

Poetry Series

Susan T. Aparejo
- poems -

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Susan T. Aparejo(Dec.09,)

21stcentury Leadership

Describe it!

New...

Different...

Amazing...

A Twist of ones' culture.

Its the leadership brought
about the advent of globalization,
A leadership by evolution,
by individuals who are leaders,
by individuals who never been leaders
but headto head crafted this new design
of the 21st century leadership.

It is a leadership of teamwork,
a leadership of collaboration,
A shared type of leadership,
Everyone has his voice,
Everyone is part of,
Everyone is accounted for success!

It is a leadership of togetherness,
Of helping one to succeed,
Forgetting the old doctrine of blaming,
But makingeverybody means for caring,
Because once and for all we are aiming,
for our worth in learning and achieving.

Susan T. Aparejo

A Laurel For Ludita

Authority empowers me,
of my pen, and imagery,
a wreath of Laurel for a distinction,
never the eye of Goddess seen,
never the paper has ever written,
Just a simple lyrics of this poem,
To unearth the beauty in you within,
So then I have to begin;

Meet you sometime like a winnow,
Chosen grains from the furrow,
A friend's list in a few of row,
She recommended and saw you true.

There began the friendship of you,
A soft heart like a pillow
of my sweet dawn for the morrow,
Your principle is an iron
Yet bend to the tears of some,
You and I are women of times,
Easily deceived by friends on line,
Yet we work for them with no wine,
Save the truest friends we have so fine.
My Salute to you my friend,
The imaginary trails of path is clear,
You're living a legacy of lane to ponder,
Kindness for you is not always been visionary,
It should be a necessity,
In times for the needy.

Have seen your exemplary and invisible acts,
Both for mentors and learners back.
Others find hard to keep tract,
Never find time to subtract,
Yet one wish to destruct,
The fame we build in your rock.

I now empowers myself in motion,
To set my pen laurels for distinction,

To the Math Wizard of no Goddess mention,
Yet goodness crown is hoisted for you,
And true friendship is yours too,
Such AWARDS are forever be yours,
For a woman of unequal signs,
In our heart of solemn silent times,
Your name " LUDITA" will always rhymes.

Susan T. Aparejo

A Challenge

Everyday is a challenge,
If you could spare a prayer,
In a minute of silence,
If you can give your wisdom,
To the empty pail in queue,

Every minute is a challenge,
If you could sit around

and watch the flower bloom,
A child grows to the fullest of its dream,
Lead the life of his world.

Every minute is a challenge,

If you could sit beside the slow learners,

Talk to him and find the best in him,
Encourage him his part in this world,
To live life in his fullest.

Every hour is a challenge,
To radiate joy into your own,
To enjoy the simplest thing,
That happiness brings,
Until challenges for us will ring.

Susan T. Aparejo

A Kiss Of Darkness

If you think you know,
You never feel the coldness of the snow,
If you think you sparks your glitters,
You never even shed a mountain of tears.

Beyond the friendship I offer,
I was carried out of the subtle of your laughter,
With assurance of your a genuine scepter
The poisonous fangs of being a blackmailer!

Wow! , beyond that angel clothing.,
A demure movement of everything,
There a black magic of her sting,
Killing me entirely throughout spring.

Friends around are St. Micheal,
Protecting me from your kissing kill,
Jealousy is the root of all evil,
Yet I am alive living in great sails!

How pity the words of power,
Made from the magic of bribery,
The more you strive the more your down there,
The momentum of your TREACHERY

Susan T. Aparejo

A Lesson Plan

The said the Bible for a teacher,
I started my way to discover,
I labor days and nights,
Weeks to months, and found no lights,
Months to Year and that's not enough,
Year to years and then I found the naught,
Being exhausted I try not to quit,
Till one day I never expect,
I was able to get a far glance at it.

There, I found my pace getting nearer,
When I glance a little further,
I take the test and find my own items,
There at last, I become one,
The one who has the power,
To make any other than,
A lesson Plan for my own life.

Susan T. Aparejo

A New Day

When teardrops fall,
Rain follows in the furrows,
Watering the dried lands
Of the unreddened face,
Moist the mourned smiles
of the unshinny lips
To shower sunlight
of the evening rays.

When everything glistens,
Colorful rainbows,
Shade the sky of its glory,
There, the linings visible,
that only God's blessings,
could explain the beauty
Of every parted lips
To signal the smiles
of the new day comes.

Susan T. Aparejo

A New Day For Me

Lights illuminates the furrows in my head,
Lights of hope and dream comes true,
Many years of a desire and aspiration,
Many times being buried- the desire of fire,
One day, its another refusal publication.

Been searching the real hope in me,
Been searching far and wide
Been carrying the heavy dreams of no hope,
Trying to succombs to the wind of change,
And I found the answer of my dream.
Here in poem hunter, I thank sincerely,
Candidly, you make me the person,
I want to be- a POET!

Susan T. Aparejo

A Notable Teacher Experience

A new day to face many eyes,
Such inquisitive look never lies,
The brain increases in sight,
Cracking almost to its size,
To address these minds,
To let them believe their not blinds,
To the wits I transfer in their kinds.

I lost my goal and find no more,
To reason is not a solution,
I found no trace to turn my track,
They carry me from the start,
Out from the destiny I plot,
I struggle myself to stood still,
Clang my feet to where I stood.
A force to full me down seemed increased.
The glaring sight of co- teachers move,
Commanding them to pull me hard,
Shocked shaken me to the truth,
A snakes emerged even in the town,
Where concrete pathways ever exist.

The more I wounded the more I was braver,
The scenario turned into a showdown,
A learner flashed a glaring knife,
My womb was the target of sharpness,
I closed my eyes to subdue to God,
Pray a little and asked salvation,
to Him I submit everything.
As the flying sharpness come near,
I saw the darkness overtook me,
I shouted unintimidating voice,
To melt the fire of burning desire,
Those co teachers dropped their lids,
As the knife dropped,
So did their joy of seeing me free,
A lesson I ponder before
And I ponder more and more,
to water me into the field of

A good teacher to live forever.

Susan T. Aparejo

A Teacher

Father, mother, sister rolled into one,
nanny, lover, helper and adviser,
caretaker, watchmaker, great planner,
an innovator, inventor, trainer,
to describe my teacher.

Life is no private,
they consumed them for public,
all eyes in focus,
for an err of no cost.

So much fund never fun,
more work never won,
plenty of debt never a death,
many hearts, often hurts.

Good follower but no power,
better will, never wail,
clean thoughts often taught,
best choice is there in naught.

a mover to be moved,
a model to unmold,
a conversationalist for the least,
a personality for all us-best!

Susan T. Aparejo

Achievers Team Neap Training 2009

\ACHIEVERS, JOURNEY TO LEADERSHIP

The query of how to change
Shifted our world with challenge,
Myriads of approaches laid in evidence,
Expert innovations come in no silence,
Yet not many suit the will of our Providence,
Until a TRANSFORMED SELF come into existence.

Looking into self as pillars of leadership,
Changing practices, attitude of partnership,
Transferring perspective, looks for administratorship,
Emerging and deepening the divides ownership,
As spiritual, holistic focus for self relationship.

Hail to us the innovators of our time!
Equipped with NEAP training and wisdom to shine,
Together we'll be the next principal in line,
To emerge ourselves to leadership's wine.

The secret reveals the process of innovation,
Achievers' smiles are the attractions,
Fields of communication mirror our vision,
Appropriate practices drive our mission,
They're the miraculous keys of dream realization.

Be the expert of 'SPATRES' and 'VIMOGRAPI',
To welcome stakeholders in cups of coffee,
And present them the views of ' I see! ',
In order for them to reply you with ' I agree! ',
Until a gesture of nod to commit ' Okey! '.

Partnership should never end that way,
School invitations for them in carpet of relay
VIP treatment with plague of appreciation,
Magic words ' thank you' extend partnership's inauguration

Written during seminar of BCSBM Aug.16,2009.

Susan T. Aparejo

Almighty God

To search your beginning said they,
would be a mortal sin to me,
but could my brain stop pondering?
as everyone has its beginning?
the questions remains a mystery,
and would be passed as legacy.

Called by someone as ingratitude,
in this boldness of my attitude,
how could the humanity blame me?
when they too wish the truth to be,
I realized I've done the hardest quest,
for the mystery is kept in secret crypt.

How the creation of Him intrigue me,
no traces of pattern in my eyes could see,
the wonder disturbs my mind,
such feeling was too felt by most blind,
but such wonder gives me at last a peace,
and heart celebrates a great feast.

Down I was several times,
carrying so much yoke,
friends so close get lost,
love ones turn in another coast,
suddenly a voice echoes on board,
the miraculous presence of the LORD! .

Susan T. Aparejo

Artificial Intelligence

Though artificial but genuine,
Though not a human but has brain,
Though no emotions but teach how to emote,
Though not eating but teach how to cook,
Though not writing but teach how to write,
Though not studying yet it gives tips in studying,
Though no diploma but a master in all degrees,
The master of all, but sometimes meet trouble,
Like humans, it feels tiresome,
Just unplugged and open once more,
your artificial gadget,
Never complain even being called as
'Computer'

Susan T. Aparejo

At Sunday's Beach

Sand, shore and seashells,
It's Sunday with lots to tell, crabs crawl crazily in corners,
Fishes freshly fin in a frying fan,
Cozy cottages celebrate county cuisine,
Child in crib cries contentedly,
Varied views of ventilated vehicles
Contrasting the coconut crown of country's culture,
Profile of people progress powerfully,
With the wishy-washy white waves,
Waded in whisper to the well-wishers,
As lone life lulled lavishly of learning,
On Sunday's Beach- Best!

Susan T. Aparejo

Automation Machine

Gone are those days,
A very slow process,
Election fraud spread,
Like wild fire in the forest,
Selling dignities for money,
A thorough virus in our country.

Automation Machine presented,
As solution to the prevalent virus,
Now, the bidders withdraw,
The fight for autocracy smells,
The lesson in clear and sound,
Politics has tentacles,
To grip the honesty
By stopping automation
To its peak of its demolition.

Susan T. Aparejo

Baguio City

The breath-taking view the soul of tranquility,
Bringing you to the land of mystic and fairy,
Yet you're awake in broad light to reality,
Its grandeur and glory is beyond our beauty.
The land far away known to many as Baguio City

Susan T. Aparejo

Battles Of Fairness

Fairness?

To honesty, fairness is Fair,

To sincerity, fairness is Accuracy,

To integrity, fairness is Absolute!

To the law, fairness is JUSTICE!

To dedicated public servant

FAIRNESS IS MORE THAN A SALARY,

MORE THAN TEARS, MORE THAN JUSTICE,

MORE THAN SWEAT, MORE THAN HONOR,

MORE THAN LOVE and

MORE THAN JUSTICE.

But to the twisted society

FAIRNESS is

BEYOND DOUBT

and BEYOND

QUESTION!

I have no doubt,

I have no question.

The gavel is yours.

But...

you can't stop me

remembering

December 10,2010.

Susan T. Aparejo

Being Guilty

Is it guilty to tell the truth?
Is it guilty if you stand for it?
The truth they said will set you free.
Yet, they force you to say,
The opposite of what it may.

Asking me if I am guilty?
For taking the penalty,
Of what the truth I say?
Whatever you call me,
I still remain as I can be,
Don't force me to live my way,
The truth will set me free,
So never I feel being guilty!

You want me to tell a lie?
And you even curse me to die?
Your friends never ever say 'Hi! '
Who cares if you deceive them in your cry
And our relation is not an apple pie,
What matter most is the truth that apply,
Even in all aspects you deny,
I am willing to say goodbye,
For the young generation's eyes.

Susan T. Aparejo

Bleeding Heart

Who cares for the life,
If the pain pins you?
Who cares for the future
If the pain is so sure?
Who cares for a friend
If the untruth is the trend?
Who cares for you
If infidelity is a due?

What is left is a bleeding heart,
None cares but a scar left behind,
Time heals but takes so long,
A knife will cure no longer.

Susan T. Aparejo

Blessings Of The Rain

Whenever rains drops,
A soothing feeling rubbing my back,
Its tendrils touches my spine,
Making me feel the cool of time.

Soil welcomes it for nourishment,
Quenching its thirst from a long drought,
There the blessing comes forth,
Some new shoots emerge from behind,
The harvest of the long waiting.
Rain comes as a blessing.

Susan T. Aparejo

Burning Cold Desire

T'was before and still this time,
like the embers of ceaseless moist,
My desire to smash injustice lingers,
How the curse penetrate my spine.

How could the youth's power,
Empower you? they've scared,
Eagles fierce eyes ever feared,
Their wings so weak to dare to fly.

My heart sunk like deflated balloon
Turn lifeless in striding home,
Darkness hug my mind to action
The coldest embers of I offer for protection.

They're my students, my children.,
Nurtured by the cradle of my emblem,
Their pain is an arrow in my loin,
Coated them the protection from being ruin.

Fly away you! - virus of spreading,
You planted hatred in the mind of these beings,
The crimson blood boils for arguing,
But igniting fire is a good for nothing.

Susan T. Aparejo

Christmas 2003

The memoir of childhood days,
Deeply carved as years part ways,
Penetrating and leaving memory's rays,
Solitude for silver bells rang in the hay,
of the yore, of its juncture and its future.

The limelight of this era never swear,
of yore's bells to stay so near,
the jolly echoing of the distant care,
with all its might the mortal was there,
the unnatural feeling of the season's bear,
injured by many, yet suffered by her.

Gone were the echoes of the past,
Covered by the ecstasy of cash,
Whisper by the pretension of its mask,
Overwhelmed by the presence so vast,
Trumpheting the genuine spirit of Christmas!

Here you are in the vastness of none,
Thinking the melodies to tune in your mind,
What a dim is the little world I had behind,
How the days close moonshined the time,
Water drops as pines tears entertwine.

Farewell Christmas 2003!
You've just an err of the footprint's journey,
Such error is to look and ponder by me,
The basis of tomorrow's treaty,
The foundation of today's tease,
Farewell and Welcome 2004!

(Note: this was written in Tacloban City)

Susan T. Aparejo

City Of Manila

Glaring and sparkling light,
the night of splendor,
Busy to hurry, a life
in search of grandeur,
Many innocents and ignorant
have endured their stay,
Life so different as what
they read in folklore.

Susan T. Aparejo

Clouds And Me

I watched the clouds

and it watch me too,
I talked to him but gently flow
he waves farewell in my head above,
and joined the others to form new shape.

I appealed to to remain his shape,
he just nodded but couldn't resist,
he made me stare at him
enjoy the apparition in a while,
yet in a minute or two,
he simply passes me by.

Still I shouted where did he go?
he never answer but went to flow
how I wish I could follow
he can move to and fro,
the freedom he loves to
is the freedom I don't have to.
he could travel anywhere
without fare and toes
to him there's no place to hide
for me I have no place to ride.

Hail to you, white feathery clouds,
just visit me and dropped me some rain,
bring my greetings to the world in heaven,
that someday I would be like you,
flying in my journey to heaven...soon..

Susan T. Aparejo

Confidence And Courage

Confidence and courage are amulets and charms

They smell like perfumes attracting many eyes,

They taste like coffee energizing you for a while,

They sound like rock music filling up your tired nerves

They feel like super heroes, making you above from others,

They live forever in you as long as you grow.

Susan T. Aparejo

Dawn For The New Day

The night is so long,
the dark wraps the body of fear and uncertainty
the moist of cool air drains the warm left,
the light is sipped by the madness of the night.
sound of nowhere and of hell shaken one's creation
eyes illuminated the scary hopeless world.
the lullaby is the prayer of beautiful tomorrow.

Comes the slit and slat of sparkles,
Hope descends in its natural way,
the night is frightened and walks so slowly away,
who would hinder
the dawn of the new day?

Susan T. Aparejo

Death

Nobody knows not even ME,
The new bud rejoice of its being,
A baby cries during his birth,
All bless the new beginning of life.

Then at its peak of its creation,
When at early period he reaches it without struggle,
Nor it reaches it at its longer period of time,
Who cares? Does it matter to it? or it matters to him?
Nobody knows, not even ME!

How life ended matters ME!
Do you feel it nears you?
Or it nears him? her? or them?
Nobody know, not even ME!

At the end of the road
Then, where shall we go?
Absolute rest, they say.
in our night snores we felt,
Yet nobody knows we died each day.
As we close the day and welcome the dark,
Then nobody knows our total END.

Susan T. Aparejo

December

Full of parties,
From most of the pennies,
Joyful melodies,
are heard for Holidays.

As the month of December
starts to begin,
Everyone prepares the trend.
The jolly bells of the season,
Reminds us of the childhood joy,
of Santa Claus Myth,
Christmas tree wish,
Gifts from our godparents
and the food that December brings.

Now its December again,
How wonderful a gift of Christmas vacation.
From work - lesson plans, visual aids,
Managing behavioral problems.
All these ruin ruins your day,
Poison your good health and
Put all the stress in me.

But the month gives me the Christmas vacation,
To see hello to my own home.
To find solace to my won refuge- my bed
And to check the cobwebs in every corner of my memory
of my own home.
December is my coolest Christmas time
to be at home.
Thank you month of December.

Susan T. Aparejo

Disposable World

The generation of technology,
helps us forget an algae,
the advent of progress,
helps us to forget some rest,
the innovation of today,
forget the products out from clay.

Comes disposable world,
business earns more gold,
a product of technology,
a throwaway society,
everything is disposable,
humanity is perishable,
things fix becomes removable,
even couple is replaceable.

Susan T. Aparejo

Dissertation

Writing in scientific ways,
All the sweat, sweet and sour savor,
Reaching the end needs determination,
Design, dedication, detest and delimitation,
Are the legendary lair for love of learning,
In the quest for query, and sound solution
A moment of miracles, mourn, momentum,
Join all the forces for fantastic findings,
To an astounding, aspiring conclusion,
If only they know the knowledge of nowhere,
They learn to admire the aesthetic aspects,
Of disclosing the discovery through dissertation.

Susan T. Aparejo

Earth: God's Creation

The warmth of the light, making the world so bright,
The majesty of the sky for the birds to fly,
The calm and quiet sea setting part the land in the lea,
The generous souls of moon, stars and sun for human fun,
The awesome birds, fish, beast and human kind,
When there was nothing more to add,
God knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, He called it 'Earth-" A Better Place to Live In.

Susan T. Aparejo

Echoes Of Agony

Sounds no one heard but me,
shriek of woes excruciating survival,
the heads recoil sipping juice of no residue,
tentacles move invisibly possessing even every grains left,
no sooner the mighty squeeze the birth to rest.

So sincere, shroud, solemn never seen,
the sickly glow of treacherous footpath,
encompassing the populated minorities of dark,
a claim so erratic in taboo's milieu
so weird in the delirium of one's illusion.

the new fires in the struggle for breakthrough
optimistic ball left the brain on its wreckage,
forming a new horizon the renewal of the past,
the past of injustice, in corehent and incompassion.
the world of wealth, power, popularity and greed.

meditation descends now to propel the gear,
conscience sparks and eliminates the filthy,
integrity hoists the emblem of chastity,
compassion dwells the upheaving brains to sweal
together on tribe slash the hammock of society's ill.

times emerge no more for us to enjoy,
why imprisoned the heart of no options
the 'eye' of life winks never a second, a minute,
to curse the agony you cause in our course, yesterday to repent, somehow too
late, today should be the day! .

(Note: written during the day when there's a delayed in salary of teachers.)

Susan T. Aparejo

Education's Beam

Quietude of the ancient,
Chaotic sea of survival,
Fear lurks in each mortal,
The quest for wisdom begins.

Experience is the tool for survival,
Testing and finding results,
Oftentimes lead to destruction,
Witness a save for destination.

From these surfaces bit learning,
The facet of facts from gathering,
Word of mouth translation
Cascading from one to next generation.

Here's the power of education,
Awakening the innocent notion,
Into the huge reservoir of knowledge
Tends to surpass the Omnipotent lead.

Susan T. Aparejo

Embracing The Wind

Different work of world,
Telling me paradise,
When its totally rubbish,
Telling me heaven, \when its the hell.

Why people force to accept,
The irony of each reality,
When artificial is prioritized,
The original is fancied,
To shelter the genuine form of fantasy.

Look at carefully its hues,
Scrutinize the structures,
Seems its perfectly genuine,
When you sign the receipt,
May we're not embracing the wind.

Susan T. Aparejo

Exceptional Qualities Of A School Principal

The School Principal should possess special qualities,
In determining him/her of his/her qualifications,
In managing his/her people in the school vineyard,
These extra-ordinary strengths or qualities,
Will make School Leader possesses exceptional skills,
Of being leader and follower as well.

Transparency

The School Principal should first be transparent,
He/She should have the clean conscience,
The one that has the drive to teach his/her people,
To bring back the value of honesty
And a model of such virtue.
Before the School Principal could mandate honesty and transparency,
He/she should be a paragon of such virtue for others to follow.
Transparency becomes the aftermath of honesty
Which the school leader should possess.

Good Visionary

The School Principal is a visualizer,
Of the school future and stakeholders too,
This kind of special quality is considered an exceptional,
For not all of us can have a good visionary gift,
He or she can be a fortune-teller,
Who could guess what happens in the future,
But unlike the fortune-teller,
The School Principal can guess,
What will happen in a month or year to come,
Through his/her anticipating skills,
Decision-making skills, extra-sensory skill
And through his/her experience.

Risk Taker

A school leader is also a risk taker,
Not for himself/herself but for his/her constituents,
The best leader is the one who tries to cross the uncharted seas,
And see for himself what lies beyond,
This is another exceptional skill of being a leader,
Someone has to be brave enough to wave his might and risk his job,

To divert funds for another projects for all the rests.
School leader takes risks in their abrupt decision,
On matters of immediate solution to a problem,
Like reporting to Department of Social Worker and Development
(DSWD) personnel of student's case of parental abuse,
And to uniformed men of drug addiction cases,
These are only few instances of the risk- taking decisions,
Of School Principal in his/her journey of leadership.

An Eye and Heart for his/her People

The School Principal should capitalize his/her own personnel,
He/She should know who his /her potential personnel are,
He/She should not leave those non-performing ones,
But tries to think of remedies/ solutions in making them performing,
Giving better opportunities to those the performing ones,
Giving encouragement to the later,
School leader should think of what joy,
comfort, reward, incentives and award,
He/she could exhaust from his/her leadership,
For the betterment of his/her human capital
The feeling of self-awareness of people's emotion,
Should be profoundly considered by School Principal,
For harmonious relationship exists within the organization,
School Principal should accept his/her weakness,
And listen to his/her people,
Because School Principal should not have only an eye,
For the school problems but an eye for his/her people's potentials, emotions and
needs.

Susan T. Aparejo

Expect The Unexpected

When the sun rises,
you never expect it rains,
when the weather is good,
you never expect there's a storm,
when there is peace
you never expect there is trouble,
and when there's happiness,
you never expect there's sadness.

Life is full of surprises,
impossible becomes possible,
white transforms to dark,
friends turn to enemies,
love changes to hatred
Christianity converted atheist,
laughter has its tears,
so expect the unexpected.

Susan T. Aparejo

Failure

Failures are pains
After losing the dreams.
Failures are joys
Of lessons learned,
Of experience untold,
Of path untraversed,
Of history untold,
For others to Succeed!

Susan T. Aparejo

Failure And Success

Such irresistible twins,
Shadowing each other,
One can't make it,
Others can't do it.
Holding hands together,
Far and wide to the ocean,
seas, rives and waterfalls,
to the greatest heights,
and profound deep,
both of them following the other.

Failure first then comes success,
Success first then comes failure,
Both of them give way to the other,
For they know so well,
either one can live freely,
For they are both
Shadows and Twins!

Susan T. Aparejo

Farewell My Dear Brother- Felix Jr

' Goodbye', so hard to utter,
'Farewell', so difficult to express,
'Peace? ', how wonderful to say,
But how and what should I say?
My heart is aching tremendously,
How could I adjust?
Every memory of you
Lingers around my mind,
Lingers around my heart!

'Goodbye Long! ', yet my heart
Wanted to argue,
Wanted to fight,
to assault my entity,
my imagination,
my instinct!

'Its not true! '
I am only dreaming!
Please Lord, let me wake up!
This is just a BAD DREAM.
I WANT TO WAKE UP, LORD.
This is not TRUE.
This is a big LIE.

Yet no one wakes me,
No one tells me I'M DREAMING,
This is REALITY
A reality against my entity,
A reality that everybody says,
that my BROTHER FELIX
Has just PASSED AWAY.!

Susan T. Aparejo

Feel In Love

A mysterious feeling of no ending,

it would amazingly moves lips to sing,
smells the aroma of fresh flowers blooming,
as windows open to welcome the morning.

Everything gleams for the colorful radiance,
bushes and grasses lifted for brilliance,
the death-colored ashes turn into colorful vibrant
the darkness yielded for love abundance.

Cupid's arrow once hit someone,
refuse by no other but simple none,
the mysterious feeling envelopes anyone
poisoning the two lovers in ecstasy of one

Before the bell rings above,
and the aisle mirrors some white gloves,
trials and struggles to pave the
yet the none could hinder the glow of LOVE

Susan T. Aparejo

Feeling In Love

Haven of joy
and inexpressable wonder,
Both hymn the music
chords of being a lover,
The ecstasy not meant
someone turn to loser,
As emotion twist
For another winner.

Susan T. Aparejo

Friendship

(Note: This is dedicated to my friends at GNCCHS written during the SY 2003-04)

First the dew envelop
Find hard to fathom,
Then you gradually shatter,
The covering slowly cascading,
And a new you surfaced,
To accept or refuse?
The bond of closeness knotted,
Or the band of togetherness
Shattered!

The decision lingers after,
When feathers flew same as me,
The subtle rejection means sword,
When colors shocked so
Different as you!
Wonderful world be amazing,
When your feather is me,
And my color is you,
Sharing destinies between you and me,
Blending the wave of friendship.

Smiles fly of your names,
Heart sings of my presence,
The breeze embraces of your grace,
Ours stand the novelty of time,
Ageless emotion never cease,
The call for time refuse to cease,
Our footprints save the memoir,
The fiber of friendships beyond times.

Susan T. Aparejo

From A Distance

It seems so far away,
the footprints almost
perish to nothing.
I search and search
the footprints proprietor
I could see no more.

Forcing to open eyes wide,
the vision of your shadow
the apparition of the spirit,
you form another you,
in a figure not familiar,
you're a different,
for a distance.

Susan T. Aparejo

Global Warming

A climate change,
do you mean a thing?
Al Gore' s phenomena,
planted in my stamina,
do you believe his allegory?
as the outcome of his discovery?

the melting of the ice,
will dominate the world twice,
the warmest of the chilled season,
is the humanity's question,
how humanity's ever learn?
to revive the mountain of green.

Life's comfort has result,
standard of living isn't a fault,
when ice age emerges again,
and everybody is in vain,
life on earth annihilate in pain,
then let's charge to Global Warming.

Susan T. Aparejo

God's Blessings

Don't you ever feel?
God's blessing in the air?
Don't you ever smell?
God's blessing in our meal?
Don't you ever touch?
God's blessing in us much?
Don't you ever see?
God's blessing in the sea?
Don't you ever hear?
God's blessings for us so near.

Rejoice! count them all!
We are not impoverish,
To get envy with the rich,
We have lots to reach,
God is just waiting for our speech.

Susan T. Aparejo

Great Day

Every day is great,
Like a new bloom
Sampaguita flower
Like the fragrance
of brewed coffee,
Like rays of sunshine
dropp in my cells
to continue life.

Every day is music,
A tone for survival,
a symphony of love,
Chords for synchrony,
A choir of failures,
but a MELODY
for SUCCESS.

Susan T. Aparejo

Happy Father's Day

Times come to award a man,
he is none other but a boatman,
his legacy is not but discipline,
that neither one of the nine of us claim
and neither of us think a blame,
to the harsh and autocratic father like him!

He thinks the liquor solves his poverty,
then sent the family into calvary,
one by one left to escape the man.
but not this heroic woman.
she is responsible of family solidarity,
to tatay we love you as we pray,
my Tatay Felix never end up in the bay.

Susan T. Aparejo

Heart Of Kindness

Pandora's box capsized,
The river of death shallowed,
Devouring the last positivism,
Darkness overwhelmed,
Darkness,
Darkness,
Darkness!

Silhouette glimmers,
From the unkown world,
Unfamiliar sheers,
Rays beaming,
Heroes triumpheting,
Darkness end too soon,
Splashing from deep under,
A new hope emerging,
The heart swirling up and down,
Not so vivid, a glow of vanity,
Said the pessimistic,
No time to reign
Bidding goodbye,
The heart found its kindness,
Kindness found its heart,
For humans are born kind!

Susan T. Aparejo

Hero In The Classroom

A simple being, hero in the classrooms,
Pen and lesson plans are his tools
In imparting knowledge to his learners
a father/ mother of almost sixty.

Teaching children of not his blood,
Nurturing them of knowledge flood,
Burning midnight candles,
Doesn't matter all,
their achievements are his goal.

Addressing different learning styles,
With various teaching aids on files,
Preparing a friendly atmosphere,
Even none from his relatives care.

The forgotten hero in the classroom,
Toiling overtime forgetting time,
You wonder he is paid under time,
Job unrecognized, being late recognized.

Shock absorber of children's home dilemma,
Protector of children's right,
One lose footing is and err to faulty eyes,
the blame of one, an eraser of myriad works.

He is a hero, the invincible child's dream designer,
His music is the melodious children's laughter,
His destiny is to deal a challenge every year,
His joy is the star of diploma in each students' finger.

Susan T. Aparejo

Hopeless Nothing

Aiming High and hit the mark?
Impossible now,
When everything is lost,
nothing remains.

Why humans influence
to be bad?
Why conscience is absent
to them? every ready to steal
to live in a second of comfort.

I suffered, my dream wrecked.
They stole my ace, ICT today,
It pains me inside
how could I win?
when my ace is lost?

May the Judas be punished,
May he never sleep
thorns be injected in his heart
to suffer what I feel
not for judgment day
but
TODAY.

Susan T. Aparejo

I Like Noise

I like noise of my choice,
the lullaby of my mother's voice,
the chirping of birds as they rejoice,
the stamping of the candidates in poise,
I love melodious noise,

I like noise in rhythmic melodies,
the rattling of the rain in synchrony,
the crashing of waves in my balcony,
the rushing of wind in the canopy,
so harmonious like a symphony.

I like noise to signal life,
the giggling of infant's emptiness,
the boom of unexpected brightness,
the whooping of boys numbness,
so amusing in the midst of strife.

Susan T. Aparejo

I Love To Be Child Once

I long to be a child once more,
rejoicing droplets of rain,
cooling the innocent brain,
being awed by the passing of the train,
running barefoot in thorny lane,
climbing out from window pane,
energy never run out for games.

I long to be child once more,
cuddling in my mother's lap,
waiting for her to bring me at the top,
her caress with a filled cup,
filled my heart with a happy tap,
no worries of the world to think,
just hear the lullabies at the last blink,
and feel protected of my parents link,
being alone is not a clink,
that's why I long to be a child once more.

Susan T. Aparejo

I Love You

I feel like in paradise,
Thinking of you is a soft pillow
To dream the impossibility,
Harnessing the storms,
Making everything melted,
Thought its totally
Against all odds world,
The joy means everything,
When the possibility,
Is a sight nearby.

People barricades
Their vision magnetize,
The inner of you differently,
I disagree, Never believe,
their vision is not mine,
Would they accuse me?
Never I accuse them!
Then I murmur silently,
I have the right in this world,
The right of being with you.

Susan T. Aparejo

I Never Walk Alone

Sometimes I think
I am alone,
physically I am sure I am,
mentally I am exactly the
only one,
yet I feel someone follows me,
would it be you?

You assure me
I am not alone,
shadows follow me
from here to there,
when I turn around
I feel a physique figure,
it follows me and wish
to be me. I ask...
but his heart sunk much,
then I know I am not alone
walking then.

Susan T. Aparejo

In Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is a verdant forest,

It smells like the zephyr of of early morning,

It tastes like a cake of superfluous coating,

It sounds like the a serenade of the full moon night,

It feels like a disney land of toys when we're still young,

It lives like the king in the royalty throne.

Susan T. Aparejo

In God's Time

If someone force to be,
then he will be then.
If someone wish to be,
then the wand is for him,
If someone wants to,
He never get not more than two,
Even he moves heaven and earth,
there's always a time for everyone.

People are greedy to such power,
Cracking all their might to win
Exploiting others to claim for more,
Who cares when the egoism dominates,
God's time withdraw in an instant,
The more its force to, the more it withdraws,
For God's time is miles away to those
who can't wait,
and meter away to those who wait.

Susan T. Aparejo

Innocent And Intellect

View them as you,
So naive, delicate,
Handle with care,
Very sensitive,
Innocent in its way,
A new bud surfaces,
A touch of it may
end their opportunity
to live and enjoy
Life in the universe.

The adults duty,
Nurture those buds,
Mold the innocent brain,
to grow like a shining great,
someday in their years,
they will put you a monument
Place in their vessels
As they sailed in widest ocean
Of life ahead. Certain facts,
These naive wonders today,
Will be the greatest wise,
In their laurels of excellence,
from the time they whistle
their triumph with you.
You're an inspirer to these
little learners in your field-
Your students.

Susan T. Aparejo

Innocent And Wise

The wise thinks more,
Innocent too.
Wise never believe in hearsay,
proof are their forte,
sound logic accumulates first,
like a coated peanuts,
shimmering on fire,
to search the reasons,
the logic of everything.

The innocent did too,
searching the conclusion,
without sound reasons,
reaching the end
without knowing why?
asking them so hard
yet they just answered
wise are innocent too,
and innocent are wise too!

Susan T. Aparejo

Inspiring Thought

Inspiring words,
may boost a nobody,
it has no cost to turn
that into a very man.
the optimistic of him
and others too,
bring back the roses of love.

Roses are many
to pacify me after all?
there's a special gift,
that poet reminds me
to open my nail and
enjoy a moment
after everything is normal,
My beauty in the
struggles for inspiration.

Susan T. Aparejo

Intelligence

Intelligence is an armor for the future

It smells like the morning mist in the forest,

It tastes like a chocolate in an imported crest,

It sounds like droplets of the rain at the dawn,

It feels like a flying above the birds up there

It lives like stars buttoning the heaven a far.

Susan T. Aparejo

Into Nakedness

I was a far,
looking so far,
She is a vision,
So dear and so precious.

I took all my might,
Did all my fight,
Though its been a total night
just to get near and be blessed by her bright.

But...
The closer I near her,
Truth enveloped me
her fake essence
her deception of entire fact
that twisted my principle
of believing her,
As I witness her nakedness in me.

Susan T. Aparejo

Invisible Magnitude Of Revenge

Her mask of purity is unquestioned,
Her model is in great proportion,
Her voice is the echo of solitude,
As stated in the Beatitude.

My sister, my planner, my helper,
How could she plan as a the doer? ,
We have shared the time ever,
Only to find we take the road never!

Life is not unfair,
It brings me in a secret lair,
to find the mystery of a great pretender,
that's none other but my half sister.

Time can't still bury the time of Hitler,
Many of them called as preachers,
Bring a torch for peace as a teacher,
but how can I forgive my dearest sister?
For being the discreet snatcher,
of my happiest time ever!

Susan T. Aparejo

Jackson's Journey

Jackson Michael image,
Is carve in the monumental
songs of emblem,
Tragic enters many twists,
Whose to blame him?
Ordinary citizens not,
How could he be blame?
when everyone steps
The trauma of childhood.

Life is so simple,
When sun sets in front of us,
Jackson did all the best.
While we have our best too!
He's a pop Icon,
We are his pop fan- tycoon.

Being at the top,
Learning to step back,
And remember life's lessons,
Being top or bottom,
We are all under God's dictum.

Susan T. Aparejo

Journey To What Is Due

Many years covered the thought that took my dream,
the sweat of struggles left no easy kindled token,
from Monday to Friday to some, for me never,
never I stop toiling the soil for the service of the will,
shout round me, from land and sea, but yet I know
there's gold even in the barren of snow.

Yes, I stumble, but move, stand, walk, heads up!
my dream has almost shattered, frozen and glued,
the radiance loses its grandeur to endure,
then mighty courage loses its strength to power,
yet I know, I am here, there nothing but I am
felling yesterday, tomorrow and beyond.

I am now today, joining the joyous song of tomorrow,
playing the harp that gives the perfect melody,
accompaniment of tunes to the sounds
DepEd perfection in the symphony of the future,
the future of legacy, radiance, in the splendor,
of legendary's leadership.

In spite of ambition enough for twenty Caesars,
my self-confidence like an iron bar,
to erase someone's doubts of my job load,
and told them 'reach my harness and saddle'
my life, I have fought my fight, live my life,
have drunk my share of wine, as one of the division's front line

Kings may have wonderful jewels to wear,
mother has only a kiss for her king,
why should my singing so make you enthralled,
my dancing so graceful make you astounded,
talents within even years couldn't end,
the secret of leading leads me in this realm.

Susan T. Aparejo

Leadership

It starts in footprints,
to follow or to be followed.
those prints are vague,
from genes or games.
which way to wilderness
or to wonderland.
whatever ways to lead,
leadership is seasoned by experience
Leadership emerges in one's nerve,
sprout into a new bloom,
sweetened by the honey's sting,
flavored by the flattery of the favored,
watered by the polluted pool of the envy,
strengthened by the spirit of sincerity,
powered by the pinnacle of purity.
None could ever ruin
the skills and wisdom, if
leadership is seasoned by experience.

Strong leader, good follower,

Susan T. Aparejo

Leadership In The World Of Leaders

Leader to me is silence,
Weighing the flows of events to make sense,
is the aura of wisdom in a dense,
and the laurel of for the followers as an influence.

Leader to me is a noise,
When ideas bump and we make a choice,
Others lead splash that stunning poise,
Wrapping themselves in a twist for a genuine voice.

Leader to me is being me.
Standing in my principle to set me free,
From the noise of the buzzing bees,
Let me live oh! leaders of today.

Susan T. Aparejo

Leading Leaders Lane

How? so hard to tread the leaders on lane.
Its magic, magnanimous icons of responsibilities,
An ocean of no certain yet sure expectations,
The drives of optimistic demands swirl the way,
Until the energy drains to end up the day.

Seasoned leaders never drop pessimistic sweat,
They leavefootprints and invite new shoot of rarest lane,
Discover once's own distinction and be the only one,
A challenge of leaders on the lane.

Susan T. Aparejo

Learning And Wealth

River flows like learning,
An endless journey far away,
The ceaseless desire of growing,
Growing though man's craving,
An unending crave to learn more,
An unending search of tilling,
The fertile soil of literacy.

Many tried to acquire it,
The battles are free
But the prize is great,
This is open to anyone,
Rich and poor, young and adult,
Yet in a game, not all the time
The winners are victorious,
For winners are those with
Learning coated by wisdom.

Susan T. Aparejo

Legacy Of The Famous

Jackson's footprints,
On him the silhouette rays,
Life is only for days,
All is equal on one's turning wheel,
Moneyed or penniless,
Each faces one's bell.

Looking up that brightest star,
Believe by us so near yet so far,
Envy is the only acceptable truth,
To be him is so impossible halt,
To dream is the safest destiny,
He is a great man in that legendary.

Now I know parents' fault,
Children suffer into volt,
How could one; s rearing
Damage the life railing,
Here he shows the agony of life,
Equal representation of one times one
Forgiveness share, emotion hurt,

Parents nurture your attitude,
Be billed once the and Mari
What's left is the sweetest
Food of losing Him,
What's left is the sweetest
When candy; s in one heart
The request to bury not our
people.

Susan T. Aparejo

Life

Like a sprouting seed
Nurtured by the Unseen Hand,
Nourished by the tears of dew
Reared by tantamount protection,
Of powerful phantom.

There! rejoicing of His blessings,
Almost oblivious of his origin,
Defying the Law of the Universe,
Digging new trail against his Maker,
Determined in outwitting
The only but source of Life.

As ingratitude carved the stone,
The wound is written in One's heart,
Painting the beauty of the scar,
Of the indebtedness thrush,
Into the wilderness of His Love,
Yet love lingers limiting the limitless,
The toll for life.

Like a sprouting seed,
Yet at its zenith of its growth,
Nothing so sweet but to relinquish,
The agony of the abused and cruelty,
And when the string of elasticity ends,
The plant of life meets its closure,
A reminder, a transient existence,
Recoiled at the door of the Divine Providence.

Susan T. Aparejo

Life's Bounty

If you think no one loves you,
Look at and watch the cuckoo,
Alone in the wood for the zoo,
If you think no one cares for you,
Look at and watch the worm,
Alone by itself with no dorm,
If you think many hates you,
Look at the inmates at jail,
Do you think you prevail?

Life has purpose,
Nature has it too,
Go and find your way,
Its still far away,
But then if the road so near,
And the rays gets lighter,
Embrace your own destiny,
As you will find life's mystery

Susan T. Aparejo

Little Creatures

Crawling for a distance,
I think for an instance,
Gazing at those substance,
Thought am I a disturbance,
As it halts and takes a glance,
Resuming another launch.

Take my pace once,
And leave it far behind,
It carries a heavy laden,
I never have one even,
Shameless shall people be,
Little creatures carry burden,
Crawling under the rain,
Big creatures complain
Even carrying a pin!

Susan T. Aparejo

Loyalty

Loyalty is an air pumping my heart to live,

It smells like the breeze in the midst of betrayal,

It tastes like apples in the garden of Eden,

It sounds like trumpets of angel Gabriel's presence,

It feels like a safety room in a Five Hotel comfort,

It lives like everlasting cross in St. Peter betrayal.

Susan T. Aparejo

Miracle Of Time

Mystery surfaces like shadows
come, count them every day,
A ride in time,
An accident failed,
A penny in pocket,
after the day's work,
A prayer in a day,
More protection and blessings,
A good night sleep,
A good day to face,
Feet that moves,
Eyes that blink,
Lips of good speech,
A blessings of life.

Who says no more miracle?
Widen you're horizon,
blindness is so far away,
what we need is to ponder,
the myriad of blessings
like the stars at night,
fireflies in the trees,
seashells in the oceans,
they are all your everyday,
A gift from the Miracle Maker- God!

Susan T. Aparejo

Morality

Moral

a guide to live by,
like a shepherd's cane
in the wilderness of
the lost herd
like a guiding star
of Bethlehem,
like a compass
in every vessels' journey
like an invisible light
in a person's travel
for life destiny.

Once you lost sight
a condemnation finger
strikes your heart,
This world is pure,
governed by Jews instinct,
yet, denied it!
God is with them,
and morality is
a LAW,
A portal of CHASTITY
a standard of ethics

I failed the criteria
and justice is declared
here on Earth,
'IMMORALITY'
in this world
of SINNERS

Susan T. Aparejo

My Peaceful Day

That precious world i long to crave,
A minute of it means a wondrous live,
A second of it means a refusal to leave,
Its ecstasy of comfort means a good build,
For a life never mean a joy be made.

Watching those fireflies circling the crown,
Is a little thing to remember of one's peace,
Those lingering petals of morning purple blooms,
Did one notice how peace live in such mist?
Did one ever touch the soft alluring surf,
Playing the waves of eternal destiny?
How fortunate are those, who have all the time,
To watch the very thing of simple peace around.

Susan T. Aparejo

My Christmas Vacation 2009

December, a month to remember
Rain cascading in full, wonder,
Cold penetrates in my spine shiver,
Closing my eyes as a great dreamer.

My spirit brought me to Bethlehem,
A star above tells me its Him,
He tells me to enjoy my dream,
Moist me in the December Hymn,
As "Merry Christmas" carol gleam.

I Love these days of my vacation,
A gift to prize myself from tiredness,
Time to free me from work passion,
As the time never question the delayed
Pressure is really my aversion.

Hug my pillows my everlasting peer,
Bed that frills my ambition share,
Every minute is no limit in there,
When work appears no time be here,
I prize every moment of my vacation,
I SWEAR!

Susan T. Aparejo

My Dream

One day I had a dream,
To plow the field and harvest more,
To fish the water and caught more,
To water those flowers to bloom more,
To mold the youth and lead them all,
To the world of excellence for the
next generation to look up to.

Yet those dreams are not enough,
To realize one, another one cracks,
Another ways, and another challenge,
To confuse the focus and face the twist,
Hold on dear, for the new world to come,
Stay focus and such dreams come true

Susan T. Aparejo

My Impression “ It Could Be Done! ”

Last Tuesday the 29th of this month (March 2011)
My mind said that it couldn't be done,
Reading Orientation? School Forms?
Recognition? My mind was in great confusion!
Then I said again 'maybe it couldn't, be done '
Maam Maphy and Maam Flor had said
It could be done!
And secondary has nothing to run!
For we too have to plan
For these slow and non readers that explode like a bomb!

As I stepped my feet in this venue,
My sense of pride comes anew,
As the chosen few to hear the Division's
Great leaders reading visions
rekindled a renewed enthusiasm for my profession.
Then, I started to say ` It might be done”

The day had started with seasoned speakers,
From Maruco? the “Mmmmm dolch and the Fullers!
Wow! ! ! great breakers for non- readers!
A thump up sign for all of you
Elementary teachers
Then I said, if only all teachers
Are fuller, dolch and marungco users
Then surely, no more slow and non readers
In secondary level.

Genres in reading in array for enhancement,
From jazz chant, readers and chamber theater,
Verse choir, to tongue twisters,
Enliven us all secondary mentors,
As we took off our coats and
took off our hats,
As we lift of our chins and sparks our grins,
Without hesitating, we follow the trends,
We started to sing as we tackled the things
That I couldn't be done, but we all have done! .
Then at last I said “ It could all be done! ’

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failures for our clients;
there are also thousands who point out to you, one by one,
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That 'cannot be done, ' yet we have done it.
for this orientation is a grand success!
For it worth every minute
As the secondary level is extremely impressed!

Susan T. Aparejo

My Little Mermaid

My mermaid so little,

seen not the crown of your title,
would you mind a human favor?
please bring me the whistle of some
of life in the ocean,
and delet the myth of human design.

My mermaid so little,
hear oh hear my sincerest call,
narrate me the wonder of the sea,
its coral reefs and seashells be,
the missing boats and travellers' will,
that disclose the secret of ocean downhill.

Susan T. Aparejo

My Mighty Pen

This powerful pen of me,
Power always my day.
Life of me is useless then,
If a minute you're absent.

From you I receive my salary,
'Cause you translate my memory.
Your ink equals monetary,
which then result to table honey.

Thanking you my partner pen,
May you live longer in my den,
Together we sail in life's journey,
Bringing me to the world of fantasy,
As we receive laudable congratulatory,
For the greatest match of victory,
As we floated to our visionary,
'Cause forever your're my lasting jewelry.

Susan T. Aparejo

My Mother's Legacy

As consciousness uncovered,
A woman clang kneeling,
hugging the trousers,
a man at rage,
she teared all over.
blank covered me.
Confusion enthralled me.

My first glance of the world,
Terror struck me,
The incident shaken me,
though I never understand,
my emotion told me,
there's an error of my existence.

Days passed I knew,
My surfacing is a moss,
None cares, so do my brothers.
who cares not even my sisters,
dirt' they called us,
throw stones of belittling,
salivating the pay,
to feel the world is empty
as we are enemy.

Tears rolled the highways,
she is there witnessing,
she just advice to be humble,
let them pass, ignore,
don't fight back.
I argued, she is firm.
she was beaten,
I am harden.
Deep, deep deep,
inside me a boiling fire grow,
she knew but appealed me,
I still stood firmly,
to revenge for her,
yet, she said be kind.

she said forgive,
she said forget,
she said be good, kind
she said accept,
let go, and let live,
in the realm of God's patience,
because God called her
' Paciencia'!

Susan T. Aparejo

My Safest Refuge

A silent place,
For my heart solace,
A perfect venue,
For I and you.

He calls my name,
My heart soften,
The yoke so heavily
becomes enlightened,
In pews my knees bent.

So eerie of a sweet silence,
Carried your feet to face 'HIM',
Indescribable thrust consoles me,
A fact of salvation in 'Him'
Nothing is special once you see,
The church bells ring,
For my greatest refuge- God

Susan T. Aparejo

My Students

In the class of more than sixty,
A crowded batch of living entity,
The profile of innocent genius,
Touch my heart as they bid ' adieus '

In the home of vivid diversity,
Everyone wanted ego supremacy,
Coupled with various background,
So difficult to take more rounds.

How I love filling up their minds,
With fertile seeds of wisdom,
How I desire to fill their hearts,
Learned the world where I'm part.

God endowed me with wisdom,
To share the wealth of His kingdom,
To these innocent-genius youth,
His beloved people
Whom we love both.

Susan T. Aparejo

New Year

Thinking for life's ahead,
Everyone is looking for new,
Like success at the start of the year,
Like new sheet after the darkest clouds,
Like a new dropp of the early dawn,
Like a new page in a new book.
All new after the change of the year.

Look forward.
Say goodbye to the past,
Keep all those happy moments together,
To face the new you
For the next episode
of life tomorrow.
Happy New Year 2012!

Susan T. Aparejo

On Acquiring Leadership Skills

Leadership is an art, a skill, a gift,
A treasure, a legacy and a power.
It is an art of leading people in an organization
To achieve the desired goals,
Since it is an art,
It has its own pattern, process and designs.
Such pattern, process and designs,
Make a certain leader distinct,
From the other type of leader.

Leadership is a skill,
Since it is a skill,
It goes with it the certain knowledge of doing it,
The wisdom of interpreting and carrying out the best,
In the organization and its people,
The ability to do within or beyond what is expected,
The expertise of holistic ability,
And the capacity acquired through the test of time.

Leadership is a gift,
It is a gift because not all of us are leaders.
Many are followers than a leader.
A leadership's gift is endowed by someone or somebody,
when his/her cells start to form into his/her mother's womb,
None could ever grab such gift,
It eventually becomes a trademark of someone,
Interwoven into his/her system and soul to become a leader.

Leadership is a treasure,
Since it is considered a treasure,
it can also be meant as a wealth
of no equal monetary denomination.
it is a wealth which can be accessed
by both the elite and the penniless.
This is the only treasure where everyone could ever display,
without fear to any thieves around.
Leadership is a special treasure,
that mirrors one soul of expertise and experience.

Leadership is a legacy.
It is a family heirloom,
for the generation to generation's fame and fortune.
A family of noteworthy leaders,
is a pride that can be passed
from one ancestral period to the next.
Leadership's legacy could then become a passport,
of building new popular marks,
in excavating a foundation of trust,
honor and integrity for a family heirloom.

Leadership is power.
Human beings crave to acquire leadership skill
the capacity to influence other'
lead the group of people in an organization
is a package deal to a leader with expertise to lead
The power that is brought by leadership,
should be nurtured day by day,
minute by minute and hour by hour
to make it entirely a season of exploration, expertise and perfection,
It should pass the stages of honing,
in a gradual progress to a new strength.
By this process, the power that is built-in in leadership
would no longer be abused,
but patronized by all in an organization.

Susan T. Aparejo

On Being A Mother

Every glitters of the day,
Is the sunrise of the morning hay! .
Every twilight of the day,
Are stars shining its greatest hay
Every trials we live for,
Take us away from education.

Educating most of us, .
Caught people in much
Yet there were people
granted avoiding trouble,
tell about the truth dear mother,
To suggest the trouble of
YOu and him
But whatever attitude
Yes, I am sure but
On; y rich could be better
of the liven in Mary and book,
The best sailing id the ideal classroom.
that it would not become,
Watch

Susan T. Aparejo

On Being A Student

Time rushes by,
Waiting no one in a line,
Leaving someone to
A great possibility'
A possibility holding the torch,
Knowledge only's treasure,
The wisdom for students.

The struggle of identity,
Makes one to dream for the stars,
A star of guidance spotlights,
Their very inner self as student,
to function as human in hunger,
The concrete model of perseverance
to earn the certificates or
a diploma in an instant,
But being a student,
A plane of struggles is in your palm.

Susan T. Aparejo

On The Question Of Loyalty

Nothing doubt
to figure out,
no fissure gives
a crack to hesitate,
purely in chastity,
why question.
all the trust flings,
nothing to question,
trust is the answer.

Comfortable spirit,
rest much the brain,
night is a great friend,
no unthinkable trouble,
then one day
the world cracks
of the newly found
truth, the truth of a traitor
to break the trust it gives,
yet the question lies,
what's the rating of
your loyalty?
nobody knows
except you!

Susan T. Aparejo

Philippine Freedom

Its June 30 today
The moment of 'someday'
For people like me
Craving for hopes
That someday will be 'Today'.

Its seems just a fairy tale,
When even Pres. Ninoy never feel
of leading Philippines
and be the 15th president
wavering the freedom aim,
by all Filipinos, now its
no longer a dream
but a precious reality
and gem of his parents' legacy.

Nerve recoiling in every spine,
As the confetti spread like rain
In that memorable Quirino grandstand
In the thunderous Ninoy's voice,
' Kayo ang Boss Ko, Mamamayang Pilipino'
In his determination to wipe out
Graft and corruption, red tapes, and abuse,
Equality among all men,
Expertise in his governance,
Confidence to all his countrymen,
Cooperation by his fellowmen.

Viva Philippines,
Freedom comes in great delight,
Viva Pres. Ninoy Aquino!
You're our long-awaited hero,
to lead us out from the past history
of turmoil in craving for power,
A power of one family,
Now, your family is now
A family of freedom long-lost,
But you grab it back for us,
to believe the change is here,

The change is now
and the change begins
Because you're there

Susan T. Aparejo

Political Greed

The aim for politics
Is really for public service,
Yet when they're in the throne,
The aim becomes a stone,
Carve as monumental figure,
Unmoved to live longer than the future.

All eyes are in awe,
what's in politics then,
Once a person who enters,
He swears to stay forever,
Though terms ended,
Con Ass is pushing in,
To stay in a Royal inn,
While most are in gambling dens.
May public service is
A really a treaty of justice.

Susan T. Aparejo

Power Behind Me

Such energy in my nerve,
Never flame
without a torch,
behind me,
there you are,
powering me,
pushing me,
to do better,
work the best,
because you're
the power behind.

Unseen by many,
visible by me,
a star in my night time,
s sun in the day time.
a storm to make me tough
a sugar of my triumph,
my laurel should be yours,
as I salute the power
BEHIND ME- YOU!

Susan T. Aparejo

Power Of Books

Every printed words,
A challenge for the world,
Every motley of colored pictures,
Is a vision for tomorrow.

Intellectuals hoarded books,
In every cranny and their nooks,
Each of them powered by the engine,
And propelled by table of contents.

It quenches one's thirst,
For learning endless quest,
It satiates starvation,
For the knowledgeable generation.

The unfading books's power,
In the advent of internet wonder,
Still remains the genius treasury,
And the institution's eternal legacy.

Susan T. Aparejo

Precious Moments

Why its so hard?
craving for light everyone does,
Me? either own experience the struggle,
gasping am I, though crawling,
the eerie of the darkness,
dominated the pain in echo,

The blame? all over everyone?
constantly thrusting the needle into,
my heart, the oozing keep on,
tormenting me making me mad,
the prize for thinking him,
how could I avoid the echo
of precious moments?

the needs, the unexpected.
the compatibility, grin, laughter,
tears, heaven of hearts,
prayers, dreams, hopes and intentions,
contribute to the memory for
both of us, treasure moments.

Susan T. Aparejo

Pride

If only people has no pride,
Life would be so simple,
No more ecstasy of trouble,
No more place to tremble,
No more money to bundle,
and hatred dominates no more!

Pride is the foe of peace,
It kills your simple life in bless,
Pride drives you to want for more,
Even such more is an eye sore,
Don't care to open another evil door,
Refuse to live in a refuge of poor,
Money is such a big lure,
As Pride teaches us of no cure,
Yet pretends to be a modest PURE.!

Susan T. Aparejo

Promises

It makes me dream of hope,
Hope like feather in the wind,
Like candle in the storm,
Like an ice in the hot season,
Like a writing in the water,
Like the voices in noisy world,
Like the surf in the waves,
Like a bubbles in tide,
and like a vapor in the morning.

Having aversion to promises,
the fear of not fulfilled
the fear of deception,
the scary moment of
something happen next,
But most of all, the fear of
LOSING YOU!

Susan T. Aparejo

Quest For Peace

Can grab the dream you crave,
can hoist the herald hymn,
could send the sound of songs,
could make impossible be possible,
but can never post a peace on earth.

Had been looking for you near and far,
to the horizon of unreachable zone,
to the day of uncertain future,
to the night of sparkling darkness,
every nook and cranny, slits and slats,
but none the sight of peace on earth.

What to be scared of?
a banquet is laid long before,
all yells for the revival of your soul,
drum and trumpets put their chords,
to the melody of your charm and choice,
but never the sight of you on earth.

What charisma would string the note,
what aroma would bring the nose,
what words would pacify your heart,
what magnet would cling the harp,
what presence would bait the frightened,
but none the sight of you on earth.

Why signs no more a presence of you?
tell us how, tell us why, tell us when,
turmoil sings, wreckage dwell, evil reigns,
blood flows, flesh spread, skull arrayed,
hope no more for war to stop,
but never a piece nor bit of you peace!

Ah...you're trapped by the word greediness?
your handcuffed tighten by popularity's mold?
that chain powered by world's domination,
that individual hunger for wealth in station,
would melt the race of your birth,

that never a peace could dwell on earth.

Susan T. Aparejo

Realization

Hiding from a cloak,
of silvery lining,
Toil day and night,
For a principle for all,
Being exploited,
Being exhausted,
By time and dream,
Proving the principle holds,
Drained by the energy possessed,
Snapped by the treasure of Health,
Yet the philosophy lingers,
Justice, Fairness, Equality,
Faith, Trust, Liberty,
Honesty and Good Work,
All are in vain!
The reality is still very far,
Yet realization comes instantly,
That life is so UNFAIR.

Susan T. Aparejo

Regret

Regret doesn't mean repentance,
But a feeling of 'if'
If I could only turn the days back,
If I could only step back the moments of 'YOU'
If I could only talk to you before you stop breathing,
If I could only send you to the best place you wanted to,
If I could only hold my tongue
and talk to you mildly,
If I could only bring back the memory between you and me
If I could only tell you personally
that you have done great marks in my life,
If I could only extend your life
If I could only heal those emotional scar between us,
I I could only talk to Him and ask forgiveness
If I could...If I could...If I could...
My misery, my loneliness of missing you eternally
will be given a panacea.
I miss you terribly, TATAY FELIX.
You will forever be in my heart.

Susan T. Aparejo

Seashore And Shoreline

Drifting the moss of coral
Drifting the moss of unknown.

Drifters of seaweeds breeze,
Kissing the shoreline of sand,
Watching the surfing tide as
It touches the land,
Waiting the sea gull
swoop down to display
its grand,
singing the radiant
melody of the ebbing tide.

Susan T. Aparejo

Shame And Slavery

Shame?

Slavery?

Are they related?

Yes.

For if you are coated with shame,

You become slave of one's mind.

Your mind recoils you,

Even wakes you in your dream

Takes the accusing finger of

ridicule, criticism and

longed for you death,

if you could not endure,

the humiliation of shame.

We can hold the shame,

we can hold its tongue to gobble us,

we can hold the pain

that emotionally grinds us,

we can hold every human being's stare

But you can not hold your tears

when the one who put on shame on you

is no other than your SISTERS

AND YOUR VERY OWN MOTHER.

Susan T. Aparejo

Silence

Why does silence visit me?
in my lonely days with me.
My mind brings back the events,
in my solitaire mood it paints
then silence tip toed and come
disturbing my mind in bond.

I drove him away out,
yet it insists and pretends to shout,
he had all the world to stay about,
he gently spread in my lonely room,
encompassing me to desire the doom,
and promise me to replace my groom.

Susan T. Aparejo

Simple Happiness

Happiness

A tear of joy cascading my heart,
A laughter of soul after the victory,
Like the clouds floating in the sky,
Smells perfect aroma in the morning breeze,
A delicious ice cream in the hot summer days,
A warm pillows in my coldest day,
A good news after the saddest failure,
A warm hugs from a beloved,
A sweet embrace of a sound sleep,
after the week of insomnia
a lullaby of mother's care,
even your too old for her.

Susan T. Aparejo

Simplicity

Purity is simplicity,
Like the dew in the morning mist,
Like the rainbow in a distance,
Like a calm blue ocean,
Like a solemn sea,
Like a cry of a new born baby,
Like the reasoning of an innocent infant,
Like a fresh air in the new day,
and like the glory in the sparklers
of Heaven above.

Susan T. Aparejo

Stage Of My Life

Life for me is like a stage,
Audience watches and
Do some comments
With both realistic accounts,
Of actors and actresses,
Sometimes appreciated,
Sometimes devastated.

Life for me is a stage,
The director could change the script,
The audience influences the other,
To complicate some issues of one' life,
Life for me is a stage,
Its background can be change
and transformed into the brain
of the only creator on this place,
Life for me is a great stage,
The actor can suggest the scene
of which only the director could,
Manage the right of character,
And says' Be happy every some'

Susan T. Aparejo

Stars

Splash of light
Glimmering the cold dark nights,
Guiding my dream in full delights,
Watering my night of silver falls.

A promise of hope,
In my darkest moment,
Flickering the slightest dawn,
To be or never more.

In myriads number I doubt,
Do I have even once up there?
To give me the message of tomorrow,
Letting my dream not in burrow.

Susan T. Aparejo

Success

Like a road so far,
slippery path of moss,
mold waxing the trail,
barren soil of hope
a panoramic view of
no ending.

Many quits
to travel by,
never a lone fellow,
he continues to budge,
enduring the unbearable,
like a bamboo in the
storms, strong and flexible,
standing after the test,
holding a true success!

Susan T. Aparejo

Surrender

The long walk,
the struggling individual,
yoking all the burden,
humiliation and belittling
heart's the secret of survival,
days, months, years of tiresome,
it almost reach the desired road.

Why quit?
how useless the long struggles,
the ceaseless agony of pain,
the clanking of prolong wail,
the insanity of the mind,
the fight of heart and brain,
and when its almost over,
I SURRENDER!

Susan T. Aparejo

Tears And Treasure

Heavy! ,
Too much to carry,
Recoiling, enveloping me,
I'm in suffocation,
Almost losing my breath,
But there you are!

Can't believe it!
I treasure them all.
Give my breath,
My life,
Sacrificing my happiness,
Just for you- my family.

Deprived I in all those childhood joy,
those teenage years that supposed to be mine,
to enjoy,
to explore,
to experience,
Because I live to be mature,
To extend my life for you.

But I feel the joy,
Seeing you grow,
Watching you lift and soar
high, high, high,
Though such highness is not enough for you,
But you lift a little more,
and it gives a smile in my heart.

Is there a price for that?
Yes, my own happiness.
I give it to you.
I love to live the way I wanted to...
But I have to suppress
For you.

Now, the irony recoils like a storm surge,
You put shame in my reputation,

You battered me painfully,
Physically my weigh lessen,
My heart wounded deeply, excruciatingly,
None from you hears from me,
You treat me as 'evil'
'enemy' and 'stranger'
How come? You are once my TREASURE?

NOw tears,
Rolling every night,
in lonely night,
while in my solitary moment,
Sometimes I lost my handle,
I hold those precious gem in my check,
but they cascadingly cold
in my face,
as they kiss the agony of my TREASURE
They throw mud at me,
Accuse, allege, anoint me with mud,
Because they think they are my TREASURE,
That shine in my MUD,
And that glitter in my TEARS.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Miracle

The handcuff of slavery fasten in me,
As a single move wish it could be,
The hands of freedom is none to see,
Never a penny could aid the fee,
I crawled the night in search for light,
The raven glared its victorious flight,
As evening creatures shine so bright,
When seems so lost all my might.
I nailed my knees in tearful prayer,
Mind of no surrender in three years,
Dragging the brutalities in my shoulder,
While the unbeliever took no power,
Advices echoes the No HOpe Policy,
As entanglement promise no liberty,
Lawmakers tighten the rope to slavery,
Moralists lambasted my personality,
How do the impossible be possible,
If around the cage character assassins
never cease their queries,
As madden tormentors
clean their dirt in my table,
With horrible shame God listens,
impossibility melted in great realm,
When intervention surface from heaven.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Air

Supplier of life essential,
How it enters to commercial,
God creates you as a gift,
Life itself is a man's debt,
From God the super powerful,
That gives the air for all.

I wonder where you are,
During the summer of no dew,
Human's long for your presence,
As only half of you has essence,
If food and water for survival,
Air is the greatest need for life eternal.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Beauty Of Nature

Listen to the chirping of the birds,
The cascading falls we heard,
Feel the dropp of the morning dew,
Until the sunset of the day subdue.

Trees are fireflies and butterflies' home
Protecting typhoons and calamities in doom,
From shading everyone even his foe,
And spreading their leaves in varied hues.

Flowers are sweet delicacies of art,
Use by teh artist and novelist to win a heart,
A women's attributes characterized by they,
Until such attributes will be you and me.

Oh Zeus, command cupid to hit an arrow,
Thrust to human never to sparrow,
To teach the people to love the nature,
And teach the nature to love the people.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Clashing Of Words

Words may kill
like swords so sharp,
its blade oozes the wound.
and hits the heart,
when two argues,
words flow in all directions,
hitting brains and reputations,
assassinating the other
murdering another.

Why sharpen the words
when they hurt one?
why uttered them in an instant,
why let it cool
and think for more,
just a stare would mean a thing,
but how can you hold
the baggage of conversation
when its the only solution?
just be gentle of words you say,
hold them so dearly, let them free
in the wind to carry them
to its final end,
when the fire of flame so ending,
high voltage shut down once again.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Devil's Device

Rejoicing angels,
As the devils fly down,
Searching victims,
On earth to dwell.

Tempting the wicked,
the nod subdue,
Earth being reign,
Is the greatest plan,
The world of alone,
Is not a shield to withstand,
Quitters are the pessimistic,
In real world of comfort,
Where no one thinks of
to endure the faithfulness,
So difficult to destroy,
A family stood still,
Waiting for the hero to come,
And by luck, they destroyer,
Kneel again to God's plan
For He is willing to find out why.
Strengthen family through hard work,
a family untouched by the holy waiter,
For the family is the target
of their heart desire to ge away buying now neccesary.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Flower For Me

Respectful students,
A soft melodious sound
Greetings good morning,
Up to the end of good evening,
Means much to me, a flower
never fade in Memory

Generous learners,
Sharing things to others,
Pencils with no erasers,
Paper of the only in the trousers,
A flower in my eyes,
Never ever fade in my memory,

Studios yet humorous,
Serious yet with an admiring grin,
A follower and leader in one,
Loves freedom but a disciplinarian,
A flower bloom in the month of no days,
A flower to me that colors my day.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Gift Of Happiness

How could we express,
The joy within me?
Sadness flies away,
Scared by your existence,
Muffle the cloak of gloom,
Ever ready to uncloak and assault,
The mirth spreading the millieu.

The moonbeam of happiness,
Is a heaven here on Earth.
The glittered fellow attempt to hold,
A single day of you,
With those bills and coins,
Where you refuse to value of,
since beyond the knowledge of many,
Your a priceless, precious gift.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Gumamela (Hibiscus)

My innocent eyes watches you?
Do you ever noticed?
when I touch you,
did you feel the comfort of my palm?
the perfect refuge for such a
lonesome beauty in your way.

The only colors of the day,
surrounding the family,
While others display some wealth,
Ours are your presence in
our surroundings, making
the whole area love you much.

a perfect experiment,
for a wonderful science lesson,
When I see you scattered,
Torn into a muddy floor,
the nerve of protection dwells,
yet you just smiled at me,
Signalling me your're doing great,
by it, it gives pleasure and
learnings to interested eyes
as the stomata blinks,
there too their future,

Susan T. Aparejo

The Joy Of Forgiveness

The joy of forgiveness
lightens one's burden,
It showers happiness,
Showers our heart with
blessedness, so we wake up
in a lighter mood of wellness.

Just try, unload your baggage,
Throw away such garbage,
Let our heart fly and set a voyage,
Feel free to take out such bondage,
And stop our physique from its wreckage.

The joy of forgiveness is the key,
To live on earth peacefully,
And wake up the morning readily,
A fresh air dominates comfortably,
So sweet a conscience of harmony.

I forgive you and you forgive me,
Another flow of peace release,
Another love and acceptance dominate,
Let the trust once again surface,
As we give each other a chance,
We mean forgiveness at hand.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Leaders Before Me

They are shaping me into one,
And their skills mold me so I can,
I thought I can escape for being one,
But no matter I refuse to hold the wand,
They are always holding my hands.

I gained varied features of distinct leadership skills,
From these three geniuses of Silver Bells,
Their sound decisions are powered by their mighty brain cells,
That the impossible for me will never be in their own free will,
For me to realize I witness and influence their sails.

He is the first leader in the public emblem of democracy,
He could power your dream into an independent reality,
He never annoys you in his words of bounty,
And pretends he has nothing to say,
But a Principal of witty full of duty.

Comes the second leader in my public school journey,
A person embedded with the pure charm of simplicity,
He shows to me the perfect figure of humanity,
That a leader shed tears of profound ache in front of many,
And laughter breaks his morning to welcome another day.

The third principal is a 'she' and a she is with me.
Great planner, great thinker, and great 'wannabe'
Her days are nights and her nights are days to reach the apogee,
A woman of strong mind and anticipation evading hyperbole,
A woman of action of no question in her whoopee

Susan T. Aparejo

The Long Journey

Seems the rough road never ends,
thorny path intimidating,
those lovely garden turns to wither,
leaves dried falling aimlessly,
No reasons of their departure,
Saying goodbye to another, buds,
of no promise to return.

There paces move so slowly,
wounded toes keep on worry,
Mind never regret for another move,
A mile ahead is such so far a glance
The soul fuels the nerve,
of tiring souls to the trail ahead,
Who cares to patch the light
for such a weary souls,
the long journey will end,
When life's will end.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Nature

Watch the imaginative,
Green oceans of mountains,
Follow the winding road,
of irresistible beauty,
The country of mystery,
As you travel far away.

Where are the trees,
of verdant leaves?
Where are the fresh air?
of morning breeze?
Where are the dew
of misty morning?
Perish in the neon
of lovely evening?

What could I do
to restore you?
the youth of no woe,
What can they take,
to make you breath?
Are we the reasons
of your perishable motion?

Susan T. Aparejo

The Rain

More or least at this 4: 31 pm,
silver droplets dropp from heaven,
form a colorless natural stars of Bethlehem,
sparkling in a muddy area of my lane.

These natural gems sparkle,
As they resemble the cuttie dancing angels,
in a watery portion of the cold,
As the soil heralded the ' Messiah'
in the rythmic Jingle bells of the
christmas season.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Ranking System

Certificates fights,
Hearts beats swiftly
though and through,
points by points,
each decimals counts
the pulsation of heart'
beats.

The question is clear,
Will I be?
Will she be?
Or will he be?
So nerve trembling.
Yet, exciting!

Contenders all praying,
God hears them all, .I know
But whosoever wins in the first rank,
is not God's will all the time,
sometimes its the weather
that permits too! or
Its really your TIME!
Congratulations! you're the winner,
So easy to tell
but hard to others,
Yet time will heal
to every pain brought by
Pride and expectation.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Restless Days

Mondays to Fridays are my restless days,
Early dawn to the wee hours of the evening,
Still not all the stones unturned,
Many need to be touched and tapped,
Several require attention and evaluation,
To meet the set deadlines of submission.

The main goals of works have been almost
forgotten, Even the live wires almost lost,
The water drain, energy black out
In an instant, light collapse and the heart
beats in rhythmic resignation,
But the instinct propels to move
Who cares to take charge the gear
The gear only the head of the family holds,
The dream to rest comfortably is
Everyone's business, yet, no one ever
Feel the comfort one's needs in a
RESTLESS days of work.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Reunion

Some unexpected time exist,
Of the memory of mind set,
Feelings were being test,
to endure the longing for the rest,
Continues to dream unity at its best,
One day on a greatest feast.

Yes, fiesta is the greatest day,
For kins and kins reunion someday,
May that day comes every month of May,
And let the bay died in envy,
the colorful buntings in a highway,
Signals will soon find our way,
with many gifts on sale to pay,
Whatever they may say,
Fiesta is for everybody!
Happy fiesta tp anybody.

Relatives

Susan T. Aparejo

The Seashore

The blue sky swirls,
The truest reflection down under,
A lone being watched,
The horizon so far a apart,
Like a dream so impossible
to hold,
to free,
to grasp.

The horizon is also like
a wonderland of the fairies,
When clouds covered and
the cotton field spread,
The nostalgic view of unknown
emotion of a childhood experience,
Like a fantasy full of glory,
As the eyes set far from
the seashore
buttons by seashells,
Painted with the green moss,
Watered by the splashing
of the newly awaken surf,
to feel,
to hear,
to ponder,
the beauty by the
SEASHORE.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Sparkle Of Love

The miracle of heaven's joy,
Unfathom by the advanced
measuring device,
Its wonder is unmeasured by
human thoughts and dreams,
The sparkles of jewels
in one's vital part,
The Heart.

The sparkles radiates merriment,
Of indescribable emotion,
Everythings seems colorful then,
The beauty as they say,
Is felt by the beholder,
the logic of the souls,
and the reasons of the lovers,
No questions to inevitable
gems emergence
The gems painted in the
corner of one's
HEART.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Stranger Teenager

The smells of innocent a glow,
Super special in a matter of two,
An angel of superfluous origin,
Give laughter and selfless grin,
At his age so cute up to ten.

So very sweet angel,
Turn now into a handsome toad,
And a handsome teenager exist,
Quarrel is my disciplinary hit,

Now he has full into grow,
Most hits each other's words.
Think a plan to make him a chord,
But continue to express provoking thought,

He seems to express none even a care,
Yet, he said them in a very sweet action,
He is still very young for other attention,
He loves and listens his companion,
It seems the war of Iran and Iraq is here,
So confuse if he is still my son,
When the fight is so great and find no solace,
My heart sank and ached for mother; justice,
He becomes stranger yet he is my teenager,
At his age, we are opposite each other.

Susan T. Aparejo

The Treasure- You

A TRIBUTE TO MA'AM CHERRY MAE LIMBACO
Form: GCCHNS Family

Times writes the exemplary great,
GCCNHS hails this wisest,
Gingoo breeze whisper the mightiest,
DepEd Gingoo welcomes the smartest.

Hail to her the achiever of full numbers,
Known to us the Region's best trouble shooter,
Descent to GCCNHS lair thereafter,
The only SDS exemplar of humble endorser.

She stepped GCCNHS being an ordinary human,
Never requires a grand attention from everyone,
Nor mentioning a " doctor" in her name once,
Remarkable compassion spread to launch.

God awards GCCNHS new will power of justice,
Her leadership increaseth her risks,
For among others, mentors are her priority list,
With sound mind, decision as a jurist.

Her administration is a long-lost equality,
Her governance is a view of transparency,
MOOE, benefits, allowance, and service credits,
Release for the reason of

Your compassion for teachers we cherish,
How could we forget you? You're the rarest,
May our teaching force holds you! – the altruist,
But we're powerless to block promotion in your desk.

You impress us of your excellence performance,
SPA's accreditation will be at hand,
Number of school buildings emerge in an instant,
Addressing GCCNHD family in your radiance.

Now the door between us is near to close,

Tears cascading for nostalgic pause,
The pain of leaving enamors a pleasant applause,
Parting is a sweet sorrow to the kindest hero.

Our greatest gratitude from GCCNHS family,
The emblem of your leadership is a genuine legacy,
Your monumental figure is planted in your memory,
The LADY of performance known to many
As 'MADAME CHERRY MAE'

Susan T. Aparejo

To Jay Michael

I never dream to have him,
first meet him on his birthday,
a good healthy one,
my angel without wings,
the joy he brings
forget the troubles of days.

He witnessed my labor,
deep inside I'm sure
he is in my side,
lighted my lane and
lifted my hands
whenever tears rolled by
his heart sunk deep for me.

I felt the love he gave for me,
my conscience talked to me
but how could I tell him
the essence of my flight?
how could I tell him
the road I provided for him
when he thinks I dig my own?

Clashes come between us,
I am certain he still in my side,
he forced himself to understand me,
because among others,
he is the only left for me,
the only treasure of my life,
my only son- JAY MICHAEL.

Susan T. Aparejo

To My Gccnhs Friends

{ This is dedicated to my best friends at GCCNHS, Beth, Ludita, Lina, Lita, Pedrits, Jenny and Rudilyn }

Friends are priceless diamonds,
But for me you're more than the coldness of a moon.
Embracing the hot gossips of the unfriendly air,
Spreading every space in the fire of my room,
Yet you're presence is the comfort of my lair!

To you. I humbly dedicate this poem,
A lovely touch of your shields made me win,
Many unseen mysteries happen for me each day,
You're always there and rescue me,
How could I pay the insurmountable deeds,
Millions of gratitude can't be paid,
God sent angels in your persons
How could I thank you for those times,
The times I cried in your shoulder,
The times I poured my sentiments,
The times of your loving cares,
The times of being there,
God thank thee,
For giving me FRIENDS
AS SPARKLING AS
BETH, LITA, LUDITS, JENNY,
PEDRITS, LINA, and RUDILYN

Susan T. Aparejo

To My Hometown

The zephyr reminds me of nostalgic memories,
touching my brain softening my heart,
tears cascading from cheek,
squeezing my entity of childhood quart, .
bringing me to the saddest happiness.

Visualizing the ladderized heights of children -us,
a family of unity in terms of poverty,
a children of unity due to necessity,
one bread to fill the many,
Yet, the memory still rings the bell for me.

Years passed, turning one of us,
dreams divided us the nine,
but goal wrapped us all into one,
the struggle we set for life's ahead so great,
and the triumph was so sweet, the best!

Now, I long to turn back the memories of the past,
the echoes of agony of a battered wife
still painted in wall of strife,
the melodious laughter and giggle of younger dear,
All are my hometown's treasure.

Susan T. Aparejo

To My Students

Every life inside my classrooms,
Every brains that blooms,
Are tiny sparkling of so soon,
They're their parents cocoon,
But their mentors' early dawn,
A perfect clay to be honed
In the field of education's lawn.

They are breed in different ways,
As I witness them when they play,
Their attitude manifest as they sway,
When I observe them as they lay,
They will announce 'come what may'
When fatigue overwhelm their day,
How joyful I am to touch their clay,
As i molded them to paint their rays,
And all of them will utter 'you're okey,
wish them a world filled with life so gay..

Susan T. Aparejo

To Someone Special

Summer breeze swayed my face,
winter wind softened my rage,
autumn air dropped my frustration,
but your presence healed my heart.

Your voice melted the hard stone,
your words echoed my conscience,
your perseverance was none to surpass,
your care waved the air of comfort.

my life unfulfilled one lane,
the hardness was brought by time,
such time delet the reality in me,
tough was the only knife of living.

the mere presence of you swifted the wind back,
God hands guided unthinkable with no wit,
shimmering the coated tartar to slash off,
not a wizard nor rich but elite of goodness appear.

Yourself is the spice of missing lane,
completing the wonder of God creation
being you is the longed lost dream,
in my quest for something.

Then I wake up from longed realization,
standing the storm in your absence is no joke,
together we sail in darkness and sunrise,
to worry not the future anymore.

Susan T. Aparejo

Tribute To Madame Cherry Mae

You came in an instant daylight;
That youthful look was everyone's alight
Thinking the same flavor's delight
And yet YOU make everything all right.
lavish with your unselfish deeds to limelight.

You become the female Sherlock
For tending DepEd Gingoog City teachers - your flock;
You make our centuries right unblock and unlock;
Protecting teachers' dignity from schlock
Like some brave heroes, you're our monumental rock.

Thank you all for all that you have done.
Hard times are now turned into by gone.
All this we managed with you by our side,
you gave with love, not merely out of duty.
Upon your protection, life turns comfortably.

You're being so completely a real hero,
For touching my mind and making me grow,
For sharing moment with you, since I met you,
For exploring me to my very core, a bravo!
for showing me the lane of leadership a glow,

How else could I become what I've become?
All your plans, hopes and even fearsome'
Put together for GCCNHS improved kingdom,
Know that I am grateful for break though in awesome,
Your hard work is mirrored now in mine, MADAME.

From you we learned the essence of transparency'
MOOE becomes loud and clear to GCCNHS teachers' alley,
Bonuses, increment and benefits fit our wallet'
Clothing, seminar, fare allowances and service credits,
All are given in a package of love in tenets.

My salute to you Ma'am Cherry Mae

What you did for us – GCCNHS
will glow in our memory as portrait of imagery
The greatest gifts are those that cost us least:
Because for us you are beyond the description of the “ Best! ”

How would GCCHNS family ever forget?
A woman of compassion for teachers’ right illuminate,
She is a book of life, the thoughts we reap,
Only in her sound judgment we quiet sleep,
A woman of humanity in the name of “Cherry Mae”

(Note: This poem is dedicated to Madame Cherry Mae Limbaco, Schools Division superintendent in Gingoog City, Philippines. She will leave the city for promotion comes July 2009. Tears will surely fall for her departure, but we never forget her legacy to us, the legacy of justice, fair and transparency of being a good leader. Thanks maam, You're one in a Million!)

Susan T. Aparejo

True Love Is A Mystery

I feel in Love,
the scents from heaven
so fresh, so comforting,
flowers blooming,
days have no ending
butterfly kisses,
birds chirping,
paradise opens.

I feel in love,
dreaming the world
imagining the joy,
that last in few hours,
the world filled with colors,
that means a mystery to me,
and when I ponder,
I feel he is my lover then.

Susan T. Aparejo

Truth Behind The Uniform

Nothing to reveal
What's deep under,
Everything is on the lane,
Looking up in their profile,
Those faces of the wise,
Ever ready to get
something for the day,
Mind is ready,
Never their tummy.

Incredible truth,
The uniform covers them,
Equality in those attire,
Unturned the mystery behind.
Piteous stories of the reality,
When tears rolled by,
I was there before,
Following such prints,
Hail are those parents,
Who iron those clothes
fill their kids the right nutrition needed for learning,
Such uniform to be
the emancipator of
the truth behind those
unquestioned uniform
being worn even me.!
BEFORE.

Susan T. Aparejo

Victim Of Time

I refrain from loving ever since,
the reasons so clear - the pain,
the pain excruciatingly dominate,
even until the tiniest nerve,
it aches so well throughout.

Love so delicious to feel the heaven of paradise,
one clings to its wings to try again and again,
eyes glow, illuminate and dominate in focus,
forget of something right for a cause,
a cause of earthly joy in a second.

to love or let go love is now a question,
for a practical reason of being in prison,
yes, I am a slave of intimidation,
that love would bring in me as person,
so I better elude myself for such reason.

Yes, I am coward for you ' Love'
how could I might be?
you're such a wicked thing to think,
You hurt me if I have to give a blink,
especially when establishing the tightest link.

Someday I will know the mystery of you,
how cruel you are to someone trusting you,
though some success traces your existence,
to them you're special and let you stay,
for me you're so elusive and leave.

Do I think there is favoritism?
Do I accept my greatest misery?
If not then how could you prove me?
that love for every one is for any one,
that any one includes me as your clan.

Oh! prove to me you're not that one!
I am willing to subdue and feel the shame,
would you come again to promise no pain,

and live with me in my life's lane,
to tell me you're not to be blame.

Susan T. Aparejo

Waves

It symbolizes human's life,
though it journey in various flight,
sailors' observe its greatest height,
to yield and turn their voyage's right,
it shaken nerves at its might,
when forces turn like angry devil's fight,
like tsunamis crashing the day and night.
but like life after storm comes a sight,
to remind us of everything in bright
to guide us as God's a surf of light.

Susan T. Aparejo

Wedding

Heaven scents

colors's paradise,
white laces,
silver bells,
lovely flowers,
ribbons sway,
ribbonnets dangling,
cameras flashing,
couples dashing.

Receptions priorities decency,
newly weds lead the way,
guests stare happily,
speeches prepared so lengthy,
delicacies wait patiently,
flower girls sways uneasily,
all witness so humbly.

Weddings before was in hurry,
the concerned go in tupsy turvy
no time uttering for sorry
at close the fury is to bury.

Susan T. Aparejo

What's Music To Me?

The chirping of the crickets,
The tic tak of the clock,
The meow of newly born kittens,
The swaying of the branches,
The cascading waterfalls,
The sound of the jungle wisps,
To the soft pillows of my ears,
They are all music to me.

Yet in the real world, they're just yesterdays,
Today is the boom, boom, boom of vehicles,
The bang of the bomb and the gun,
The noise of the rockers
Tearing all the eardrums,
To the music of the present,
Enduring is all I can do,
Music to them, But not in me.!

Susan T. Aparejo

Work

Work,
Someone said " work is slavery"
I nod in full admiration
It won't fill my box of jewelry,
Require my full attention,
Though the prize alluring salary.

Work curtails one's freedom,
Glued to a place when you step one,
Leave your home at start of dawn,
Entering another world of fund,
For family's survival at glance.

Slavery is work, a designed of artwork,
A routinary field of office book,
Bundy clock is the human's look,
Will tell if you're at your nook,
Work is really a slavery with bankbook.

Susan T. Aparejo