

Poetry Series

**Dona Jean**  
**- poems -**

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# A Broken Lovelace

The time and memories we built is fleeting,  
Being hurt by you is all I'm feeling.  
I am broken, I want to avenge by killing.  
But I not stupid to commit murder to nothing.

So much love and care I gave to you is trash,  
I waste my time and breath, if only you're a crush.  
Thought you're a gift from above so I opened the sash,  
Realized, I received garbage, now throw exchange for a cash.

From that treasure now a broken Lovelace,  
Were not attach so I have now my space.  
You don't have my attention, I have myself to face.  
I will decipher you and without a trace.

I never regret however I feel sorry,  
Fall in loved though the distance I don't worry.  
That I trust and said the words I can't carry;  
I thought you would love it, now I'm mes'ry.

Sorry I fall to someone like you,  
Please disappear and out of the blue  
And this broken Lovelace will heal without you;  
Now its a goodbye my sunset althrough.

Dona Jean

# A Deprived Child

Is it a roar either a shout?  
That's what I heard which is about to tell how.

Have you heard a child cryin'before?  
Do you understand how did they cry?  
Not a baby but a mere child, dear child  
Sweet innocent angel has been deprived.  
In so many ways neglected and locked;  
Four walls of emptiness live within  
House and school the everyday routine.

Did you have fun when you play around?  
Jolly melody of laughter worth a pound  
Children play together in school or park;  
Chasing a dog and received his bark.  
How's the feeling when you're together with friends?  
Is it worth the time you spend?  
Do you love take some photos and keep a moment?  
People or things around to treasure that meant.

Have you ever dream to bath under the sun in the ocean?  
Running wild - chasing waves like newly hatched bird?  
Climb on the mountains or swim in a river to mellow?  
Buy a red balloon and let it go with the wind?  
Sing or dance with grace if I want to.  
Soaked under the rain and feel the cool breeze?  
Have you ever went on a party and got home at dawn?  
Playing prank with fellow age for fun?  
Do you have any dream such wild like this?  
I do but this has long been gone to waste.

You have a mother, brother, sister or father,  
Whom do I have? Nobody but me.  
I have a father - a kind of wicked, treacherous and drunk  
What will you feel when you're scolded and called skunk?  
I'm beaten, slave and pest he call;  
Why in the world Oh! God this way I fall?  
No hands to hold and hug me tight  
To ease this ache and burden alight.

Have you ever been to hug or  
Been appreciated for awhile doing enough?  
Have you ever felt to be needed before?  
In a house where you live and care for?  
The house called home, in an arms  
Did you receive a smile from someone to cheer you up?  
Someone who always their by your side  
Up or down?

How many questions I already laid?  
So hard for me to answer my energy drain.

I study hard, got honors and best grades;  
Follow his instructions very well he said.  
No friends, no play, no mess but school to home  
Fifteen years of misery alone.

On stage received my honors and awards none around  
What a shame my teacher acts as my mom;  
I must be a happy but all things turn empty  
Whom I can share this achievements then?  
A feeling no one to turn to, feel death.  
A deep wounded soul crave a thing;  
A little priceless thing called hug.  
To comfort a sorrow I want to unplug.  
You? Have you ever felt this touch?  
If you did, thank God to had so much  
Cause I never did once feel it before  
Essence of hug to my being to my core.

One Friday night at home  
I about to sleep, my father arrived drunk  
He slammed the door hard, he always did  
He shout my name, I rush down stairs  
His face gruesome I can't atone.  
I smell disaster tonight I mourn  
He smells alcohol, sweat and smoke.  
He everyday wear as his cloak  
I found him unbuckling his belt  
He hiss and utter a curse but - Bam! I felt  
The whip of his belt on my skin draw blight

If you're in my place you want to fight.

I cried and called him out to stop  
"Don't cry", he said and hit again.  
"A man never cries, if you cry you're weak.  
You're ain't a man after all";  
One whip turns to another makes me sick.  
So I don't cry like he said that I am a man, I recall.  
He sleeps, eat then come or go  
Since I am the man turns a woman around the house though.

I sat in a dark corner and felt the tears running  
I am beaten and tired of living  
I am numb and bodies aching  
I heard a sob, a groan and whimper  
I feel a throb and hot liquid on my face  
As I touch, then in front of my eyes  
A blood, my red red blood  
How this way I suffer? I wonder time flies

Can anybody lend me a hug? To ease?  
To set my aching heart at peace.  
I cried more but realize he might hear me.  
Afraid to be whipped again, so I cried sullenly.

Silently I pray but one person comes on my mind.  
Mom, where is my mom?  
How can she leave me here and this way?  
Did she long for me or misses me?  
Did she look for me or know my name?  
Or she's one of the reason I'm having this pain?  
Ahh! Mom! my mom I miss that I can't have.  
Nor feel your touch and a very tight hug.  
Neither hears your voice in one of my darkest night.  
Or send me to bed before I sleep  
And sing me a lullaby in my thoughts I can keep.  
That your hug warmth the soul of my being  
Thou enlighten me heart to something.

I often pray but a goodnight;  
I neve' had a goodnight sleep since  
I felt the whip and beaten, I wince.

A second option. Yes! I can run to the ends of the earth  
Far from his callous hand  
Leave my father, away from his treachery  
Doing things what I want and need  
Find a work and let myself to feed

My father whose nothing but drunkard and useless  
Would you still live a life which is lifeless?  
Me a scholar to study and prove I can  
Doing all the things he said which are not;  
To prove him that I am a man.  
He work but what he work?  
A garbage man that can't feed me or himself?  
Do we have a right to deprive anyone?  
You even as a father to his son?  
But is it wise to depart or shall I remain?  
To suffer hunger, abused and nothing to gain?  
Or I can look deep inside beyond of my pain  
I can hold dearly to that something;  
I want to attain.

I can hate him if I want to;  
In all the things he done cannot compare  
Throughout this year's `til now I bear  
'Cause even my bones tremble when I saw him  
Yet I can't hate I've known to my heart  
No peace on my sleep if I did  
My atmosphere of isolation a few seconds at night  
Cause I still love him because his my dad.  
My blood, my flesh even though his bad

Would you say that my choice is wrong?  
Still love him and stay along?

Who knows a life from present to future?  
Do you know a life since then you were born?  
Or what a life could it be to live?

How would you react a life like this?  
Will you understand? Of course you are;  
Cause you are a human.

It's all a matter of choice to decide  
To know the answer in such question reside.  
I pour my heartfelt in this piece of art  
To lighten my dourness heart.  
While I have no one to turn to but this piece of paper;  
So fragile yet so strong when you know how to use to  
Though cut and crumpled are still the same  
Nevertheless when you burn, end of the game.

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Dona Jean

# A Drean Ain'T Come True

I pray,  
I'm guide in your way.  
I wish,  
Ain't me diminish.  
I dream,  
Were together when you're in the deem.  
I wish I can draw,  
In a paper like you.  
I wish I could be a cloud,  
A cloud who touches the mountains mound.  
I wish I could be a star,  
A star cannot be reach from a far.  
I wish I could be a thunder,  
A thunder whose anger is so danger.  
I wish I could be a wind,  
Dancing in airy sky within.  
A serenity night full moon,  
Like a cadena de amor praying for more to bloom.  
A heavy melancholy rain,  
Crying teas of never ending pain.  
I wish I'm the one who can wipe your tears,  
So I may take thou bestow your fears.  
This impossible dream to be true,  
From girlhood 'til now dreaming like Cinderella glass shoe.

Dona Jean

# A New Day

Twinkle and open two mini eyes,  
Another day gone and time flies.  
May other not awake for their soul cries,  
Draw a silent prayer to God and smile.

To children another day to play,  
To laborers another heavy and schedule day,  
To doctors another patient to care,  
To chef another menu to prepare,  
To teacher a new lesson to teach,  
To priest another good words to preach,  
To policeman who guard-safe everyone,  
To scientist another invention to prove he can,  
Today many new babies were born,  
Bring happiness to such parents forlorn.  
To angels another day to guard,  
To gamblers-spent money for a card,  
To artist another meaningful day to paint,  
To hopeless asking courage like a saint,  
To a shopper another clothes and shoes to buy,  
Don't you know lots of children cannot eat and die?  
To a prisoner another day to repent,  
To a lovers another sweet moment to spent,  
To a blessed one offer his wealth even a cent,  
To an accountant another money to sum-up,  
To a businessman another day to invest,  
To a writer another subject to write,  
To an actress another day to entertain,  
To a heart broken another day to cry in pain,  
To a banker another money to keep,  
To an old one's who often sound asleep,  
To beggars another day to ask alms,  
To those contented are silent and calm,  
Everyone have different purpose and obligation,  
How can we start a day of action?  
Maybe to others don't believe in God,  
I don't want to argue and make you mad.  
A believer or an aethiest do exist,  
But this new day is my gift that I won't miss,

Let's share a day of promises and smile,  
To lighten our day and make us agile.

How to start a new and meaningful day?  
One thing for sure-my habit is to pray.

Dona Jean

# A Promise To Keep

I'm always wondering why?  
Always together my pen paper and I.  
Now I know who they are to me.  
My forever companion, so very handy.

My pen and paper who understand me more.  
Both know me outside to core.  
They sacrifice they're importance in my behalf.  
So I made a poem, my lovely craft.

My pen never complain what I want to write,  
Also my paper fill her pages by meaningful insight.  
So Aenodj promise to stand and soar,  
'We'll reach the success and never live you on the floor.'  
This promise I will keep in my heart.  
Both of you in me shall never depart.  
Yes, I have friends but can't stay forever.  
I can't even stay to my family as I getting older.  
And I don't even have someone to call 'My own'.  
So my pen and paper, you're my confidante and home.

Dona Jean

# A Writer

I love poems which give a glee,  
So I write this poem to thee;  
For I can't explain emotions  
Don't know the poem proportions.

As the poem know my desire  
Words telling and people inspire;  
Poems distinguish interpretation  
As to individual passion.

Poems who understand;  
Thy mournful lament song  
Thou the Western summer could.  
Who world remember it long?

Thy every dream dwelt and pass,  
But the poem I wrote wouldn't fade  
For the writes disappear;  
Poems remain a decade.

Dona Jean

# An Angel

Angel is what I call  
A special person that I've make me fall;  
Just like 'Sent from above',  
Teaching me how to love.  
I never thought it would be you;  
'Cause there is a lot of them like you...

You mean so mush to me,  
That I need you so desperately.  
I can't even resist those smile,  
After seeing you once in a while...  
Things can turn out all right,  
Having you always in my sight.

I don't have any words to say  
When you're coming on my way.  
You make me mental block  
But you're good as my luck...  
I'll walk through heaven,  
Using the inspiration you have given.

Letting you go is the hardest thing,  
For a person I felt inlove within.  
I have to continue life on a steam  
To find my angel of my dream.

Dona Jean

# Another Ashes

We were fine, good and happy  
but suddenly it went gloomy  
It's allergic, it had rashes  
all burned down and became ashes.

I was captured then, I was hooked  
In the smiles on the picture we took  
I burned it behind the bushes  
It deserved to turn to ashes.

I love yous in the love letter  
Those sweetness now makes me bitter  
Maybe I should call them now trashes  
Or I'll fire them up 'til ashes.

I cry over the silent night  
I hug my pillows so tight  
all the tears that wet my lashes  
How stupid it all went to ashes.

Dona Jean

# Ashes

Oh! life has been a burden  
without an inspiration;  
The days you like to fasten  
won't wait for continuation.

A moment changed everything  
a man you never expect;  
You'd never thought of falling  
upon your heart made from wreck.

He seemed to care about you  
oh! but if he only seemed  
He looked understanding too  
Wash flows away when he gleamed.

But stop there open you eyes  
pack up and leave thy gleamland;  
Your mind plays you with lies  
the ashes you made from sand.

Dona Jean

# At The Garden Of Love

Flowers dancing in the air then bloom,  
Under the sun in many colors in June  
Arrange by different flowers type  
Red, yellow, even blue in stripe.

Humming bees breath, laid and stroll,  
Flower to flower, from big to small;  
But little did you know about 'tis garden?  
Made from the passion in love is given.

Of a lonely broken heart isn't healed,  
Vulnerable to love without a shield  
Too peaceful and gay this garden should;  
The grandness due when winter stood.

Likeness to love it does change  
Hurt inside been locked the cage.  
The flowers growth at freshness start  
Deformed in second space, do time depart.

In silken petals dried the angelic touch  
Couldn't broke the chain on garden attach,  
Garden of flowers among one is rare  
A bloody red with thorns she bare.

The gardener picked and named her rose,  
So humble but dangerous a reason they're close  
While she picked her hand in bleed  
Same of the heart who throb but dead.

Dee day, No other flower implant at the garden  
All in a row of rose in place are even  
Fiery red thus true love pair  
Every thing change, she now old at the garden she care;  
Yet can't unleash the love in her garden air.

Dona Jean

# Being The Best

Being the best that I can be,  
I choose rightly what is right for me;  
In every way I made  
I do my best, take the risk and stake.

At the time of trouble I never stop,  
I try and try to reach the top  
When I fall down  
I'll rise again for my crown.

Never stop believe in yourself,  
Also to the Almighty Himself  
Being the best is a journey,  
For me, you and everybody.  
Let's face the eminent challenges,  
Today, tomorrow we'll savor the success.  
Remember, success were not for pleasure;  
But to share, endure the life of joy.

Dona Jean

# Bellisima's Ambivalence

I was in loved with you at that day,  
With my love and pride you stole it away,  
Though I give everything,  
You feed me lies and pain.

You told me I'm your bellissima,  
I'm an idiot-blind of your charisma,  
Sweet words tongue you speak,  
Promises flew dry by ages.

Thousand times I detest you,  
Which thousand times I'm deadly alive,  
Since the last rain cry at dawn,  
'Til the sun kiss the ocean floor.

My anguish lash the pious,  
A last confession to who's O!  
My farewell to false love,  
In my sullen art lines of love.

Beneath the vales, thou love of woe,  
My hate and abhorrence remain to you,  
Cause you bring curse mark in me,  
So I give you anathemize life for free.

Dona Jean

# Butterfly

Along the meadows there you are,  
Fly so freely and beautiful from afar.  
Fly with the wind then dance with the grass,  
My dear butterfly so calm never rush.

I count one, two, three; you hop on me;  
I tried to catch you but fly too fast,  
The colorful wings made you pretty,  
Your signature no stain like a glass.

My dear butterfly beautiful to see but hard to catch,  
Not aware how wondrous you are but got that much.  
Your no compare to other my dear,  
Too small yet too strong to fight your own fear.

Dona Jean

# Christmas Is Near

'Ber' month has started-Christmas near,  
In our hearts one of many things we dear.  
A lovely chant and songs outside we hear,  
So lively and happy you sang along to cheer.  
Lanterns hang out the window full of sheer,  
Also the bright one star afar shiny clear.  
Let's fill our hearts of gladness never fear,  
Share of happiness and wipe that tear.  
Filipino Christmas happens once a year,  
This month of December always at the rear.  
Many things to prepare to put on some gear,  
Spread the joy and harmony before it disappear.  
A Merry Christmas, let's shout them loud and clear! ! ! 1

Dona Jean

## Dear Friend

I read your words- -the tears just come,  
I stare at the page- -my body is numb.

I feel your pain like it was my own,  
My heart sank in my stomach like a stone.

I'm wishing I could span the miles,  
To wipe your tears and bring your smiles.

I'd hold you close and hug you tight,  
Making promises that all things will be right.

Our friendship so important to me,  
I truly hope it's plain to see.

I wish from worried your heart was freed,  
You know I'll give whatever you need.

Dona Jean

# Farewell Past Legolas

It seemed time come unto me,  
When blossoms grow at mount Sinai.  
Wave light it hurt death bed She lie  
Farewell past Legolas  
Poison curse of the past.

Betrayed suffer in hunger prest,  
Gracias! Legolas of love and time.  
Only two things prayed sublime;  
Farewell past Legolas  
Poison curse of the past.

Dona Jean

# Honesty

Honesty is true.  
Honesty will never lie to you;  
As it fear God,  
Bring smiles, joy and glad.  
Honesty is pure,  
Like medicine do a cure.  
Honesty is clear,  
The heart in God's he fear.  
Honesty is just.  
Honesty comfort.  
Honesty is fair.  
Honesty do care.  
Honesty is contented.  
Honesty bring peace.  
Honesty is humble.  
Honesty is upright.  
Honesty forgive.  
Honesty individual possess;  
Honesty bring smile not depress.  
When was the time you tell yourself you're true?  
Don't fool out on anyone or they will do the same on you.

Dona Jean

# Jenny's Mr. Cupid

Mr. Cupid it's not the time,  
This fragile heart must know to rhyme;  
It's not prepared to be stolen,  
Though it was afraid to be broken.

Mr. Cupid, you must find the guy,  
Who's love for me will never die.  
Shoot him with your playful arrow,  
So he'll love me like no tomorrow.

Dona Jean

# Lament Of Repentance

Lament songs of repentance  
Beg for another chance  
Agony, pride that substance  
The body design-resemblance.

Signatures of failures in the past  
Won't be long and won't be last  
Forgive and forget is a must  
But experience isn't cast.

Whisper of wind came  
Cry of sky the same  
Endure the pain of game  
Since the season being name.

Heartache, mistakes nor a false  
Lest deterioration and frustration  
Asking forgiveness to action  
Farewell for OI sleep now forever.

Dona Jean

# Limitless

To He create the world thou beseech of king,  
The love, honor thus virtue it bring,  
Across islands all heart breathless sing;  
Though mortals nor angels are being,  
Sprawling, crawling organisms be living.

June borne beau affirmed below,  
Anonymous theodicy this fallacy undue,  
Base conformity to true estate whose two,  
Denied or affirmed the taking do grow;  
Assert logic, ignore issue of one makes value.

Mathematicians, inventions, music exist,  
The rose indemand limitless couldn't resist,  
Surrogate soul unfeed lunatic trust;  
Aflaw in window blessings acure,  
Battle ranges thou suffer to endure.

Can't decide the future ahead,  
Even experts-fortune teller did,  
Wondering how, why then may?  
Of the untold future they do say,  
The dearest heart earnestly pray,  
Enlight the hearts n' mind so,  
The unfathomable love out flow.

Dona Jean

# Love Game

Book of life had not been closed,  
At corner in silence repeat and pause  
Reminiscence the mem'ries of life  
Time makes grey, golden and ripe.

A soulful song I strum my guitar  
A lovely melody you would love to listen  
This song filled of memories I buried-  
In cemetery I burned and burried so hidden.

Scars were not yet healed  
Hate and anger thy heat it filled.  
Song played on and on about pain  
Now the tears of cry no doubt but vain.

A stupid fool she was to love ad care so much  
You're a beautiful butterfly newly hatch  
Just their to love and fall but no one to catch  
Thus the time goes I learned from this match.

Now I will draw mt game and plat it well.  
I will be the master in where you dwell  
No truth, strings attach and trust to build  
In this love game we play in time reveal.

Dona Jean

# My Morning Star

There's a morning star called sun  
That I named after my Sean  
A bliss, a gift best ever he done.  
The two born alone and alone in time  
My orbit bound around that sun  
Many stars fall but you the only one  
This universe I revolve, named Sean  
But why in the morning you shine alone?  
Such a fairy star I will put rhythm and tone  
Bright ray of lights, jolly and tender touch  
So humble and gentle mt sun you have so much  
You're an inspiration everyday I wake up  
A new day to face my gift in wrap  
My day Seanshine in the end Seanset  
Unto-my dreams you never left  
My morning star, I love you before you set;  
Until you shine before me next.  
Cause a day without you is gloom  
The reason I don't want to pair with moon  
So dark and lonely without tune  
I love when you rise always for me  
No other Sean from West I see  
But only you-my sunshine give me a glee.

Dona Jean

# My Supermom

The best? Your true superhero?  
let's go down the street find and search!  
Can't discover anywhere yet other ask or pray at church  
This loving mother who could hold you through  
The first teacher to count one, two, three  
Waiting you to say nanay, momma, mommy  
The sweetest doctor ever care  
Her softest touch could move a mountain  
The warmth of her hug most comfort  
Unwavering love cannot distort  
A friend, a sister and mom rolled in one  
Comforter, chef, stewards her duty to sons  
An accountant at home always the best  
Loving her children she never cease  
Her patience, runneth to her cup  
Loving and caring her treasure always on top of her priorities than herself  
Cause this supermom only one in this world  
We blessed to have one the others don't  
Always hug mom, smile with her and say, 'I hear you mom! '  
You my superhero and no other like you;  
A gift from above without price  
The love time, sacrifices, patience, understanding, tenderness, and smile you  
sublime as Christ.

Dona Jean

# Named Paradise

Walking through the moistly ground  
Slowly with the bare foot;  
Glancing at the enormous woods to found,  
Birds making a sound of flute.

Taking the path to nowhere,  
Unblocking the leaves that passes by;  
Follow the light seen somewhere;  
A melody's tune like a lullaby.

The wind that breaks the stillness  
of the leaves that stays calm,  
It kept hanging on the firm branches;  
and swaying sweetly like a purple plum.

'Twas perfectly molded by the creator wise,  
with colorful butterflies and surrounding green,  
It's the perfect home called paradise.

Dona Jean

# One Step

One step, first gaze, one hello, - first we meet,  
All starts in one, me say, "Hi new friend"—feels great;  
Me can't know time flies swiftly in seconds flit,  
Me not believe in luck but God's blessed fate.

A friend dear to heart me treasure hold,  
That first gaze to last breath, my gift sevenfold;  
Memories, joys and smiles are priceless than gold,  
Building memories of friendship which capital and bold;  
Such stories to tell until me get old.

Trouble comes-dear friend stay firm on their ground,  
Shoulder to cry, open arms to hug as true home found.  
Unto me no farewell or goodbye friend exists.  
Surely the name Sean is written in my heart list.  
Near or apart this friendship stood still.

Dona Jean

# Poverty

A dwelling place no where to escape,  
No love arise but corruption and hate.  
The shadow of injustice, hunger and crime;  
Then unemployment every individual mime.  
Get out in this prison were loosing time,  
To dance with tune of life in rhyme.

Curse chain of poverty evil works;  
Indigent, beggars, street people spread in outskirts.  
Living in poverty many grieve and frustrate;  
To be born rich or poor is God's plan and fate,  
But to eradicate this poverty not too late.  
Overcome this challenge since world outdate.

Tears running in poor child's eyes,  
Once innocent now learn how to despise;  
How poverty affect child's dream.  
Commit crime to feed empty stomach they scream!  
Will fall easily if stand at the tip of the beam,  
Unfortunate and illiterate had hope but very slim.

How could authority take part their share?  
Take nations money in the end no one their.  
Cause of selfishness blind, cannot feel care;  
Injustice arise, money runs is that fair?  
Scare of necessities in government we dare,  
We shout aloud to open those ears and be aware.

Unfailing war never stop or cease,  
Population growth rapidly a year increase.  
Accident, death rate never decrease;  
Necessary goods and education has expensive fees.  
How hard life, we Filipino are happy to say cheese!  
Life must go on how difficult this terminal disease.

In poverty no one choose or omit,  
An individual break the cycle it shouldn't repeat.  
Study hard to reach success not compete;  
A word poverty in vocabulary cannot delete,

Draw a path as wide of sixth lane street.  
Bright future ahead against poverty we submit.

Be wise enough to spend money,  
Find a job whose time eight of worthy;  
Already blessed to tame this poverty.  
Others share blessings that are wealthy,  
Money can't give happiness or glory  
Helping others will make you happy.

Dona Jean

# Power Hug

Thud, thud, bang, bang the heart millions beat,  
My heart miss my love I got cold feet  
Looked up-down to sideways I can't see  
Face of my love-smile you looked at me  
Arms opened inside, my home your hug;  
Please hold me tight as your coffee mug  
In a winter cold night warm your body  
Hug comfort my heart Topsy-turvy  
Make it tighter as she get naughty  
My heart is addictive she now dizzy  
On your power tight hug I can't breath;  
Couldn't spell the magic underneath  
Miss you so much I wrote you power hug  
Embrace you in my poem can't unplug  
Thud, thud, the beats goes on without a clog  
My love, my sunshine I need your power tight hug  
Cause this naughty heart beat got a thud.  
Only your power tight hug make her calm;  
Mischiefs, got a hug, she only hum.

Dona Jean

# Precious Gift

Awake early, feel this morning bliss,  
As ocean 'n sun meet on the west;  
This golden gift I receive.  
Praise and glory my God, I blow you a kiss.

My one in sevenfold gift inspires,  
To feel the empty heart huge desire;  
A day of workload but never tires;  
Cause this special someone cares and I admires.

Wide smile paste in my lips;  
My heart prayer to God only I can keep,  
A meaningful day encourages and lifts,  
My inspiration wrap around as my gift.

Dona Jean

# Sacredness Of Marriage

From scratch the passion grows in haste,  
Living-life not knowing day and time do chase.  
Turn at cross roads were steps winding maze;  
Lovers meet-excited face they sparkling gaze.

A promise made differ thy vow;  
The lovers (vow) marriage vow forever not now.  
Best ever happen in life and all;  
First meeting 'till fall, can't remember nor recall.

This moment has come, longer they wait;  
Bells ring, the bride step through the gate.  
Her groom waiting at tabernacle to be her mate;  
Life forever thro eternity where God dictate.

Holding tight, new chapter ahead both vow;  
In sickness, in health and no matter how.  
Both death do apart forever thou;  
Gray hair, skin wrinkles eternal love not just now.

Vow to love no one more that bride;  
Riches or poorer groom always on her side.  
Courage and strength a life to decide;  
Love, trust, respect and faith on God their guide.

Dona Jean

# Silent Love

I do my prayer in a silent close room,  
Only my God and me talks to lighten my gloom.  
Cause a silent close room is my love,  
Loving in silence is all I could have.

Does loving in silence make any sense?  
Is it important in a game which has defense?  
Loving him has a face,  
But this silent love could not be trace.

Should I hide and let it go?  
If I do this my life would stop to flow.  
But if I knew before this shall not grow,  
This silent love who keeps me glow.

Maybe loving you I don't have a right;  
But please tell me to stop and go like a light.  
I will disappear in a silent dark night.  
Though it's very hard I will give it a fight.

Why I am always silent?  
Like my money I often spent.  
Don't I have a freewill to say (what) I like?  
I don't care to others no matter how they dislike.  
This silent love sucks me to death,  
I can't say this to him it kills my breath.

Is any of you could help me?  
Tell me what to do and not to, I'll leave him free.  
This silent love is a madness,  
Don't have right to tell or ask my craziness?  
All I could do is to wait in nothingness,  
But if you feel the same way, that would be the time of my gladness.

Dona Jean

# Simplicity

Finery, dowry, money, gold;  
To women they resembled,  
Dark make-up, hair make over,  
Worldly lures tame to never.

Cautious on flesh unworthy,  
Each hidden simplicity,  
To extraordinary;  
The yonder one who happy.

A few are much confident,  
Share graces and such talent  
Simplicity do not sucks;  
Pretenders left behind mocks.

Dona Jean

# Something Borrowed

We only had borrowed this life.  
A stupid who commit death using a knife.

We only had borrowed this time,  
That we can't flashback nor rewind.

We only had borrowed this body.  
Not to destroy but gift and holy.

We only had borrowed this day.  
New chance and opportunity we do say.

We only had borrowed this talent.  
A gift that heaven sent.

We only had borrowed this knowledge.  
Not to boast, enrich of wisdom not courage.

We only had borrowed this wealth.  
Which is equivalent in our health.

We only had borrowed so many things.  
So no one could live righteous like a king.

Dona Jean

# Sticky Love

N'thing sweeter when the love pure and true,  
Built with trust, respect, faith made by two  
And filled with all the spices of love though blue  
Everyday in love and always will, then-  
never get tired saying 'I love you! '  
To the special one and only love I do.

A gracious and meaningful smile first thing in the morning,  
To know when you wake up, you're in love and being loved makes you sing,  
By unlyrical and toneless love songs were unending  
Hearts keep singing and praising my king  
Named King Sean, the best in me you bring.

Beyond skies when up or down may come,  
Courage and perseverance are sum.  
Waiting patiently to hold you one day set the hearts calm  
A trustworthy love between both palms  
So sweet ans sticky like a bubble gum.

That this sweet love taste heaven on earth  
Sweet, love, care were born with you since birth.  
My love, your name reflects so pure the worth  
Can't define this love I will throw a mirth  
Because my King, my sweet love here on earth.

This sweet love is grateful to my king Sean,  
Though in distant, always inspired I can-  
And the heart smile a mile because my man;  
Believe and proud what I can do and stand  
Gracias! for the time and confidence wand.  
I love you my dearest one and only King!

Dona Jean

# Strong Emotion All I Feel Now

You might be a friend to me at first,  
I never expect you fill this love hunger and thirst,  
It's been so long I never feel this longing exist;  
Out of nowhere you show in my midst.

This feeling so intense I can't control,  
You help to patch up my pieces to be whole.  
The care and friendship I give valor,  
Like a grazing fields where sheep's to pasture.

My contentment and happiness are simple and shallow;  
How could I control this emotion, shall I stop or go?  
I am not sorry if I fall on you,  
You give directions in this life I grow.

This feeling I dear is very hard and strong,  
Right now I nowhere to belong.  
I've been waiting you just come along.  
Do you feel the same or I'm all alone?

I'm a simple girl who's silent and cares,  
Only my pen and paper who understand me, I can't compare.  
I know I had true friends but far with there pair.  
Heaven knows what I feel, He hears my pray'r.

This feeling I feel is only you alone,  
You could be my everything and my home.  
I never lie nor disguise before;  
As I told you my friendship is true and pure.

Should I describe all I feel in this poem?  
Cause all this dream has no face, if only like a coin.  
The days past by, you're already part of me;  
You're my medicine when I'm lonely.

Maybe what I feel is so sudden,  
But God never measure His love but even.  
Like Him I'm always sure.  
Your smile and care in me do cure.

The feeling to be needed on God I ask,  
If not granted I will do my daily task.  
This life has no meaning then;  
If your not in my arms in the end.

Cause loving you worth a thousand sacrifice,  
I promise to love you and no tears in your eyes.  
Yet this feeling scares me now.  
My God of mercy can you please explain to me how?

Dona Jean

# Supermom

Womb, a place you are knit and carried -  
Called a woman, a mother your father married.  
Halfself of your dad, a mother to his child;  
The light of the house amounting love undefiled.  
Patient, loving, understanding, caring, and kind;  
The happiness and goodness for children she all mind  
A comforter, a doctor she always the best,  
Attending the children's need before she rest.  
A teacher, an accountant, a cook, a friend,  
A mother rolled in one unto the end.  
A partner, a wife, your father's apple of the eye,  
The most beautiful woman, a gift from sky.  
Her hug comfort the most could move a mountain;  
The softest, the sweetest love always sustained.  
She knows your pain, desire and need;  
She gave you hope and light your path she lead.  
Those roles mold in one we called mother  
A supermom we love so dear to forever.  
Can't compare to no one or like no other;  
Shall love and respect your mom even she gets older.  
So name your superhero, I have my supermother.

Dona Jean

# Tears Of Cry

A pledge of love cannot measure,  
Raining spears and arrows will endeavor  
Worthy the world I face and prove;  
Here in my heart you can't easily remove.

Ranging pains runs through my heart;  
Because of you I'm pieces and apart'  
This tears of cry, my doubt and pain  
For all this you bring my life in vain.

I give my time, effort faithfully,  
How could you take to hurt me  
You're nothing but selfish  
Neither goodbye nor sorry you say

This thrice years of love blossom;  
A year of happiness but now deform.

Dona Jean

# The Art Of Being You

No lies, pretense or hiding,  
Just a true you as a being  
The curve of your lips, the glint of your eyes  
Fooling to yourself is not very nice.

The art being you, perfectly made  
Made in uniqueness and style you withhold  
Spaces of your fingers, cuticle of your nails,  
The mark of your thumb forever instill.

The tip of your nose, your lashes dark  
The window of your soul a day on spark  
The strand of your hair, from root to tip,  
Shiny black, mild deep.

The way you dress, the way you talk,  
Snappy, agile, demure, shy like a walk.  
That being you is all it counts  
No-dark make-up, expensive clothes amount.

Nothing to prove, nothing to show  
You're like a traffic lights on the go;  
Do not pretend to fit on the club-  
Facing yourself on mirror against the mob.

At mirror echo yourself in many identities,  
Never appreciate who you are in unique qualities  
Seek more worth like others had  
You already had but keep on your wardrobe locked.

Dona Jean

# The Artist In Me

Why does others misunderstood?  
That the poem creations in me seem so good.  
Don't they see my potential?  
With my skills, God made me special.

I hid it like a Christmas gift unopened,  
And like a fruit tree has never ripened.  
I'm a bit afraid what others may see,  
Cause if mistake done and they do bully.

I had loved a person, mother by name,  
She told me to stand out and not to shame.  
That God blessed me with a beautiful talent,  
And let they be jealous, cause this they haven't!

Dona Jean

# The Book

Open me I let you see  
I'm the book you can read  
Wonder knowledge you may get.

I'll tell you many things and information  
I had a lot of description  
I'm the teacher of your teacher  
Without me they are blank slate.

Don't set me aside  
Let me be your guide  
You'd learn a lot when you read  
Skills reality precede.

Take care of me  
As yourself, as clean as you can be.  
If only I had a mouth;  
My mouth where I could shout.  
All I can say  
Just read me in your way.

Dona Jean

# The Feeling To Be Needed

The world so small and flat,  
Searching and dreaming to have this or that?  
The day long due outrun.  
The feeling to be needed by a special one.  
The need of a family is different,  
Likewise, a friend you meet are not accident.

But longing to be need like they need before,  
Thy feel this emptiness of heart and more.  
Overwhelmed to be need such friend;  
But halfself this life can't comprehend.  
A feeling to be needed like air to breath,  
As sun shine above the world in morning breeze.

To be need like any other,  
This feeling is getting stronger.  
Intense to be need by someone who care,  
Could make you smile when he stare.  
The feeling to be needed can't live without,  
Like four directions not complete if theirs no South.

This heartfelt need like water and food,  
Is getting tired and older that can't withstood.  
A feeling to be needed like his life,  
Living together only both to survive.  
A feeling to be needed like a home,  
Either a poor but something you can call 'My own'.

The evidence to be needed,  
His life, air to breath and everything on you he depend.

Dona Jean

# The Feet Where Stand

The shielded egg hatched beautiful art,  
Weather passed, stormy wind blown-grown smart  
Pursue learning confess hidden gift intends  
So alive, triumphal exclude the artist unseen.

Aye! The fools eye vision objects unreal  
Capture the grandeur designed of imitation thrill.  
Famous astute dark subjects tightens illusion;  
Of variety example mirror identity stilled on motion.

The feet where stand unleavened dust sinners haven,  
Magnificent fame nailed purpose the martyrs prayin'  
Wealth dread to loose thus revolved around its circle  
Influence elaborate effects on studio of ancient oracle.

Order, simplicity commission, belief characterize virtue  
Domination, power, honor, fame, wealth anoint actor undue,  
On the stage where the feet stand do chin up-composed.  
Undefined identity sickened path at theater exposed.

Oh! The flesh kiss the dust. Alas! here say;  
Such beautiful art ascends did farewell today  
The actor overlook pleasure rather contentment,  
Much knowledge to selfishness controlled the lovely element.

Dona Jean

# The Little Dew Drop

Little dew drop as the rain stop,  
In a flower I saw you drop.  
Little dew drop cover me up;  
Says the poor leaf that got a blot.

Little dew drop came falling down,  
You don't want to see me frown.  
Little dew drop go settle by,  
When the clouds had stop their cry.

Little dew drop, nest on a leaf,  
And my dear don't you ever riff.  
Little dew drop I see you shine,  
'Cause the suns out, the weathers fine.

Little dew drop you're a diamond,  
You got to be a sparkling almond.  
Little dew drop, you're a pearl,  
Nicely shaped and beauty so rare.

Little dew drop, the wind is here,  
You slide the way down like a tear.  
Little dew drop, please mark my word,  
You're a designed to fit the world.

Another dew drop in early morning,  
In daffodils I saw you resting.  
Another dew drop coming from moist,  
On the leafs tip, you hang in poise.

Another dew drop calm and still,  
I want to know what you feel.  
Little dew drop big enough to see,  
Your size doesn't matter to me.

Dona Jean

# The Pain

Ranging out the screaming pain,  
Poison keep lashing my brain,  
Soul numb unspoken ache,  
Hatred the earth no break.

Cease red-white hatred curse;  
Disgusting immeasurable of yours,  
Psalms of love do pray of souls;  
The world in knee, low head and crawl.

Dona Jean

# The Queue

The sun shall rise at the East of dawn  
Clocks alarm to awake the master  
Prepare to work to proceed after  
Never know time flew and gone.

Busy workers forget itself  
Even eating time, past hours  
Can't manage and clear herself  
Just to finish the job on time.

The day shall start and will end  
Day and day routine you play  
Gone to home and rest in bed  
Closing your eyes-  
felt too tired  
Think and think the day the same  
Too tired to think you fell asleep.

Cause the day shall start and will end;  
Routine each day the same.

Dona Jean

# The Sea

Oh! The sea? On the West lies a sea.  
So warm and peaceful can't you see?  
The sea vast, wide and deep;  
Around the world the travel of a ship.

May the sea high or low tide,  
The roaring waves amounting pride.  
Under the sea many creatures live,  
Small, big, light or heavy are wondrous gift.

Fishes and corals are given for free,  
They live so silent out our glee;  
No one owns a sea;  
All creatures under, live serenity.

The sea where the sun sets,  
A beauty to share then paint,  
The sea is strong won't ever fall;  
If we know how to care could be friend of all.

Dona Jean

# The Sugar On Ice

Aurora sleep a hundred years,  
But my heart cried a million tears  
of a so called love now I fear;  
that I won't hold or touch so dear.

Let's say I'm bitter my sweetness died  
together with my love make me tired.  
I won't expect my heart to fire  
The sugar on ice won't melt its sour.

Pour more ice it gets cold  
Stir, the sugar won't melt that's how it told.  
Time past, sweetness sleep now contained  
A cold snow queen in no time remain,  
Until such time, sugar would melt by another man again.  
I could sing my love song, I refrain  
Let me feel this sugar from my pain.  
Sun rise for me, no more rain.

Dona Jean

# The Unfinished Story

She is a lady and he is a man,  
The hearts beats together, what they feel is one.  
Way back a lady a silent swan,  
The man love the lady best ever he done.

The lady named Care d' Soul,  
Live in the city of Northsky Pole.  
The heart was empty now fairly whole,  
Her passion so ardent she can't control.

Care meet the man at the street of Fate,  
No coincidence not planned clearly state.  
The man named Baron Arrogant, first she hate,  
Now she fall-turning her back is too late.

Care an orphan since was born,  
She live with her Aunt Merrylorn,  
The happiness of her aunt who mourn,  
Who can't bare a child her heat in torn.

Months past their house forfeit by a bank,  
Aunt Merrylorn is sad, Care's heart sank.  
Care's work librarian at the lowest rank,  
Of Northsky Pole which made her lank.

Thrice to double the work to gain money.  
And pay it on the bank left her no penny.  
While on street of Fate she walk slowly,  
She collide on a man who is angry.

Care sorry and admit her fault,  
The man is Arrogant charged her by assault.  
Care was shock but never consult,  
That made Care in return to revolt.

Word clashes no one vowed,  
Care left Arrogant in the mid of crowd.  
Out of anger she mimed but very loud,  
Then she cries-the rain fall from cloud.

Back on Arrogant now speechless and aghast,  
He never encounter an ill-mannered just.  
He's honorable and well-known even if he wear a mask,  
Who in the world that lady, left him in the dust?

to be continued.....

Dona Jean

## Two Ordinary People

Once I thought you seemed so high,  
So high above that birds can't fly.  
In you I thought I was only a dot,  
Like an interesting story without a plot.

Clockwise, the time passes by,  
So fast it seemed a second sigh.  
And I was able to reach high above,  
You lend me wings to fly higher than dove.

Knowing you most had made me feel,  
That you're only ordinary who's talking for real.  
You told me were ordinary people,  
And each of us lives in a life so simple.

Dona Jean

# Unknown

To appear in melancholy night,  
Undisguised in scary twirling light  
Looking upon, you're one goddess of Moabite;  
But the heart suddenly succumb with fright  
'Who are you? ', it asked.  
'An undefined thought.', answered back.  
It show in front of I,  
The burning heart cannot deny;  
Light years now past and gone  
Frame work of hurt left upon.  
Two hearts apart do now,  
Mentally dream fall undefined how.

Dona Jean

# Unleash

Failure of love me the deadline post  
Unleash the passion in no time grows  
No destination of equal path goes-  
The wilderness of love matrix flow.

Set free the love so dear to die  
Cry and time could heal may try  
Undefined how or when completeness fold  
Out of hatred nor bitterness on self to hold.

Zero table of sweetness guaranteed  
Sugar in ice won't melt shall sleep it needs  
Mean to let go meaningless able of sugar used  
String of two tables henceforth we defuse  
Not the friendship called each had choose.

A better choice of silence and privacy may know  
No instant communication only future tell or show  
Time-keeper and I reconcile the missing piece  
A haut-geut called love to his.

At the return new identity yet no change  
Realization shifted on purpose not derange  
However, thanks for the feeling though stress  
This time of setting free so hard to express.

Interval of love shall dissolve unconfused  
in running time I won't regret to choose  
No more sunshine nor sunset word exist,  
Or a man named Sean on the West can't resist  
The promise of love unto last shall sleep  
But he value has power remained too deep  
Unleash float at mutual connection friendship.

Dona Jean

# What You Mean To Me

You're my God unto Me,  
Blood river runs, air breath lungs take;  
Eyes open of least half the cake.  
A gift huge strength You give,  
You true live exist that to believe.

We ask You give more,  
Graces upon nor give rapport  
Sun arise East to light me dark  
Lonely furrows, mem'ries embark.  
Fortune right hand You give  
You true live exist that to believe.

Me love to You no worth,  
Thy bring You pain unending wound  
To Me You cry before,  
Me put You cross to suffer the most.  
Now Me crave You Me to forgive;  
You true live exist that to believe.

You to me God's gift my Mom,  
On that place where I came from.  
He knit Me through Mom womb nine months;  
Means of Love His guidance Me form.  
First gaze to Mom that November I born.  
Love reigns before Me-splendor You be.

Behold Mom next to You,  
Unpainted Love Mom gave Me too;  
Mom loving, selfless then kind,  
At Me back whisper and remind.  
Neither Weather nor Mom love be storm,  
That first gaze to Mom that November I born.

God gave me Mom unquestionable,  
Me treasure His gift forever;  
Mom bestfriend my heart to last.  
Thy patience, humble and more she pass,  
Me nestled her arm Mom greet me morn'

That first gaze to Mom that November I born.

'Til long it last I love Mom Me old,  
Write in letters which capital and bold.  
Somehow my children know story Me told  
This Mom God gave just we meet my coffin cold;  
Not farewell last word heart adorn,  
But the first gaze to Mom that November I born.

You to me God's brother gave,  
Adonis Picturesque, humble then brave;  
A four that I between along each dreams.  
We five row this life strolling streams;  
To face this life scared Me most,  
Each do grow which time wonder lost.

Four brothers differ but common in one  
Proud, selfless the parents pass to sons  
Franz silent, strict, frugal compare to none;  
JR bully, joker love to travel and have fun.  
Two little brothers still naive, young and agile,  
How different but made in uniqueness and style.

Me God You give Father halfself of Mom,  
Meet together until hairs gray  
Me Father known to You loving and kind.  
Me none in this world I could find;  
Father hardworking, selfless and giving,  
The reason Me born on November of living.

Me Father hard, determine and proud;  
Me ostentatious to tell the crowd-  
As You glorious to us but He honorable man.  
Me can't compare and no'ne can  
Me that I grew with moral and ethical values;  
Father taught Me humbly act less.

They are to Me another gift;  
You God of mercy, square friends Me indebted,  
Whose true remain when Me shoulder sag,  
Some left, stay and new had come;  
That Me never expect nor collect but we had fun.

Me bottom heart shout of joy-head low raising this flag.

How lengthen year may pass grow old,  
You God to Me everlasting hold;  
That You true live exist sure told,  
Me life equal to graces receive sevenfold.  
Me Mom, Father, Brothers and True friends,  
Me last breath never tired tellin' Gracias my ends.

In Me heart longed for nothing but praying-  
Gracias of They are to Me my Lord.

Dona Jean

## Who She Misses

"Missing You" the word you wrote  
It reaches to my heart and I double quote.  
Having you everyday in my life no ordinary  
But only your writes that makes me happy  
Can't suppress, the tears just fall  
A wish your hand will wipe this so gentle  
And your arms wide to feel your embrace  
And look at your lovely face;  
Pasting that lovely smile could I borrow?  
And share it with me like no tomorrow!  
Holding your hand while we walk  
In my sweet dreams where I sleepwalk  
My love you dwell within my heart  
Though I cannot touch you, we are apart  
But deep inside I'll never let you go  
Missing you everyday what I have been through  
We can't be together today or a matter of time  
To think you might be mine I rhyme  
That missing you wont be over  
But how sweet you always part of me to never.

Dona Jean

# Womens Best Accessory

My little pouty red lips please smile,  
Your my best fashion who won't run out of style.  
You give comfort where my thoughts million miles.  
That your my best asset and capital, :)

Your smile is priceless than my clothes,  
Has been guaranteed that I impose,  
Woman's best accessory to them I propose;  
A true color like a rose you only shows.

Your a substance that hazardous;  
Sweet like sugar cannot reduce.  
Woman's accessory won't fade but continuous,  
In my face you display, I can't refuse.

To men, you attract them like a bees,  
Women's best accessories in the Orient seas.  
More beautiful than goddess of Greece,  
So be careful now I will paste one of my best accessories,  
This priceless smile always on lease.

Dona Jean

# Your Love

L-O-V-E spells word of love,  
Which D-O-V-E this letters of dove.  
Love symbolize heart never cease;  
Above the earth dove bring forth peace.  
This poem all about love,  
the most powerful up above.

Love is kind.  
Love sometimes can pollute my mind.  
Love is not blind.  
Only lovers can tell and defined.  
Love is peaceful.  
Love is faithful.  
Love is merciful.  
Love is graceful.  
Love is meaningful.  
Love is colorful.  
Love is wonderful.  
Love is beautiful.  
Love is a gift.  
Love is first not the fifth.  
Love is strong.  
Loving someone could never be wrong.  
But loving someone in wrong decision,  
Just like dreaming affection but an illusion.  
Love is real.  
Then love it is what we feel.  
Love encourages.  
To lovers love bloom now day of marriage.  
Love is like a disease.  
It spread so fast that you can never resist.  
Love comfort.  
Love is honest.  
Love is selfless.  
Love know how to sacrifice.  
Love is just and never tell a lies.  
Love never judge.  
How sweet like my choco fudge?  
Love is a giver.

Not a deceiver.  
Lone is happy.  
Love is humility.  
Love is serenity.  
Love is sincerity.  
Love is trust.  
Love is satisfied never feel lust.  
Love is patient.  
Love is thoughtful always meant.  
To others love is deceit.  
As a partner give it a fight.  
Love is magical.  
Brings harmony to all.  
Love is not jealous.  
Indeed love is anxious.  
Love is painful.  
One way I learn now am thankful.  
Love forgive.  
Who often give not expect to receive.  
'Tis love motivates and mold.  
Over this life we behold.  
Love is infinite.  
This close we are love knit.

Dona Jean