

Poetry Series

**Ayi Escalona**  
**- poems -**

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# Ayi Escalona()

Ariel is not a poet nor a writer but arranging words is his way of assassinating boredom.

# A Honduras Con Amor

Cómo podría vencer la soledad de la noche  
Cuando cada chispa de la quema de los pensamientos es el dolor de  
Y ese corazón bombea lágrimas y la sangre no  
Voy a seguir llorando y esperar a que la herida sane  
O solo beso de despedida de las huellas de antaño.

Cómo podía escuchar su risa  
Cuando su alegría se desvanece eco en la distancia  
Voy a sobrevivir cada corte brutal de silencio  
Voy a correr como loco y ladró a la luna  
O coger las estrellas y jugar con la noche

Cómo podría ver su rostro  
Cuando se talló una sonrisa maravillosa  
Voy a mirar al sol y soportar el calor cegador  
O dejar que la iluminación de cortar los cielos  
Y ruego que el trueno a gritar mi anhelo

Cómo podía oler el aroma de su susurro  
Cuando cada respiración que tomar es robada por el espacio  
..... y ¿cómo iba a besarla cuando Im todavía despierto  
Los sueños vienen..... y volar hasta ella orillas distantes  
A la tierra que abrazó a su ternura  
A Honduras con el amor .....te amo

(i dont speak Spanish, please let me know if this translation is right... thank you everyone)

Ayi Escalona

# A Little Email

i could get tired reading a novel  
trudging through all the chapters  
paragraph by paragraph  
line upon line  
and digest all the sentences  
to get thrilled

to the greatest romance  
to most hostile war  
to the greatest discoveries  
to the deepest mysteries  
to the most awful horror stories  
to the greatest undertakings

but none of those amuses me  
none of those excites me  
none of those marveled me  
none of those inspired me  
except....  
a precious little email from M.E.

Ayi Escalona

# Bang!

the door goes bang

he leaves  
with no assurance that he is returning

she stays  
and something went bang!

could be a gun  
and her hands and her head and her bed

he does not want to know  
out there

in the island of himself  
where a surf and a tide lies  
in his solitude

back to the door  
that went

bang

and the real bang  
of the head

some prayers need to be offered

Ayi Escalona

# Beautiful Hands

are hands  
that work

Ayi Escalona

# Celebration

flickers of silver lights  
traversed the skies  
roaring like thunder's  
glaring despise....  
whistling bombs  
take its toll  
deafening the  
ears of every soul

It's christmas...  
the christians celebrate  
the time to ponder  
on the saviour's birthdate  
in the manger that once  
a holy child laid  
missioned to save  
the earthling's misdeed

Ayi Escalona

# Christmas, Day After

The roads are unusually silent  
Like a tuneless music room  
I felt so deaf to listen to nothing  
Aimlessly I am drifted to no where

Outside, the unused road gathered dust  
Settled thick like enthusiastic migrants  
Anywhere from the treacherous trip  
And it's good for the road because

While its thickness accumulate  
To my pocket is a kind of different  
There are only few stories to tell  
When Christmas leaves the air

Yesterday's celebration was quite fine  
Firecrackers and carols are here and there  
Those hungry and inconvenient sounds  
Partly emptied my pity and echoing pockets

Foods are scattered everywhere  
As if there are no mouths to fed tomorrow  
But it is Christmas, and as they say  
It is good to give

In the morning, I woke up tired  
I crawled unhealthy but high in spirits  
Last night's crystal glass is so tempting  
I just can't evade the sparkles of this treacherous liquid

Good! the fridge, is not completely empty  
There are still recipients of electricity... bottled water  
I lazily turned my head...and see  
The table occupied with stink leftovers

The floors are marked with the muddy footstep  
Meaning... a later tons of sweat  
Still groggy...I head towards the gate  
I "looked up" and see the soil...lush

I "looked down" the sky it's blue, misalignment  
Wow upside down..and with the scorching heat  
The wine's angry spirit sadly left  
Yes. Yesterday was Christmas

In a little more time..i got to go and work  
To recover what was lost in the celebration  
One day millionaire...three months laborer.....  
Merry Christmas

Ayi Escalona

# Claiming Religious

She wrote so soft as if an angel  
And as if she sang a hymn  
More so..she prayed to save others  
She knelt for hours

But the wolf is not new  
So does the cloth she wore  
But sadly....it's not good to judge  
And we knew it well  
But, for good sake

I hope she will scrape her mask  
Because her real face is protruding  
Ask me, how did I know  
Because I'm just a millimeter away

Ayi Escalona

# Foolish Heartbeat

The day is gone leaving scattered emblems  
Of once picturesque skies  
A cool shadow, flickers of gold  
Shimmering beauty captured in vast thoughts

I sit motionless dazed to the sheer wonder  
A perfect backdropp of my outspoken desire  
While my heart sings tireless rhythm  
My thought leaped a thousand miles

Faster than beams of relentless sun  
Trudging through the thick yet fading clouds  
Surging up powerful emotions  
To cheer the early night's gloomy disposition

Night is approaching  
But my eyes can't easily give in  
To the long night's departure  
As countless words come so easily

I listened to your heartbeat from a thousand miles  
Heard your laughter every time you smile  
For in my deepest thoughts you linger...  
The very thirst of my soul to begin

Ayi Escalona

## Her Email (To Honduras With Love Vii)

Darkness creeps into the bluest skies  
And alas, there are your words  
The very essence and purpose  
Of my day is about to begin  
Line upon precious line  
Like swift and sensual  
Breeze on a humid day  
Like beams of powerful sun  
Trudging to gray clouds  
When rain has ceased  
Like tiny droplets of luscious water  
Soothing my tongue  
When thirst is my craving  
Such is your effect  
And 'tis is my greatest joy  
As I read your email  
I can hear your heartbeat  
From a thousand miles  
Hear heavens open  
Everytime you smile  
Words pulsating through me  
Like a river to the sea  
Take my troubles away  
Take away my grief  
Take away my heartache  
Like a thief of the night  
Make me feel better  
Makes me whole  
Makes me mellow  
Into my very soul  
And my little heartfelt response  
Ended with goodbyes  
But behind those simple words  
Are my ardent thoughts  
Know that  
To leave  
Is to look forward  
Of seeing you again  
.....then i press SEND

Ayi Escalona

# His Life

his life is like the dead tree  
shedding off leaves  
drying under the sun  
blown by the wind  
to all the directions of  
this earth

each leaf  
arrives to each destination  
putting on a new name  
disowning him

Ayi Escalona

# I Dropped The Second Bomb In Hiroshima

Like a thirsty man trapped in the sanctuary of thoughts  
I tread in the tranquility of Hiroshima's memorial of peace  
There, I imbibe every frame of destruction  
My innocence wandered to all corners faster than a child  
But my matured heart weeps amidst the painful remains

As I peeped through delicate glass covered keepsake  
My tears dropped and exploded in the dust  
I breathe hard and more but my lungs refused  
Now, I can only sigh...on the day it was  
Hate and sufferings are only captured souvenirs

On top, the sun drenched dome  
Where the twisted steel is keeping its word  
But the shattered wall can't evade to display its pain  
The wound and sufferings are all that glitters  
In the tranquil Hiroshima's memorial of peace

The day I dared to disturb your serenity  
I noticed myself getting heavier  
And as tears go my sight went blurred  
I think my heart had exploded! ! !  
I guessed, I dropped the second bomb in Hiroshima

Ayi Escalona

# I Get Wet Because Im Dry

It's cold and dark everywhere  
The clouds kissed the mountains near  
The hungry rivers are shouting and swelling  
Help! The grassland is drowning

The dampen bird ceased to fly  
An old horse prayed to calm the sky  
In the other end, there's the disgusted mare  
The frog's endless cry she claimed to beauty is bare

The angry thunder in heavens begun to roar  
But the lighting is quick and warned to moor  
To the overly drunk trees in the forest  
Hold tight the dampen bird to your chest!

The night falls but of no distinction  
The day's sun is as dark as the midnight moon  
But in the gloom, a circle of light appeared  
It's from a hungry feline's eyes dazzled red

Hours, days, nights, weeks, birds, frogs, horse passed  
Oh dear, the torment has ultimately stopped  
The dampen birds found hope and start to hop  
The old horse hugs the mare and slashes the loop

Sadly, no singing frog welcomed the new day  
Because the hungry cat ended his song instantly  
And the mare slept well all that night  
The next morning is a goodbye to the bird's faraway flight.

Ayi Escalona

# I Miss You (To Honduras With Love V)

Almost as if in mourning  
I typed these words  
Quite not precisely like mourning  
Yet there is a deep sense of loss  
Where have you been my dearest  
The email that used to brighten  
My morning has ceased  
And with it has deepest thoughts  
For without the slightest word from you  
I am nothing  
I am a mere individual  
Scoping the earth's vastness  
With no direction  
And of course without joy  
I sit alone yet with everyone  
Wondering where you are  
Wondering if ever I will hear you again  
For in my deepest thoughts, you linger  
Almost etched and engraved in my memory  
Of course for countless revision  
I do miss your words  
Maybe you are busy  
Maybe you are tired  
But know one thing  
My days are now repetitions  
Of ongoing processes  
Simply of just to be alive  
However once was a pleasure  
Even the very thirst of my soul  
To begin a new day  
Reading what phenomenal things you see  
From your talented eyes

Ayi Escalona

# In Poetry There Is No Poverty

there is no poverty in poetry: it is a rich world  
of flowers  
and magic, of images that imaginations create  
a warm sun  
the deep blue sea, some mysteries of words  
that come  
and seemingly carry with them a bountry of meanings

liberation, oblation, jubilation  
expression  
birds coming out from our mouths  
butterflies from our  
stomachs  
fireworks from our minds  
in multicolors  
to the darkest skies  
of this earth

where can poverty  
be  
in a world of freedom: to say what you want to say  
to think what you want to think  
to dream  
to imagine  
to find meanings where others think there are none?

the secret garden  
a path  
a gate  
a hiding place for all of us who still believe  
about life  
and aftelife and life after life

temporary deaths  
and temporary losses

a jump a leap to the world beyond us  
to eternity  
we are meant

this i think is poetry and surely  
there can never be

poverty

Ayi Escalona

# Judge Ting

Clothed in glossy black  
Armed with wooden hammer in hand  
He climbs to the elevated counter  
Overlooking fault and truth of yet to hear

When the dull sound of his hammer ruled  
Arguments began to fill the space  
There is then the trade of facts and avoidance  
Artistically articulated by tuxedo wearing legal representatives

Plaintiff againts respondents  
defendants againts complainants  
Dios mio my friend Ric  
These legal terms are mesmerizing me

Because in my under grad  
Polical Science is not much a subject for me  
I got 3W in the midterm  
But my beautiful teacher caught me  
Staring at her beauty, so in finals I got 3.0..

Careful spectators, beware of opening your mouth  
Put your cellphones in silent mode  
Otherwise Judge Ric will put you in contempt  
My good friend Ric disliked being bothered

My friend had already sent offenders to other town  
Fenced with steel especially ordered  
To keep them stay until the sin is fully paid  
Long live my friend, without your bravery...  
    There will be a disordered country

Yes...my friend is clothed in glossy black  
You see he is only armed with wooden hammer  
But watch out...there's 357 and caliber 45 in tucked  
As he climbs to the elevated counter  
Careful...his hands are not in wooden table



# Law Of Bouyancy

when the object  
is submerged in the liquid  
most probably  
it gets wet :)

Ayi Escalona

# My Wish (To Honduras With Love Vi)

in these lonely summer nights  
i occasionally place my bed  
in the uppermost floor of my simple abode  
it is directly underneath the skies  
having only a hip-high structure  
on each sides  
to secure me when in deep slumber  
there are no sheets of steel  
no taller columns to block my sight  
and with no ugly sounds to bother

and with me, is only my bold confidence  
to lay down and spend here the night  
in a bed directly beneath the star filled skies....  
but as the lonely night grew deeper  
my environment resembled like a pool  
filled with chilly breeze, and  
my frozen thoughts wandered that night  
it start to count the distant the stars...  
oh yes, i'm pleased to see the sparkles  
but I mourned to witness when one, fall

the falling star, it plunged fast  
penning a semi-straight line of fire  
and for a second... it's spectacular! !  
and then it 's gone forever, it melted in the dark  
to nowhere, leaving...  
my wish...."to be with her"  
to hold her hand... forever  
even when my very own sparkles  
fade like falling star...  
and may it shine again  
in another skies..I hope..i hope

Ayi Escalona

# Not Just The Wine

my longing eyes are deeply staring  
at the lying empty bottles of wine  
and not so far away, is a misty glass  
in it, is a chunk of haply floating diamond  
melting fast, against the buoyancy  
of the unfriendly and acidic liquid

not far away too, is a virtual riverbed  
that extends between my drying throats  
down to the provocative and tempting glass  
gulp! gulp! in every lump of fluid that comes  
is a commotion to my system  
what had happened ....and look!

there are stars produced in the air  
but only my weary eyes could see,  
ohhh... did the skies came close?  
i could only wonder  
or the wine drifted close to my heart  
washing away sticky painful thoughts

but the glass is empty now  
the space is void of hope  
but the dawning sun  
caused my optimism to grow  
when the silver curtain breaks.....  
she came running with open arms

please...please.... please  
don't wake me  
yes....

I'm still dreaming

Ayi Escalona

# One Day, Close To The Labor Room

I sit alone and yet with everyone  
Confined with two great thoughts  
One: A baby so soon, and  
Two: the fees thereafter...  
Outside the labor room  
My excitement never ceased to grow  
I am so touched to hear numerous cries  
Of women giving birth to a new life...  
Push. push. push. a lady dress in white bellowed  
And with every woman's ultimate shout  
Is a newborn life  
At last it was my little offspring's cry  
To the world and to the bath tub  
She said farewell to the fresh blood  
Flowing from her body down the drain  
Excitement...an old emotion is just fine  
The technology is just great  
Not to mention the delivery fees  
Deadlier than giving birth  
After few days, it's homeward bound  
I forgot the fees I just borrowed  
Because her warmth signified hope

Ayi Escalona

# Paradox

life is a paradox..  
what you WANT  
you dont get  
what you GET  
you dont ENJOY  
what you enjoy  
is not PERMANENT  
what's permanent  
is BORING  
That's LIFE.....

from a text message, send by my friend Mario, the original source is not known...posted just for fun..and not intended to hurt the opposite sex

Ayi Escalona

# Solitude

i dream building a nipa hut  
on the side of a hill  
under a big talisay tree  
and all i need is a shade  
a little space  
where i sit and then gaze  
around me  
and then close my eyes  
and lose myself  
inside  
the vast space  
of unconsciousness

and then tonight  
shall be the moon and myself  
there is no use  
of any word

in this solitude

Ayi Escalona

# Song To My Beloved

O' damsel I caressed  
Of sweet love i praised  
the lass i sanctify  
a goddess of my eye  
her lips like marmalade  
soft and sweet like bee's need

at dusk after a vivid day  
reflections of my beloved in mind stay  
and dream a deep slumber  
awake in thoughts that ember  
memories, memories, a motley clown  
o'er my head a golden clown

o' dearest why are thee  
when thoust away my mirth flee  
distress in heart prostrates  
that no maiden exhilarates  
then beneath the tedious moon  
flux of tears create a pale lagoon

Ayi Escalona

# The Only Children

ha ha ha ha ha ha  
i knew you will criticize me  
because this is grammatically pity  
but please hear this little story

a great lovely couple  
has an only son  
so dear so loved  
but what about the expectations

ohh...his name is Bernardo  
a very macho man  
but...what happen...  
unexpectedly she acted like a woman

my goodness Bernado  
by day, he is a man  
but by night, she is Bernadeth  
The only child....became..the only children

hahahahahaha

Ayi Escalona

# The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword

If the fight  
happens to be  
inside a drum

Ayi Escalona

# The Typhoon (6/20/08)

the sun's golden ray escaped  
faster than 4 o'clock  
the merry day  
were forced to become black  
but not so easy  
and compromised for gray

and gray becomes grayer  
then next to the escaping light  
is the sound of whirling wind  
the voice of terror  
sounded like furious cymbals  
stirring the tranquil abode

the tense trees danced like hell  
swaying in a painful rhythm  
the wondrous lyrics  
of the wind's chant  
is a mixture of fear and pain  
not only the trees can tell

from my simple abode  
i listened to the wreckage  
peeped outside from the clearer spot  
of the blurred glass windows  
the devastation outside is vast  
horrendous foe that cant be matched

the dark day  
the furious wind  
the horizontal rain  
he inundated streams  
the falling hills  
the treacherous waves

then.....miraculously  
after days of fright and failed optimism  
the clear sky appeared  
the nature's cleansing work is over

so dear...so costly  
nonetheless...we paid it with life

Ayi Escalona

# Third World Enemies

haply i say  
that the  
enemies of these countries  
are only three  
namely;  
breakfast  
lunch  
and  
supper

Ayi Escalona

# Those Days

Not much of a time to recall  
When days were young  
And nights are filled with dreams  
In my innocent life...  
It's difficult on where to start  
My memories are filed in cluster  
Yet, its vivid and clear, but  
It's the sequence that worries me  
Probably need a little work  
And who cares  
Only me..  
I did not count the nights  
But I love days to last  
But in my little life, I woke up here...  
There's always my mother  
I walked holding my mom's hand  
It was the ultimate safety I ever thought  
But when my limbs get stronger  
The world means play...  
My running is endless.  
Chasing other people of my age  
This is the best thing beauty has ever produced  
Not just my childish opinion  
Running..  
It's amazing to bathe in sweat  
And my mother needs to capture me  
Just to change my clothing  
I slept with cat on top of my breast  
I guess I was that naughty  
Or just a superb child  
Because I outrun Tresa..my fierce dog  
Fierce because she bites more than a dozen  
On the call of her duty...  
Anyway...the days after  
Are censored stories  
But I can only say  
It's a lot of fun growing  
Yet there's a lot pain knowing life  
We are here...simply breathing

To keep one's self alive

Ayi Escalona

# To Honduras With Love

How could I conquer the loneliness of night  
When every spark of burning thoughts is pain  
And this heart pumped tears and not blood  
Shall I keep on weeping and wait for the wound to heal  
Or simply kiss goodbye the footprints of yesteryears.

How could I listen to her laughter  
When her echoing joy fades in the distance  
Will I survive every brutal slash of silence  
Shall I run like crazy and barked at the moon  
Or catch the stars and play with the night

How could I see her face  
When a wonderful smile is carved  
Shall I stare at the sun and endure the blinding heat  
Or let the lightning rip the skies  
And beg the thunder to yell my longing

How could i smell the scent of her whisper  
When every breath i take is stolen by space  
.....and.....how could I kiss her when im still awake  
Dreams.....come.....and fly me to her distant shores  
To the land that embraced her tenderness  
To Honduras with love.....te amo

Ayi Escalona

## To Honduras With Love (Part II)

There are times when life  
Is a question mark  
A complex jigsaw puzzle  
Scattered over the endless  
Inquiries of my mind  
I've often stood alone  
Juggling my thoughts  
Trying to decide on the  
Absurdity and notion  
The senseless and the sanity  
The strangeness and yet  
The reality of innocent vision.....  
Between our islands  
The sea.... lurks  
Like a ghastly storm  
Wrapped in the obscurity of my thoughts...  
Let the chilly breeze  
Take your sweet fragrance  
And touch these shores  
To run freely forever  
When the sun's ray  
Kissed the hazy morning  
And the dangling clouds ruptured  
When waves depart  
And my soul will mourn  
When the wind is upset  
And rays paint the dusk...  
My heart weaves wonderful thoughts  
Because you are several colors  
Of the rainbow...my life...

Ayi Escalona

## To Honduras With Love (Part Iii)

The day is yet another blessing  
In my simple life and with it  
The joy of having thoughts from you  
Is everything beauty has ever produced  
Yet much more I smile with sheer delight  
As I open my eyes to the beckoning sun  
Because I know there's your email  
My source of utter and immense joy  
The task of having to prepare for the day  
Seem so mere compared to the thoughts  
That I have carefully collect  
When I email you my dearest  
Today words flow from  
My inner sanction, not quite as freely  
As past times, it might be because  
I am so tired that just to keep my eye-lids  
From slipping and giving into sweet slumber  
Is causing me a great turmoil  
But also might be that this time  
I can no longer see you.....  
At this very moment of my life  
You have left me speechless  
I have racked my brain searching for the place  
Where I store precious thoughts of you  
Yet to my dismay I cannot find them  
Maybe it is because they have taken a detour  
To where I know they will be safe  
Deep in the safety of my warm heart  
And words could not do justice  
To what make you feel  
And what great joy you bring to me  
But know that it is more simple words  
That I type for you this very day.....  
I sit in the awe of you  
The picture that you gave me  
To see your face bring me  
That extra bit closer to you  
And my wish that maybe I could be again  
In the presence of such an astonishing woman

Maybe just to touch once more your hands  
In which all my thoughts run  
Smoothly and wonderfully  
Across the distance of a thousand miles  
Today, I thank god, for he has blessed me  
With so much more that I am worthy of  
And you are surely my greatest blessing  
I leave you now yet only for a short while  
To hear from you again is still and will forever  
Be my greatest treasured happiness  
In whatever you do know that I am here  
And sweet, warm thoughts of you are with me

Ayi Escalona

## To Honduras With Love (Part Iv)

The weekend has come and gone  
Like a torrent of repeated events  
That once seemed to envelop  
Wonderful events that only  
The weekend could bring  
Not to mention the rest period  
From the hectic and cruel week  
But as I sit here, I feel so very glad  
Ecstatic in fact, for I know  
This is just a beginning of another week  
That I can wonderfully spend  
Sharing your thoughts...  
How have you been my dearest?  
I sit here, the warmth and beauty of day  
Beacons me to enjoy it  
But I sit here stunned and astonished  
Just having read your old emails  
And this joy is complete for one day  
I shall not occupy any more of your time  
I hope that you are enjoying your work  
I assume you are there and if not  
Know that I am on the other side of the world  
Thinking of you so fondly  
Praying that no harm come to someone  
So heart warming and so perfect  
In whatever you do  
Take care and know that I care

Ayi Escalona

# To Much Sun

With the evacuation of darkness  
Comes the lovely sunrays  
Creeping slow like fierce beast  
Devouring shadows last night left

The burning heat is of no respect  
To my pity back, it tried to melt  
The scorching heat of no fun  
Yes, it gives life to keep us run

Run to the rainbow of dreams  
See the color of painted sunbeams  
The scorching sun, the hurt thought  
Burned skin, the need of endless soothe

To much sun, to much fear  
Hot summer, frigid winter  
What marriage they may bring  
When the seasons are just fling

Ayi Escalona

# Why Work

After months of tedious  
Boring, heavy, tiresome  
Atrocious, appalling, nude  
Light, offensive and etc. work  
The next best thing to happen  
Is receiving the pay  
It's good and who will argue  
But before the pay  
Landed into our sad and starving wallets  
It undergoes a myriad of colorful  
Miserable and inevitable circumstance  
These sad things man himself invented  
The deductions unlimited...  
Deduct Deduct Deduct Deduct  
Personal Income Tax, Medical Dental  
Retirement Tax, Property Tax  
Professional Tax, Business Tax  
Thumb Tucks, Tax.....whewww! ! !  
And after the first screening  
The second follows...  
The Loans, Salary Loan  
Policy Loan, Emergency Loan  
Calamity Loan, Insurance.  
At last, the grain Is so fine  
Here comes the hard earned money  
The Take Home Pay  
And whose waiting..  
Electric Bills, Water Bills, Cable Bills, Telephone Bills  
So.....I drink cheap wine too...and ignore the erotic pie

Ayi Escalona