

Poetry Series

catty Alonzo
- poems -

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catty Alonzo(22' January)

i only write when i am bored... ;)

~ Oooouch ~

I'm so sick playing this game with you
Running in circles like little tots
Screaming and kicking
No one is even winning

Acting like an adult
We're not even close to maturity

Ouch...

Let's quit
While these bruises are still mild
Let's quit
While the whining is tolerable
Let's quit
Before getting into real trouble

You're so sick playing this game with me
Fighting and shouting
We're not even talking
So we're wearing this love like gloves
Now take this blow

Ouch...

Let's quit
While these bruises are still mild
Let's quit
While the whining is tolerable
Let's quit
Before getting into real trouble

Ouch...

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

~ B4 Masquerade ~

Self clinging

Over spinning

Maze binding

Forever blinding

This... little masquerade

Never finding

Always running

Not touching

Only wanting

This... little

Road snaking

Blurry beginning

But never ending

This...

Was us, before blowing the whistle...

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

~ Still I ~

How am I going to replace that new taste of love?
Your eyes that speak a lot
I could not even see myself reflected in it

Tell me where I will stand
When every where you turn it was her that you see instead of me
(Instead of me)

You held me close but felt her warmth
Your kisses were not even mine anymore
You were undressing me but it was her skin you have tasted underneath it

How will I shove this off?
It's like I'm inside this theater
Watching you and me
A, me – masked with her face

Tell me where I will stand
When every where you turn it was her that you see
Instead of me

Your eyes
Your warmth
Your kisses
They're not even mine anymore
How will I shove this off?
Who loved you most?

Still I, still I, still I.....

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

~ Stupid, Stupid Girl~

I guess I was wrong leaving you like that
Disappearing in the midst of it all
Taking your all while never bothered on looking back

They said I am damn stupid on letting you go
Letting a once in a life time love to pass me by
I swear I'm a stupid girl, stupid, stupid girl
Leaving you behind

But how would we know when love is real
If it will not disappear from our hands
I guess they were right all along
the greatest way to feel love is through pain

I swear they're right when

They said I am damn stupid on letting you go
Letting a once in a life time love to pass me by
I swear I'm a stupid girl, stupid, stupid girl
Leaving you behind

Too late or not there's no turning back
Shame on me for regretting
Shame on me for crying
Like this

I know I'm a stupid girl, stupid, stupid girl
For leaving you behind

Look who's crying now
Look who's crying now
Now

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~in Your Dreams~

Close your eyes and meet me

In your dreams I will appear

Just hold me tight and don't let go

Cause I will stay

Cause I will stay

In your dreams

I will stay

In your arms

I belong there

Forever

Forever

In your dreams I will be there

Holding you tight

Safe and warm

Under the stars our love's transcendent

I'll never let go

I'll never let go

In your dreams

I will stay

In your arms

I belong there

Forever

Forever

The night my love is ours to take

So hush that mouth let's sealed our lips

Just hold me tight and don't let go

And let's stay here

Let's stay here

Let's stay here

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

~untitled-01~

You left me with no choice...

.... I'm sorry if I could not keep you here anymore.

I'm going to send you back to your childish little world

.... I will never see you again.

I will leave you there, locked up and sealed

.... Away from my sight.

Enjoy your precious little old world with out me

.... Now I can finally rest in my sleep.

1804*C^T

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4give Me Not....

A drink of kiss
This valley of loneliness
Flooded with swamp of tears
So nostalgic as you went
Running naked with me
On the grazing lands

The curtain of your sun-drenched smile
Unhurriedly fading into disappearing sunset
Swabbed your bleeding lips
By this satin hand
I molded you

Fireflies, fireflies gracing us
As we dance
'til sunrise we could not even rise
Your full submission
Is my power
And your weakness

You are
Wracked, charmed, circled
Wracked, charmed, circled
Wracked, charmed, circled
You are

Trapped
Yes, you are
With obscurity you are in prison
Yes, with me
'Til sunrise we could not even rise
Your full submission
Is my power
And your weakness

Forgive me not
For I will not give away my sorry

1804*C^T

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A Lonely After Life

I could breathe freely and feel every inch
on my body the breezes of air that wind
had embraced me,

I can see the light and know that it hurts
my eyes when too much ray of the sun
meets my glance,

I can grasp for a hold when everything
is humid at nightfall when the sun had
just hovers at the surface of the earth,

When I am about to sleep and laid on
my soft bed and start to think where
will I be after life,

I got so scared, I felt so lost, and I felt
alone and felt totally lonely,

I am not sure if I can hold the idea of
dying when I knew for myself that I am
not ready to leave all the memories
behind me, all the people I cared
about and all the happy thoughts that
made me live longer, that made me
continue breathing for life,

I will be lost when I see them not,

If wanting for more life is sinful and
selfish I won't consider such thing if
dying means all I cherished where
not there with in my grasp,

I'm scared of dying, I'm scared of
being alone, but what can I do when
at the end fate will lead me there.

catty Alonzo

Beside You ...

[one of my compo...just thought of sharing it here; 0)]

Beside you ...

You are here with me
For so long
You have stayed
beside me

I wonder if you have ever noticed
The smile I gave
The warmth I feel
This love I have
That's burning deep

I wonder if you have ever seen me
Looking straight at you
From a distant
I wonder if you have ever heard me
In your sleep
Whispering to you
I love you
I love you
I love you

Repeat ****

I love you
I love you
I love you

Now you know
I'm just here
For so long
I have stayed
Beside you

Yeahhh ahhhh
Beside you

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Betrayed Compassion

Underneath the guise of smile still grief reflects in my eyes, grudge still lurks inside this heart.

Felt so alive yet half dead when I walk towards your way, thou a nonchalant feeling are what I am wearing when I met your stares.

I saw you, kind of helpless and as frigid as I can be but it was just a reflection of myself that I saw upon your eyes that gave a sudden affliction into rush.

My sadden were beneath your sufferings, I stand close and held your hands and half breathed unto your ear,

“Please die so I can write about it, but not now”

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Brown Stars

It was April when you came to me,
and for the first time there you made me see
how deep our love could grow 'til I have lain
upon that sparkling look in your eyes.

It has been 8 April since now we have got to be,
together as we shared a memory as far as the
black seas could ever crossed the oceans of time.

As I look back, every time that sparkling look
in your eyes sets fixed unto me, still I can see
the love that lurked from our first meeting,
on that misty summer nights under that sparkling
stars that glittered as brown as your eyes can be.
And you glow.

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Don'T Close Your Eyes

Can I really utter directly to you my lexis or merely only until time has end that infamy will not be brought to my senses.

Can I say it now or better will I wait for another tomorrows to come to grasp for more will.

If I will say phrases will it tingle your ear or left it deaf for the rest of my life beneath my fingers and on the tip of my pen and sealed lips.

If tomorrow will not come at least open your eyes and read what my heart has written for you.....

1804*

catty

catty Alonzo

Fire

do we blend...

trying hard not to lose control
but at the end everything is out with in my grip,

i wanted to hold on,
how?

i need answers...

here we are, inside this circle.
you and me,
but i am clueless,

do we blend...

partly,

for now...
together we are ... FIRE

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First Kiss, Was It?

First Kiss, Was it?
1804*C^T

You held my hand as I had rest my mind in peacefulness.

Your warmth beside me had always brought calmness in me like those of the ebbing waves at the shores.

As the sunset had set you comforted my soul and levitated my being to that state that had made me close my eyes.

Looking back at it I never realize how that moment could ease my heart into its peak.

Then and now, still- there will always be us sitting side by side, holding each others hand as we watch the sun hovers over the sea – and always ends the dusk with three folds of comfort.

I know I will always wear that smile while giving you the words-

“Come comfort me three times again.”

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Hallway Kisses

Hallway Kisses
1804*^CT

Little talks and slow paces,
Hand in hand as we skid.

Did you hear the walls giggled their
whispers as we march?

Smiles flickering as if revealing
those sheltered laughs underneath.

Inches of touch lingers as if they were
not made to be stop.

Did you just look at me when I steal a
glance?

Now give me a kiss and no one will know.

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Immortality

You have come through a dream though
barely can not be touch and be unfolding
with complete compassion.

Your stray is timeless when you flew to
the sky and rested your feet to the
ground where a love profoundly waits
for your home coming.

You rested your eyes to the one you
cried to run your fingers with, cried to
let your disdains be told to but your
immortality hinders your longing that
you were only left to laid eyes on that
sleeping image who you meekly
watched eyed with.

An open eye meets your gaze and
owes of vagueness stunned your
chilling bones when you heard a
voice as soft as a whisper

“I know you will come”

catty Alonzo

Invisible Words Of I Love You

With outreach hands we spread them
mutually but a solitary caress can never
be felt inch to inch.

Staring closely but blinded with distance,
even a peek of each others shadows we
could no more than hunger.

With these arms of mine I can embrace
you tenderly at dawn; with those arms of
yours you could cleave to my quavering
bones from this chilling hour.

You can tell me I love you from time to
time and I can answer you with ditto every
second of our imperceptible nearness.

Invisible nearness, invisible time, invisible
caresses, invisible words of I love you....

Not now, we can only sigh... and end all
invisible words of I love you with
"I'll see you in next life maybe."

catty Alonzo

Lie Ahead...

Eternal-
in thoughts
could only
occur, where
you and i
subsist.

Descend
to a sanctuary,
with those hands
that reached its
solace.

Romance-
until that
moment can only
be spoken in
illusiveness
desire. Or-

in dreams,
even a minute in
concealed heaven
a believed love
could only take place
with timely
preserved kisses.
Yet-

a pace
out of that
reverie,
thou,
lived apart,
but -

in mind and heart,
to entwined,
after that

they can
only
come.

(1804)

catty Alonzo

Limbo

We thought there's another place where
both you and I could ever be.

Not just another made up lay or another
figment of imagination that both our minds
could shape.

There, you and I could love without stinting;
we could furnish love and obtain love at the
same time.

Fantasies could turn to reality as we deem,
but are we really seeing things correctly?
Are we really on precise trail on this so called
flight of life or we are just one of those divided
banshee who are trapped in limbo where there
our soul could only levitate?

When I seal my eyes and draw together every
memory of you that I held in both mind and
heart is the only rest I can seize a glimpse
of you for real.

Nowhere describes where we are yet in
a latent consign.

catty Alonzo

Love Sick For Mina.....

A name every one could fear of, but I've been waiting for her. I wanted to see her but she's running away... always

I could not even tame her.

She's here, she belong to me, stuck in my cranium, not in my grip.

I am so sick of her... so love sick of her

Her mirth's like a myth in fairytale, her enchantments are almost plausible, how I dare believe? Why would I not believe when I have sealed her warmth all over me?

She's here, she belong to me, stuck in my head, trapped inside this beings chest.

They said I am sick, she said I am sick...

Yes I am sick... so so sick,

So love sick for Mina.

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None Of These...

Let me sink with my own feelings
for I don't think that love could
reciprocate if it's only a
one sided thing.

Perhaps I can do something
about it, something that I can
hold on to in reality.

Conceal it from him,
yes isn't that what I am
supposed to do?

Concealing a selfish feeling....

A denial.

catty Alonzo

Once Upon A Time

it's been a long time,
many years has passed -
passed us by,
away, yes away...

how silly of me to unnoticed...

those laughters that once danced around my ears,
those touched that took my breath away,
those i love yous you once whispered on early morning springs.

life is still going on,
short days and longer nights,
this is where we are,
away, yes away...

how silly of me to unnoticed...

those laughters that once danced around my ears,
those touched that took my breath away,
those i love yous you once whispered on early morning springs.

how could we let love pass us by?
but this is where we are now,
away, yes away...

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Our Kind Of Myth

seize my hand

and

fly away with me

to a place you have never been

i will take you

and

lead you...

hear my words as they echo,

to your ears my love

i will whisper

that i will forever

love

"ONLY YOU"

come

away with me my dear,

away with me.

hold me close as my body step in,

see me with your eyes close,

feel me with your beating heart.

to our hiding place

we'll take wings.

this is our realm,

forever

bona fide

-

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Our Painted Fall

“The season will bring me to you”

Was it when most of deciduous trees shed their leaves, with leaves changing to reddish or brownish hue before falling? When days get shorter and cooler, the nights get longer, and precipitation gradually increases? Yes, that season; but it has been five years since I have had my first share of it, or when I started calling autumn as fall and felt how it brought my heart this far. Now, looking back at it, I never realized how I grieved to let the seasons that come after that to pass by quickly. But, the more I looked in the clock, flipped the sheet of every calendars, and read daily news papers, the more time, days, weeks, months and years measured down, and the more it trapped and paralyzed me mutually with it.

Five years, and I'm here again—footing on this same tree. The tree has changed, it has grown bigger as it gotten older, but still standing. As of me, I am still the same; nothing varies except for one thing: I am lonely—lonelier than I used to be. Living a satisfactory life, but not functioning emotionally. I am trapped, trapped by her memory, her smile, her radiance, her liveliness, silliness. I can't get her out of my system. Now I am, again, here—reminiscing as memories flashing back.

It was a bright, sunny day; I had just gotten off the bus and was walking all the way to my home. At first, I didn't notice that the leaves were starting to shed, and their colors were about to change, maybe over the next month or so. Then I remembered that my instructor from photography class had asked me and the rest of the class to take some photos of early autumn. Even though the trees had not fully shed, I thought what the heck. I took my digital camera and started to take some pictures. I kept walking and turning left and right, stepping back and forth. I was so busy minding my own business that I did not detect something was approaching me from behind. I heard someone screamed, but as I turned to face it, it was too late. I was already hit. I fell down on the ground. I closed my eyes, stunned from that sudden crash. I got pissed and had the thought to yell at the person who had hit me; it was a very wide place and if he simply had to hit something, why not hit a tree instead of me? I started pulling myself up from the ground, as I felt someone extended an arm to help me up. I heard a soft, yet full, voice that kept repeating the word, “sorry”; it was a girl's voice. As I turned to face my killer, my anger melted and drained from my face. Her face brightened as the sunlight from the background radiated all over her. Her rounded eyes seemed to glitter; her face, which appeared concerned, was

immensely similar to a fairies likeness that kept illuminating from the forefront of the sun's light. I was bewitched. For the first time, my heart beat frantically, nervously. I was not aware of how long I had remained stunned and bewildered. Nor had I noticed the fact that I was lying down—not until she saved me from it: saved me from looking like an idiot. She held me and helped me up on my feet. And all I did was look into her face and just allow her to hold me as she stared upward at me. I was speechless until she snapped her fingers in an attempt to verify that I still had my senses, and woke me up from day dream wandering, and then said "I'm really sorry, I didn't know that there was someone walking in the middle of this road, plus this road has a right turn sign. You should have walked on the walk way rather than on the road way. You are lucky that it was just me who hit you with my old bike. But really, I am sorry."

I saw that I had actually, and unknowingly, stepped quit a ways off the walkway and had proceeded well into the street, having been distracted by the beautiful scenery that surrounded me. There was obviously no defense for what I now realized to be my mistake "It's ok, sure thing. I am fine. See? My arms and legs are still working. You're right; walk on the walkway next time". I timidly smiled as I raise my arms and kicked my legs to show her that I was okay.

"What are you doing here? I mean, you don't look familiar at all. You seem new here. What brings you to a remote and wooded place like this? " I asked, while helping her with her bicycle.

"Wheh! Slow down. That's a lot of questions." she smiled then continued "I always come here, but only during fall to paint..."

"You're an artist then" I cut in as she goes on talking "In some way, I guess I am, still studying actually - fine arts." I smiled, and asked more. "That's pretty interesting. So, where are you staying? " She was already standing beside her bike and seemed ready to take off. "I am staying at this B&B, a Bed and Breakfast that is located just a few miles away from here. If you are a resident here I think you already know where it is." She readied herself onto her bicycle, "I should go. Again, I'm really sorry for hitting on you..." "Hitting on me? " I interrupted, again, but out of surprise this time. "Oh, not that hitting on you kind of thing but ahmmm, almost killing you." she smiled shyly yet seemed taunting in her reply. "I'm still alive, luckily. It is nice being hit by you, I mean, meeting you." "So, I guess I'll just see you later then. Well, that's if it's cool with you" I strongly said. I kind of wanted to beg her to say yes, because at that moment I was not so sure if she would say yes or no. That is, until I got her reply, and it jolted me, "You know where I am staying." Then she pedaled her bike away from me. "So, is that a yes? " I paused, and then remembered, "Oh! You did not give me your name! " I yelled out to her as she quickly grew more and more distant while rushing down the road. I kind of shrieked, hoping that she could clearly hear what I was asking her, because she was already well away from me. "Yes

and its Kate.” She answered back without looking at me, or, I guess, while hiding her smiles.

From that time on, I’ve been visiting her from where she is staying. We hang out together almost everyday I’ve showed her around the place and messed with her a little every time she paints. I even took her home to meet my family; they get along easily since she had this quality of making people like her. I guess it’s because she was always positively radiant, and has a remarkable sense of humor. In fact, she was really funny. No wonder why my silent world rocked when she came along.

I was already on her door step at two in the afternoon when she came out and closed the door behind her. I handed her eight white tulips. I wasn’t sure if she really would love those flowers; she never told me what kind of flowers she liked but I was hoping that it would brighten her afternoon. “Hey, thank you. I’m sucker for tulips” she somehow grinned then took the flowers back into her room.

I can still remember every thing; it seemed like it just happened yesterday, although it has been five years. We were happy at that time. Even now, I can feel her laughter in the winds, and see her smile in the skies.

We laid flat on the grass and just looked up in the sky, forming visions of anything in the clouds, or simply imagined silly things here on earth. She kept her eyes up while I fixed mine to her direction. “Do you see the cloud that looks like a bird? Isn’t it beautiful? ” she asked. “Very beautiful” I whispered back while staring at her. “Really? ” she suddenly asked then looked on my direction, catching me a little off guard. “Yes, really” I said, and smiled at her. I wanted to touch her face at that time, but I just couldn’t do it. She was pretty near but seemed so out of reach. I don’t know, maybe because I was scared to make a move. She might think that I was being too forward, and, of course, I would never want to leave her with that kind of impression on me. It might sound crazy, but in a short period of time of knowing her and being with her, I was already whipped, and I still feel the same way up until now. She moved the very soul of me, but I just could not confess my feelings at that time. I didn’t even know if she liked me, so I preferred to be friends with her rather than nothing at all.

Right after watching the skies, I took her to this place that people rarely visited; and, if there were people, most of them were couples, just walking, or sitting on the bench near the lake and talking. “Come on” she beckoned at me and grabbed my hands then led me to the lake. She took off her sandals and headed in the

water. I did the same too and followed her; we just stood there and felt the water on our knees. "If you will live again, what do you want yourself to be? Anything, except being human." she asked while looking far away in the lake and wearing a smile on her lips. I looked at her and answered the question she asked me. "A lake" she looked at me and asked "Why? " "I want to give tranquility to those who are troubled, happiness to those who are sad, and memories to those who forget." I answered simply and winked at her. "Okay, I will remember that" she winked back.

Time seemed to move so fast when I was with her; it was already late afternoon and a long way to walk. She was not even bothered though, as if she was delighted with my company. We were walking side by side on the way home; it was funny how she could not help her self—talking about the trees, the winds and the skies. She looked carefree as she stretched her arms to feel the little breeze of the winds. I was walking ahead of her when I noticed that she had just stopped. She looked tired as she sat underneath this rotted, old tree-I guess tired from our long walk from the lake. I moved near her and turned my back, and I squatted a little. "What are you doing? " she surprisingly asked. "A piggy back, come on, hop in" I invited "you look tired, if you will continue walking you will hurt your feet. It's okay, don't worry, I can carry you. I'm sure you're not that heavy." I kind of grinned, and then she accepted the invitation. "I hope I'm not." she chuckled and wrapped her arms around me. "Kate, you never answered your question. I mean, the one that you asked me when we where in the lake" I asked as I tightened my grasp on her. "I'll tell you but then I will have to kill you" she smiled. "You almost got me killed, remember? " I replied back. "Did I? " "You will know my answer in full autumn" said she. She did made me think a lot that moment and do a little guessing too but I knew that I needed to wait and hear it from her.

We were already meters away from the B&B where she was staying, and she had already climbed off my back and we had gone back to walking side by side during that time. I guess it was almost seven in the evening when we had almost reached home and then it started to rain. We stopped at a nearby shed and waited for the rain to stop. She elevated her hand and cupped the drops of rain into her palm and then sprinkled them on me. "You..." I laughed with surprised then we both ended up sprinkling each other on the face. I was so caught up in the moment that I ran my hands over her face, briefly touching her. I could not stopped myself anymore, I knew, I needed to fall. I touched her cheek and gently laid a kiss on her lips, soft and warm. It's too late to think of how she would react by that time on. I had already kissed her and, to my surprised, she kissed me back. I'm not sure how long we stayed there, but I did not care. I only knew that she was with me and nothing else mattered. "The rain just stopped"

she pulled slowly away then gave me a quick kiss on my temple. We continued walking but without talking, not uttering any words, except that now we were holding each other's hand.

From that night on, I became more cheerful. It's funny how our bodies and our personalities react when we are flooded with emotions. I felt so much love in me that I could have almost busted from drinking it in; I almost forgot that she was not staying long; that she will then leave. But I only thought on what was there, on what we could share, and I just savored each day with her. We spent a lot more time together after that night. Bliss was all I felt until the time that what I feared to come was already right before my eyes, but what could I do, she had to go back.

It was full autumn, but she was leaving. She came to my house early; spending her days with me and my family, who, at that time, she had already become close with. And, in the afternoon, she sometimes took me to the place where we first met and the other places where we had been. "I almost got you killed here" she said while standing in the middle of the road where she once crashed into me. "Did I tell you that you had a lovely smile? And that you were funny when you looked like an idiot? But you were not an idiot, only dazed" she continued talking "I was hoping that you would ask for my name—eventually you did" she smiled that time but looked sad. "What can I do, you bewitched me from that day on" I smiled back at her and held her hand. We continued our walk from every place we've been until we reach the lake. "I still want to be a lake, Kate" I whispered. "Then I will keep on coming back here to seek calmness, blissfulness, and rekindled memories" she whispered back.

We were already walking back home. She tried to be cheerful even though we both knew that the other was in pain, but I tried to look natural and calm, because I didn't wish to make things harder for her. As always, she sat underneath that same old rooted tree after our long walk from the lake. The leaves were fully shed, and the leaves were all reddish and brownish. I knew that she liked fall. She loved it, and I don't know why. She called me and asked me to sit beside her "Do you want to know a secret?" she spoke coolly. "What secret?" I was awed. "The reason why I love the fall and why I keep coming back here?" she gently said but while looking away. I was paying attention to her every word as she continued "When I was a little girl, my parents brought me here. It was fall that time. Their marriage was, I guess, a little shaky, but still they both decided to try it out. There was one time that I kind of got lost. I was testing this new bike that my dad bought me, but I went too far from where we were staying. The pedal kind of loosened its screw, so I fixed it. And, forgetting that I was in the middle of the road, I turned around and saw a car coming. I froze and

could not seem to move from where I was standing. Then I saw this boy running and he pulled me. He saved me. He saved my life. I was still shocked from what happened and cried and cried. My bike was already crashed on the side then this boy talk to me and told me that it's okay because he's there. He let me sit on this same tree we're sitting on right now. He even walked me home, and did that piggy back thing you did with me. I can not seem to forget that—when that boy said good bye, he told me that he'll be back in the afternoon, but my parents were pretty scared from the accident and decided to leave. I never even got to say goodbye, I never even got his name, and I don't even know if he went back in the afternoon to see me." I was stunned by what Kate had just opened up to me. I didn't know if it was just coincidence, because I was that boy. "I came back Kate, I did" just like me, she was stunned, "Sean? " she slowly uttered "So I finally get to know his name now." She cried, and I just wrapped my arms around her, holding her tight. We then talked about what happened with us after that day when we had first met. We laughed about how things had gone and where they had led us. I can even recall everything I told her at that time, not even knowing that things could eventually end up the way they did—from our first meeting to our second meeting, and from coming back or running away. "Kate, isn't it funny on how we always meet? " "What do you mean? " she asked backed. "The first time we met, you almost got hit by a car until I pulled you out of the way; the second time we met, you almost got me killed when you crashed your bike into me" I said, then she refrain "Accident prone, huh? " she laughed when she said that, not taking the topic seriously. She stood up from where we were sitting and grabbed my hands with hers. She then moved us closer to the tree—somewhat tracing her fingers into it, as if looking for something. She then exclaimed "There it is" I looked at it and saw a name carved on the tree. Her name with a heart carved below it. "Oh my, I already saw this one last fall, I even took a shot of this and presented it on my photo class exhibit." I said, while surprised. "I was here last fall, and before leaving, I stopped here and carved my name." Just like me, she was also surprised. We had already met before. We may have not seen each other face to face for some time, but our presence was there, and we still connected in some ways—even if we were almost totally strangers "I think if you walked a little faster that day, you might have seen me here. I think you are that guy I saw who was taking some pictures along the way" she continued. "And you are the one I saw driving that jaguar" I added while gathering the memories of how we kind of crossed paths. "So we where both here that day" "Hey it's already full fall. I think I can tell you my secret now—about what I want to be in my next life" she sweetly smiled and cuddle a little closer "Oh, yeah, so what do you want to be when you come back to this Earth? " I eagerly asked her. I saw her writing my name below the heart that she carved last fall and heard her answer "A tree, so that I can stay forever with the one I love"

We stayed there until evening, but time always runs so fast with us that we always end the evenings with goodnight, too soon. "I will leave tomorrow afternoon, I guess I will wait for you here. I should see you before I will go, so be here early, okay" then she softly laid a kissed on me. "Of course I will come early; I will drive you to the station." Said I, then I embraced her in my arms.

If only I had not said goodbye that night. Things might have changed. Things might have gone the other way around. When I went to fetch her in the morning, Mrs. Park told me that she had already left 10 minutes before I got there, and that her dad picked her up. "You can still reach her kid; I think I heard her dad say that they will drop by on this antique shop in town" I drove the car as fast as I could and drove all the way to the antique shop. I was standing on the other road in front the shop. I saw her and her dad, who was, then, leaving the scene. "Kate!" I called her name. She saw me and cried. Her dad, not knowing who I was, reacted and gripped her, even as she struggled to get away. In response, she ran towards me and had crossed half the road when, out of nowhere, a speeding car hit her. Everything happened so fast, I was shocked, my heart sunk. I ran towards her and held her in my arms. There was blood; I didn't know what I felt. Looking at her like that drove my sanity away. It was my fault. I cried and screamed and held her. "I can't let go, I just can't let go." She was only a little conscious and half breathed my name... that was the last word I heard from her. How can I forget? How can I not remember? It seemed as if only an instance had passed, but the ambulance was already there. Her dad took her away as the medics assisted, while a few people in town merely watched. I ran, on foot, to the hospital where they took her, and I waited outside the ER. Her dad told me that she had a 50/50 chance of survival; he told me that he never liked the idea of Kate always coming back to my town, considering the accident that had happened to her before. Night came and still no news from the doctor. Kate's dad told me to go home and to come back. I never wished to leave her side, but her dad insisted.

Early morning, I went back to the hospital, hoping to hear news about Kate. She was gone. The doctor said that she did not make it and that her parents took her body back home. Earth seemed to go down on me, I was totally crushed. I felt dead inside. Then the doctor handed me a letter from Kate's dad "I know our daughter loves you, but you need to forget and move on, she would wish the same thing for you." How am I going to forget her, even if the mind can not remember, the heart will. The love I still feel for her was not just a simple love, it is more than that. I love her; I didn't know how to live a normal life again. How can I function at all without her? How can I face the morning with out her smile; the night without her touch, and see the future, knowing that she was not there

anymore?

“I’m here as I stand-you just flew away and took my heart away with you and left me with bruised kisses beneath my cheek- tell me how could I forget? ”

Years passed, but still, I could not get over her. I tried dating, but my heart could not beat again. It had been long dead, every since the day she died. She took my heart when she left. Every day, I struggled without her, but, with her memory in my heart; I remained alive by just having her love as mine to hold on to. I visited the place where Kate and I used to watch together. The lake still looked the same, couples still hung around there for their little walks and personal talks. I saw a girl on the lake holding her sandals and feeling the water on her feet. I thought it was Kate that I saw. I ran nearer to the water, but then I saw this guy approaching her and then he held her. I was hallucinating, again. I always see her face everywhere; I think I am going mad.

I walked away and went back home to bid goodbye to my family. I’m going back to the City, fall is over now. It is time to face another season, another life, and another year, without her. Before driving all the way through the town I stopped by to see our tree. I took my camera and did some shots. While visiting our sacred place for one last time, I made an addition to the writing that Kate carved the tree “Kate loves Sean” “no matter where in the world I’m going I will always come back here with you Kate, just here with you” I pressed down on my tears and collect myself again, but then I heard someone from behind me “Just here, with me? ” I turned around and saw Kate smiling at me “Kate? ” I was astounded. “Am I a little late? ” she cried and wrapped her arms around me. I held her so close, there’s no letting go this time. “You are just in time” I just kissed her and kissed her more. She then explained everything to me about what had happened that day after her accident. She said that her dad took her home. She had amnesia after she revived from being comatose for almost a year. Her dad kept it from me because he was scared of losing his only daughter, but as her memories came back, her dad finally came to believe that it has to do with her strong love for me and also because I never gave up on loving her. “When I had amnesia I kept dreaming about this place, the lake, the trees and you. I even painted them and your face. You were totally a stranger to me but my heart aches every time I dream of you. The doctor told my dad to bring me back here. Three years after the accident, dad brought me here during fall. Little by little I regained some of my lost memory. Especially about the lake, it made me feel that I am found. Then all the lost memories came flooding” I brushed her tears away from her cheeks. What matters most to me is that she is alive, and she’s

here with me—just with me “I went in the lake hours ago. I even saw someone who looked like you, but it can’t be—she was with someone.” I recalled “It was me, see what I’m wearing? It was my cousin, my personal chaperon here who was with me. You already know dad, he doesn’t want me to travel alone after that accident.” she slightly giggled and held her white dress a little higher to her knees, mimicking the girl I saw in the lake, but minus the taking off of sandals. “I love you Kate” I whispered to her ears, she then cupped my cheek both palm and kissed me and half breathed “I too love you Sean” then bit my lips. I stopped and asked “No more goodbyes? ” she put her arms around my neck and whispered back “No more goodbyes, only hellos.”

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Out Of The Imaginary

for my 1 n only lola cuz fren - all n one "d only person who know everything 'bout me- the good or the bad, from childhood to present"... this is for u

24/7 they stick around needed or not,

No any stranger could break the kind of link that bonded us.

They cheered with me at times of conquest and cried at times of defeat.

They fret when I feel bad and even worst when I am ailing.

Without questions ask they know that they matter to me.

Not just through simple contentment that we share this ecstasy of life but also in times of misery they are there to always reach out a hand no matter what circumstances it is.

At the end ... They just don't stand there at the corner and say she was this and that but they will solemnly just bow theirs heads, shut their mouth for once and just held me close to their hearts and remembered all the memories we had from our first meeting to the last...

catty Alonzo

Porcelain Doll

It has been a hundred of years that you have waited for me - unwearyingly waiting still. Sitting on your ripened balcony, moistened by the passing rains and flaked by the forlorn nights. - was it that long that I have been gone? A hundreds of year, thousands of night, but your eyes had put down its lid, you must have fallen asleep my love... I can still trace the warmth gracing you from within. living, breathing but you are delicate now... Shhhhh remain asleep, there, there, let me softly swing your rocking chair and whine you a lullaby like I once did... do you remember those days when I was with you, around you...yes, a hundred of years ago but my memory retains, it was not ill enough to run away with me...I know I made you cry - forgive me my love if I could not cry like you - forgive me if I could not taste your salty tears as it draped from your failing laughter... if I could not feel your touch beneath my porcelain skin - forgive me... but you always know that I can perceive you for never in a slightest attempt had that I forbid myself not to look at you... I may not have those feelings, may have not felt your kisses on my tinted lips, may have not felt your caress but I have pictured it the way you had described them so well, one by one, inch by inch. As I closed my eyes, remembering, imagining and your kisses are whispering in my skin, elevating me. - Long time ago...yes, long time ago... how frail your skin have become, almost see-through that it bares the line of your veins; the last time I remembered of you except that first time that I had set eyes on you, unsullied, so pleasing on your feisty look and filled with love ... buoyant but a fool- that was you and still it is you, did I not tell you not to wait? Yet you did... what you want me to do with you, here I am kneeling before you, looking at your frame in the absence of life... I can not cry - I so wanted to cry but how can I cry when you never taught me how... why is it so hard to be like you, just like you - mortals who are masters of their emotion. Your strength and weakness are not mine, I wanted to feel you for real, for the last time... tracing every inch of your bones, met your loosen palm that once grip so tight, then your wired mesh like chest that once beat, leapt you and hurt you at the same time. Your emaciated cheek that had loosen its blush... warm still - let me lay you a kiss and imagine once again how it feels to be a mortal, how to feel like you did... for real I said - for real... can you hear me? Why would you have to die, you said you will breathe for me, if only I could become just like you but how can a mortal succumb out of its misery. I am trapped on this temple of perfection like of deity on their golden peplos, like of antique porcelain doll in the attic, striking, jovial but inert, easily broken but never shattered... but it has been hundred of years now, thousand of nights... long time ago, yes long time ago- hush my love... forgive me...hush... there, there. I will watch you as you sleep...if only I could be like you- then I can love - yes, I too can love...

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Rekindled...

Can we really forget someone who has been carved from the deepest of our hearts?

For an hour maybe, but for those times that we are left alone,

Memories flashed back, old feelings rekindled once more,

Especially when the absence of them through cold darkness trembles our soul in long weep...

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Should Have Not...

[just composed a song.. i'm trying to get the melody right arghhhh! ..just thought of sharing it here...xoxo]

Should have not...

I should have known better
I should have seen the lies from your eyes
But I was too blinded with those words that you've said,
To me
Ahh
To me

Chorus:

Like
You are the one 2x
You are the one for me
You are the one 2x
The one that I need
You completed my life
You completed my world
You are 3x
The one that _ I _ love

Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh
Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh
Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh

I should have not see you through
I should have not listened to you
I should have not believed
I should have not believed when you said...

Repeat chorus:

I should have not
Should have not

Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh
Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh
Ahhh_ ahhh_ ahhh

I should have not
Should have not believed ... in your lies _

(fade)

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Stolen Breath

With out end
a dedicated lover
you see
you are.

Torrent pulse pulsing
you feel
and a need
to make out, only-

Praise worthy,
out of love
and then within
reside-

In gist
you bestow,
In sacrifice
confer all the
oxygen
you inhaled
to her, and-

Left
A soul
with all its breathe
of air
you've taken
away
with you.

Yet blindly
that you
see
not.

catty Alonzo

The Condemned Insolent

Who would dare lay eyes on this beastly façade?

The lunacy of lies,
The refutation of hurt,
The veiled mockery,
The mimicking of insults and
The blight from this brutal tongue...

Who would dare lay eyes on this beastly façade?

Bad as unkind
Evil as wicked
Deceitful as a fraud...

Who would dare lay eyes on this beastly façade?

A hollow hearted doll
A fault finder expert
A never ending interrogator ...

Tell me...

Who would dare lay eyes on this beastly façade?

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

The Piano

"You can't be playing tricks with my head again aren't you? Stop messing up with me or I will blow your brain off your skull" I gawked away while he was idly snuggling himself at the festering sofa.

"Do you miss him that much or let us say loved him that much that it made you so brutally brusque with me... your guest? "

He half laughed as the darkness swallowed his face that secreted his facial response.

"Is that what you think love had brought out in me Victor... viciousness? "

Have I really not recovered from such a loss? I thought... damn you for making me remember again.

"Get over it Sophia"

He just read my mind. He moved slowly behind me while his shadow remained on the dark, he patted my shoulder.

"You have me; we have each other"

He bended a little and frivolously kissed my neck... this room, this very room where love once danced on every corner of the walls, where old memories that died still pulsates through this flaking paint, this tattered carpet and rotten furniture, this room where he used to be... real. I tried shoving off this avalanche of memories but how could I ever thrive when at the end my tears could never bring him back.

"Stop it Sophia, your eyes are bleeding now."

He cupped my face and blew the blood off my cheeks. Thought this grotesque kind of power only knows destruction and yet indeed it could be of healing once in a while.

"I'm not bleeding, I am crying" I freed myself from his arms and waltz my way through the piano... slide my fingers on its dusty keys, tapped F and A then started playing pathetic in semi adagio cantabile.

I see him smiling; hear his words, dance with his gracefulness and feel his love.

So I smiled... this is the only way his memory comes alive, only when I played this song for him...

Just for him.

"He's here Sophia, he's here..."

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

To Poet In Pain

She left – I remained still. Her heart changed but mine's been unmoved. She's with him, I got no one... I swooned as this darkness squeezed my little room. I hissed... should I destroy the one I think I love and the one she loves? Will I be at peace or I am just depriving the right person who's just about to unveil its self to me? If you're there step forward before I will completely fall into hollow...

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Touch Of Dusk...

Why can't love be known when it's right there?

Why is it so hard to see through ones eye the emotions that they've kept for so long?

Can time really tell or merely time will only left a hidden fire unburned in the dusk and in perpetual silence?

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

Vulnerable Kisses

Traveling hands through your flesh,
slowly by slowly sinking to the bottom
with you,

Swimming every inch of your being `til
you dropp off empty handed except for
wanting me not out of your sight,
not out of your arms,

Time revolves like spokes of the wheel
and the adrenalin between us flows
through and through in high velocity that
can't be hold back.

With the dancing wind and falling rain,
our soul moves and intertwined with each other,
none of us cant abstract,
fire is burning constantly,
it embraced us and enveloped us with mixed
emotion that cant be acknowledge by words,

Every thing stood still, the world is motionless,
speechless and it goes on our way of flow,

I am here with you, sink under, hard beating,
fast pulse, in fast motion, no need for words,
our eyes speaks, our soul dance,
skin touches and kisses are lingering,
no need for words,

Just shut up and kiss me.

catty Alonzo

Wanna Be You

I wanna have those eyes that he would only stare
And those I wanna be you, I wanna be just like you
hands that he'll fold his fingers with
I wanna have those lips that he'll kiss straight to the night

I wanna be you, I wanna be just like you
I wanna be you, oh I'm so jealous of you

Oh you are so lucky, I wanna be you,
Oh you are so lucky, I wish it was me
me that he could see
me that he could feel
me that he could kiss
oh only me

I wanna be you, oh I'm so jealous of you
Coz you can have him near while I can only stare
And those moments that you two would share
I wanna feel them too under pale moonlight

Oh I wanna be you, I wanna be just like you
Oh I wanna be you, I'm so jealous of you

1804*C^T

catty Alonzo

What A Shame...

I just can't seem to sleep when I am inside of you,
Kept floating into never-ending dreams and in perpetual bareness with my own
solitude, but with you alone still I can dream, can't I?

For so many times I've tried to loosen up but how can really my soul escape this
body when on this realm of ours I only existed because of you.

To no where these desires might lead but what can I do, the more I wanted to
stop thinking of you the further you mature inside me that I myself can no longer
bare to resist it.

When will a no ending ends? When will it reach its limits?
I don't know what words I should best say here for right of this moment you are
the one I am thinking of when I am writing this so-called poem.

Haha isn't it crazy.....

1804*

catt

catty Alonzo

While You'Re Sleeping

You are lying there and I am here in a world
I dared not to invite you in.

You are closing your eyes while my eye lids
are not dropping down.

Your unconsciousness freed me while my
consciousness eats me.

All the sighs are mine alone to keep while
a breathing coming in and out is yours in
your sleep.

Your sleeping image suddenly dawns
upon me like a ray of light that broke
through the clouds.

A shiver down my spine draw my very being,
guilt opened my eyes.

I wish you are the one who is here with me
and not this stranger who is lying on my bed.

catty Alonzo

Within Me

Speak softly like the gentle breeze that
touches the surface of the grass on the hills,

let your words echo unto my ears like the
ebbing waves that longed to kiss the
sands on the shore,

say a word that could penetrate through
the deepest of my heart,

say a word that could lift me up unto
the horizon,

say a word that could console me unto
my solitude and I'll tell you,

unto what way I could ever detach myself
from you when your words are always
making love to me.....

catty Alonzo

Words And Music

With out tussle of words to say,
can I really tell him "I love you"?

With all my might I've been trying
to set free my words to him but
to my apprehension my lips were
withdrawn with shame in time his
means starts to flicker around me.

Oh words of all words that I can
not find to tell him, none is left for
me to do with you except to sing you.

Transmuted words to lyrics now at
last you will be heard into spawn
rhythm of my music.

Although my love hide behinds my
lullaby at night at least its substance
stumbled not when it echoed to his
ears on his sleep.

Oh my words of love, my words of
music, I will keep singing you until
he could not only hear us but feel us
when the sun rises soon in the morning.

catty Alonzo