

Poetry Series

Angelica Vargas
- poems -

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Angelica Vargas(02-06-92)

Against Them All

There's no going back no turning to the past
What had been done has been done
What had been said has been said
What been ignored has been ignored
No matter how I wish to ran back there's just no more track
The wind of judgmental sight took them out of my dock
And now I have no choice but keep my head help up
For the waiting mob of my morning blocks
Chin up and firm stand is what should be done
Endure the pain of guilt and keep my might
For in my mind guilt was not because of running afar
Rather because of undying love and care
Which all of them cannot share

Angelica Vargas

'Banish'

My golden days had ended and warm nights is soon to fade.
The sun shall never appear on my sight once again.
And the father moon will never whisper a song of sleep,
On my ears where hope and fruits are saying 'Reap! '.

Tomorrow will soon vanish from my memory,
New nights shall no longer view my misery,
For beneath this hard soil I stand through heart with fear,
Lies the tides so deadly and known as sea.

Few moments, I shall join their dance
I shall live among its barren soul in a glance
And will soon disappear from everyone's grunts.
I shall be free from measuring eyes and thumbs.

Angelica Vargas

Brain Dead

Genius do fade, just proved it through brain aid
When I was young, hunting games was never a threat
Energetic I am, that's how I face the crime.
But just now, while running through this puzzled rows.
My head pains me and feels like bleeding start to grow.
Internal Hemorrhage I say, but only a doctor can declare.
Even this poem commits agony, a strike unbearable, in dare.
Oh good Heaven, must this be my tavern?
Where I should lay my body you govern?

Angelica Vargas

Candid Me

Oh Candid me, why did you exist?
Words, actions and thoughts, they never in the mist.
But honey, many a person enlist.

Your lips do know when and what to speak.
And yes we're there that sometimes you leak,
coz you're not perfect.
Also I admit, that your opinions have moral trick.
But lovely, don't let candid me be sarcastic.

Yes, you try to be nice and gentle,
Wollah, you really od well.
But still, not all people can't tell,
That your phrases are full of smell.

It is good deed, that you're excellent in being honest.
In fact you help a long list of human nest.
However candid me, sometimes you make them feel silly.
And at the end of the day, it's you who'll feel pity.

So hide well and be patient candid me.
Try not be exposed to everybody.
Because sometimes, actually most of the time.
Misjudgement and bad image befalls on me.

Angelica Vargas

Castle Grand

There my castle lies, on top of a mountain high.
Strongly built and clad on stones and rocks so fine.
Beneath the sun rays which are of pure gold and dime.
Feeling the cold breeze of melted snow and pine.

I may walk or may run, but still I think I'm far.
I may ask the bird for wings and fly,
A dragon so mighty to take me unharmed,
on the garden of my castle longed and grand.

I may whisper on the wind and wish for some advice,
Or ask the mighty wild on how to reach my land.
For that castle though mine and only mine,
Is yet too far and still lay not on my hand.

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Count On Me

Whisper to me, and I will listen.

I will not judge u, nor criticize u,

Even giving an advice, I will not do.

I'll just open my ears and listen to your whims, your dreams and your plans.

You will not hear a single word from me, but you can count on me.

You can lean on me, when everything seems to soften and cracks.

You can hold on me when everything seems to stiffen and crash.

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'Feel My Life'

I'll close my eyes and whisper soft cries,
Not of pain and tear,
But of smiles and happiness.

I'll lift my head up high and feel the warm breath of life,
Not to prove I'm alive,
But to show that I'm able to live like a kite.

I'll parch my lips not to inhale and exhale oxygen,
But to say I'm fine and will always be alright.
Through stormy nights or sunny days,
I'll remain at good stand.

Angelica Vargas

In Love But Broken

You may shout and stretch your arms as far as you could,
But there's just nothing to reach.
You may lift your head and see beyond your sight,
But there's just no one ahead.
Tormented, fallen and left,
The situation of a broken heart dealt.
When a woman loves a man,
but a man doesn't love back the woman.
When someone likes someone,
but no chance of knowledge to be one

Angelica Vargas

Lovers

A warrior and an Innocent maiden

Warrior

For I had fought a thousand battles

I had killed a thousand men

I had traveled a thousand seas and lands

And never had I felt weakened no not a single time

But when I saw you my knees stiffened yes it terribly got tired

And my heart kept on shouting craving for your loving arms

Innocent Maiden

O warrior kept in an armor

Why do you hide your true emotion?

Come and feel the warmth of my glee

For the man I love is who and no other be

Angelica Vargas

My Dead Love

My lover is now in rest, and cradled among the worm's nest.
He lays cold and flat in a coffin I haven't seen and grasp.
He sleeps in a time called forever, and may never open his eyes once more.
He will stay hidden and covered under molten rocks and damp oar.

And I here will stay beside his carved name,
Singing my harps claim, for in my heart he is my cane,
A rock I can lean on he remains.
And a comforting hand he will be kept even in pain.

The nights will past me lonely and sad,
The days will come dull and no longer bright.
The passing seconds will turn into slow hours.
And my activities won't give means of being alive.

For my lover is now in rest, forever he'll not come to my nest.
And I'm left barren, like fleet of ships dumped on the west.
My body and mind may settle in simple views of 'No Longer'.
But deep inside my chest, I shiver for I'm not certain if it will make me live longer.

Angelica Vargas

My Longed Maiden

Eyes of foreign hue I saw in you.
Lips red as rose are just so true.
Hair of gold and streak of black of fine grew
Face as soft as whiskers, sets me flew.

You are a pure beauty, a maiden I so long to be.
Fine moves of modesty and words of morality.
Glow in your actions and totality.
A person so wished by most deity.

And I am here, just from a distant beam.
Watching your careful whims and see them gleam.
Adoring your mysterious moves and dreamed,
That somehow I'll be among your realm.

Angelica Vargas

Sung A Little Prose

'Twit! Twit! so the little bird goes...
And I diligently sung my harmony to prose...
To the voice of the breeze, we expressed our melody.
A rhythm beyond compared like eternity.

Huddled ourselves in the mist of our music,
Cradled on the lap of a wonderful tulip.
Humming words of beauty and sanctity.
Just like the symphony of a happy entity.

Angelica Vargas

'Warrior Behind A Robe'

I mask something, a hidden truth of my vest.
I don't know whether its bad or good;
Strength or weakness to hold,
I just can't say which falls best.

For my past is colored not of bright white of peace,
Rather of blood and red.
Not of golden gems with sparkling gleams,
Rather of rusts which bleed.

My life is not decorated of fine garments and streaks of light,
Rather of never ending battles with agony and might.
Yes, I'm a warrior. A fighter hidden behind a woman's breast.
A killer covered by a soft face of a maiden's laces.

I slay many a men, heard thousand cries in pain
I saw millions of wounded legs and never show a pinch of regret.
Yes, I commit crimes. Saved and claimed lives with my own hands.
Yet I'm a woman who weakens most of the time,
Especially when a child comes to harm.

However, the past time will never come back,
The lost lives will never come alive once more in my track.
I remain a signage of my past a legend which I mask.
And covered with lady's smiles and tasks.

Angelica Vargas

What Is Friendship?

Friendship, is not a topic of being the same nor being acceptable.
Is not a view of getting to know one's treasure and ability.
Nor a view of getting to hold of one's influence.
Is not a relationship of expectation, nor a conversation of great imagination.

It is a dot of 'HELLO! ' and a line of 'HI! '
A word of introduction where strangers find interpolation.
A phrase of trust and a sentence of must.

It is a bond, a tie, a connection.
Something stronger than you thought a promise that you ought.
It is an act of humanity and acceptance.
A sign of pure love and reliance.

Angelica Vargas

When I First Saw You

That day when I first saw you
I saw a mysterious view
Like fairy tales in movies
With all the enchantments and Calla Lillie

So beautiful and so wonderful
I'm enticed by your crystal clear eyes
And once you look one felt naked
And once you stare one felt cradled

Oh so deceiving and so weakening
That very day when I first saw you
Its just not any typical new hue
But a delightful rare drew

And my heart was captivated
From tangled loneliness I was unchained
From locked doors of longing I was set free
Felt like an iron cane had hit me

So shocking and so surprising
Those hair that comes in blackened strands
Those lips which spoke with flowery vines
Oh how I wish you and me sit besides

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Why?

I turned away and follow what my instinct said.
Many said I'm stupid, rebellious and bad.
Many said I made the wrong choice.
Many said I'm taking the wrong path.

Now I wonder, If I'm taking the wrong path.
Why do I see my road as clear as crystal ice?
Isn't it should be blurred since its the wrong path?

If I am stupid, then why do my mind functions much better and effecient than before?
Isn't it suppose to dropp and and give up?
If I'm rebellious, then why deep inside my heart and mind I still care for them?
Why would I still long for their approval and hope that they will understand?
Am I not suppose to just walk on and forget them, since I'm a rebel?

If I'm bad, then why do I still stay alive and eager to prove to them that I also have right?
Why do I still worry if they are fine or not?
Am I not suppose to ignore and forget that I'm part of their lives, after all I'm bad?

If I made the wrong choice, then why doesn't I feel the guilt of leaving and abandoning my vows?
If living my life the way I think and dreamed is wrong, then why is living a life the way others think makes the world miserable and regrettable?

Angelica Vargas