

Poetry Series

Estrellita Dedel
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Estrellita Dedel()

A Prose To Night

What could be more spellbinding
than the night that hides
all the imperfections of world?
As fair as death,
it touches the soul,
calms down the inner turbulence....
....and turns us cold.
And what could be lovelier than the moon
that stirs the stronger emotion?
As gentle as a loving mother
who eases the pain.
It listens to all unuttered moans....
....and dries away the eternal rain.

Estrellita Dedel

An Excuse

there are days when things are pouring amidst a long drought
but the pen simply can't even make a word come out
this is what happens when the mind wanders and the eyes dwell
when the ears can't distinguish the sound of a bell

there are days when things crack in dryness amidst pouring rain
but the throat simply can't find the right sound for the pain
this is what happens when mind thinks it's empty yet full
when one feels like nobody learns anything in school

now my hand is perplexed: to hold a pen or a brush?
should i let things sway with the tune of time or just rush?
there are too many things to do but nothing was done
it bothers me to see things end but none was begun

these are the days when my brain tells me what i must do
these are the days when my heart says what it wants to brew
my heart has four chambers but there is only one me
i blame my beating heart for this insufficiency

Estrellita Dedel

Chasing The Red Balloons Of Happiness

chasing the red balloons
in the busy-ness of the day
bumping against the crowd
which tries to steal your happiness away

watching the red balloons fly
right above their heads
watching the balloons scrape the sky
dotting it with spots blood-red

Estrellita Dedel

Colorless Rainbows

mrs. moon stole the pot of gold
when the sky showered the earth with love and wrath.
mrs. moon stole the pot of gold
while the sun was taking its steamy bath.
the rainbows bled their colors
fused into clear air with no strain
so the rainbows lost their colors
and borrowed the clearness of the rain

Estrellita Dedel

Ignoring The Turbulence Of A Beautiful Sunset

i looked through the glass window
the orange sunlight came in
the smoke from the streets was screaming
'i still can do it so i'm not giving in'
t'was a very beautiful sunset
the sky was painted orange-like red
due to the exhaustion of the day
the tired sun must have had bled
but those whose lines of sight were blocked
by the smog and the buildings so tall
those too busy to look up the skies
did not notice the beautiful transition at all
they were too busy moving
making use of everything from natural light
they were too busy fighting
struggling against the coming of the night
but i guess i just felt different
i did not care if was a waste at all
i did not want to miss the beautiful sunset
i watched it fade until the night did fall

Estrellita Dedel

Lady Juggernaut

Lady Juggernaut said she's going home
Along with the tortoise shell shaped like dome
'I have done what needs to be done.', said she
'Now, I have to be where I have to be.'
But I know she lied, I know she lied
The eyes cannot conceal what the lips could hide
In the warmth of her face I could see the snow
I know she knows she got nowhere to go.
And there she is sitting still in a little boat
Watching the ripples as it stayed afloat
She envies the waves which on the shaft did break
She envies the violence which made the little boat shake.

Estrellita Dedel

M

Once there was a moon standing on the horizon - glowing fiery red
The people however wanted it blue - they wanted the moon to fall dead.
Behind the moon's glowing face is a dark and cold cratered crust;
the dusts are not moving tainting it's surface like rust.
But instead of feeling bad, instead of feeling dread,
the moon gracefully swayed, troubling the tides on the earth's bed...
....The moon turned its back and made a sly grin....
And the silliness of the ill-wishers made their nightmares creep into their dreams

Estrellita Dedel

Mr. Barley Oats

Mr. Barley Oats sucked the sweet, sweet sap
from the cane, from the cane
from his throat the sweet, sweet juice
went down the drain, down the drain.

Mr. Barley Oats sucked the sweet, sweet sap
from the cane, from the cane
but the sweet, sweet juice from the sugar stick
just gave him pain, gave him pain

Estrellita Dedel

Once There Was A Nightcrawler

Once there was a nightcrawler
Burrowing, burrowing, burrowing....
One day, it got sick of feeding on the rotten leaves;
the rotten trunks, the rotten flesh.
When it crawled out of the ground,
it saw a caterpillar chewing on a green leaf,
luscious leaf, green and fresh
The crawler was enthralled with what it saw
for the creature on the tree was just like him
elongated body, segmented, soft
'Why does it not burrow but crawl on the tree? '
the nightcrawler asked itself.
And the nightcrawler made up his mind,
'Off to the tree, I'd climb.'
So the nightcrawler tried to crawl,
crawl its way up to the tree
where the caterpillar is,
where it wants to be.
Determination is all the nightcrawler got,
for it has no legs to help itself
find its way through the dry tree bark.
Days and nights passed hastily,
the night crawler thought it is on its way to its destiny.
When it reached the spot where the caterpillar was
it was almost covered with dust
Its will, its spirit somehow made it survive
it really was a miracle it stayed alive
But the caterpillar can no longer be seen
for it already went inside its cocoon
though not used to the sight, the nightcrawler recognized
that an awakening was about to unravel soon.
To the cocoon, the nightcrawler tried to get in
Alas! there was no way for it to fit in
For in a cocoon is where it should not be
But on the ground which gives rest to the tree
Days and days passed and the caterpillar finally crawled out
Winged; it flew away from the tree
The beautiful wings are what the nightcrawler did see
Staring at the empty cocoon on the branch of the tree

The nightcrawler uttered: 'This does not belong to me.'

Estrellita Dedel

Pappepee

Pappepee is a bumble bee
who wants to have a honey tree
why? he simply is a lazy bee!
he flew over the sea
just to find a honey tree
all it can be is the tree to Pappepee.
Pappepee found the tree
the honey tree, the honey tree
now dead tired, he did fall free
and this is what the ants did see
so they all went to Pappepee
devoured him under the honey tree
poor Pappepee, poor Pappepee

Estrellita Dedel

Rest Well, Beloved

Rest well, my beloved
but keep those precious thoughts
I'd also keep them with me
as well as carry the light you've brought
Now your lips which used to be sweet red
turned pale and cold as ice
Though I did not even hear them utter
any word of hate nor lies.
Rest well, my beloved
you have quite a long journey ahead
Now I lay these lovely flowers
carefully on your eternal bed
Your face now as white as a cloud
a countenance of a gentle goodbye
As you lay, let me cry, my beloved
Until the river of sadness dries

Estrellita Dedel

Some Lines Stolen From A Dream

do not stand beside me; you might look into my ear, see my brain and read my thoughts

that is a little too much; you already hear my heartbeat echoing through the walls

through the soft pillows and the clean white sheets

through the sweet morning breeze we both breathe

you are a shadow that follows me in the light of life

overpowering the moon and the stars in the stillness of night

when i gaze at the skies and glance at the hallowed grounds

the visions do not change; it is just you all around

do not stand beside me; you might look into my ear, see my brain and read my thoughts

you'll find out that there is nothing left of me; it's just you that is all

Estrellita Dedel

Talking To A Pillow Inside Room 22

I lay my hands on you; fingers intertwined
as if I am about to utter a prayer
The sky outside is quite blue
but I wish it was a little grayer
Wrapped with disinfected white sheet
you tiny, soft thing yellow
Within your fluffy stuffing
surely are spaces, you surely are hollow
You have witnessed how my muscles twitch
whenever I sleep, whenever I hallucinate
That crazy morphine side effect
is just really hard to eliminate
You've heard my scream, you felt my fear
You heard my heartbeat sound clear
I am grateful you don't deflect
the palpable sensation from one closer than near
As I fall into a deep, deep slumber
you are my sole company
I hope someday you'd learn to sing a song
that you may hum me a melody

Estrellita Dedel

Time Warp

the wind billowed gusts from decades ago
breeze borrowed coolness from a christmas that had passed
the morning stole its existence from a year
from a year which obviously did not last
the silence of the stillness played a familiar melody
brought a familiar feeling despite the isolation
a company in the midst of melancholy
this may be a blissful condemnation

Estrellita Dedel

You Were Loved

you destroyed the universe and got away with it
simply because you were loved
you were permitted to drown the world
because you were loved
you breathed all the air for yourself;
you left everyone breathless anyway
turned the waters into rock beds,
and made the sun belch a purple ray
the show however became too tiring
and the love made the stomachs bloat
in the sea where you were playing
your hidden ugliness did float
so don't complain if now you are loathed
if now your hands and feet are tied
the admiration must have had evaporated
the ebbing passion must have had dried
hush now, you beautiful creature
dry those tears and scream no more
just remember, beautiful creature
you were loved like no one else before

Estrellita Dedel