be content with a lazy brain,
Help me to strive to grow in my profession,
To work with zeal like teaching is my passion
That I may become the best teacher I can be,
Learning and growing daily in and with Thee.

Selfishness may at times beset my clouded mind,
So, remind me that each student has his own struggles
In his heart, his home, his peers with all its pressures,
And to these, help me to discern and be keen as can be,
That I may feel his pains, even unknown and alien to me.

Heavenly Tutor, let me be that humble mentor
Whose actions, words and even line of thought,
My students would want to quote and emulate,
For I desire not that You teach me to be a genius, popular or famous,
But that, my influence on others and my students, heaven would rejoice.

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Beauty

Beauty lures,
beauty pulls.
Beauty attracts,
beauty distracts.

Beauty in mind lives,
Beauty in men deceives,
Who can never know,
A thing of beauty you know.

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Beauty Is In The Beholder's Eye

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" they say, and I agree.
Anyone can make anything beautiful or ugly by his seeing,
He can turn a red rose into green, or a yellow daffodil into brown,
A small hill, into a steep mountain or a huge stunt into a trail.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" you see, True.
Anyone can turn a wonderful evening into hell,
A rosy cheek into a black old salamander,
A tiny or slight quarrel into a hilarious war.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", I subscribe.
You can turn your lifeless surrounding into a living paradise,
Your dilapidated and haunted house into colorful zoo,
A monotonous work into a stirring adventure.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", I surmise,
Anyone can turn a homely woman into a stunning princess,
A tiger wife into a beauty queen,
A cold and dead husband into a spirited king.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", I declare.
No matter what it is, or where it may be,
It is in the person's mind, his thinking, even his action,
It is his mindset, his own real perception.
Happy people become only happy when they choose to.
Contentment comes only to those who would have it,
Real joy to those who have a place for it in their hearts,
In their minds, and in their being.

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Enough!

Slowly, silently, carefully, she crawls beneath,
She reaches out her trembling right hand,
Tightly, her left hand held to her belly,
Then she inches forward for the only crumb,
Her mouth waters, waters more.

She moves, another direction, a second crumb,
She covers her face flat to the ground
While her foot, left foot moves,
towards a new direction for a third crumb,
A third 'crumb' my friend,
Can't you hear me?

Carefully, she raises the third crumb
to push it towards her mouth,
But his eyes, condemning eyes, glued at her,
And His leg, right leg is ready,
Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Only a crumb please, only a crumb my lord.

Isn't she a human being?
Isn't he not? Isn't he...
The sight is too much for me, too much!
I couldn't dare, I couldn't bear!
The pain, the pain within, Enough!

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Life Is...

Life is a gift,
It's not mine to waste.
Life is precious,
it's not mine to abuse.
Life is short,
It's not mine to squander.
Life is relationship,
It's not for me to hate,
rather, share, give and love.

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Life's Journey

Life's Journey

Life's journey isn't easy or funny,
Rather, it's long and really dreary,
And though troubles make us grumble,
Yet often they make us all humble.

Yes life's journey is never easy
So much things and burdens make us weary,
When our pockets become so down
We can't just help but simply frown.

Yes life's journey is never easy
And though our lives are in real topsy-turvy,
We can always trust that God is in control
For He is the captain of your and my own soul.

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Love's Many Faces

Love is like a red red rose,
it catches your attention.
Love is like a strong wind,
it blows your mind away.
Love is like a bumpy road,
it keeps you falling here and there.
Love is like a puffy cloud,
it comes in varied shapes and sizes.
Love is like a beautiful rainbow,
it colors your life.
Love is like a piercing sunrise,
it gives you hope of a new day.
Love is like a flowing river,
it always finds its way.
Love is like a cooling fountain,
it calms your heart,
and gives you tranquility.

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Nothing More

She stands a moment
Merely gazing at a blank wall
With grave contempt He stares
Not minding her presence
Not even her shadows

The air blows gently then whispers
'Hey buddy what's up for you? '
She moves closer, closer
His body stiff his neck unmoved
'Could this be him? ' She asks.

Suddenly, a smile he gave her,
Nothing more, never more
She scratches her head
Then silence, more silence
Death was just at the door.

Slowly and quietly
She stretches her hand to touch,
But only a glance from Him she got
Death was just at the door
Then a chagrin, and nothing more.

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Oh Moon

Oh moon what a delight to see,
You drive away my madness
with your stunning beauty.
You soothe one's tired spirit
that e'en the sky couldn't limit,
Oh yes moon, you are a beauty to see!

In the darkness of the night,
You silently give your light,
To illumine this world so vast
and make your light to last.
Yes dainty yet mighty moon
You never get tired, no, not so soon.

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Quiet Times

They give me space,
Clear my troubled mind,
Heal my soul,
Touch my heart,
Keep me human,
And remind me
'Be humble oh man.'

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Sunrise Is

A hope of a new day,
A promise for a new beginning,
A fresh look at life,
A reward for the weary,
A new chapter of one's life,
Another page unfolded,
A new world begun,
A promise for a brighter tomorrow,
Joy spread before you,
Life in Christ anew.

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You

Dark paths have been brightened
Rough times they never stop me
Boredom, Oh it cheers me up
Weary days are a welcome to me
Tired eyes they look to the sky
Then happiness overwhelm me,
All because of YOU!

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You Are My Treasure

You are my guiding star
that lights my way in a dark night.
You are my perfect rudder
when my hopes seem out of sight.

You are my loyal friend
who comforts me when I'm down,
You are my sole inspiration
when those I love begin to frown.

You are my constant company
when life gets dull and dreary,
You are my dearest treasure
when everything is a failure.

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