

Poetry Series

**borgjie distura**  
**- poems -**

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## **borgjie distura(April 6,1987)**

Being me  
Obscures me  
Rascal?  
Good nature?  
Jerk?  
I am what?  
Explain it!  
Beat if necessary  
Drain my doubts  
Immediately  
Sleepless nights  
Tired and weary I become  
Unveil reality please!  
Rescue me now  
Ask me not, how?

I am Borgjie Bacelonia Distura. I was the third child of six siblings. I was born on April 6,1987 and it was the start of my wonderful and unique existence. And this is the story of my own journey in faith to God.

I grew up in a home where faith is given importance. I grew up in an extended type of home where grandparents, parents, siblings and nephews live together. My father is a lawyer who would seldom go to mass unless there is a solemnity or important occasion. Nevertheless, he has that value for good conduct, discipline, hard work and compassion for the needy especially to his clients, his friends and even strangers. His daily life is a manifestation of his own understanding of faith to God. It is his way of worshiping and giving glory to God. My mother is a simple housewife who would make the balance as regards faith. It is her faith coupled with her very own life which is inspiring and contagious. She is the one who first taught me to the basic prayers. She is the one who first taught me to walk without braces not just in terms of my feet but more so in terms of my faith.

It was at this very same home where I inherited my religious belief from my parents who in turn inherited from my grandparents especially from my grandmother. It was at this very home where I learned to fear God. It was at this very home where I learned that faith alone is just a superstition. It was at this very home where I learned that true faith must always be coupled with good works and genuine love. It was at this very home where I first encounter the love of God manifested by the love of my parents to each other and to us their siblings. It is at home where I saw and then learned many Christian values of

respect, love, trust, piety, honesty and sincerity. It is at home where my journey of faith to God all started.

#### AS A CHILD

My childhood was colorful. It was fun-filled. Countless days, moments and memories were experienced. I spent my primary school years at the nearby elementary school where I also had the chance to hone basic skills. It was at this school also that I had the chance to make very good friends with others. My childhood was not just confined to our home, little by little, I was being exposed to different people in our community. Summertime was the best of all during this time. Beach! ! ! My birthday was always at the beach with my parents and siblings. Sports! ! ! Playing with my brother and school friends at the plaza or at one another's houses or playgrounds. Adventure! ! ! Going to mountains, rivers, ponds, lakes. Roaming around the neighborhood, in the forests to look for spiders, trap and catch birds.

Along with these experiences, i also had the chance to learn household chores like cleaning the house, feeding the animals like pigs, chicken etc., gather water for our kitchen, cook, wash the dishes, and study at night after dinner.

I also can still vividly remember those days when we were brought by my grandma to the church to hear mass on Sundays. I can still remember wearing my new and beautiful clothes in going to mass on my birthday and other big celebrations like Christmas.

Every night back then we would always pray the rosary and grandma would usually lead the prayer. It was my grandma who will call and remind us including my cousins who were with us that time to pray the holy rosary. It was her who will always call the attentions of those naughty grandchildren or wake us up when we fell asleep. Her enthusiasm to pray was inspiring and she was consistent. It was my grandma who was the team leader, my mother the assistant leader and us (including some of our cousins) siblings as the grumbling-sleeping members. Even at the bigger community in our barangay, my grandma would lead those elderly ones so much so that during the culmination of her thirty one days of novena and devotion to Mary during May there would be many cantors, visitors and neighbors at home. I loved it. I loved the snacks of course, plenty of snacks.

I could also remember how she would pray twice as hard when one of her grandchildren would get sick. How she would pray the novenas in honor of the saints I did not know at that time. How she would pray all the mysteries of the holy rosary and its litanies in one night. And it was effective. It was miraculous. Until one time, my younger and baby sister got terribly sick. As always, she prayed. She prayed hard. We prayed. I prayed seriously, sincerely too. At the end of the rosary, I could still remember her daring and bold words asking the mercy and healing of Christ and the intercession of her beloved Mother Mary. It was not a plea anymore for life. It was an exchange, a bargain of her life in favor

for the life of my younger baby sister. Her words were sincere when she said O Lord, God, spare the life of my Granddaughter, take my life instead if you may please. Shortly after, my sister recovered from her illness but shortly after too my beloved Lola Berta got sick and eventually died. It was a blessing and at the same time a loss. But I didn't understand what happened. All I knew was that my sister got well, and my lola passed away. I could have asked God, why. But I just kept it with me and my God. I am grateful still to God to have given me a grandmother, a loving one, a prayerful one and a faithful one. Her memories will I continue to cherish. Her legacy will I continue to remember. Her trust, her piety, her sincerity will I continue to be grateful of. Her life was an instrument that I may know and have faith in God. She was my lola, whose love to God and Mary is my precious inheritance.

My mother took charge when my grandma died. It was my mother who will then lead us. I remember when I was in elementary yet, my mother would bring us also to attend the anticipated mass at the chapel half a mile away from our home. We would walk back to our home together with others because the sun was down by the time the mass would end. I also remember when we would be asked by her to respond as we prayer the rosary. I also remember I prayed for my father to come home with plenty of food chips coupled with rented VHS tapes. These are experiences at home. But there was one experience as regards praying that I cannot forget when I was in elementary. At that time, there was still that image of the Our Lady of Fatima being brought by devotees to different houses. And the image would stay for a night in the home of a particular family. (It is sad that the practice is gradually vanishing.) During that time, I was ill and I felt unpleasantly cold. My mother asked me to lead the holy rosary so that according to her I might get well and be able to play again with the other children the next afternoon. I was wearing a sweater when I lead but after the prayer I had to remove it because I was already sweating. I felt lighter after the prayer. I did not know what happened. But I was assured that I can play the next day.

As a child, my family was the conduit of my learning and my faith. My family taught me early in childhood valuable lessons for my life and it is the same family who initiated me into my wonderful journey of faith in God. Up until now, I still continue my voyage and journey with them.

#### SEMINARIUM SANCTI PII

During my elementary years, I did not know what the seminary was all about in all sense of the word. It was by God's grace that I studied and finished my high school at the seminary still with the loving support of my family. It was at the seminary where I came to know and was exposed to liturgical services more. It was at this place also where I began my simple appreciation of the importance of prayer. It was at this institution also that my call or my vocation to the

priesthood was gradually growing. It was an ordinary call but was nurtured and developed little by little at St. Pius X Seminary. I have had a meaningful stay at SPXS, both good and bad, pleasant and unpleasant. Nevertheless, they all shaped my vocation to the priesthood in particular and my life in general.

#### SANCTA MARIA MATER ET REGINA SEMINARIUM

Pursuing my college years at the seminary was never that really hard. I decided to continue to the major seminary for one main reason and that is the joy that I found in the formation. I was never sure that I want really to be a priest when I graduated in high school. I never had the slightest clue that I was able to say that I will be a priest. For me, as long as I can find joy in what I do and in what situation I have that would sustain me enough to stay.

At the major seminary, I have the chance to have a firmer grasp of my religious beliefs and a clear understanding of the meaning and significance of the faith I have. It is at the major seminary that I am convinced of my faith – its dynamism and value. I am continuing the journey in faith which is made more meaningful and sublime by my continual and persistent joyful response to my vocation to the priesthood which entails a selfless giving – a total surrender to God.

#### THE UNKNOWN FUTURE

As regards the mystery of the future, I still will lovingly entrust my faith to God with a sense of hope and courage that no matter what happens God will continue to remain faithful. As regards the future of my vocation I could candidly say that it would always be aimed for God's own pleasure.

This is my story of faith which was inherited, upheld thereafter, later coupled with an ordinary call involving an extraordinary surrender and my story does not end here for the journey...continues! Keep the faith and Godspeed.

This work is dedicated to Freya May Lara, the woman I'm lucky enough to call my 'caz'.

## 'be Humble And Wise' (Limerick)

We all walk in the ocean of darkness  
With uncertainties as our enemies  
Some cry with uneven pathways they try  
Flashlights can be used but few can buy  
Reminder: flashlights do have batteries.

borgjie distura

# 'the Moon' (A Parody Of 'the Sea' By Natividad Marquez)

Why does the moon smile, mother  
as it blooms above the sky.

Because the moon loves to observe, my dear  
Those buddies passing by.

Why does the moon blanch, mother  
As if someone disappeared?

He is saddened by the envious clouds  
Because he is sheltered.

Why is the moon so bright, mother  
As if it is just five kilometers at sight?

Because he wants hurl our anxious night  
By shedding his formidable light.

borgjie distura

# Bereft

It made me cold  
Hearing what you told  
Knowing that you left  
It made me bereft.

I just want to be lost  
By all means and cost  
Amid the churning waters  
Made of blood and tears.

There are no more reasons  
Only tasteless passions  
A guitar with no strings  
A journey without ending

Will you come back to me  
And complete the melody  
If not, make it easy  
Tell me to be ready.

borgjie distura

# Constant Worry

My stress makes me suspiciously crazy  
Over intolerable extreme bigotry  
My creed vis-à-vis incidence frequency  
They stretch and reach off tangency

This stress threatens my very survival  
I'm anxious of pinnacle's arrival  
It will snap or it will simply break apart  
Commencing from that too much elastic part.

borgjie distura

# Couplets

- 1) Sometimes you think you have the world  
But even seconds you can't hold
- 2) Try the gray sky  
Fly but not high
- 3) There's always a tear through the years  
It's not always smiles and laughters.
- 4) I tremble like a child  
Seeing things that are wild
- 5) Man is no weakling;  
Turning the other cheek.
- 6) Garden isn't always green;  
Flowers too are bloomin'.
- 7) It's hard to ask why  
It's easy just to cry.

borgjie distura

# Digital Age

Today's an age of instant gratification  
Dominated by the young population  
Neither to bring about their fall  
Nor bequeath an increase for all.  
This is the pristine world of technology  
Where all can login and watch its beauty  
This is the new space of splendid cybernetics  
All can sign in by just one or two clicks.

An open village of neighbors and friends  
Defying distance, bounds and ends  
Inviting all to join and be part  
To farm, to cook and race a cart.  
An enormous abode of transparent door  
Translucent windows, ceiling and floor  
Takes all to come and board  
Terms and agreements to your accord.

Lo and behold, light this age, diminished.  
The creepy shadow instead flourished.  
Irresistible technological lust takes dominion  
Over the young one and peer companion.  
All have access to be a performer or a voyeur  
Even one's neither a hacker nor an actor.  
Just be nameless. Just be faceless.  
An avatar with clothespress full of dress.

borgjie distura

# Echoes

From the garden,  
The tragedy of first transgression;  
Echoed sin, death and condemnation.  
Primary harmony destructed;  
Thus lust and decay dominated.

Guilt transmission through propagation  
Caused perversion and alienation.  
Several failed to see the duty  
Due to unbroken captivity.

The only show of supplication  
Ordained wish for justification.

From the manger,  
An answer for the plea is given  
a word, the only Son begotten.  
The hearer ignored the remedy  
Expected another guarantee.

It meant like irrationality,  
The pray'r needed logicality.  
But t'was so, that man may realize  
denial happened in paradise.

The Word gave manger's noble image  
Simultaneously destroyed the cage  
Bequeathing comfort to anxiety  
Gift of freedom from captivity.

The echoes offer faith, hope and love  
Lifting shattered dignity above.  
Only in His grace can man hear it  
What truly the Word wants to emit.

borgjie distura

# Exodus

Sheltered in cabin of tranquility  
No worry, no difficulty  
A caring mom's delightful room  
Serene like in the middle of the womb.

This lasts only for a blink of an eye  
When the time's ripe, it will turn awry  
Like a newborn's cry, like a babe's in shock  
Traumatic impact difficult to block.

borgjie distura

## Footnote

In the shadow of still darkness  
To trail the escaping goodness  
Before modesty disappears  
Like ducts pouring out fast with tears  
Shape sobriety to arrest death.

Swing up high and you never fear  
For stirred soul will always be dear  
Ignore paradox in its swiftness  
Wilds subdued a gentle caress  
Sarcastic roars forever sheath.

Heap not with arms even a breath  
For downfall surely cometh  
The delight to keep in calmness  
Will just turn out crimson abyss  
But His only will remember.

borgjie distura

# Footnote To The Naked

In the shadow of still darkness  
To trail the escaping goodness  
Before modesty disappears  
Like ducts pouring out fast with tears  
Shape sobriety to arrest death.

Swing up high and you never fear  
For stirred soul will always be dear  
Ignore paradox in its swiftness  
Wilds subdued a gentle caress  
Sarcastic roars forever sheath.

Heap not with arms even a breath  
For downfall surely cometh  
The delight to keep in calmness  
Will just turn out crimson abyss  
But His only will remember.

borgjie distura

# For You

Since the first time I met you  
I could not forget about you  
As time went by  
I know very well why.

You are my true love  
An angel from above  
I thank Him that I found you  
Because I feel complete with you.

Take this loving heart  
Because this beats for you from the start  
And you are the one I cherish  
Without you and your love I'll perish.

Take this lonely soul of mine  
Because with you it will be fine  
Please know my love is always true  
And it belongs only to you.

I now entrust my heart and soul  
For you my dear I give it all  
Because I know we're meant to be  
No any other but you and me.

borgjie distura

# Giving Birth

I lie in pain of child bearing  
As others keep on telling  
That I'll experience mirth  
The moment I give birth.

I sit on pain of writing  
As others keep on composing  
Their trivial reflections  
Devoid of ardent devotions.

This is what I'm anxious  
This is why I'm cautious  
To deliver thoughts unconsciously  
To give birth prematurely.

I am pregnant of anger  
I am pregnant of fear.  
I bear with me animosity  
I only hold hostility.

And to write them is unthinkable  
Even holding a pen is horrible.

borgjie distura

# Gratitude

Thank you Lord for this life  
Yes, there's fun to remind me of its beauty  
And there's sorrow to remind me of humility  
Yes, there are colorful lines  
And to make it more human  
You colored some black ones.

All that I am, I dedicate to you  
All my experiences and days  
Are all but only for you.  
Thank you, thank you, thank you.  
My grateful heart and mind say so.  
Oh Lord of my life bless me  
As I live this life inspire me.

borgjie distura

# Haikus

## 'Bird Patience'

Every turn you make  
Vigilant on every fish  
Patient 'til the end.

## 'Prayer after the Rain'

Filling all the place  
Resounding after the rain  
Thanking Him over there.

## 'Come Back Soon'

Leave not my Mother  
Afraid from top to bottom  
Hope to see you soon.

## 'Ant's Politics'

Go towards the cake  
The path you take we will make  
Just forget their sake.

borgjie distura

# Hellenized

Every minute my mind faints  
Can anybody be like you  
And imitate what you do?

Because without you  
entirely would be lost  
Like ferry on a coast  
Engage in a black ghost.

borgjie distura

# I Ask, I Wonder

I ask and  
I wonder.  
I ask many questions  
I wonder about occasions.  
And if this will lead me to fall  
Let it be from the pinnacle.  
Let it be my accusation  
my utter rebellion.  
A life worthy, I believe,  
a life commendable to live  
is possible only, if  
I have questions to give.  
This questing has that chance  
if I allow a creative disturbance.  
And if this leads my story short  
Let it provoke without comfort.  
Let it be my only payment  
my own indictment.  
This life nevertheless  
is reserved, I guess,  
for those who can offer  
a time to ask and wonder  
no matter what's the ending  
be it pain, torture or suffering.

borgjie distura

# Living Flame

Lovely candle burning mightily bright  
Upon the night casting trickles of light  
Giving comfort to the weary body  
Offering support in a dark journey.

Lovely candle in a dark summer night  
Every silhouette's tall behind the light  
Esteems and sustains soul in dark sorrow  
Lessens the pains of the breaking morrow.

Lovely candle in a cold rainy night  
Like a warm cradle hugging very tight  
Eliminating the chill when held near  
To continue still the search without fear.

Lovely candle gone in a long hard night  
Have given all and have done what is right  
Rekindled the traveler's living flame  
To guide others with the same loving aim.

With gentle touch of burning compassion  
The long journey is not a frustration  
With that mild warmth you yield so consuming  
That shattered soul is healed a broken wing.

borgjie distura

# Much Lucky, I Said

I walk

On the carpet of green  
The feeling is serene  
It's therapeutic  
I feel energetic.

and walk

Without any directions.  
Mind's full of questions  
About self, world and God  
As I continue to trod.

then I ride  
To find and quest  
To try and test  
But my thirst and hunger  
Tempt me to stop over.

and ride  
until I reach a spot  
where I see a lot  
more than my situation  
far from my condition.

then I realized  
I am still blessed  
Much lucky, I said.

borgjie distura

# My Fear

Aye! my fear has finally come  
I'm not aware where it is from  
My hands tremble i don't know why  
tears roll down i begin to cry

You really are a shooting star,  
From afar so spectacular.  
Just like what you have said and done  
But in just a flash, they're all gone.

You told me i was everything,  
You healed the wounds and broken wing,  
i thought i could soar high and fly,  
alas! it was all just a pure lie.

my heart wants to scream out so loud  
in the midst of a noisy crowd  
why should it end all in this way  
why not just you and me all day?

borgjie distura

# Nature's Wonderful Painter

God paints beautifully  
The grey sky  
The inverted rainbow smile  
A round robe of green  
A crowned tree  
Of golden green is seen.  
A rain from heaven falling  
Millions of arrows shooting.  
What a creative hand  
Manifested throughout the land.

borgjie distura

# Night Life

The streetlights hum  
dark syllables as  
do the trees and  
the kitchen windows.  
Even the moon in  
it's way makes words  
relying on the cat  
to sound them. The park  
takes a deep breath. Stars rise  
like sparks from a fire  
below the horizon.

borgjie distura

# Occasional Beggars

I am trained to beg and plead  
In every occasion and need  
I scour all corners and places  
Selecting those with cards of aces.

Then I'll call you friend and guide  
'Cause each time I call, you're at my side  
Traversing the long and steep road  
Even my phone, you give me load.

When occasion knocks at my door  
Never forget that I am poor  
I need your generous help today  
Lend all to me, come what may.

I pray for you to God above  
And assure you of his love  
To lighten your heavy burden  
That you may give me often.

borgjie distura

# Ordinary Call

My vocation story  
Like that of a tree  
Nothing exceptional  
Nothing special.  
What I mean is ordinary  
What I mean, the palm tree.

I received no visions  
No whale shark  
No burning bush  
No flash of lightning  
That I can say.  
It was plain.  
It was simple.

But like the palm tree  
It is useful  
Only when its mature  
And had many pressure.  
The ladder it possess  
Testifies to that process.  
My human experiences  
Of shortcomings and frailties  
Are ladder for others  
That they may reach  
They may enjoy  
The God-given fruits  
My talents, my virtues  
All my good values.

There may be dry ones  
Leaves to be brought down  
These need formation  
These need reduction.  
More trimmings  
More clearings.

When the perfect time  
Once it will come

The palm tree is ready  
To give, to empty.  
Fruits for food.  
Leaves for broom.  
Trunk for lumber.  
Roots for medicine.  
Sap for wine.  
Milk for soap and butter.

This is similar  
To my life not afar.  
Selfless giving for others.  
Total surrender  
For the pleasure  
Of my Divine Caretaker.

borgjie distura

# Our Hearts Are Connected

The veracious reason why  
It is hard to say goodbye  
'cause our hearts are connected  
With strings of love committed  
Bound with similar vision  
A journey of one mission  
Sharing a unified dream  
Distinct version, it may seem  
The veracious reason why  
It is hard to say goodbye  
Is 'cause of that cherished day  
not so very far away  
Of earnest laughter and tears  
To winning our way to cheers  
We've been casts of the series  
Story of fraternities  
Where no one played the same role  
Walking on different sole  
Others sing, while others dance  
Some are crew men to balance  
Others write, others recite  
All are equal all are bright  
'Tis our beautiful story  
A shared common history  
Binding us all together  
Connecting us forever.

borgjie distura

# Paghila Ng Panahon

Bakit ang bagal ng orasan  
Ang pagpalit ng mga buwan  
Pwede po bang pakibilisan  
Sana'y 'wag ng idahan-dahan

Mga nagdaa'y inuusig  
Laman ay puno ng pag-ibig  
Mga dibdib ay yumayanig  
Pati na ang buong daigdig

Ang yamot ay nais ng wak'san  
Ang bukas ay gustong hubaran  
Dahil ang buong katunayan  
Ang yakap mo'y pinanabikan

Hihilahin na ang panahon  
Sa kinabukasa'y tatalon  
Nakakabaliw na ang ngayon  
'To lang s'yang pagkakataon

borgjie distura

# Play The Games

One, two, three, four and five  
Come join and jive  
Find your rhythm  
Have it in every game.

And there's that ultimate game  
Life, as I call its name.  
You and me must play  
It's the game of everyday.

Five, four, three, two, one  
When the game is done  
Let Him be your light  
And praise Him through the night.

borgjie distura

# Prayer Before Speaking

God, our loving and compassionate Lord  
Jesus Christ, only begotten, divine Word  
And Holy Spirit, inspiration of my words  
All lovely and beautiful things  
They come from Your supreme Being.

All these come from your goodness  
All these manifest your faithfulness  
All these show your beauty  
All these tell your glory.

As I have this engagement  
Touch my mouth every moment  
Bless me, guide me, teach me  
To be you instrument, let me be.

As I open my mouth dear Father  
I pray I'll be sound and clear  
As I impart your message of charity  
Let me do it successfully and faithfully.  
This I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

borgjie distura

# Sa Pagtila Ng Ulan

Kapag tumila na ang ulan  
At ang baha'y wala na sa daan  
Puso ko'y nananabik sa'yo aking sinta  
Na makita ang sigla sa iyong mga mata.

Dahil kasing init ito ng araw  
Tulad ng dating iyong pagpukaw  
Nung oras na ako'y nanaginip  
Sa panandalian kong pagkaidlip.

Nagising ako mula sa masamang bangungot  
Sa isang kalagayang katakot-takot  
Buong akala'y bumubuo ng dakilang buhay  
Iyon pala'y walang patutunguhang paglalakbay.

Halos lugmukin ako ng pangamba  
Sa pagsuong sa lansangang di-kilala  
Kamay ko'y hawak mo't sa aki'y tiniyak  
'Di ako mag-iisa sa pagtawa't pag-iyak.

Doon ko na sinabi sa sarili ko  
Na ikaw ang kulang sa buhay ko  
Sabay nating iaahon ang pagmamahalan  
At asahan mong sa tabi mo'y di-lilisan.

Sa pagtilang ulan ako'y sumilip sa bintana  
Ngiti'y gumuhit sa kagigising kong mukha  
Sinag ng araw ay tumamabad sa mga mata  
Masayang alaala ang aking ginugunita.

borgjie distura

# Savior's Birth

In the town of Bethlehem  
Three wise men came  
Bringing gifts for Him  
The Saviour of all men.

With them are;  
Gold, Frankincense, and myrrh  
For the new born King  
Not in a palace but in a manger

Without a doubt  
They worshipped Jesus  
Believing that he was  
the promised Messiah  
Even though He was born  
In a stable

Baby Jesus welcomes those  
who have none  
In the same manner  
As He welcomed those  
who have, like: gifts and wisdom.

Shepherds in the land  
Witnessed first at hand  
The fulfilment of God's love  
by sending a mighty King.

A King neither in a palace  
Nor in an inn rather in a manger  
amidst animals together.

Giving doubts no place  
In their minds  
In seeing a King hosted  
by animals of many kinds.

Revering the Baby

On bended knee  
While the angels sing, "Glory."

borgjie distura

# Soneto Ng Pasasalamat

Maraming pagkakataon  
Ang lumaho't lumipas  
Kubli't `di maipamalas  
Mga tinig na nakabaon  
Sa lamim ng dapit hapon.  
Natagpuang lumang kambas  
Laman ay gunitang kupas  
Ng pag-ibig at panahon

Sa lahat ng kapuluan  
Hayaang ipagsigawan  
Musika ng pagmamahal  
Sa alaalang nagdaan  
Ni dekada man o buwan  
Lahat ito'y itatanghal.

borgjie distura

# Strangers To Lovers

We've been together a while  
Two strangers exchanging smile  
It only takes a moment  
To sweep me like a torrent

My thought is in a sudden haze  
I shake my head and fix my gaze  
Your eyes like those of angels  
Lovely and full of marvels

Your laugh is a melody  
Sinks into my heart dearly  
Its beauty possesses me  
And puts me in reverie

It was an unfamiliar hue  
Lasted like a morning dew  
Two strangers became lovers:  
a love lasting forever.

borgjie distura

# Take Care

Please take care always my dear  
This parting phrase we say  
Out of care and fear  
In order that when we see each other  
You remain healthy, well and clear.  
We show what has primacy  
We reveal our priority  
Not popularity, influence as we depart  
Nor be famous when we are apart  
Power is not, much less gain wealth  
We say instead, maintain your health.  
And when situations not well  
Troubled, problematic, you're in peril  
Just call and wait for my presence  
To give immediate, gentle care  
And put you out of any further danger.

borgjie distura

# The End Of The Journey

Your journey has ended  
Faithful, dearly beloved.  
Hasten to your Master  
Your relentless Lover.

Your time has expired  
O servant weary and tired.  
Quick, join your Eternal  
And your dedicated Pal.

Your sun has set  
Not totally yet  
Somehow, somewhere  
Your legacy flare.

When your voice faded  
Preaching committed  
That used to be fervent  
T'was been ardent.

When the string has snapped  
And the music stopped  
Your life been a song  
To many all along.

This poem to you I offer  
Loving and passionate Father  
As you go, please bring  
Your son's thanksgiving.

borgjie distura

# The Law Of Labor

Many people are drawn  
Into ruthless labor form  
To gain and enjoy  
At the cost of oi poloi.

What is to be inhuman  
As long as they can.  
To profit for enjoyment  
Is their only commitment.

Even ordained minister  
Inclines and watches over  
On how to profit mercilessly  
Onto their flocks'.

What is their vow - poverty?  
What the hell, speak not to me!  
Where's that collection go?  
Aren't you afraid of people's woe?

Well, I won't be amazed  
Never be astonished.  
You wear that calloused heart  
Never ever will you impart.

What is the essential aspect  
Of labor that we expect?  
It must only be carried out  
Liberty of spirit-it's all about.

Labor is the source of service  
And of sustenance `tis.  
Earn your living  
Look at the poor needing.

borgjie distura

# We Are Connected

In that fine summer day  
We're out for the fields to play  
I gently ran whistling  
Inviting cool air to sing  
A melody for my ear  
While it will be your carrier

As I carefully toss you up  
A little higher from my cap  
Then you start to gather speed  
So I give you more thread as you need  
You may be up there  
while I'm just down here

No matter how far from each other  
Be always quick to remember  
That we are uniquely bound  
With that string of love profound  
And rest assured my dear  
I won't let go of that string ever.

borgjie distura

# Without You

Shattered under the crisp wind  
Beaten and defeated in the end  
Ten feet below the ground  
Heart and soul are bound  
No chance nor hope of whatever  
Without you to save from there.

borgjie distura

# Young Man's Isolation

No city lights  
No disco nights  
No roaring crowd  
No music so loud.  
No gadgets to show  
No gizmos' glow.  
No nightly gimmick  
No teenage frolic.  
'Tis my isolation  
For my vocation.  
'Tis worldly loss  
For the sake of the cross.

borgjie distura