

Poetry Series

**Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma  
Mandreza  
- poems -**

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# Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza(02 September 1977)

Hello People! My name is Xavier Paolo Josh Mandreza y Ledesma,35 years old, born in Makati City, Philippines and I have been writing Poetry about...early 1981...? About when I was Twelve Years...? Yeah, that's about it, heh heh! =)

Poetry for me is more of like a Song...Your Heart needs to Sing whenever it's Happy or meets that Special Someone you would love to share your Life and Talents with. Never deny it for once it goes it will rarely come back to you again.

I hope to be an outstanding and helpful Member of this Community. Thank you.  
=)

# A Tribute To The Father (Sir Robert Daley)

To the Noble One, Him I will call SIR:  
Inspire us with your Legacy, dear Captain of the Plym!  
May your Spirit live on; Your Soul everlasting  
That Generations from and beyond your Lineage  
Will learn from your Values and carry through  
The Traditions of Love, Health, Honour and Family.  
So it shall be.

Even as your House sleeps beneath the Cool, Earth-Blanket  
You can hear your Three Soldiers cry and pledge their Acclaim:  
One already conquered the Waves; Ready to fulfill your Dream with Gold,  
The Other strengthened His Will; Bracing for his Chosen Path;  
And the Youngest - your Lamp-Bearer - calm but determined in His Goal,  
Kept His Journal's Promise; And resolved to face the World.

Finally - the Endearing One - whose Tears She held for Breath,  
Placed Twelve Pink Carnations on your Blanket; One Stem for each Moon,  
And for each Moon the Leaves added another Fruit to her Basket  
Remembering their Heart's Grown Tale; And Seeds burst into Bloom.

And as They began to retire from this Love-Worn Day,  
With the Eldest remembering his Assignment to Drive  
The Twelve Pink Carnations suddenly sprang-up to Play,  
Speared their Roots to the Ground; And used the Soil's Feet to Jive  
To that Lonely but Powerful Hymn of Praise:

'Thank you, dear Heavens, for this Wonderful Father!

Thank you for the Years, Months, Hours and Minutes spent with Him!  
Bring the Captain to his Bounty, O Mighty Roar of the River!  
Feed Him with the Light that only Shines from Within! '

And as They left, smiling, turning the Page without regret  
The Sexton stood nearby, witnessing the Event  
Of the Family resolved to rest and celebrate this Day,  
Remembering the Noble Deeds of how this Man forged and lived  
And the Sexton, in his home-grown Promise,  
Wiped the Father's Stone with an Ivory-Cloth and placed it to his Chest:

'To Live my own Tale; To Write my own Page,  
With you as an Example on how to make it the Best! '

Thus the Song ends; With him retreating to the Tree,  
Showing his Fruits of how he can be Devoted as HE.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# An Artist's Praise

Best Wishes to such Grazing Actor be  
Whose Courage chose to meet me on this Earth  
I never thought that such Divinity  
Would see me as what I am really Worth  
Pray, that your Miracle would come to pass  
For Honest Purpose is a Good Man's Trait  
But you are a Model; That should do Last  
To tamper this Spot which causes all Hate  
You have my Loyalty, dear Bobbie Sir  
Even though your Series I failed to watch  
Since your Door's ajar, I walk un-disturbed  
And Friendship across Two Nations will match.  
Once your New Project starts, remember this Friend  
My Tweets mean nothing but Honesty sent.

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# Brooke

Why do you Smile, Little Lady of the Plym?

Is it because, that Everyday, Mister Morning would greet you Hello,  
Throwing his Arms around you with a Nice, Warm Embrace?  
And when his Cloak grew too Fiery, he wants you to let go,  
Saying: 'Well done, Little Girl! Well done below! '

And despite Mister Morning wiping the Tears off your Face,  
You still have the Courage to Smile.

Why do you Smile, Little Lady of the Plym?

Is it because, on Certain Occasions, Brother River shed his Tears,  
The same Tears which Mister Morning tries to wipe-off but never remove?  
I think he wants you to chase him along the Hard-and-Pebbly Road,  
Little Lady of the Plym,  
But seeing as how slippery the Hard-and-Pebbly Road can be  
You threw a Pebble instead; And scratched his Weary Face,  
And because you scared him he ran across the Hard-and-Pebbly Road,  
Telling you not to call his Name again.

But despite Brother River leaving you alone to play,  
You still managed to wave back and Smile.

Why do you Smile, Little Lady of the Plym?

Is it because, on your Special Day, the Polish sits by your Lap,  
Begging you to smoothen its Fur, as Ebony as the Night  
And when you did, its Ears withdrew and shed a Grateful Tear  
As you allowed it to share your Young and Cuddly Warmth  
And because of this Selfless and Heroic Act of yours  
The Moomin gave up the Hunt; And chased for an easier Pet  
Then the Polish, in its Victory, wiggled its Nose to sing its Best, Silent Song.

So despite the Moomin snuffing at you for stealing its Hug,

You shouted, 'Good-Bye! ' And made One Last Smile.

So then, why do you Smile, Little Lady of the Plym?

I don't see anything out there that would Inspire you to do so:  
Mister Morning, Brother River, The Moomin or The Polish,  
All wanted your Secret so they can Smile for themselves.

But as soon as they saw that Candle burning inside your Heart,  
They knew at last why you kept on Smiling, Little Lady of the Plym. =))

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# Compton Zen

It was one of those cool, breezy afternoons which blanketed the Crossway, a land-bridge connecting Plymouth to the West Cities such as Torbay and Cornwall.

On one of his Transcendental Journeys the Great Zen Sage Bodhidharma walked through its smooth and pebbly shore, taking in the Hoe's salted scent. Then he chanced upon a Silent Figure.

It was a COMPTON - an English counterpart for a bodhisattva - an Enlightened Being who works for the betterment of all living things.

The Compton was sitting quietly by the sea-shore, lotus-sat and seemingly in a deep meditative state. He would have impressed the other tolerant passers-by, but not for the Great Zen Sage. Something tickled him to ask about his Status.

He approached the Compton with deep respect and quietly whispered to his ear. 'What are you doing, my Good Man? '

The Compton broke his silence. 'I am trying to reach Enlightenment.'

SMACK! The Air around the Two suddenly caught the cracking sound which alarmed the nearby gulls to take flight for their safety, as if warned by an oncoming predator. But the Compton simply rubbed his nape as if a feather flew by and tickled him.

Then he resumed his Concentration. This amused the Great Zen Sage and inspired him to ask again. 'What are you doing, my Good Man? '

Again the Compton broke his silence.

'I am trying to attain Buddhahood for the benefit of all Sentient Beings.'

SMACK! And again the Air caught the surrounding crack. But just as before, the Compton rubbed his nape seemingly unaffected by sharp pain and focused once more.

By now the Great Zen Sage started to rub his own hand already red from the first two attempts. He had hoped that by the third this would wake him up.

'What are you doing, my Good Man? ' He asked one more time.

The Compton, in a harrowed voice, replied from his silence.

'I am...'

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! By now the Air sang to an almost deafening drum. The gulls flew higher to avoid such crack from shedding their feathers and the Hoe itself withdrew its waves from offending the Great Zen Sage.

The Compton then stood up and finally faced Bodhidharma. He finally had enough.

'WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ! ARE YOU MENTAL? ! '

And all of a sudden The Great Zen Sage prostrated and bowed to his Buddha Nature.

'Well done. Well done.' Was his final praise.

'I'm hungry.' The Compton rubbed his tummy. 'It's been an hour's score since I've had any. You want some? '

'I...? ' The Great Zen Sage asked.

'No, I'm serious.' The Compton insisted. 'Dad gave me a pence for clot-bread. I could share some with you.'

'I...? ' The Great Zen Sage asked again.

'Sir! ' The Compton now soured his face. 'Make up your bloody mind. Do you want some or not? '

'I...? ' The Great Zen Sage asked once more.

The Compton was done. He shrugged at the Great Zen Sage with a loud PFFT! And went on his way.

'I apologise.' The Great Zen Sage shouted to the Compton. 'That was supposed to be a Yes.'

But the Compton failed to hear him. His Tummy was already crying to him for

clot-bread.

'I guess he really needs to sup.' The Great Zen Sage finally realised. Then he stood at the spot where the Compton once meditated and chanted:

'You Primal Figures of the Inner Seed  
Place yourselves further with Voiceless Harmony  
Know that in Light's Focus there sprouts a Need  
But there is None; A Message of Fallacy  
All lives for Life's intent; Which is impure  
If Eyes simply define the Separate  
Of THIS and THAT; THESE and THOSE; MINE and YOURS  
Is a Donkey's bray to Commemorate  
Yet this Boy passed the Exam; Which we Pride  
Only if Moment's Vacuum does exist  
But if we soak ourselves in such a Lie  
These Tangent Partners will be hard to Resist.  
Save yourself the Trouble. Now sit with me  
And look how you matter within that Seed.'

'...Or clot-bread, whichever comes first.' The Great Zen Sage chuckled blankly.

- END? -

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# Haiku Season

The Spider climbs Walls  
To make a Web of Fortune  
For the Careless Fly.

The Spider spins Webs  
On the Top of the Ceiling  
Whilst wearing Glasses.

A Fly falls on Web  
Saying, 'Toodle-Dee, my Man! '  
The Spider: 'Oho! '

The Sun shines bright now  
It cancelled the Darkened Day  
And made me rest well.

Mirth is Birth of Spring  
And the Sullenness of Youth  
Returns to Revive.

Fall begets Winter  
As the blanket covers us  
And fools with the Sun.

I read a Good Book  
Until my Words were Enriched  
With the Best of Truth.

Who am I to say  
That the Days run without Time  
And decieve your Thoughts?

I have hope to live  
When Winters besiege my Face  
And soothens my skin.

All have the Talent  
To manifest God's Works well  
But do we use it?

I may well suggest  
That we reflect the Seasons  
And their Message sing.

There are Youths today  
Who spin such Webs by themselves  
Get entangled there.

Let your Love reflect  
Upon Truth and Honesty  
And the Web will melt.

I was born to love  
Yet Love refused to love me  
So I killed myself.

The Saviour warned us  
All about the White-Washed Tomb  
As a Normal Trait.

The Glassed Spider  
Saw a Fly approaching by  
Telling him, 'Go Home! '

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# Heaven

If there is a Place in which  
One would Love to be  
Is that Someplace where all is Filled  
With Beautiful Imagery.

Happiness is Present  
And so is Grace  
In this Vast Loving Land  
Of Mystery and Grace.

Whatever we Say  
Whatever we Do  
We must always Remember  
That our Lives are not yet Through.

For we, Children of God  
Do not Live in Vain  
But once again, we Rise in Glory  
And lessen our Pain.

These People, who do not  
Take their Obligations seriously  
They died in the Love of the Lord  
And Ascend to the Promised Land  
Thus fulfills His very Word.

This Eternal Palace  
Which exists beyond Confronted Space  
Somewhere here, somewhere there  
Or could be almost Anywhere.

In this Land,  
No more Problems are in Being.  
Sin and Evil are turned to Dust  
And Anger is no longer jeering.

Yet how do we earn ourselves  
Into that Holy Place?  
Do we have to be GOOD in Mind

Or in Face?

Friendly Mortals,  
God has given us One Commandment:  
To Love the Neighbour as Yourself  
In every Event.

Obedience to the Lord  
Is the most Apparent  
For it makes your Body pure  
And your Soul becomes a part  
Of God's Hand.

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# Hymn To The Sirens (Aquabatix/ Aquabatique/ Aqualillies)

Though I may never see them Dance  
Or Marvel at their Art beneath the Sea  
My Faith dictates a Potential Romance:  
'Behold their Atlantic Beauty! '

Sing with your Forms, lovely Sirens of the Waves!  
Sing aloud the submerged Kingdom of the god  
Who with his Trident blesses your Careers to the Peak  
When the Pyros a-lighten; and the Party begins Above  
Shakes the Men-Folk's Knees; Melts the Heart of the Knave!

I suppose the Drumming Applause after the Last Full Show  
Left a Lasting Phenomenon to all who dared to View  
This Sensational Event; Too much to Sing for Praise  
I would cop my Mouth then and let my Eyes do the Praising.

To see just how Cool and Stunning these Sirens can be  
And left me sipping Bubbles from my Raspberry Tea.

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# I Never Wrote A Poem

That meant Music to my Life  
As if Cardinals sing  
To the Harmony they bring.

I never wrote a Poem  
Whose Verses meant to Implode  
When Bombs burst on each other  
And caress one another.

I never wrote a Poem  
Where Sirens also fall in love  
For such a lovely Croon  
Then dig Gem-Shells all afternoon.

I never wrote a Poem  
During a period in my Class  
If my Educator takes an Oath  
And confiscates them both.

So if I never wrote a Poem  
Not knowing when-how-soon  
Then blame me for lacking a Pen  
Or busting for Ink God-knows-when

And the Papers I have Lost  
Took so much in me the Cost  
That I have never devoured Love  
Not much as being nipped by a Dove

It is bad that I never wrote a Poem  
With so much of how I missed  
That I would start writing a Poem  
During Summer's Entire Bliss.

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# In Remembrance Of The Victims Of The August 2012 Metro Manila Habagat Floods

With Swollen Tears did my Countrymen commit  
In week's Soliloquy request for Aid  
And Soul's own Moments whose Sympathy permit  
Whilst Sheltered Families pray for more space  
Pledge, dear Lord! And Citisens of the World  
My People's Wounds soaked in Unwanted Rain  
At least in Voice and Gift-Wishes unfold  
Would indeed suffice to soften their Pain  
Look, Union Jack! The Scenes of Caskets float,  
Plastered houses a-washed with nails and wood  
Then came the Bayanis, in rubbers and boats  
Bore frozen Victims to their Neighbourhood.  
It's a Sad Film for anyone to see  
Please offer Burnt Roses; Make them Happy.

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## Kassidy Cook - Song Five

In Manila your World will be known; Be at Hope  
When the Pen which you carry will take a Note  
At your Shy Merits impervious to such Pain  
And Distance sought will be closer to you again  
Talk only Seasoned Words; And you will be surprised  
That in the End there will be Light.

No matter how many Groupies you both must pass through  
No amount of Judas' Kiss would alienate him from you  
For Better or Worse must your Continents divide  
That very Point where Two Hearts will Coincide  
Between Different Shades and Diverse Colours  
In the End there will be Light.

It's funny how I should Live-Up and Learn  
The Wood bogged with Soot I must readily Burn  
Has not been accomplished if far from ease  
A License I must carry to obtain a better Lease  
For as long as Good Beings are still on this Earth  
In the End there will still be Light.

Now that I am Dying, please come closer to me  
And share your Densest Wishes and Things-to-Be  
Never fear of what would ever lie ahead  
Just pump your Muscles more and punch your Foe for dead  
Deeds like these would all be Forgiven  
Since in the End there will be Light.

Oh! The Greatest Performance Life has ever seen  
A Concert of Angels singing to the top of their Wings  
Love indeed is the Eternal Price for a Saint's Accord  
Having been Tortured for Years yet still deserving a Reward  
So before I Descend, I gratefully Praise you  
And Thank you so much for sharing me your Light.

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## Kassidy Cook - Song Four

Across the Atlantic you will carry His Message  
The Truth shall be Known; And a wider Passage  
Scoops out a Brand-New Trait with an Attitude  
Responsible for the Waves which rape the Land all-nude  
True to his Words, Poseidon heard your Call  
Whilst you search for your Destiny.

Even in Nature the Meanings are so Vague  
When the Pen is no match for the Scroll that it made  
Whose Fibres are indeed running out of Call  
Stretching Time away like an ever-bouncing Ball  
Weird Dimensions can plague your Heart today  
Whilst you search for your Destiny.

I would be Happy for the Crowd which you inspired  
Those Masses would cheer for all hands and kneel  
Grateful for the Example which you have transpired  
As a Marm of Justice your Real Light was revealed  
Use that Privilege well, and Live with Cause  
Whilst you search for your Destiny.

It wasn't a Wonder then with the Photo I saw  
Of Two Braced Youths locked in a Promised Cage  
With the Boy proposing a Post-Dated Thought  
And the Girl accepting his Time-Locked Debate  
How cute it must be to hold that Smooth Ring  
Whilst you search for your Destiny.

Then during my Sleep a roll of Parchment appeared  
With Writings which I could not analyse or hear  
But as I read the Letters closer to my Face  
Jesus the Saviour whispered Strong Words of Grace  
Conceded in my Heart, and now I knew  
That you have finally found your Destiny.

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# Kassidy Cook - Song One

Sleep, dear Solemn Dream; But wake another Day  
Climb as high as Everest; But never say  
That Good Shows and Sweet Roses are Bitter Lies  
Nor would the Manuscript of your Destiny despise  
Your Un-Veiling Truth and Un-Folding Majesty  
Such Truth is Pleasant to me.

Your Broken Lips are all that I could see  
Sour Words and Norms of Conduct? In Reality  
Only from your Sight shall this Room obtain  
The very Life it needs to be Alive again  
But as long as this Earth survives in Harmony  
The Truth is still Pleasant to me.

Lend me your Voice! I need it to Proclaim  
This Sacred Injustice our Elders imposed on our Plain  
From which I had hoped to plant my Finest Crop  
And yet it weeded out another Tragic Drop  
Useless Beings are indeed the Poison of Tomorrow  
And yet the Truth is still Pleasant to me.

The Scent of your Hair, it reminded him before  
When he first arrived as a Stranger who wore  
An Old, Ignorant Hat too busy to dive the Seas  
Until you finally saw what has become of him:  
Fallen Saints and Shattered Dreams  
But the Truth must still be Pleasant to me.

I knew it was futile to cuddle in Despair  
So I looked up to Heaven and learned to be aware:  
That there is a World where you can be Free  
The Core which the Apple had missed to see  
An Everlasting Sweetness! Now I am convinced  
That the Truth is Enlightening for me.

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## Kassidy Cook - Song Three

Lend me a Lance to stab my Water-Borne Killer  
Before he destroys every Feather in my Soul  
I would make sure he does not harm your Sisters  
Nor chance himself to make me a part of his Whole  
My Pie would be the Venom of his Bite  
When you are Strong enough to Defend your Rights.

No Plague is enough to make you Ill  
No Vision is strong to blur your Mind  
If what they attempt to paralyse and chill  
The very Thought of Thoughts they left behind  
Only a Jenner would ever try to think such things  
When you are Strong enough to Defend your Rights.

With your Script written down in Varied Forms  
It was tampered in the Sky by a Flock of Larks  
And they took your Message by Invading Norm  
And shows it was just too spiced for your Remark  
Let those Idiots read their own Books instead  
Whilst you Strengthen yourself to Defend your Rights.

One Storm a Day should keep you Tamed  
And purify your Soul from all that would Stray  
Your very Essence without would make you sane  
Crippled from head to foot, then spoil your Way  
In filling your Tumbler with Ever-Freshening Truth  
Had you not been Strong enough to Defend your Rights.

Should I speak in the Pulpit about my Shame  
Which I had hidden for Centuries long  
Even as you revealed the Magic of your Name  
Those Riches which enabled him to be Strong  
Confidence is all that a Man must need  
In order to Succeed in Defending his Rights.

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## Kassidy Cook - Song Two

Only the Sight of Paradise is a Just Reward  
Not far from what your Thoughts could give  
A Silent Remark from a Note as before  
Should have wrangled my Pride closed-down with a Lid  
For Animated Bells which ring in Delight  
I know you will grow in the Fullness of Youth.

Mark me a Heretic, yet not in Prison I play  
My only chance of escaping a Doomed Fate  
Since I am aware of how your Mind should stay  
And see the Flavour of the Meal on your Plate  
Think back and do no harm to those Doves  
And you will grow in the Fullness of Youth.

Across the Border the Southern Belle springs  
When the Whiskey called to her and set an Alarm  
Reminding you to be Cautious whenever you Sing  
And those Jessies try to rape your Song from the start  
Never show the Secrets of your own Inner Talent  
If you are not ready to grow in the Fullness of Youth.

There was this Room which I could not get in  
So I banged out the Knob and found an Old Moor  
Who scolded my Incompetence of Privacy within  
Saying, 'These Walls are hired to gun-down your Door! '  
Now see how Insane this World could be  
If you fail to grow in the Fullness of Youth.

If you read the Album which tells Sweet Lies  
Of Plastic Human Nature that soaks with Fame  
Reflect on this Affront, the Cross with your eyes  
And see if your Person is ever the same  
Try to be a little for Yourself and more for Others  
And I Promise you will grow in the Fullness of Youth.

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# Manhood Folly

When his Gillette slices the Cake you give  
And your Ribbon shows what a Prune he was  
It's time to kick his Sorry Bum and Live  
Then realise he is below your Class  
The School Council has met; and Verdict's sent  
To advise the Nerds which Athletes are bane  
But if you give an Artist a worth-time's spent  
He will give the Cherriest Mood insane  
Try to open your Doors, dear Fruitful One  
For once, know that Other Hearts do exist  
If you can sing where the Hill's Grass grow some  
Then you know which Plate is worthy to fix.  
Now in this Picnic my Noodles grow full  
From this Prune-Cake made and sliced from his Soul.

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# No More Chocolate

An Excited Stranger  
Saw the Girl of his Dreams  
And immediately Clouds formed on-high  
Forming a very Romantic Piece  
Which inspired him to sing a Song  
Due to so much Chocolate.

Melting mostly in his mouth, hands already soiled  
Overcame his Growing Addiction  
Approached the Girl and told his Feelings  
And all he got was a SHRIEK! And a SLAP!

The Girl ran away, never to return  
Leaving the Excited Stranger, crying and depressed  
So he took another Bar from his pocket and chewed on  
more,

Saying, 'No more Chocolate! '

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# Preamble Of A Filipino

I am a True Filipino  
Of one Spirit, one Blood  
Of one Nation, one Hope  
Of one God, one Future.

I am a True Filipino  
Sworn to defend the Rights  
Of my Country,  
Protect the Common Good and  
Preserve our Democracy.

I am a True Filipino  
Greatly influenced by the Foreign Class  
But never on my Being  
I shall obtain.

I am a True Filipino  
Promoting the Welfare of our Country's Needs  
And though my Spirit may be taken away,  
My Heart for this Nation will always stay...

Forever.

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# Remedies

Give me a Chance to sing out my Days  
Then by the Next Few Hours I shall be well again  
Counting over my Memories' Tune  
Which stood by me all Afternoon.

Who am I to Teach what I feel  
When the very thing I felt threatens my own Serene Dominion?

It is not for me to say whether this World comes and goes  
Or whether it shakes or flows

But to the One who made it - the Almighty - well,  
All Praise and Glory to Him!

Yet still I really wish to be well again  
Not from the Forty-Thousand Fevers  
Which I have just consumed - Oh no,

The Emptiness...The Sullenness...

The very Death which is constantly gnawing  
The very Heart of me,  
Chewing my own Sanity bit by bit  
And I couldn't wish for anything more  
Than for me to be well again

More than those Pills I took, or the Shots I Endured,  
I would only Pray that God would heal me with His Hand  
To be well again.

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# Searching

I would like to find my Quintessence;  
But where is HE? In a Place called HEART,  
Where the Dove perched high above the Tree  
Would someday in its Instinct land upon my Knee.

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# Song Of Charlene

As I stare out the Window  
The Sweet Rays of the Sun reminds me of your Glowing Face,

Your Sparkling Eyes resembles  
That One Star in the Night Sky  
Which catches my Eye.

All of a sudden,  
I feel your Hand caress my Shoulder;  
Chills run down my Spine as you  
Whisper softly in my Ear.

I feel as if,  
I was floating in-between the Clouds; Flying-free,  
Then I awoke and I realise as I was sitting on my Bed,  
That your loving Arms aren't there with me;  
That it was all just a Dream and I didn't want to wake up;

And I realised as a Tear touched my lips,  
That I am still longing for the Moment  
That your Hand would caress my Shoulder  
With the Feeling of Freedom:

Because I know that Touch will stay with me forever. =)

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## Sonnet Tribute: Benjamin Daley

The Heart-of-Promise, filled on his Wanton Day  
Sorted the Journal to fix his Dates ahead  
But the Noise down below would get in his Way  
To record this Occasion; And the Dread  
Of another Year before his License  
To join the main and raucous World of the Teens  
Each page A-Party; Each Chapter A-Spotting  
And every Mouth speaks of Haves and Have-Beens  
This is the Juice which every Child must Drink  
Sour enough to turn his Locks into Stress  
But the Door came A-Knocking; Mum held the Cake  
Sixteen Candles he blew; And Hope came to Bless.  
His Heart now strong; His Promise just fulfilled  
And left his Room sweeping the Dust he killed.

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## Sonnet Tribute: Brooke Graddon

Tarry, the Heroine's Right Friend-in-Bond  
After months of Letters un-comprehend  
I should have noticed your Living Response  
But my Character has long been pretend  
Forgive my English, Naiad of the Plym  
Your Side-Family has offered Remorse  
I mean no Blood; Just a Puff and a Whim  
To show you I am honest in my Course  
And yet, these are just Words; And in your Kind  
Physics is the Path most will understand  
Yet given this Map which I cannot find  
I Support you in the Best Way I can.  
Once the Flame lights in this Kingdom's Great Hill  
I bid my Salute whilst my Feet stand still.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Chris Mears

In as much as I tamed the Infidel  
Baptism pokes her Holistic White Tongue  
Such that if you try to flip the Role-Model  
For which Hypocrisy had said and done  
You do not know me. If Duty must care  
And stand accused tackling my Man to like  
Your Mass does not shrink me; And if you dare  
Take a Pied Contest and taste the First Strike  
Yet in fairness your Swan-Form does exist  
As billed by Tom's Twin circled in craft  
Now may I come in? Or should I resist  
And Boot my Bum on the Beach by the Draft?  
Those Stripes were hostile from a Few Years Past  
Enjoy Iberia Minor; Healing can last.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Daley's Angels

If Eight Fanned Angels admit to his Name  
And beg the Sullen Scroll to recompense  
These Fortitude's Maidens learned to maintain  
An Hour to decide which Fashion made sense  
Loyalty alone may not win his Heart  
Consider the Hours he has to consume  
Now celebrate each other; Though apart  
To golden yourselves and Pride you subsume  
All of you - Beauty's Inner Chorus - Taste!  
Taste and realise Other Flavours grow  
The Bowl you feed in has more than one space  
As other Jolly Princes dive for show.  
Your Plum Prince still smiles. But go and decide  
Which Heart to follow and which Heart to hide.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Harriet Jones

Notes, with all their hopeful Feathers-in-Flight  
Are such Numbers we adore, Lovely Bard  
All of us, from the Plym and Beyond-in-Sight  
Will enjoy the Samples you worked so hard  
These are Songs, of course, which your Craft has kept  
And Talent your Friend we appreciate  
And many times your Auction did beget  
The many Hands needed to Promulgate  
Soon your Kingdom will know the Voice in the South,  
A Youth inspired based on Faith provide  
Conscience this River; That Gift from your Mouth  
Will the Pilgrim's Ship deliver Far and Wide.  
Forgive me, please, for too much Flowers in May  
On my Part I promote and Hope for your Day.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Helen Rushby

How can I see you yet never go Blind  
As Tradition and Heart seek to acclaim?  
I carry no Surveys; But keep in mind  
A Friend such as you has naught to explain  
Sweet and Sour Words not; Joy discovers Joy  
And Celebration does reward the Humble  
Your Grin is shy by your arms; As a Toy  
Compare a Fattened Bee to a Bumble  
Trust is falling in love with Pockets. True,  
Digging deep you reach Wisdom by the Card  
I suggest you shuffle; Then Five Trinkets  
Spell out the Sum of who you really are:  
Simple. Gay. Serene. Trustworthy. Beauty.  
All locked in your Chest to open when ready.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Jan-Carlo Falceso

That which I discovered a Beat Squire  
A Potential who I Trust can be Friend  
As sincere as the News he respire  
Giving you Updates which does make us Bend  
Kaibigan, should you show the Numb Male  
Which Ingredients we are truly made of  
He chose you. That alone should just prevail  
And Rice the Staple makes your Friendship oft  
I mean this Good Thing. Being at your Best  
And Youth such Buddy could ever provide  
Live out this Stage well. Far from what the Least  
Full-Cupped Elders think they could just Advise.  
My Part is done. Decisions are your own  
This Future is yours; Make it well-known.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Jennifer Hillier

It took just a few Leaves for me to see  
The Wondrous Promise this Scribbler can do  
My Kababayan: This Deep Legacy,  
Honouring our Flag with Pen and Ink-Blue  
But my, dear M'am! Such very Spicy Words,  
Great enough to keep my Eyes glued to Browse  
And Characters - Freaks Alive! Well that curds  
Such Vain Trumpets most of Us do Live out  
Now the Bubble breaks; And the West will know  
That even from the Pearl, English is You  
My Box-of-Thanks, sealed and delivered with Bow  
Springs the Jack in Celebration of Youth.  
My only Concern, I should have bought One  
Let me end my Shift; And my Suweldo come.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# Sonnet Tribute: Jippo Cervantes And Tisha Mandreza

Now upon Age my Ripe Lantern will give  
The Rose of Thirty-Four for his Best Joy  
Sister, the Token of my Purpose, live,  
Brother, the Promise of a Knighted Boy  
Which Rose, purple or red, will compensate  
A Decade's Sin I rehearse to atone  
Pride, one Raven crowed I pluck without Hate  
And gently shift my Psalms for her Behold  
How another Labour I justly Failed  
Must submit to her Needs before my own  
For me the Decoding Concept derailed  
The Troll called Pity transforms your Heart to Gold.  
You both planned to defer in New Year's Lift  
Still for you both I sing this Sterling Gift.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Lance Miano

Muse the Bobbie, Learned and Scrolling Mentor  
For screening this Curtain to show our Task  
Basic Words you exhume; Trust, a favour  
Later allow us with some Sticks to bask  
It takes much swallow to go back to School  
And strip us bare with Her Majesty's Words  
This how you Speak - With a Rod and a Fool  
But then, who cares? Forgers are for the Birds  
Now all it takes to supple your behalf  
Modelled by the Mad Agent done and pleased  
We empty our Fillers; and bid Avast!  
Upon Graduation your Skills we take heed.  
Thank you so much again, Mentor availed  
Success is Reward; Laziness is Failed.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Maricris Medina

Begging you, Sterling Mentor of the Card  
Patient and Calm are your Methods in-check  
May I take this Learner to Living afar  
Bespoke my Efforts and Services are met  
For if I noticed this Lack-of-Command  
Married to sane Verbs I try to absorb  
Even out of Bounty; Trust be at Hand  
To remember such Stubbled Skills I bore  
This is an Artist-on-High. That which speaks  
With Curried Words much tempting to forget  
At expense of Duty is no longer meek  
And my Salt's Wager now easy to forget.  
Bear me Calm. I can adopt to re-learn  
The Blue Eagle's shriek which can eat the Worm.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Nikita Ross

Behold my Praise, Lively-Lady, Behold!  
This is a Fact I can always ensure  
For if my Ego pretends to be cold  
I deserve to be in Prison verily.  
I'm sorry for such Lame Words, dearest Belle  
The Artist here has a Duty to Live  
For if the Master confiscates my Pen  
How else should my English Rose Concerns give?  
I knew you only through the Tweets you speak  
That for me is enough to wear this Faith  
For within your Vase sprouts a Promised Seed  
Which flows Sweet Mustard to poison the Wraith.  
If Questions you ask, that will add to One  
And in your Friendship let your Will be done.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# Sonnet Tribute: Philippine Dilg Secretary Jesse Robredo (27 May 1958 - 18 August 2012)

Ironic it was for such Hero's Song  
To be played on a Mattress we call the Sea  
Just when your Daughter cried for your Belong  
We need to Sing again; Then Pray haply  
For the many Noble Deeds you left behind  
Despite this Age of the Pork Barrel's Tune  
Such Rumours unfound; And Profile a Lie  
Which most in our Office hoarded our Boon  
Live well Beyond, Great Sir! I take to Vow  
Your Aubourn Treatment to our Country's Hope  
Guide your Duty's Heirs; And Family enow  
And bring this Rosary blessed by your Pope.  
The Song is Sung, even on Deaf Concerns  
I guess it's quite Young for People to Learn.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Rachel Bugg

Haply but Sweetly, Serene Volumes mix  
And Summer's Fornication took its toll  
Please don't React. I am not here to fix  
Those very Clouds you hard-worked to install  
My name is Supporter; Though it sounds strange  
To write this Foreword which read too extreme  
Trust me this fully; I am well within range  
To lend you my Honest and Golden Ring  
Indeed Family does matter; Much on Sport  
An Athlete like you needs Supplement Prime  
This I can assure: They Love you formore  
Never to betray your Sensitive Time.  
Much grateful am I to scribble this Verse  
Now win your Medal; Let Nike converse.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Russell Brand

I assume you once danced the Cabaret  
By how you strut your Flexi-Form abroad  
This I figure on weeks-by-two per se  
The Ardent Friend your Fervour can behold  
T'was the Charm which every Fruit can discuss  
And win many Smiles for a Pint or Ink  
Telling us flat, Life can take us that Far,  
In a Bus run by Monday's Downey Sink  
Was it wrong to know the Inner-Woman-You  
That Principle so many Thinkers deny:  
'Thrust-Hub! Buck-Forth! Lev, Lev, Lub, Lub, Le, Loo!  
Then Drink your Bub-Clouds to Barrels on high! '  
Nah, Forgive my Fishes, Sir! I bestate  
You're one Sav Foretainer - Dance with me, Mate!

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Sir Robert Daley

Since that Day when you gave your Best Cuddle  
That Winner you saw on your Left Eye's speak  
You chanted your Last Blessing; And in Huddle  
Breathed to him a Promise never foreseen  
It was your Spirit, infused into his Heart  
The kind where your Values gave their Best Brew  
And to him, Fortune's Delight would impart  
The Greatest Message he had since did knew  
I only realised once you left this Earth  
How my own Dad reached out and hugged me Dear  
I gave this back, crying for Month's own Worth  
Hoping you return for another Year.  
He needs your Cuddle again, Sir; Just because  
He may have missed it; A Medal at Loss.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Sophie Lee

Whereupon the Sun's Blessed Rays reveal  
Such Heavenly Countenance with this Cloth  
And your Living Knight does offer his Shield  
Which, declared Publicly, secured you Both  
And true, deserve each Other: This I can say  
For Tomorrow's Decree is cross and mean  
His Code is Pure: Never deny it, nay  
Such Kneeling Men are rarely to be seen  
Seriously, I envy you, Manager  
That Cupid and Clover can compromise  
No more I persuade; Yes less I bother  
And Solace a fable I recognise.  
Much to this Learning I can see and earn  
Once upon your Smile your Red Papers burn.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Tricia Alexia Soh

At last these Plums took the Daughter in Kind  
From Lord Raffles' Paradise she adored  
A Marriage of Saints she thought to remind  
Though behind her Door was Melancholy.  
But who a Pony-Child in Fashion's New  
Could taste the Recipe she may not like?  
Clotted Cream? Or Fish in the River-View  
Tore through the Muddy Dress to greet her Delight  
This is not the Age, Tories of the West  
To switch on Lights dimmed for your Books to read  
She is a Sweet-Tooth; Or Filmer at best  
Just give her a Spoon; She makes one Great Mead.  
She is my Friend. And the Plum's Diver Son  
Rewarded a Follow never un-done.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: Under-A-Banner - The Review

Sirrah, so told the Two Modern Bards knew  
Jack's Union does Proud for people relate  
I thought I dressed a-tunney; For in Review  
This Show of Efforts which make your Art Great  
They are called SONGS: Honours to their Gospel  
With some Promotion they must get to Ascend  
The Theme was Clear; And for Manager's Hassle  
Defers deaf Youth to listen and Conscend  
Grateful for the Samples. Such were eaten  
By my Pod's silent but crow-cockneyed Mouth  
They left me at Home; Much was Forgiven  
To have me Dance quite rarely in the South.  
Fie, this Average Feedback does Persist  
Nothing else can Repel what I Insist.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Sonnet Tribute: William Daley

The Will-of-Strength, firm and subtle at Peak  
Sought to follow his Elder and charge his Day  
With Weight-Lifts and Fork-Bells conquer Relief  
Took a Sling from his Semi; Shot the Green Elf  
Who flew around the House and tampered his Rage  
To learn such Programmes like Responses and Growth  
But Confident as he was to draft his Age  
Shot the Green Elf again; His Candles grew Old  
The Candles! Left there on a Muddy-Cream-Cake  
Waiting to be puffed by a Cold, Moral Bite  
Till the Droghbas arrived and brought their own Bake  
Then the Party resumed; Screams sparked in Delight.  
And the Green Elf, sleeping, spoke in the End:  
'Manhood be your Goal; First make me your Friend.'

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# The Acacia Hotel

In my Thirty-Fifth Year I juiced this Remark  
The Crisque-Plaque Hotel named after a Tree  
Sturdy, of Signage enhance the Grade's Bark  
Wishing all else their Best Service was Free  
If not the Years to Good Degree advance:  
Fruits, Pasta, Meat, Veggies and Japanese  
Mix the fricasee to match that of France  
And serve it on a Platter, if you please  
Only if the Staff were shy; But informed  
How noted the needs of their Clients were  
One Gesture made, took the Meaning lost cause  
Pour some polished Suggestions done on here.  
Thirty-Five Candles blown, all without Flame  
It was still my Best Day; All just the same.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# The Poem I Knew Nothing About

I wouldn't want to lie  
Nor fix anything around  
Than to write something sweet  
On the Poem I knew nothing about.

I just resurrected from a Symptom,  
A Fever which kept my hands on a roll  
And a body which shivered just as much  
Took my Inspiration on hold.

Perhaps it was really my Imagination  
When my Verses ceased to play fair  
Rather they took a jolly-good-ride  
And played with the scent of my hair.

Good Lord! Within this Utter Misery  
I failed as a Writer incapable to write  
Even for just a simple, old Tune  
Which failed to sing for the Light.

And yet, I still would not give up  
No Sir, I still stand by my Poetic Name  
I will rise once again and prove to you Readers  
That a Bard's Life is not just a Game.

And I will sing once more for Memory  
I will sing with the Hope that the Lord does Heal  
He revives my Spirit in the very right time  
He burns my Anxiety for His Love to reveal.

Then I'd settle for an Apple-and-Lime Juice  
With Vitamins and Minerals all packed-in  
Drinking it heartily I believe will make me Strong  
And keep my Wretched Hands out of Sin.

When everything else is over, my Life begins at Bed  
Writing things too far off for the Average Mind to be Devout  
It was at that time that I'd finish-off my Hard-Broken Lines  
On the Poem I knew nothing about.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# The Poet's Version Of The Philippine National Anthem

O Glorious Country!  
Always have you been so Dainty  
With Love and Liberty  
Thee do our Skies adore.

Land of the Morning  
Pearl of the Orient's calling:  
Faith, Joy and Freedom  
And our Sins wash ashore.

Amongst the Scents, the Sounds, the Sea  
And Air the Fires stalk a-light  
The Foreigners glamour at our Wondrous World  
And say, 'What a Beautiful Sight! '

The Red of Blood, the Coat of Blue  
The Yellow Sun and Stars make up the Right  
The KKK, the Great Malay Hero, the Bolo and the Songs  
Inspire us to never cease the Fight.

The Love of our Country, freely  
Makes our Lives a-shine  
Towards our long-sought Prosperity.  
The Saints who died for our Love  
Of Sovereignty  
Left our Greatest Pride and Dignity.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# Tri-Haikus For A Friend In Need

I see a Balloon  
Floating up high in the Air  
Making Faces now.

If you can come down  
And consider me as New  
I will shoot at You.

In a Field of Peace  
I pray for your Sore Tummy  
To heal very soon.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

# Venture On The Seas - Scroll One

A certain young Sea-Voyager,  
Came up to the Pier and told  
His Cheeky Friends this Torried Tale:

The Waters of the Deep were nice and warm,  
Covered with streaks of Blue and Green.

The Early Morning Clouds, aye, like Doves fluttered  
Travelled towards the Stream.

As I started to set sail on me Dinghy  
I thought of my only Destination:  
THE ISLAND.

Like a Palace, A rich, royal Palace  
Covered with a fresh, algaed Moat.

Then, soonafter, do I unfurl the Mast,  
Making sure that my last sight of Land  
Was last.

I checked the Hour - mid-noon half-past,  
Fine. Which should keep my eyes against Beery Rocks.

A Fare-Thee-Well did I wave then  
To me Friendly Colleagues  
Who then, in turn, has sent me Wishes and Luck  
As me Dinghy sails towards nearby Sea-Reds  
I would now have known that my Heart got struck.

I have observed the Brightest of Skies,  
And the finest Gull's calls.  
The Glaring Heat of our Neighbourhood Star  
Yet none of them to me eyes came Dull.

And so on-and-one for Days and Nights,  
Did I journey to reach me Goal.

With me trusty Cockrel besides me

As me only, hopeful, depending role:  
THE SAILOR.

A Trained One, with the Wits of a Tailour.  
Haply me Troublesome Aide.

The Food I ate was quite bubbly-tasty  
From the are-born Sea, thank you.

Smoked Mackerel and Charred Barnacles,  
MUNCH! MUNCH! Me kind of Dainty.

After the Tasty Meal  
I checked me Coordinates,  
Making sure that me Directions were exact.

And keeping me Moods in Delight  
I screened the Four Eldered Winds:  
NORTH, SOUTH, EAST and WEST,  
Certain that be on of those Directions  
Which be best to search  
Where the precious Land-Bounty lurks?

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Venture On The Seas - Scroll Three

Wiping some Salt and Sand in me eyes,  
I finally found what I came to find:

A mass of Silt, which ran like Ants in-land,  
Till then it was that Final Point:  
ME ISLAND.

SKIP! SPLASH! SKIP! SPLASH!  
Me arms, me legs stroll to Bounty Waters,  
Till they reach the Sandy Harbour.

Upon this, upon that:  
PARADISE.

Coco de Mer, succulent Clams and  
Salt-Weeds,  
All of these did I make me tummy feed  
Till the Night by then began to cool.

The next day, I awoke from Stubble's Fog,  
And saw the Fardels gleaming, the same  
Paradise which I survived from the Storm.

I came to mind, though Lady Luck  
Drew my attention from Davey Jones' Lockre  
And horribly drawn to remain in this Land  
By a Satyr,

The Lubber in me still reached out for the Sea:  
Realising that such Destiny was inside me.

I found Old Cobblespot's extra lumber, and thanked him  
For his Generosity,

Praying that me fixtures, ye, would Honour the  
Great Timer's memory,

And Used whatever Iron I could find,  
Including the Nails and Bed too.

Then a few hours past, me Dinghy is done,  
Ready to set to the Open Blue Lassie once more.

Me patched the billowy Sail, satisfied,  
That the time needed to sew was set.

As I pushed me Dinghy forward, me eyes,  
Gazed at the Bounty for the Last:

'Fare-The-Well, M'Lass! You were a  
Somber Maid,

But you took care of me, ye, that I am  
A-Float.  
Now me Thirst draws back to your Sister,  
Who was begging to call and enamourate:

Beckon! Come to Me, Salt's Divine!  
I crave for thee Arms! Miss me,  
And cuddle me Dearly! '

Me Devil's Maid no longer can resist, I found  
The Elder Wind,

That same Wind which, out of his Jealousy,  
Wrapped me taste for Adventure,

Now became me Ally. So once more did me  
Learn,  
That such Venture trialled on the Seas  
Was indeed the Best Owned Journey.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza

## Venture On The Seas - Scroll Two

Then in the Time of Darkness,  
That Frightful Event which me failed to harness,

The same Winds of Terror, with Spears of Rain,  
Causing the Sea and Dinghy so much unneeded pain.

That Storm, that Monstrous Pirate,  
Always makes my Telescoped Mind,  
Wiring in Terror.

The Mast, nearly broken. The Sails, half-torn,

The Hull almost fractured; And fell out of Scorn.

In each one of them did I try to fix,  
But soon the Vessel came to a nix.

The Force of the Elder Wind - so Strong,  
And I just wondered what else would go wrong.

Then, I only thought of only one, lasting option:  
PRAYER.

To which I then, enclosed me hands,  
Making sure no-one was there for me  
to pester:

'Oh God, the Lord of Heavens and Saints! '  
I cried. 'Please deliver us from this Calamity! '

Now through Faith my Will, I would be heard,  
Up to the Last Minute, in His every Word.

As I clapped me hands in Despair,  
For I know I knew,

That the Lord would have sent  
His Heavenly Crew.

Looking here. Looking there.  
Looking everywhere.

Even as me eyes continued to stare,  
A sudden Calm through Waters came,  
But me trusty Dinghy's skeleton would  
Never be the same.

Xavier Paolo Josh Ledesma Mandreza