

Poetry Series

Clifford Villaflores
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Clifford Villaflores()

Who AM I?

WHO ARE YOU?

It matters who we are

I'm a MAN in EVOLUTION

Imperfect & changing

Wounded & reaching

Yet never giving up

EVOLVING

IN metamorphosis

Flowing like a poem.

LIFE. Oh what is Life?

MY LIFE.

It has been a daily struggle, of ups and downs and highs and lows. Each new day brings forth new experiences and lessons. Each living soul I meet brings forth friendship and new learnings while each new trial tempers my spirit to be a better man.

Like all living beings, I have been judged so many times. I have fallen and will continue to fall as long as I live but I'll continually stand up to pick up the broken fragments. Like a jar molded by a skillful potter from a clay, I am an ornament of life who serves as an inspiration to some people. Like a torch that fills the dim room, I illuminate for my family so they will have light in the dark.

Though not all days are bed of roses, there are many dark times that I was wrestling with the shadows-of fear, anxiety and imperfections. Yes, each day is a struggle, a fierce struggle to become a better man like a butterfly struggling in a cocoon-in metamorphosis.

Like the dawning of the sun, I always believe there's hope as I reach out and look above acknowledging my weaknesses and in FAITH that I cannot stand alone without HIM. That I am nothing too without HIM.

Like a melodious song that inspires me and awaken my passion to love, humming tunes of life reminding me that I was born to love you-a woman, a very special love. If we try to listen to each melody, it would serve as an inspiration, reminding me that I am not alone.

I am not alone. My FAMILY is the core of my being.

All that happens in my life is translated into POETRY.

And more than any melodious song is my passion to read and write poetry. It inflames my senses and keeps me attuned and grounded to life-that I am a human being with feelings.

Lastly, I envision someday that there will stand a place known as The Inspirational Cliff. A haven of inspiration for the rich and poor that would transcend all race, creed and religion. A place one can uncover the masks of life and act without pretenses and inhibition. A place of hope for the down trodden and depressed in life.

...my story goes on

'...Forget Me Not'

In a crossroad of LIFE
Several roads intertwined
Strangers here and everywhere
Seemed unfamiliar, no one to care.

Slowly mingling out of the blue
In dark shadows BEHIND the mist
Different people coming out
SOME ARE FICTITIOUS WITHOUT A DOUBT.

A few can be likened to clones
While some are acting like drones
Many can be considered as NICE
Simply for real, flavored like spice.

These are the people we always meet
At work or in the busy street
We stop by to smile and say HELLO
To talk further and ask "How do you do? "

Over and over as time goes by
Faces and names may be forgotten
But endearing moments live on
In our minds imprinted & NEVER GONE.

FORGET ME NOT, FORGET ME NOT
We should learn to treasure people
More than any like a church steeple
And always remember them as time flies

Whether flying in an airplane
Or sailing in whatever ship
Driving in a car, hearing a song
SIMPLY FORGET ME NOT, YOU CANT GO WRONG.

Clifford Villaflores

Blissful Death

Trekking the painful way to Calvary,
Carrying the Cross in agony,
5466 wounds in the body
Face disfigured and bloody.
Bending, scorching, falling
The Savior continued enduring
Amidst mockery and deception,
Following his destined Mission.

Hanging, bleeding atop of the cross
That sins maybe forgiven and lost.
The nails and lance tore his body
Then the clouds darkened and turned foggy.
Fulfilling the prophecy of his Passion
That a Savior would free a nation
That through dying comes Man's salvation
And in death cometh Resurrection.

Clifford Villaflores

Breaking Point

We all have our breaking point
But brother, what did you do?
You have to rid those blues
Then I saw a man on the cross
He was bleeding with no shoes
Christ conquered his breaking point
And was hammered in the joint
Yet, he never, ever gave up
In his last breath, he fixed the gap

What about you?
What did you do?

Do you run or make a stand?

Just like the miracle man
Who once walked the land.

Clifford Villaflores

Broken Strings, Twisted Wings

From afar I see fire burning
of rage, anger and jealousy
Wrecking was the name of the game
Gone haywire and havoc untamed.

I see structures destroyed and gone
MUSIC and collections all burned
All crushed and DESTROYED to pieces
Nothing left, no broken traces.

I see bridges and roads vanished
The glitters all gone now tarnished
The wings clipped and broken too
The sky is dark turned gray and blue.

I just stood there and watched
THERE WAS NOTHING I CAN DO
For a while I paused and pondered
Can nothing be done, I wondered???

For some people who don't seem to care
The signs are seen all over
And chaos reigned when not sober
Hearts turned cold like frozen river.

Was it really a NIGHTMARE?
For a past beautiful to stare
What on earth could have been the cause?
THE TIE THAT BINDS WAS SIMPLY LOST.

As scattered and broken pieces lay
What else can a being do?
When the WHIMS of others take control
Who would likely take the fall?

(Clifforce Poetics 2011)

'Childhood Memories Of My Uncle'

Childhood Memories of My Uncle

(In Memory of Danilo V. Panuncillo
1961-2011)

I was always in for a BIG TREAT,
As we walked down the busy street
Movies and food trips here and there
Stuffs we loved with my brother
It all seemed like Vanity Fair.

I remember special moments too
Of how he has helped my father and kins
In times when clouds become gray and blue
Somebody that you can lean on to.

We sometimes pause for a good book
An inspiring one as I looked
Og Mandino was the writer
"The Greatest Salesman in the World"
A novel for a prize fighter
As I read from cover to cover,
I WONDER, "WHEN IS THE STORY OVER? "

As I reminisced those moments
I feel emptiness within my core
Grief hidden, I looked at the score.
Where art thou, My Teacher?
And the advices from the Preacher
I could no longer feel and hear.
He has taken his last breath
And the words of life flashed in his death:

"There is no better thing than adversity
Each misfortune you encounter will carry
The seed of tomorrow's good luck." (Og Mandino)

That is how I'll remember him
A light shines even if the path is dim.

I asked again, IS THE STORY OVER, BOSS?
I held the book, the pages I tossed,
The answer was there, I wasn't LOST:

"Welcome every morning with a smile
Look on the new day as another mile
From your CREATOR up above.
Another golden opportunity to complete
what you were unable to finish yesterday....."

Rest in Peace Uncle Danny.

Clifford Villaflores

Christmas On Earth

What's Christmas in Heaven like?
I'm sure its fun and of gaiety
A splendid sight that shines brightly
With things in order moving rightly.

No pain, simply no suffering
In there love is an offering
Can we be there too?
Here on earth we feel so blue

On Christmas, the land is adorned
With a spectacle of lights like morn
The SHOWROOM is decorated in plenty
But the STOCKROOM seems empty.

Each day we search for meaning
The quest seemed unending
We try to reach each other's life
But our effort often lead to strife

As we try to touch and reach out
Hand to hand trying not to pout
To all our loved ones whose dear
For each of them is worth a tear

Yes, a tear of love so divine
So precious and one of a kind
No marks of distinctions and lines
Rids the gap of yours and mine

This season as we all gather
Let's bind the INDIFFERENCE towards another
Oh, So many times we feel alone
Can we simply break our HEARTS OF STONE?

As I think of my family
As all people on earth do
And pray that they will love me
And never disown me too.

We are all like the Wisemen from the East
Looking everywhere and afar
Travelers on Earth seeking the star
Its just within us, it aint far.

Let us try not to shed more tears
And set aside all our fears
For our souls will never be at rest
If we fail to do the test!

Yes, its Christmas here on Earth
So Ive heard the carolers sing
Peace, goodwill and blessings
And glad tidings we'll bring.

Clifford Villaflores

Colors Of Life

Life is painted in colors
You see green, white and blue
There's orange and yellow too
But red and white dominates
In every good act there's white
In every bad deed, red bites.

If you smile and tickle me,
what kind of color do you see?
If you bad mouthed and prick me,
What hue is painted on the wall?
Or would you help me when I FALL?
Life is full of colors we all can paint
Why not play fair with colored daint.

Clifford Villaflores

Daily Alphabet Of Life

Daily Alphabet of Life

A ccept people for who they are
B elieve you can reach the stars
C ourage amidst all the fear
D evotion for God is near
E mpathy for the broken hearted
F eeling great just to hit the pot
G ivers gain a whole lot
H earts on, hands on, minds on
I ntensify your commitment
J ust say it and do it well.
K eep your promises always
L ive each day as if its your last
M ake the most of your time
N ever ever leave your slime
O rganize and plan things ahead
P rocrastination isnt good
Q uit not and take off the hood
R emember from dust you came from
S ing a love song to somebody
T ee off the day positively
U ntie the knot of bitterness
V enture into sweetness
W in-win in all dealings
X ray and examine oneself
Y earn and value one's life
Z estfully avoid strife.

clifforce poetics

Clifford Villaflores

December Birthdays....The Best

December Birthdays...The BEST
by Cliff Force Villaflores

Lights all glowing, trees decorating
The merry and festive atmosphere
The Christmas songs, the carolers singing
The exchanging gifts, the joy they bring.

The advent wreaths, the tall Christmas trees
The merry makings and the cool breeze
The colored lanterns and blinking lights
And the STAR, its a wonderful sight!

The Angels and poinsettia they abound
The bells and the hymns, oh what a sound!
The HO HO HO's and all the laughter
The thirty one days just seemed brighter.

Its the month of wrapping and giving
Oh, thank you Jolly St. Nicholas
And the three wise men bearing gifts
All for JESUS, the healer of rifts.

Since the first day of December
I celebrated mine on that day
Each thirty one days is worth the play
Celebrated in a unique way.

CHEERS TO ALL DECEMBER CELEBRANTS
TO MY FAMILY, FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES
NOT FORGETTING WHAT'S THE SEASON FOR
ALL FOR JESUS AND KIDS KNOCKING ON THE DOOR! ! !

(IF YOU'RE A DECEMBER CELEBRANT THEN THIS POEM IS FOR YOU TOO)

Friendship

Friendship

Friendship is like a plant that grows
You nurture from seed
It blooms and shows
You water it with tender loving care
You talk to it in each moment you spare
Neglecting it may cut like a knife
Oh please don't be naïve to one
A friend needs another like the sun
Life is too short for indifference
If FRIENDSHIP is not your point of reference,
How would you be able to show your humanity
And water the seeds of care and unity?

Clifforce Poetics

Clifford Villaflores

Goodbye My Dog My Friend

The empty room I now stare
The silence I cannot bear
The once deafening bark
The paws lost in the mark.

The howl that greets me everyday
The wagging tail that meets my way
The joyous runs here and there
The leaps and fun everywhere.

The constant jog in the park
The feast of dog food and the pat
The walk to the vet and the mat
The ride in the car where you sat.

The weekly baths where you chill
As water cleanses and fill
The bath soap that you don't like
Washing dirt after each hike.

The shaking hands that pleases us
The hide and seek that turned to bust
The daily jumps to and fro
The garbage sneak seen all through.

THEN YOU GOT SO SICK ONE DAY
IT JUST CAME ALL OF A SUDDEN
WHEN YOUR SMALL HEART STOPPED BEATING
HOURS LATER YOU CEASED BREATHING.

The spark in your eyes was gone
As we arrived late one night
You just lay stiff in my sight
In one dreary and sad night.

Tears fell in my eyes like rain
I just couldn't bear the pain
My senses seemed all crushed
And system felt like all mashed.

For minutes, I was so stunned
The once playful dog now gone
Eyes closed I couldn't help but sigh
I cried and cried...I just cried.

Past midnight I got a shovel
I dug amidst the rain and cold
Sweat, tears and rain mixed all over
A night that's hard to be sober.

As I bid one last goodbye
To Caisey, my friend and pet
Ever loyal and loving
You're simply worth cherishing.

(Clifforce Poetics/August 24, 2011)

Clifford Villaflores

Graduation Day

Four years may seem a fleeting moment
Leading towards a Commencement
Of highs, onwards to a new degree
Of lows to friends, a parting sorrow.

Moments endearing spent in school
Homeworks, thesis becoming a tool
Knowledge and learning- food for the soul
As graduation becomes a goal.

Looking back the early Freshman year
Made each classmate and friend so dear
Period of adjustment oh so hard
Oh, how College caught many off guard.

Then came Sophomore and Junior years
Drove so many several fears
Requirements of PASSING piling up
Doubling one's time, fixing the gap.

Then came SENIOR year, the FINAL stop
Practicum here and there, moving on
Seeing the light as the tunnel shone
Clearances accomplished now all gone.

Now as individuals marched and watched
I just can't help but shed a tear
Of moments spent in ups and downs
Of mixed emotions in getting the CROWN.

Congratulations.

(March 2011, Clifforce Poetics/Dedicated to the Department of Hospitality
Management Graduating Class of 2011)

Clifford Villaflores

I Am A Leader

I am great and bold
Never quitting
I have the heart of gold
I lead by example
I show what to do
I empower people to be a TEAM
And make them realize
To follow their dream.

Clifford Villaflores

My Prayer

My Prayer

As I cry out in deep pain
Let not my prayers be in vain
To you I shout from afar
As I uncover my scar

Oh Great and Immortal One
Whose face shines brightly as the sun
Your heart is full of compassion
My prayer, a contemplation.

Father, son and Holy Ghost
Make my body as your Host
Temper my spirit free from sin
In all my struggles guide me to win

Gold and jewels I do not ask
Material things will come to pass
Good health, wisdom and tranquility
Would be just enough for me

When I die, I don't want to be blue
Bring my family near you too
Make us all ready when the time comes
Make me humble and meek like a lamb.

Written March 1997

Clifford Villaflores

The Candle

I see a candle burning
It glows, its light is shining
It illuminates the room
It takes away darkness' gloom.

I see a candle burning
Its spark fills a dim place
It is warm, I feel its heat
My eyes I gaze as I sit.

Flickering on a gloomy day
Kindling...Shining...burning hay
We are the candle of life
Flickering amidst the strife.

I see a candle burning
I began to ponder
If the light stops glowing
Would one stop hoping?

Can a candle light up forever?
If the flicker of light dims,
Can a soul remember,
The good, the laughter and whims?

I see a candle burning
I hope you see it too
For it shines in me and you
I see a candle burning
A light not colored blue.

Clifford Villaflores

The Eyes

They say it's the window of the soul.
It tells and reveal the real you
Whether your sad, happy or blue
You cant fake it, you cant hide
Specially when you speak of lies
For it shows deep within your eyes.

Clifford Villaflores

Wagging Tail

...WAGGLING TAIL

Indeed they are man's best friend.
A companion around the bend
Never changing amidst the trend
Indeed they are truly Godsent.

Always eager to see their masters
Towards you they ran faster
Manifested in the wagging of tails
Greeting people, dogs never fail.

They don't BITE even if you scold them
They never 'JUDGE' human beings
All the good they are worth seeing
And they would defend you like kings.

Over the years until their death
They would never change unlike us
When we sometimes fail our friends
But dogs seldom make amends.

(CAV)
CLIFFORCE POETICS

Clifford Villaflores

Wings Of The Heart

Wings of the Heart
Heart of the Wings

Wandering over hills and river
Amidst summer and winter
Flying through rain and mist
Embracing nature like French kiss.

It hovered and looked around
Then it suddenly came along
For awhile it was lost then found
Deep within, happiness abound.

The wings flapped in endless fashion
The heart beating in mixed passion
Looking at the flowers in void space
Moving up and down in a maze.

Wings soaring, heart palpitating
Reaching out and falling down
Picking up the crushed pieces
Mending up the broken traces

If a heart can fly so high
I'll freely and gladly let it be
Ill keep it beating for love
Soaring high and flying above.

The flight it seemed like a scribble
Like notes and poems written clearly
Making waves like water ripple
Of music in fashion classic.

For real or even in a mirage
Wanting to believe as such
A heart beating for the world
Wings flying like a humming chord.

(Clifforce Poetics, July 2011)

Poetry in a rhyme
That never ages in time.

Clifford Villaflores