

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! =) I'm very Open and Friendly to everyone though prone to emotional sensitivity due to my ADHD condition which I am currently trying to control...Which is why my biggest likes are being Open to people and learning all new sorts of things and my Biggest Dislikes are Jerks and people with really Inflated Egos; So please do forgive me if I get emotional and hyperactive at times. 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. =)

P.S. Please do forgive me if my Profile Pic is out of symmetry (I'm notorious for that!) and whenever I do reviews it is because I LOVE or REACT to the Poem itself and not to pass it by just to get mine published. I just want to make that clear. Thank you again.

P.P.S. Though these SONNETS AND VERSES are PERSONAL and PARTICULAR at Base, I Hope it could Help Someone at least; If they're Interested.

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.

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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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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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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

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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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 fly down and land on 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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The Boy's Vision Of Nature In Vastness

So here I am,
Sitting on a Everhard Rock
Minding my own Personal Business
Riveting my Eyes to the vast, distant Grassland
And withered Trees shaking for liveliness.

The Wind, flowing free and gay
Rustling Leaves in every same way
Tornadoes of small sizes spin them round-and-round
Till every last Sheet of them is never found.

As my Sight continues to scan every Natural Being
The Sunlight's spectrum heats my forehead's gleaming.

Summer if you may say,
But I do not:
Breezy Atmospheres, Falling Leaves
Make it all impossible
And Animals in terms of Dying Grounds
Begin to rot.

In all Sudden Time
I felt quite bored
Maybe if I raised my God-Given Hands
I could sing to your Praise, O Lord.

Then I stood,
Breathing in that precious Air
Filling my tender Lungs with Fresh Feelings
And my Brain with Shattered Flares.

Trot, walk, trot, walk,
There was a Time that I didn't stalk
My Progressive Mind began to accumulate Stoney Thoughts
Something...That involves my Nature
Without getting caught.

WHOOSH!
My Back felt that forceful Breeze

Thinking of me as one oppressed Stone
And pushed me towards the Lowlands
With its Frosty Whirls that made me freeze.

Herds of Cows mooing
And Cockrels cock
A Menagerie of Sounds
That I never tried to mock.

For in those Sounds
Symbolise Nature's way to auduce
Those Tenacious Vibes wiggle my Eardrums
Making my Restless Heart feel Joy.

My Humiliated Uncle
Always seeks Help
A Thank You is what I get
Whenst helping a Whelp.

Father, my Noble Roots
Dig-up for Space
For our Everyday Food
As we carry them as Loot.

Mother, my Beloved
Cooks for our Family's Meal
And calls us Everyday in Time
Reminding us that Supper...Is perfect Mead.

Cousins, Brothers, Sisters and Babes
Become my Best Companions
Never leave me alone in Misty Loneliness
So they asked me to Play; so I joined
And accept their Loving Tenderness.

These are all my Boons
Of the Mother's Greatest Gift;
Nature: For she is a Mother too
And Family - thank God - do I have one
Which I promised to bond with them like Flexi-Glue.

In this Still Day my Heart sings

The Beauties of our Lord's Greatest Creation
Including Me
In One, Holy Ring.

This Supple Mystery
I haven't known
Since the Final Preface of It
Hasn't shown.

Nevertheless,
I am content with what God has given Me
In all His Merciful, Holy Time
He made me what I am to be.

I Myself, in very frank Thoughts
I realised are Part to what God has given me
The Difference from Others is that I'm Immortal
Which makes me rich in Everlastiness.

Spitefully speaking
All Things, in Everyone's name must die
There is a Great Beginning and a Despairful End
One which a Soul cannot escape and lie.

We People, even I
Cannot be delivered from Death.
Our Bodies will soon find itself in Decaying Matter,
Leaving our Precocious, Material Wealth.

But Hope,
Will always last long.
Bodies may die in vain,
But our Souls will always be FREE.
Sadness may exist in Triumph
But Joy will still come in Glee.

Nature too, can be called to the Reaper's Scythe
Grass proudly swivering in the Wind cut-down,
Heaven and Earth can be called to Time
But God's loving Hope and Peace can never be called to Death.

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.

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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.

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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?

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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.

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