

Poetry Series

Cristone Benavente
- poems -

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Cristone Benavente(June 18,1987)

A Broken China

i mustn't remain a broken china
for I will end up in the dumps

Not everyone picks up
shattered glasses and teacups

Lest they will get hurt and cut
and or clutter their messy lives

Though sometimes there's sanctity
in the broken that I further seek

That is the wisdom of knowing
one's value of love and courage

To myself, the strong virtues of
Self-worth and self-respect

That all in all claims and redefines
the essence of being whole again-

Cristone Benavente

A Chase

Time rolls like a boulder from a mountain peak
And if I just stall and watch, it'll crush my bones
My body is restless, my mind passing out
Just to take strides towards the promises of LIFE.

Run, run and run some more!
Until I chase my dreams no more
Until I reach and seize the glory of each day!

How great it would be to not worry
about when time catches up on me?
How great it could be to freeze the seconds
to indulge myself a bit of peace and some good rest?

Cristone Benavente

A Song For Maya

Maya I hear the caged birds sing
Now, one on my window sill
And one in me, composing, singing,
pouring his tears on this song.

Poetry has lost another of its author!
And its whole world shall pause
to say sweet prayers and our
bland good-byes, bitter sorrows.

Farewell Maya!
I see you spread your wings
Of radiance, of light, of hope
Gently floating up the ceiling
I've never seen before

Your verses, your thoughts,
Your dreams for the world
Are like these holy feathers
Pulled by gravity towards the earth

Resting in every heart
Every soul you have touched
I, may not be as close to you as any kin,
Not your lover nor your friend,

But to me you are!
Let me look up one last time
and may this song reach you there
In a world stretching far beyond here

Maya, farewell!

Cristone Benavente

A Summer Night Dream

Woke up sweating and wishing to go back to the dream
Where my eyes sinned from the fiery lust that kept pulling me in...

'Twas yond the woods I cannot forget
I found myself lost in its wilderness.
The grass, the leaves and the summer breeze
Touched my skin with such subtle caress;
The sheltered crickets and the rustling boughs
Serenaded me after the vocals of some nocturnal fowls;
The stars above and the dancing fireflies
Spun me under the bosom of the dark stars-spangled skies.

And then I walked more and more
On this eerie yet magical promenade
As I brushed my hands through the surreal enchanting displays
My eyes landed on a creature most beautifully made.

I hid behind the first bush I saw
To feast my eyes with flesh so raw.
How godly and mighty those sinews are
Moonlight-bathed skin beaming like a star!
Those limbs and chest of zealous strength
My heart leapt and raced by heaps of length.
This sensation my body was radiating
Such hungry madness, so enticing!
Strong electric ecstatic pulse
Like how a drop makes a thousand ripples
On a quiet placid pond that was already tasting It.
Oh, how i swear i envied the water kissing It every bit!

However I sufficed myself with my own bite on my lips
And hungry nibbling on my quivering fingertips.

Once upon a summer night I dreamt.

Woke up sweating and wishing to go back to the dream
Where my eyes sinned from the fiery lust that kept pulling me in...

Adieu

Now I can just remember when you said you love me before
No matter how you try to say you still do
it has been long gone my love
gone for a while even before I finally realized.
My dear we promised we would be honest to each other
Say even the words we hate or fear to hear.
But why do you keep saying you love me only when i ask?
I know words mean bare and nothing to you
It is the actions that you care about.
My love the coldness in your eyes every time you look at me
makes me want to sneeze and that bland voice out of your mouth
has become like any other sounds that two empty bottles can make,
and what is the force you are wearing that repels anything i do and give back to
my clueless stupid self?
They aren't just my imagination and paranoia right?
I should have learned sooner that my lips you used to kiss, the eyes that once
captivated you, the embrace that you would tuck yourself into
are all long gone-not needed, unwanted, unloved.
Honey, I never stopped loving you until it finally did
when it found itself no longer trapped in this maze you made to hide the bitter
truth
finally free from this madness of love unrequited.
Love, I am helping you now to not feel sorry nor burden yourself with guilt.
This I offer you, my acceptance...
Now, I give both of us our freedom...
Let's both be free again to set sail on a voyage fora new love.
Adieu, my love, goodbye...

Cristone Benavente

Beach

Sylphian breeze toying my hair,
never-ending canticles of folks or
perhaps mermaiden hymns
some warmth and some lamenting
I stand solitary, soul dreamy
akin to a desolate island yearning to be found,
akin to rolling waves' hunger for the shore
sands of time will devour me soon enough,
the wind of oblivion will too have its share,
and the billows of death will mercilessly ebb
my footsteps away
down the abysmal depth of the underworld

Cristone Benavente

Before You Speak

I believe in proper education as much as I believe
in the grace of peace and love
for it is tact and knows how to patiently wait,
respect and understand-
Thus, I fear ignorance
because it does not think at all
and just spawns fire-spitting dragons
in every innocent land-

Cristone Benavente

Chances You Never Sought

As you start losing your youth
And hair turns grey, skin wrinkly old
You lose the strength that keeps your soul ahold
You sink eyes shut but mind afloat
With fond memories you once lost for the lies
That you have thought your only choice
And further and further you are pulled under
By your yesteryears' guilt and remorse
Might as well be succumbed in such dark sullen repose
Together with the chances you never sought

Cristone Benavente

Childish

You say I'm childish-

when i told you I got hurt the first time your mouth gave me a curse
I was dumbfounded even by another goddamn profane slur.
There's not even a tinge of holding back and or thinking
whether how i would feel about you desecrating.
Now, let me phrase to you the pain
the moment my respect turned into disdain.

It hurt like an innocent child got bitten by a seemingly beautiful creature
of vibrant scales, hue-filled eyes and graceful slithery nature,
which he thought wouldn't bite at all, but to his awe,
charged violently with terrors around its open jaw.
Your words hurt more as if they're plunged deeper deeper and locked on
with life-sucking venom coursing through blood, veins, bones and so on,
lethally burning my inside. The feeling I suddenly recalled from when i was
young-
the taste of a shot of my daddy's moonshine i thought would make me strong.
It scorched my tongue and down the throat and yes, childishly crying
because I thought i swallowed an ember blazing
from my mouth to my chest. I thought I caught fire in a moment
and then again you didn't stop there, never wasted a moment.
You just had to be certain it is a sure kill for me.
You let loose your bullets of screw you's angrily,
like a series of fires from a steadfast machine gun.
You pulverized me well until I was left with none.
And, I thought it would never end, even beyond my wishful 'please stop here'
somehow you heard me or might as well have read my fear...
Yet you grinned and teeth to grenade pins, you made them land at me.
You blasted and burnt me again. But, this time, with your 'leave me! '
That final blow was when I knew the war was over.
It sure got me mangled and dead spot on right after.
I heard peace in a way it shouldn't be heard-
Your resonating words vanished, nothing, not a word.
Everything was silenced by the fact that indeed It is over.
But you know I didn't want it to be over.
Thus, even in this empty space and static noises surrounding me,
God knows how I still tried to mumble words for the last time, remember?
Still clinging onto that friendship we used to have, real and young as ever.

I said sorry like murmurs from subtle and earnest supplications,
but, like prayers in battlefields- got devoured by the sound of firing ammunitions
and sad echoes of poor souls' raw and tragic cries
that never reached their homes nor their waiting allies.

I cared and tried to salvage every bit of our friendship
and you say I'm emotional and
childish.

Cristone Benavente

Clouds

Even clouds,
lofty, pure and divine,

darken and cry.
Yet, unlike sadness,

vanish in the clear blue skies
after their very last drop.

Cristone Benavente

Cold

Well, like some folks say,
After summer, winter came.'
But soon someday, oneday...
Again, rekindling its flame.

Cristone Benavente

Dew Drops

Dew drop pearls in the early morn
Girdled boughs,
A poet's poem-
Beauty perching on spring's newborn.

Cristone Benavente

Early Morning Train

Erstwhile friend,
a shadow or a ghost,
breath against dewy panes
tinted glass
a poet's thought-
ardent hope,
sunrise rose
and butterflies.

Cristone Benavente

First Thought

First thought of you in the morning used to send me a jolt that makes
both side of my lips stretch up. And now,
first thought of you sends a quiver to my limestone-brittle heart
that partly crumbles from the flashback of your smiles;
that partly cries; that slowly dies...

Cristone Benavente

Gods

When you start showing care
Some people question it and some even deride.
Now I know why some humanity lost and died-
They played heartless in this world where
A lot of people love playing gods!

Cristone Benavente

Home

in bird's eye-view, the city looks
like scattered gems at a dark velvet night;
beds of lush greens at broad daylight.
this is home for me, ah, truly mine
oh! sweet pearl of the orient,
where nature fresh and magnificent.

Cristone Benavente

I Am Missing You

When the sky darkens and clouds shroud above
concealing the sun's rays of light, warmth and love,
I am missing you.

When the raindrops fall and bathe the world
and bless its chill to every tree, home and household,
I am missing you.

When the tempest howls a mournful song
that enters stoned walls and even this heart so strong,
I am missing you.

When the room sighs and breathes back the memory
of how ardent the solace around your arms used to be,
I am missing you.

When I draw my hope, my mirth on the window pane
as I idly watch it blur and fade in the rain,
I am missing you.

And when the rain remains or runs out today
may it be a summer, winter or autumn away,
I will still be missing you.

Cristone Benavente

I Have Dreamt Over And Over Again

I have dreamt over and over again
to find you flying together by my side
in that floating wonderland
where rainbows and unicorns reside
and where winged creatures
from fairies to butterflies
have sought shelter in that paradise.

I have dreamt over and over again
as we swim across those seas
of jubilant mermaids and mermen,
the dolphins and the whales
and all the colorful creatures that radiate around us
in a twister of love and fun.

I have dreamt over and over again
to find you waking up next to me
either in a our cabin bed or Caribbean
yet every night as every backdrop change
from starry skies to silent gardens
from jungle adventures to visiting aliens
no matter how time and space swivel and warp
i still pop, loom without you by my side

i guess even Morpheus nor the angels can do nothing
when it comes to this love slowly fading...

It is at night where the heart slumbers
and it is when the heart wonders...

My heart has dreamt over and over again
to find you blurring out at the lake where it all began...

Cristone Benavente

I Shall Find You

In the middle of turmoil and terrors of wars,
Screams pervade each place with just a word-
Help- amidst rallying gunshots and bombs' explosive roars.
With my unyielding will and unsheathed sword
Peace I shall find you!

Under mountains of death-infested ruins and rubbles
Every torn wall, shattered window, broken home,
Burnt bridge, rotten government and festive shambles
May my earnest supplications fill this smoke-covered dome.
Hope I shall find you!

Through the monsters and fiends unleashed by hell's gate
I saw how mankind morphed into something Gehennic?
Lo! Cold watchful demonic eyes on children's budding fate
While their fangs half-buried into my bleeding neck.
Courage I shall find you!

Beneath this perdition slowly devouring nations,
Western churches, , Arabian mosques, Eastern temples,
Withering hands, fading prayers, drowning conscience.
From this scarce breath I'll sing with the angels,
Faith I shall find you!

Between every hatred, every evil, every piercing curse,
Whereupon foes are still foes, yet, turned friends against friends,
And to my heart's regret, brothers against brothers.
Should my life offer the grace of forgiveness and amends,
Love I shall find you!

Beyond the stretching battles for love and peace
Where souls have lost their hope, faith and courage,
May this song reach and rest like a gentle kiss,
On every one's heart, and, be a proverbial message-
Mirth We shall find you!

Cristone Benavente

Last Spring

I took this photo when our love was still in bloom,
But how fast the breeze carries seasons,
how fast the sky changes the faces of the moon,
Sultry summer kisses to ardent winter spoons
And now it seems like autumn...
Just one afternoon
I saw love sweep me off in a swoon
Just One afternoon,
I have just fallen out of love so soon.

Cristone Benavente

Melancholy

The sullen gale blows there the dell
Whilst of despair there looms the sun
Lo! yonder these cold bars of cell
Yearning is the soul of this man!

Cristone Benavente

Mirror Breaking

When growth of doubt graces swiftly the timescape,
In the mirror flash faces mocking and folks laughing.
Confidence shrunk and seer like raisins in the mighty sun,
Spirit fizzles like pearl-dew-drops in the vast golden ocean of sands.
i count in the mirror how many curls and grey my hair holds,
I pinch and hold my nose aquiline,
I press my cheeks thin and firm,
I bite my lips inside and teeth clenched...
curse my difference to the world!
Reflection teary, weary, shaky, fading...
Oh, poor sanctuary of this soul!
And, enough for my opening salvo!
now, let the rock requiem wail and sound
Like a million crowd I shall sing
Like the tempest I shall dance
to the heavy beat and choric danger,
I'll shatter the mirror, shake the earth!
and with my very scream, shall silence these sinister voices between my ears
now and for all eternity!

Cristone Benavente

No Eulogy

Yonder lies a man, a brother, a friend, a father, a son
whose soul flickering like dying little sun
amidst the eclectic mob of murmuring prayers
exuding hopes desperate, angry and strong
for a miracle only God may bestow
upon his life-impeded suffering soul.
And from the first heaven where they have touched
comes this ineluctable ghastly death plunge.
Death's gravity pull!
Their pleas shall surely fall
ripping the wings of these supplications
sings down one final choric baritone
of wailing griefs and rumbling sorrows.
To you my brother, I opted to shut them all
my sight, my ears, my heart
for me not to see nor feel the frantic madness
in every of your loved ones' eyes and cries
that your agonizing eternal sleep shall bring.
I might just as well dwell and live
here on this other end far across your orient seas
silently weeping and lamenting
as everyday i become one with day end silence
and soon sure enough
will your death be buried
under piles of sedulous dillydallying
under the bustling city noises
under genuine requited emotions
under my own adventures and battles
under the ironic mysteries of our omniscient lives!
Be entombed deep deep down these catacombs
of forgotten memories and
horrors.

Cristone Benavente

Not Long Ago

Not long ago I have forsaken this love of mine,
I have effaced its ubiquity and has turned blind.
But just when i thought I had forgotten you this time,
You came running down this empty halls of my mind
Breathlessly racing my heartbeat to the finish line.
Will there ever be an end and put this all behind?
Now, my hand is searching for my glass of wine...

Cristone Benavente

Nothingness

Flesh marked and pierced,
blood thin of booze,
lungs smothered,
brain doped,
fornicate,
broken,
lost,
...nothingness

Cristone Benavente

Ode To Mama, Ode To The Past

Suddenly thoughts of my mama rose,
her stories before bedtime
both silly and mind-bending
that my brothers, sister and I would love
to giggle at, oh her crinkled nose!

Back when we were still young
the ABC's, the numbers
and trivia she'd test us with; and,
the nursery songs wherein now the words faded
but not the hymn and warmth of her song,

Works every time like an earworm
during some quite time
of reminiscence and yearning of
those years gone by
in a room at home away from home-

I shall remember counting those lizards
on the frames of our ceilingless roof
(through an old mosquito net)
devouring moths around that faint light bulb-

I shall remember that spaceless feeling
of sleeping crowdedly packed in a big bamboo bed
with my mama, papa, sister and brothers'
limbs tied to one another in that bond called love-

I shall remember the feeling of poverty
when we needed no more than anything
than each other smiles and bursting laughs,
actually 'each other' would suffice-

Cristone Benavente

Of Verses And Of Ink

Of verses and of ink,
Pours and fills pleated fibres
of pages sullen or blunt
with every emotion flowing.
From heart to pen
with every stroke of love and agony;
script of mirth; pause of uncertainties;
punctuation of life battles; crosses of regrets...
conceives and births
a tale transiently inked on pages often ignored;
however, once read
shan't perish, and shall defy time
In minds of the deeming,
In hearts of so humble, and
In souls divine.

Cristone Benavente

One Afternoon

one afternoon, i tried to take another stop
aside from my typical home and work
my feet led me to a park i often ignored
let my wilting bones just fall like a withered leaf to the ground.
my back softly pressed against this grass carpeted soil
its idyllic scent taking me back
to the plains and fields i was born and raised,
i once surveyed, i once wandered
catching dragonflies with bare hands
chasing childhood friends in a game of tag
flying kites underneath the blue sky, and,
playing in the monsoon rain
ruling the childish kingdom we have built
bursting in innocent laughters
dripping in sweat
reeking of the sun and the Earth
living
eternity-

and as i squint my weary eyes against the warmth sunlight
a mirage of photon-like things perform an ensemble-
all glittering
all dancing in random motions
swiftly moving
swiftly changing to pieces of memories
making me think of how my life spins now
forever busy and restless earning pennies
and seeming recognition from the world
under the galaxy of sharp eyes swirling around me
all which made me forget the beauty and joy of living
just under these clouds and the sky
in harmony with the gentle wind, steadfast trees,
calm waters and jubilant robins.

Cristone Benavente

Resilience

When folks throw you sticks and stones,
Dodge yet get hit some!
Resilience! You learn to build stronger bones!
When love breaks and bleeds your heart out,
Weep a little and clench your pain!
Resilience! You grow your heart brave and stout!
When Life bombards you fights and foes,
Be on your feet and dance with your sword!
Resilience! You reward yourself with brighter morrows!

Cristone Benavente

Rest

City noises,
wind seeping through the gaps of the windows,
the clock on its monotone,
ticking and dripping from the tap
I count as they hit the metal sink,
heart throbbing and breath deep and long
blowing from the nostrils,
melancholic symphony pervading this emptiness,
I hear a violin caterwaul.
and silence,
a sad yet soothing one,
embracing me.
such sweet caress as my eyes and bones surrender
to gravity's sweet repose.

Cristone Benavente

Resting Butterfly

These thoughts rested in my mind like a tired butterfly:
must someone be dead to be celebrated and venerated?
Must someone cease to exist to see his worth and be appreciated?
Must death come first for fame and glory to multiply?
Why should everything be lost before we start reckoning its cost
...and just like that they begin to fly at my unsettling sigh.

Cristone Benavente

Something Like A Catharsis

I know I may be illogical sometimes
especially when superfluous emotions start to well out of my heart.
I become romantic, ecstatic, doubtful, cynic, less esteemed, sensitive,
vulnerable...
...like a child full of joyful dreams from the all day's play;
unwavering hopes from that small pure soul gleaming in his eyes;
that sweet gift of innocence he majestically holds-
...yet like a child, i cry as soon as pain from bumps, scrapes and cuts
leave a sting in my youthful naive heart
and forever daunted as failure, fear and sorrow anchor themselves in my ocean
of time- and yet, I am no longer a child.

I know I can no longer be a child so I set sail again and again for that voyage of
love
whenever I see bright blue skies filled and pressed with clouds ethereal
after a heavenly warfare of lightning and tempest.
Yes, I try over and over and yet again I sail back to the same spot of that sea
drenched in my own tears, silent, forlorn, forced-content in that lonely zen.
My soul, like a sailor, has full of adventures to tell but my heart slumbers
under these waters abysmal, frigid, oblivious-

This sailor has had his fair share of frolicking he deems easy to reach-
Of booze, of frantic nights wasted in the streets, of dancing and singing
to loud beats and screaming as a ritual for that one time therapeutic sex,
of shopping bags from here to there
and even of silent sanctuaries of cafés, lakes and hills-
This sailor's insatiable craving just never ends! Empty!
Love and only love surely is the cure
But he is a kid who also dreads shots and pills,
he is a junkie who just can't get enough,
he is a dummy stuck in this lethargic flow of knowledge and wisdom,
and above all, he is a man
who fears the essence of being human-

Enough of the sailor metaphor when clearly you know it is me all along.
...so let me purge this recent sorrow and regret I got from the moment
I played oracle and tactician which eventually
resulted to deleting You on that list.

Yes, you who meant nothing but like any other coincidental random someone in

my life that I eyed for that night when I had my heart and life bleeding from a fresh breakup. And the jest and sly thoughts my mind toyed made my fingers gently travel to those parts you are sensitive about, followed by my hungry arms sizing your fiddle-like body up, my nose next to your nape and hair bathed in last night's fun, i knew you heard every inhale and exhale i made like i was sniffing a scent so fragrant the first time...and you halted me when I was about to turn to that sexual beast drowned in the frenzy of tasting and devouring you.

And that was all right, I guessed...because you knocked some sense into me. So same bed, same sheets, same darkness and air we shared.

I knew each brain cel in both of our heads were busy analysing, reckoning, nerds overthinking, as our hearts would race each other to the ends of the world and just fall.. And i guess I was a better runner after all. I fell first.

That other gemini came out of me singing songs of love everyday, writing love poems at night... As usual I couldn't stop until I get reminded again what hurt and sadness are all about...

I realised that I have my life and dream to build now and I see the future brightly.

My love has grown dangerously now that both I might consume and squander to naught from every crazy thought of you. I love you a lot now that it hurts so much too. I climbed the temples, burnt incenses, tossed coins to altars and idols and you were there in every intention my heart prayed for alongside with myself, family and friends. So I know you will be better, you will be happy if not with me at least with reasons greater than me. It hurts but I have started to open my hands to let go and soon I hope my heart does so.

Your friend told me you hate me and you don't want to see me ever again.

It is fine. I understand because your hate doesn't amount to the hate I have for myself now.

I have to be a man and take responsibility of the consequences of everything i do and say. I am on a bus trip home while scribbling this poem. As I am taken back to reality, may I find peace in the midst of busy work schedules, social life and especially in those quiet times in between...

I will leave the sequel of our whirlwind love story now to any gods there be.

Surely, I will be better and sane the moment you tell you felt the same thing about that memory of once upon a night i put your head to rest on my arm while i was not wondering of anything about what you were

wondering. Importantly, it just felt good and it just felt right. And that is all there is to it. For now, good-bye.

Space Between

You stay there and I stay here.
There's no need to close the space between.
You go forth and I go back.
Go find your future while I go find my yester life.
You turn right and I turn left
On this forked road of two separate hearts
I hope you shine brightly on daylight
While I bathe in tranquil moonlight-

Cristone Benavente

Stencil Page

Where are you this grey morning skies?
Are you behind these dark grey silhouettes
Of buildings and mountains stretching all around me?
Why did you leave me a stencil page of you
On my my pillow with your head mark etched
And your scent, too, etched in my head?
I may make copies of you in the same bed;
However, will still long for that only piece
Out of this stencil page-
For no one will ever fit that space perfectly the same again
Than the outline of your body, my love,
And of course your loving face...

Cristone Benavente

The Adventurer

Who says I need a splendid manse
when I know I'll stay in every bivouac in
Germany, England and or France?
Who says I need a fancy car
when I know I opt to tread and feel
every footstep no matter how far?
Guess what hefty price I'll pay or might try?
A vast piece of land!
To lay all the fun adventures with me
on the day that I die.

Cristone Benavente

The Eastern Dragon

From dust to steel and concrete cities they rise
As day by day they grow and evolve their statures
Waving their red flag so high and proud
On a pedestal made of stolen lands and trampled lives.

Power has indeed poisoned and tainted the heart of this humble dragon
Which was once simple, once joyful, once kind-

Oh dragon of the eastern land!
You've shed your skin and scales and grew spikes on your tail
You've grown lethal fangs and evil wings as well
Your eyes have turned red as the blood on your sharp claws
Your heart and stomach full of food, oil, and treasure golds!

The folks tremble and brand you monster!
But with such fear you thought will bend our knees,
will shake our courage, and bow our heads down to your tyranny,
We soon shall gather a billion strong
Lashing out our ardent rage and urge
Burning you down back to your ground you really own.

Cristone Benavente

The Sky

Yonder lies the firmament azure and light
with clouds like powder tossed in still time and space.
What peace does this ethereal canvass hold!
a stare at the lofty grandeur of simple blue and white
makes my body float and soar
as if pulling me higher and closer
and one snap of a moment, I understand more now:
how beautiful the sky is in its bluest blue
and clouds when only few-

Cristone Benavente

Thoughts Under The Sequoia Tree

it doesn't matter how many of its leaves fall,
it still adorns its boughs with more.

it doesn't matter how many storms try to make it bow and bend down,
it still stands tall and clings firm on its ground.

it doesn't matter how alone and lonely it stands,
it still keeps nesting wild sparrows in its motherly arms.

it doesn't matter how hot the sun burn through its time,
it still remembers to look up and worship the Great One above.

...thoughts under the sequoia tree...

Cristone Benavente

Under The Spotlight

In my head I stage a soliloquy
before my eyes fall and eyes shut
of either fun and tedious memory
experience I've had and have not.
And then I bow and wish myself good night
as sleep sinks deeper on my own spotlight.

Cristone Benavente

Until I Am Found A Poet

until I am found a poet...
until I find a soul
that peruses my verses
one who cares not about meters,
styles, rhymes and assonance
one who will deem me worthy
to look at and understand
as if reading my soul
like as if written by
thine own heart, mind and hands.
I shall live on
with this hope, this dream
to wait for the moment
i will no longer wait again.

Cristone Benavente

Until Now

Until now I still hold the thought
of having that one special moment
that makes waking up every morning
much easier and lighter and
be a thing most looked forward to
for then I halt and hold the thought no more
but its mere flesh and bones,
the warmth that ignites soul to soul
and love's rolling heartbeats
against each other's chest wall.
...until now...

Cristone Benavente

Waiting

Waiting...

Just tell me you will come
And I will just be here penning verses and rhymes
Maybe about this bench, streets, the sky
Or anything just to let idle time pass by
And I will wait till I see, hear or feel the first sign
Of you'mid the the waves and tides of busy pedestrians.

Waiting...

At least show me even a bit of your intention
That I can hold onto and hope for
While I can still sing songs about sunshine and blue skies
As this sea of people dries up
Under these darkening clouds and this rustling bough above.

Waiting.

you are still coming right?
Still no word from you even then and now.
Though my heart foolishly dreams on,
I should prob'ly be up on my feet and get going
And leave for home the soonest before it starts raining.

Cristone Benavente

Ways Of Death

Shall death strike me like a bullet through my temple,
pierce my flesh and heart with its blades,
mangle and crush my bones beneath its weight,
poison or corrupt my health with it's vile,
or simply open up the earth and make my grave?
shall it creep and stalk me like a beast on its prey,
push me down deep crevices and ravines,
or pull and drown me under any of these abysmal seas?

Cristone Benavente

Weal

We're all flowers in this garden of life
fairly vivid, fairly peculiar
but it is those drops of resilience,
sedulous sweat and teary sacrifice
that birth this mighty brilliance
of water, earth, air and light.

Cristone Benavente

When A Poet Love-Scorned

Many a folk have suffered from heartbreaks and heartaches
Some cope with the pain with pride and chivalry
While some like babies' bitter crying
Over a wet sullied floor of spilt soup bowl.

As a poet which I'd love to think I be
I'm not exempted to love's sentimental agony
I love and get hurt, learn and love then hurt agin
'Tis like a vile euphoric curse of affection-rejection.

A decade-long of resemblant plights
of loving and not being loved or haply being left
I have learnt and sculpted the art of forgetting
And going forth to my odd emotional healing.

Aa a poet I raze one's very existence, heart and mind,
By condemning and hating everything he is
I write him livid metaphors, similes and hyperboles
Just to make forgetting, though hard, swift and easy

An angel, I can sever its wings and feathers
And make a decent pillow for pigs and cattle.
A genius r a saint, I can paint him into a clown
Coated with eggs and tomatoes and atrocious blasphemies

Once sweet words and face can rot and be acrid
And from there fumes and rises hell's fury
Demon head, phoenix wings, serpent tails,
Dragon talons, reverberating caterwauls 'n' wails

Let my heart brew the mightiest storms
Let my heart havoc the greatest war against reasons
For soon the breeze and streams sound a gentle heartbeat
And that silence and peace in blood and rotten meat

But You! I could try to forget but I could never do
This aching poet cannot think ill of you
So I will just live on, hungry for tomorrows
And rejoice until there's just memory of you and the sorrows.

Cristone Benavente

Wide Awake

these nights have been so selfish to me, so cruel
sleepless eyes, dreams deprived
mind awake of thoughts swirling in a downward spiral
a maelstrom storming round and round
there's anger and sadness battling
there's desperation and remorse sinking slowly
to the depths of the void
ephemeral chunks of hope and elation floating
yet soon be swallowed fast
like a shark on its prey
turmoil on every peace there is
screams on silent prayers
the vicious dark space on my existence
am afraid and half surrendered
to the terrors of what seems to be there
when eyes are open not when closed
these things i think, feel and see
these living phantasms
these which they called to be the darkness of reality.

Cristone Benavente