

Poetry Series

James Callos Jordan
- poems -

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James Callos Jordan(March 10,1987)

A Deafening Whisper

Staring at the children,
Playing blissfully around the Nara tree;
Reminds me of the lost memories,
Of my childhood history.

Eight... nine... ten...
I got lost searching;
It was too dark to find my way back,
I should have listened to what mom said.

Restlessness and fear:
Creeping up on my frail body;
I cry for this trouble to end,
And find a way to be safe again.

A flash of stillness;
My body was paralyzed;
A voice whispered on my ear,
A whisper that shook my soul.

Now I remember once more,
Lying beneath this 6 feet of soil;
How it is to feel,
The loneliness of death.

June 12,2009

James Callos Jordan

A Hearts Sigh

I was staring at our front gate,
I was wishing that you'll arrive;
With all smiles and gleaming eyes,
But you never came; a foolish hope.

August 26,2009

James Callos Jordan

A Peculiar Sunshine

Wake up...
The sun's shining bright.

Good morning!
Did I see you smile?

No?
But I saw you smile.

I made some coffee,
Black, just the way you like it.

I fried some eggs,
but I've burned it.

I'm sorry...
Why are you so silent?

Are you hiding something from me?
Is it a surprise?
Or you did something wrong?
Whatever it is I know I'm ready.

Stop being silent;
Enough already.

I'm talking to you,
Don't treat me like this.

I never treated you like that.
So why are you doing this to me?

I hate you!

You're still quiet...

I'm sorry, I can never be mad at you,

Please forgive me...

Is your silence means yes?
Or maybe a no?

You look quite pale.
I think you need some sunlight.
Come let's jog outside.

Your skin's so cold.
But the sun is so bright.

Come on wake up!
Wake up now!

Please wake up.

Please listen to me.

Please you can't do this to me...

Cause your not dead,
not dead to me...

March 8,2008

James Callos Jordan

A Poet's Birth

A death by a prickly scythe,
Is a birth of a new soul;
Full of enthusiasm.

This child is holding nothing,
But a sharp pen and paper;
And the spirit to express.

He may fall down and be hurt,
By stereotypes and critics;
Whose aim is to pull you down.

But don't be bothered by them,
Nor be shaken with their words;
Instead, write more, prove yourself.

Failures are just obstacles,
That you just ride and get by;
With an optimistic smile.

So for this child I will say,
Go and push yourself forward;
To the extreme direction.

But do always remember,
In writing a great poem;
You must first be the poem.

March 18,2009

James Callos Jordan

A Surreal Murder

I despise this man I see,
So tact, refine and proper;
The way he talks and behaves.

I'm sickened by his actions,
Hate and dark intent flowing;
Inside my hoar frosted veins.

Sadistic visions fill me,
So I just had to do it;
And abolish this being.

Devising my wicked plans,
Honing this rough craggy blade;
Placing myself in deep trance.

Right time right place is in set,
As he walk on this dark street;
Not knowing this viper's plans.

I grab him from his backside,
Slit his throat with enjoyment;
And dispose his remains.

Now I'm the master and lord,
Of this body that we shared;
Now I can be with just me.

March 19,2009

James Callos Jordan

Aligning Of Stars

Tick, tock, tick, tock...
Time's ticking away;
Now becomes the past
Tomorrow's becomes today.

Days drift without notice,
As the wind of time passes;
Actions turn into silent stop,
Everything fixes to a center point.

Silently waiting for that instance,
Where stars align to my sign;
Acknowledging the second,

March 9,2008
Of the day of my birth.

James Callos Jordan

An Empty Shell

How love could deceive people
Makes me feel jittery.

Falling in love with a person
Without spending time together,
Is like eating an ice cream
Without even tasting it.

Ah... A realization popped.
I was stupid and weak.
How could this be even worse?
Yeah I forgot; False Promises.

Well I can't blame anyone
Except for me giving my all;
Trust, understanding, patience
And for her saying "I'm not ready"

A thought of her grinds me
Because I wasted a great dream.
Now I'm just left
With an empty shell.

May 31,2009

James Callos Jordan

An Empty Shell (Alt)

Look into her eyes,
As she schemes on emptiness;
Could you fill it with love?
Could you fill it with hate?

Melancholy; lost in a dark void,
As her presence bring awe;
Could you merge with her?
Could you break her apart?

Sense her lust for identity,
As she search for that bit;
Could you accept her?
Could you understand her?

Loneliness; screaming it all out,
As her inner sanctum crumbles;
Could you help her?
Could you define her?

October 31,2009

James Callos Jordan

Answer No.1

I've read your letter,
And learned a few things;
Of what am I to you,
And what you are to me.

You asked me to wait,
4 years is what you stated;
Don't worry and don't doubt
Just trust me; I'll pull it out

Like Romeo and Juliet,
Yes there will be obstacles;
Yes they may win the battle,
But they'll not win the war.

Now my dear love, Listen to what I say:
I love you, I love you more, I love you most;
Just hold on with my words,
And forever will be yours.

August 21,2009

James Callos Jordan

Assuring And Believing

Our love is tested yet again;
Questioned, criticized and judged.
By people and situations,
Blinded by bigotry.

We're hurt.
We're confused.

There's no way out;
A constant sensation.
Trapped and shackled,
We can't break free.

We're lost.
We're afraid.

But we must not forget,
That we have each other,
That our bond is unbreakable,
That two of us as one is greater.

We're reassured.
We're blessed.

February 11,2010

James Callos Jordan

Beauty Of Pain

Playing a guitar you have to strum its strings,
Making excellent or terrible melody,
But which ever you play one thing remains the same;
The aches and pain from your fingers.
Some say you'll get use to it; maybe you will,
But the pain will always be there as long as you play.
Yes... in every good thing in this world,
There is a packet of hurt attached onto it,
And because we are people of goodness,
We risk everything to get that good thing;
May it be love, friendship or trust.
We sacrifice, we give in, and we surrender.
 Thus the essence of pain is truly underrated,
 By us humans who thinks were ill-treated.

July 4,2009

James Callos Jordan

Being A Teacher

To be a teacher,
That's what I want to be.

To impart knowledge,
And enrich their minds;
Let them discover,
Aspects of life.

To share my principles,
My beliefs and way of thinking;
For as not to make the same mistake,
That I did in my life.

To teach them values,
That our forefathers taught us;
Love, Respect, Discipline,
And all that it governs.

Giving all I could give,
Exhausting all I know;
Giving them wisdom,
And making them more than I am.

And when the time comes that I retire,
They'll be my greatest achievement;
My victory, my glory and my pride,
Lastly with a head up high I say: Mission Accomplished.

August 12,2009

James Callos Jordan

Death

Desires that slowly eating me away,
Even when you struggle you can't escape it.
Anticipation kills the air around,
Till my body becomes ethereal,
Hell or heaven is closing up on me.

June 23,2009

James Callos Jordan

Don't Be Afraid

Hesitation to make action.
You know the answers to questions;
But you never answer.
Don't be afraid.

Doubt on your skills.
What's to doubt if you got talent?
What to doubt if can do it?
Don't be afraid.

Fear of criticisms.
You're being criticize and labeled;
Do they know the true meaning of your work?
Don't be afraid.

We are all great in our own ways:
May it be science, sports or arts,
May it be speaking, listening or writing.
We all have something worth sharing.

No one is better than you,
Other than yourself;
"Just Believe"
And never be afraid.

June 19,2009

James Callos Jordan

Dragonfly: Her Story

From steady waters she waits,
Dreaming to fly and glide the skies;
She humbly sleeps,
Inside this fragile film of life.

Time came; she began to break free;
She began to live her dream.
With a body fitted to swim,
She swam as if she was flying.

She never gave up,
She believed in her dream;
And soon she didn't notice,
She was out of the water soaring.

But as days pass by,
She began to miss something;
Though she found someone,
It soon left her all alone.

The poor thing just wondered,
Trying to find some answers;
Until she finally passed by,
This lagoon of clear serenity.

Seeing her reflection from the water,
She found her answer;
That the thing she's longing for,
Is right where she was born.

June 24,2009

James Callos Jordan

Dream Come True

Your bubbly smiles,
Captivate my eyes;
Your charming gestures,
Makes me feel alive.

I wonder, I wonder...
How ever you made fall.
Such a feeling of awe,
You instilled in my soul.

As I gaze upon your beauty
I can't help but cry
Because I ask myself:
Do I deserve such a goddess?

Now I pause for a few seconds
Just to check if everything is real
Because this dream of mine
Just became real...

August 21,2009

James Callos Jordan

Early Morning Madness

Early in the morning,
My mind dances in rhyme;
Thinking of something fine,
Something to expel this time.

I dream of a girl,
With short silky hair;
With gleaming eyes,
And crimson velvet lips.

I picture a morbid end,
To a character I once love;
All blades and blood,
Flesh ripping open just to start.

I envision a moment,
Where I hold the key;
The answer to everything
So people won't ask anymore

This dreamy randomness,
Just keeps on popping;
I think its all because of,
The feel of early morning.

June 3,2009

James Callos Jordan

Embracing Your Death

Are you ready to die?
And let your flesh be ashes,
Your memories be a fragment
Of the short time that is existence?

Fear. Is it eating you alive?
Or praying for your death?

Are you ready to die?
And leave all the things
That makes you love and smile
And say what a wonderful life.

Doubt. Have you done everything?
That you ever wish and want?

Are you ready to die?
And no longer sense
All that is to be sensed;
Flavor, scents, sounds, scenes and feel.

Anxiety. Of what is expected after life.
Knowing that death is ticking away.

Are you ready to die?
Or are you ready to live?
To live your life
And make some sense about it.

April 4,2009

James Callos Jordan

Fight For Love

A dance that launched my thousand ship of love

To the island of your heart

A surprise attack that never was expected but came

Hidden from the hazel eyes that gleams

The ship landed and prepared

Built foundation of strong will

Planned the next move

But wasn't expecting what would come

Enemy soldiers of all size and height

Strong and intimidating

Almost fell from the attack

But still had the strength to stand up

And fought the foes away

Time is ticking and wasted

For every moment counts

Gathered all resources

And attack the stronghold of fear and doubt

Arrived at castle where I could find my price

Went through all obstacles

And finally the treasure in my sight

Slowly went to its place

And held it with all protection

The treasure that I wanted

That fitted the four slits on my hand

October 19,2008

James Callos Jordan

Fool Of Disappointments

Their poison that is sweet in taste,
Takes advantage of my ignorance.
Deceives me, plays me then kills me,
Like a sheep ending up food for the wolves.

It seems funny how I fall to the same trap:
Is it the trap that has gotten better?
Or is it me that gotten weaker?
Oh I forgot; I placed the trap myself.

Stupidity... Letting yourself be your own victim
But its just loneliness that drives you to do it;
Longing for attention, for love and comfort,
Just simple things that makes a man happy.

This is just one plea coming from a man in vain,
Don't make promises you can't fulfill;
Because you just end up bringing more pain
And ending up the one I blame.

August 12,2009

James Callos Jordan

Go Give Gifts

Isn't it a great feeling?
Of giving and sharing things
To people your thankful to.

The ecstatic emotion
That rushes to your system
When you're appreciated.

The deep sense of fulfillment
When you make someone happy
With just a few words combined.

Some are afraid and troubled
Of the things like rejection
And the idea of failure.

Some are just afraid to try.
Holding back and crumbling down
And it's all on "just because".

Doesn't matter how corny
How petty, how trivial.
As long as you show your love.

What is important is this;
To give, present and offer
And be rewarded with bliss.

March 14,2009

James Callos Jordan

Heard The Silence

Silence. The last thing I heard,
When they nailed the door shut.

Eerie but serene noise,
Like the sound you hear;
Between a note of a flute.

Echoes. My memory remembers,
All the things I mourn.

Resonating feelings,
Heightened emotions;
And an Endless fading hum.

Thud. All is shaken,
By its presence of awe.

Yes, silence could be heard,
Not in life or its boundaries;
But in the split second of death.

April 5,2009

James Callos Jordan

Helpless In Poverty

Walking on this crooked road,
On my way back to my home;
Reminds me of poignant thoughts.

Seeing these people around,
Whose dreams were taken away;
By this creature we fashioned.

This heartless being so firm,
To what he is all about;
And doesn't deny a thing.

My pace slows down to ponder,
Of ways to slay this dire thing;
And put an end to this pain.

As I go deeper in thought,
Realization strikes me;
Of this discernible truth.

The only way to lay end,
To this pointless suffering;
Is to diminish its roots.

Now looking behind that road,
Says just one statement of plea;
Take action and start it now.

March 18,2009

James Callos Jordan

Her Last Dance

This lass has danced her last dance,
Now is the time for her sleep;
Into the coil of ashes.

As the last verse of the song,
Played in anticipation;
Inside that candle lit room.

Tension begins to flicker,
In simultaneous chime;
Just like a nursery rhyme.

The memories of the past,
The stillness of the present;
The terror of the future.

All sound started to vanish,
Then came the deafening silence;
From the end of that sweet song

The lass paused for a moment,
Trying to compose her self;
While taking a whiff of air.

Then slowly she walks away,
Outside that oak crafted door;
Praying she could dance again.

March 17,2009

James Callos Jordan

Humble And Haughty

Hollow "I love you"
Nothing but empty shells,
Nothing but shallow promises,
And a barrage of false hopes.

Our hourglass didn't even last.
It broke even before the grains of sand started to fall;
Shattered pieces that can't be mended.
Left only with ideas of what it was.

We had our chance to do something;
But all we did was ignore what is true,
But all we did was focus on the false,
We never did agreed and aided one another.

A humble martyr and haughty martyr;
It ended just as expected,
It ended with no words uttered,
It ended, it just ended.

May 26,2010

James Callos Jordan

I Just Hate

Hate is a mean word to use,
But you know, it won't be mean;
If you are the one hating.

I hate it when people rave,
On a particular theme;
Person, place or happening.

I hate those smart ass people,
Who thinks that they know more;
Showing off for attention.

I hate it when people steal,
Credits from those deserving;
Claiming those works for themselves.

I hate demanding people,
Who forgets the word "request";
Being selfish, unyielding.

I hate narrow minded folks,
Stereotyping everything;
To suit their preferences.

But what I hate most is me,
For becoming this hateful;
To those things I hate the most.

March 20,2009

James Callos Jordan

I Was Asleep

I stayed up all night,
Until the morning;
Because I can't sleep.

I spoke with you,
I was depressed;
You didn't know.

We started to reminisce,
All the memories;
Of our vivid past.

We smiled and laugh,
On those things we use to fight at;
Then I felt the sandman.

I promise I call you,
Before you board that plane;
Then I fell asleep.

Alarms rang when the time came,
I didn't woke up;
I was in slumber.

I think it was really meant,
Yes I was asleep;
But my heart is awake with you.

May 4,2009

James Callos Jordan

I'm A Liar

Read my words,
Understand each line;
Then look at me and say,
What's in your mind.

I am a liar,
Stamp it in your head;
I play with fiction,
And dance with illusions.

What truth I say is false,
And everything's a hoax;
If you step in my world,
You'll fall in my trap.

Now answer this question:
If I say I'm a liar,
Would it be the truth?
Or would it be a lie?

May 12,2009

James Callos Jordan

I'm Used To

Is it me or a lot has changed?
Never had I expected;
Being used to everything,
Being used to your presence.

I'm used to your smiles,
And your funny personality.

I'm used to your breakdowns,
And emotional tendencies.

I'm used to your love for my cooking,
And your request for seconds.

I'm used to our petty fights,
Where nobody wins.

I'm used to your hugs and kisses,
All those sweet, sweet gestures.

I'm used to everything,
But all left is nothing;
I guess I just have to be used,
To used to, without you.

May 14,2009

James Callos Jordan

It's Always Sad

When I remember you,
It rings a tune in my heart;
A tune that becomes a song,
And would play for a while.

I want haste time,
As the rhythm picks up;
Because I'm eager to hear,
All the parts I like.

I want to stop time,
In the middle of the song;
At my favorite part,
The one that says "I love you".

I want to slow time,
Just about where the song ends;
Just to savor every bit of it,
And feel as it slowly fades

It's sad to know the truth,
That for every song that plays;
For every melodic beginning,
There is an unstoppable end.

But you know what? I could always press "repeat".

May 1,2009

James Callos Jordan

It's Really Unfair

'Cheaters never win'
Yes a true saying;
But 'winners never cheat'
Is of a false premise.

Experience taught me,
That people are not created equal;
Some are at the top,
While others bleeds to get up.

In this imperfect world,
Many take that easy road;
To get to the top,
Even if it was to trample others.

"It's really unfair"
Yes a common reaction;
But what is really "fair" now,
If everyone struggles.

May 20,2009

James Callos Jordan

June 13,2009

I love you mama.

The very first and the very last thing I would say to you.
Thank you so much for giving me too much of what I need.
Sorry for all my imperfections and flaws.

I love you mama.

22 years you took care of me more than any person could.
You fed me, bathe me, dressed me and made me go to school.
You were always there though I'm always silent.

I love you mama.

Your smiles and laughs are my strength when I'm weak.
Your hugs are the best in the world and are my stronghold.
Though you not vocal with your love, I felt it so strong.

I love you mama.

You always scolded me even if I've done nothing yet,
But I know you did that because you're so protective of me.
Now I just smile and thank you whenever you did.

I love you mama.

I say it thousands of times and I'll say it more and aloud.
I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, and I love you! ! !
I'm so proud and honored to have you as my mama!

I love you mama.

My life time isn't enough to show you how thankful I am.
Best is not the adjective to tell how best you are.
My love for you is the best description of how best you are.

I love you mama.

I'm so lucky I have you.
They say blood is thicker than water
But I say love is thicker than anything in this world.

Thank you ma I LOVE YOU!

June 13,2009

Just An Apple

Sinful verdant beauty,
From core to skin.

Once a taboo,
In biblical history.

Temptation is strong,
Like sensual song.

Playing its music,
On every single gnaw.

Slithering notes,
As the juice flows.

Stinging the tongue,
Of hellish heaven.

Firmness, crunch and chew,
All the sweetness and dew.

Yes this was one a sin,
But now pleasing treat.

Like a lustful kiss,
It keeps your attention.

May 8,2009

James Callos Jordan

Just Look Back

Inevitable; it's really sad,
Not seeing you on your last goodbye.

Take care, pray and smile.
I said it a million times;
But I'll say it again,
Take care, pray and smile.

I'll treasure moments with you.
The day we met;
The days we spent together,
Until the day you come back.

Many will miss you,
Your charming personality;
Your wonderful skills,
And the "Ate" that you are to them.

You'll be in a different world now,
Different people, different place;
And there would be times,
You'll break down and cry.

I want to say to you,
"Just look back";
You'll find a piece of us there,
A piece you could hold on to.

You're not alone, we are with you,
I'm with you...

May 3,2009

James Callos Jordan

Life Begins

Breath of innocence,
Conjures though this empty shell.
Incinerating.

June 22,2009

James Callos Jordan

Life Ends

Stillness of the heart.
Incising the air around
Devours this soul.

June 22,2009

James Callos Jordan

Living Life

Growing and learning.
Love, pain and understanding.
Value and meaning.

June 22,2009

James Callos Jordan

Loneliness

Lost in a loop of empty space,
Only with memories in trace.
No where to be found,
Exiled in abound.
Left with misery and hate,
In uncertain cremate.
Neglect and self-pity,
Endless immobility.
Suffering without anything,
Solitarily anticipating.

June 25,2010

James Callos Jordan

Love In Innocence

Do you remember the time?
When we first hold hands;
I was the ring bearer,
And you were the flower girl.

Do you remember the time?
When we first kissed;
Robert teased and pushed me,
And you were in my way.

Do you remember the time?
When I first said "I love you";
It was Christmas Eve,
When mom asked me to say so...

Do you remember the time?
Where love was so innocent;
Where love was plainly love,
No lies guilt no pain.

August 25,2009

James Callos Jordan

Love On Photograph

Elegance and lush beauty,
Feeds my eyes with admiration;
And intoxicates me with infatuation.

"A face that launch a thousand ships",
Does not give justice;
To this lass I speak.

Symmetry is flawless,
Simply a perfect formula;
No one could resist nor hold back.

Admiration intensifies,
Crawls up and down my body;
Could this possibly turn into love?

It's really hard to justify,
What I see, feel and think;
In this little thing I call...

Love on photograph.

May 7,2009

James Callos Jordan

Lovers To Friends

Our love has made us what we are now.
Changed our views, thought us lessons.
It made us realize something;
Our true worth as individuals.

But with the course of this beautiful relationship
Wherein we thought ended with a period,
Were really 3 dots in a making;
A sequel in our novel about to unfold.

Like the death of a phoenix
That would bear a new life.
Our romance died not in vain
And gave birth to this friendly love.

Though birth of a new life births new challenges
We must again face this obstacle.
Not with our fingers locking tight,
But with our arms wrap in each others shoulder.

You and I will again be tested;
We must be alert and keep our focus.
Because our love didn't sacrifice its life,
Just for us to waste this friendship.

June 18,2009

James Callos Jordan

Midnight's Golden Clouds

Underneath the Santol tree I laid,
Staring at the dark blue sky,
Waiting for that magic to happen,
Of the moon to share its shine.
As the time went deeper through the night,
The moon showed its light.
Slowly puffs of golden beauty,
Started to break up the shady evening.
Chrysanthemums buds started to open,
Fireflies gathered and grazed around,
Frogs and crickets played their songs,
And the lifeless surroundings started to show life;
 Oh the serene elegance of the moment,
 Is truly a magical entertainment.

July 7,2009

James Callos Jordan

Mom Was Mad

A spilled bowl of macaroni,
And broken pieces of glass;
In a bright Sunday morning.

It was an accident,
While doodling with my pencil;
On our small breakfast table.

Mom scolded me,
Like my terror teacher does;
Saying mean words.

I can't understand what she says,
But I know she is angry;
So I just cried my hearts out.

Overpowered by my cry,
My mom stopped talking;
Hug me tight and whispered in my ear:

"I'm not mad at you,
I'm mad at the bowl of macaroni;
Because it might have hurt you"

May 3,2009

James Callos Jordan

My Lost Childhood

I dream of a dream where there are vague smiles,
Giggles and sobs so innocent and calm,
Little people running back and forth,
Careless and carefree with no stain guilt.
The vagueness started to vanish and I saw a girl,
A Little girl with a big pink ribbon on her hair,
She was crying and it felt that she was lost,
I approach the poor child but she ran far away,
I ran after the little angel but what I saw gave me chills;
The girl was hugging someone; female in figure,
Who she was hugging was me as she uttered her words,
Words that made me crumble in tears:

I am the lost you. You left me when we were 5
Now here I am with you, so please don't let me go.

August 25,2009

James Callos Jordan

Normal Or Prejudice?

Normal is overrated,
People don't seem to notice;
They are all looking through,
Silhouettes of images.

If you're against a norm,
Religious or Political;
People around you becomes prejudice,
And speak strong words against you.

If there's something different,
Physical or character;
They make fun of you,
And call you names.

What normal is to you,
May differ from another;
A lot can't understand that truth,
Sticking to their stubborn beliefs.

Is this idea I'm talking about,
Normal or prejudice?
Answer this, test yourself,
Maybe you'll learn something from it.

May 14,2009

James Callos Jordan

Odd Lullaby

Staring at the wall,
I draw symbols of past dreams
As I fall asleep.

June 22,2009

James Callos Jordan

Oh I Wish

I wish I could meet him,
Tell him were just fine;
Holding well together,
Even if were lacking a part.

I wish I could meet him,
Tell that mom is well;
Though she is ill,
Were taking good care of her.

I wish I could meet him,
Tell him all my stories;
Blissful or depressing,
All my failures and success

I wish I could meet him,
Tell him that I'm thankful;
All of the things we savor,
Came all from the fruits of his labor.

I wish I could meet him,
Tell him that I'm sorry;
For all the wrong that I did,
And some love I didn't give.

I wish I could meet him,
Tell him that I miss him;
That I dream of him,
And imagine being with him.

I wish I could meet my father,
Even for just one time;
I'll hug him so tight,
And say 'I'm proud of you dad'

May 6,2009

James Callos Jordan

One Who Cooks

He wields a sharp blade to make his craft,
Not to kill but to give people life.
A sheet of cloth he wraps around his waist,
And a tall pleated hat he wears with pride.
He starts the fire; make it burn wild,
Then slowly he calm, tame and befriend.
On those fiery pits a vessel is placed,
And on that vessel victuals are concocted.
This patient man eagerly waits for that moment;
Facing the heat; drenching in sweat.
All fatigue are diminished one his concoction is served,
To all those people who are weak and lifeless.
 That's how he battles with this great danger;
 The brutal thing that we call hunger.

June 29,2009

James Callos Jordan

Perplexity Of Confusion

An empty vessel,
Bursting with emotions;
Being alone with questions,
Which are missing an answer

Twisted with thoughts,
Going in all direction;
It searches for nothing,
But it is still going...

Illusions appear in sight,
Shadowing reality;
Insisting all the facts;
All the facts to be fiction.

Is there a purpose
Behind these confusions?
A long breathe of sigh
For this perplexity of confusion.

January 1,2004

James Callos Jordan

Piecing Up Again

I was never whole to begin with,
Pieced up fragments of the past;
Trying to hold it together,
But just end up being shattered once more.

I live a life with no problems,
Just complications; perplexed situations,
Knowing that our world is already complicated,
I still add more onto the pool.

I hate the lies of fate,
When it plays with you, it destroys you;
Deceiving you with an apple of illusion,
Placing you in this state of hallucination.

Yes, I'm once more unstable,
Dripping wet with crushing pain;
Now I shout a cry for help,
While I'm piecing up myself again.

October 1,2009

James Callos Jordan

Read Separate Lines

I'm between the devil's devil
And deep blue sea's deep blue sea.

You're a dream came true.
You're reality that's like a dream.

You're the one I wished for.
You're the one I didn't saw coming.

You're the painting of the enchantress.
You're the enchantress's painter.

You're the one I poured my love on to.
You're the one who put up with my crazy.

You're the one I love so much.
You're the one I simply don't love.

You're my better half.
You're my other half.

You're adhering on.
You're slipping away.

"There's no such thing as forever"
"We always have forever"

May 8,2010

James Callos Jordan

Ready? Not? Confused...

Perplexed; I sit between choices...
I was never ready but you came;
Your love penetrated my soul
And made me felt complete; important.

Tingly emotions tickle my heart.
Telling me I'm ready, I'm prepared;
To verge on this magical rollercoaster,
The one people called love; commitment.

But why? ? ? Now I'm ready, you're not;
You let me hold on tight on this "love"
But you're the one letting go...
Now you're saying you're not ready? ? ?

I want to go away and just leave you be,
But still you say don't go I want you with me;
My mind, my body and my spirit can no longer fathom,
Please give me a solution and end this confusion.

September 20,2009

James Callos Jordan

Reward In Believing

You swept me away in three,
And made me feel a weird glee;
You melted my frosted heart,
And made it burn so wild.

I dreamed of an alluring enchantress;
Bronze soft curled long hair,
Eyes of bluish grey with four pupils:
The enchantress is you.

I asked for a sign a long time ago,
A sign for her to be a Scorpio;
Now here you are by my side,
With all the passion packed love.

My soul is teeming with emotions,
And my senses can't comprehend;
But one thing does inside of me,
The beating part inside of me.

I'm a man who believes and fate,
And fate now rewards me love,
The love the comes from you;
My one and only Scorpio.

August 16,2009

James Callos Jordan

Rose Frosted Smile

Five steps from here,
In profound darkness;
Enveloped with shades of black,
I see a soft beacon of light.

Four steps from here,
In the dim space where I stand;
Gazing in the flicker of that light,
My veins pulsing so tight.

Three steps from here,
I saw great gods of power;
One creator, one destroyer,
Awe playing with my senses.

Two steps from here,
As the gods fall down;
I was left alone in the light
An image pulled me forward.

One final step from here,
The image materialized;
Looked at me and left me,
With a Rose Frosted Smile.

April 9,2008

James Callos Jordan

Same Yet Different

Same road, different direction.
That's what our lives turned,
But I see you're too dim;
Too dimwitted to understand.

We have different wavelengths,
And different views.

Yes we understood each other,
But in an inconsistent manner.

You dictate and force your ways,
I just cover my ears and forget.

I try to fit in your "world",
But you can't fit well in mine.

I guess it's like one is deviant,
And the other is a rebel.

Same road, different direction.
A sad and disappointing fact;
Where I wish I turned back the clock,
And walk side by side with you.

April 4,2009

James Callos Jordan

Senseless Sensible Thing

Doubt spoke to me
And said "You couldn't do anything"

I stood up and disagree
Replied with a strong "You're wrong! "

Then it asked me;
"What is it you would do? "

I paused, smiled then said;
'I'm doing it right now.'

Perplexed he asked again;
'You're not doing anything"

I kept quiet and glanced
On this thing I made.

And for a moment there
I started to realize something.

That I ended up making,
A senseless sensible thing.

March 9,2008

James Callos Jordan

Sensual Urge

A sinful desire
I beg you to offer me
This lustful heaven.

June 22,2009

James Callos Jordan

Sin With Me

Come here,
Near my arms;
Feel my warmth,
Stay for a while.

Place your ears,
Near my lips;
Let me whisper,
A sinful wish.

Look at my eyes,
Read my mind;
You already know,
What it wants.

Open you mouth,
Don't hold back;
Utter those words:
"I want you back"

May 11,2009

James Callos Jordan

Struggle In Me

Hurting sensations,
Crowd the mass in me;
An unstoppable torment,
On my fragile body.

I veil it with a smile,
But it shatters with a tear;
It tries to struggles out,
Knowing it can't break free.

Is someone responsible,
For these pain I feel?
I have to make a solution,
To end this delusion...

Stop all the torture,
Stop all the pain;
Stop this struggle in me,
And set myself free.

January 1,2004

James Callos Jordan

Sun Dae Rain

The late afternoon sky sympathize,
With your tears and disappointments;
As one heart melted with contrition,
Wish for something to return your smiles.

Immediate words of sympathy:
"Stop crying, I'll buy you ice cream"
A foolish thing to say to the one you dealt pain.
But I never thought I'll work.

As the mist from the skies falls down on us,
We shift from stall to stall;
Holding hands; warmth in spite of the rain,
Till we ended up in a familiar plain.

A cold sundae in a cold Friday,
But cold isn't present on that day;
As two warm hearts fill everything with gleam,
What do you expect would happen then?

August 5,2009

James Callos Jordan

Surreal Disconnection Psyche

Eagerly waiting for its arrival,
Beneath the apple tree;
On a cloudy morning.

I hold a cup of coffee,
And just stare on reflections;
Of the sky in between leaves.

Gradually I swirl the burnt liquid,
Slowly following each ripple;
Unaware, I fall in a trance.

In that reverie I speak,
All I see are blobs;
Of neon tinted liquid.

The air lushly is flavored,
With bitter sweet goodness;
Tingling every part of my body.

My weight was lifted with ecstasy,
From this unknown occurrence;
Where I'm situated and breathing.

Then I saw the last ripple,
Of that velvet reflection;
And snapped back to reality.

April 7,2009

James Callos Jordan

Sweetness And Sensuality

Our visions connect.
Slowly we are drawn;
To that crimson x mark,
Beneath that spot light.

Our hands touch.
Bit by bit our fingers lock;
And our skins begins to rub,
To a tune we're all familiar at.

Our breaths exchange.
Warm mist of air;
Envelop our lustful bodies,
As they begin to move.

Our hearts beat fast.
Uneven pulse from all places;
Our veins are like hot wires,
For that jolt of electricity.

Our bodies tremble.
The soft melody fades;
As we both hunger for more,
Of that sweetness and sensuality.

May 14,2009

James Callos Jordan

The Deviant Writer

I was born a metaphor,
Whose life is a strange poem,
Difficult and confusing.

I see things in a deep twist,
Where simple things is complex
In an easy kind of way.

I think a lot as I speak,
I imagine as I think,
And I dream imagining.

Some thinks I'm weird and crazy,
Someone who does not belong,
Someone who is different.

Many criticize my works,
Seeing only their eye's side,
Discerning, stereotyping.

Nevertheless I don't care,
Because I know who I am,
Unlike any other men.

I'm not a rebel you see,
I'm just a normal person
That is basically deviant.

March 13,2009

James Callos Jordan

The Epicurean Mind

Starting up the fire
And setting on the pot.

Pouring some water
And boil it till its right.

Preparing the meat,
With all the bones and stuff.

Chopping all the veggies,
Green, red and white.

Collecting every spices,
And herbs of all kind.

Combine them all together
Blend, stir and mix.

Just taste it once
And you'll know its right

Now this is how you make
My simple stock of life.

March 8,2008

James Callos Jordan

The Lost Man

A missing piece of him was lost;
Been wondering for 6 years.
And the other half forgot
That this part of him was missing.

The lost one lost faith,
So as his strength and hope.
While the other half continued,
Thinking that he is a complete man.

The other half gained success,
Gained new friends, a lover and new place;
But slowly he lost connection,
To those people in his past.

Time came those new things started to vanish,
Leaving him with nothing but himself;
He started to become weak,
He broke down lost his confidence.

But with that sorrow and weakness that he felt,
Opened a door that was once was veiled;
And a beam of light illuminated,
What the other half couldn't see.

Through the door he hesitantly entered,
And he saw what he had become;
Beside it was his lost part,
Smiling in bliss to see him.

The two pieces apologized to one another,
For not being there for each other;
And promised to one another,
To be reunited forever.

July 5,2009

James Callos Jordan

The Perfect Stranger

Bees are bumbling around my porch,
As if they are telling me a sign,
Of someone or something to come,
Lingering till the break of dawn.

As I went to see the sunset while sitting on my chair,
A peculiar scene in the horizon illustrate it self,
The moon did not show nor did the sun not set,
Then everything stopped like a void frozen in time.

I stood up in my chair and gaze upon this phenomenon
I waited for everything to be normal like after an eclipse.
Upon waiting I saw an image of a man coming near where I am
And an ere intoxicating feel ensued in me.

The man came closer and closer and the image slowly becomes clear.
The intensity of the feel became random.
First it was hyper and unstable like coffee,
And suddenly was dreamy and calm like liquor.

Finally the man arrived at my position and stood still in front of me
And I saw who it was in that tight formal attire
It shivered my bones till it could no longer shiver.
Because what I saw is my self came to see me.

February 23,2009

James Callos Jordan

These Bloody Hands

His hands are tainted with crimson mess,
For he did things that no one could do.
Who ever is laid down in front of him,
He slaughters without mercy; he cut slashes and hacks,
Without a speck of neither pity nor shame.
A tool of death that has no free will,
Only yeses to whatever commands he hears.
But behind that mask of dark cloth,
Lays a man who's helpless in his ways.
A man who cries and a man who bleeds,
For his hands were now a different being;
Heretic hands that passes only one type of judgment:
 Guilty beyond reasonable doubt
 And punished like a scythe through a sprout.

July 7,2009

James Callos Jordan

Thing Called Life

I fall

I stand

I walk

and tripped

I stand

and walk

then run

I bumped

on a friend

and said hi

then bid goodbye

I continued

to run

faster

and faster

then stopped again

to look

at the bay

as the sun set

I slowly walk

and walk

walk...

fades...

October 19,2008

James Callos Jordan

This Jumpy Tone

A quick jump of the heart
And air trapped in between spaces;
A familiar recurring tone,
Timed and in beat.

Source might be dry bread,
Or maybe foam from a cola;
No matter what it is,
It triggered something inside this vessel.

Vessel, what vessel you ask?
A clue maybe of help;
In the morning it walks with four legs,
In the afternoon with two and evening with three.

Yes, the feeling might be irritating,
Or something fun and amusing;
But if you had enough,
A glass of water or a fright could cure it up.

October 2,2009

James Callos Jordan

Through Screened Window

Looking at you gently,
Through this fine crisscross metal;
Digs up a weak part of me.

My thoughts speak to me,
What if she's gone?
Where would I start?

Vague and vivid memories,
Falls like Tetris bricks;
One by one drops without pause.

For a moment I felt,
One feeling more terrifying than death;
To be left alone by myself.

May 7,2009

James Callos Jordan

To Love Again

I brought infatuation,
In case I started to adore you.

I brought love,
In case I fell deeper in love with you.

I brought commitment,
In case you learn to love me back.

I brought faith,
In case our love is tested.

I brought perseverance,
In case your about to give up.

I brought understanding,
In case you end the relationship.

I brought a piece of me,
In case I loose my self in the process.

I brought friendship,
In case you wanted us to be friends.

I brought more than I said,
Because I'm ready, ready to love again.

March 31,2009

James Callos Jordan

Vampirism On You

If you're reading this poem,
Better be cautious and firm;
Because every mistake counts.

Who I am is what you think,
What you do or what you say;
Dictates my every action.

I am what you fear and hate,
The one that you always curse;
But dreaded to lay eyes on.

I'm just beside you my dear,
Watching your every action;
Pity that you can't see me.

Well just to give you a hint,
I'm no vampire like you think;
Just share a small resemblance.

Confused? Maybe troubled now?
Well don't be, I mean don't stop;
Oh you fell on the same trap.

Its fun playing, you and me,
Until our next little game;
Thank you for nurturing me.

March 19,2009

James Callos Jordan

Welcome And Stay

My sanity is slipping away,
Leaving me with nothing but lunacy;
Pure pleasure from everything taboo,
As my hidden urges appears.

I want to feel flesh rubbing copiously,
Against this rusted blade;
Hear all the screams of pain,
Mix with my laughter in ecstasy.

I want to enjoy all the sexual pleasures,
All the human body offers;
The music of moaning, slithering and bumping,
Make my lust grin for more.

I want break, smash and tear,
Everything in my way;
Those faint crying sounds,
Feeds my hunger for pleasurable pain.

But please oh please I beg of you;
Help me, guide me and bless me.
Because I never want to...
I never want to stop this madness.

June 23,2009

James Callos Jordan

What I Saw

I saw blood;
I saw blood on the furniture.

I saw a knife;
I saw a knife on the table.

I saw footprints;
I saw footprints away to the door.

I saw a man;
I saw a man dead on the floor.

I saw a sign;
I saw a sign that says: "you are dead"

I saw myself;
I saw myself floating on air.

I saw death;
I saw death grinning on my face.

October 31,2009

James Callos Jordan

You Don't Understand

I explain things in my mind,
You process differently
And takes it critically.

I attempt to reason out,
You butt in your reason
And change the situation.

Then I try to clear it up,
You nag, brag and never stop
Making all bad even worse.

There is a constant question
That keeps popping in my mind,
"Oh why can't you understand? "

What I'm doing is for us,
To be normal and happy
With all the pain gone, vanished.

I guess I'll keep quiet
And keep these things to myself,
Maybe that could really help.

But oh I pray that someday,
Somewhere, sometime in this world
You'll able to understand.

March 16,2009

James Callos Jordan

You Must Accept

I am Egocentric.

Who wants everything I wanted for my self,
Who wants everything to go my way,
Who wants everything to be what I thought it would.

I am Sadistic.

Thinking ways how to torment a person,
Passionate on all the blood, gore,
and the feeling of a blade, piercing in and out of my flesh.

I am a Criticizer.

Never care of what people say on what I say and criticize,
Doesn't know the limitations of the norms where I stand,
Not looking one what's good or bad, but what fit to my taste.

I am Envious.

Of people that are on the pinnacle of their dreams,
Of people who aren't afraid to die,
Of people that are satisfied.

Egoism, sadism, criticism and envy.

All are fragments,
Of the whole that is me.
Veiled from reality, that is society.

January 19,2009

James Callos Jordan

You Should Know

I am Emotional

Feeling what I think,
more than thinking what I feel,
and tends to be irrational.

I am Sensitive

Easily scratched, bleed and hurt.
Easily offended and takes some things seriously.
Easily walks out in tight situations.

I am Moody

You see me happy now,
and for a moment I'm not.
Sometimes upset or most of the time grumpy.

I am Unsound

I tend to breakdown and cry.
Like a passive volcano
You know it will erupt but you don't know when.

Emotionalism, Sensitivity, Moodiness and Unstableness.

All are fragments,
Of the whole that is me.
Concealed but evident

January 19,2009

James Callos Jordan

You Would See

I am Amorous

Loving a person not what he/she looks,
But what he/she is inside.
Letting everyone feel the warmth of love...

I am Sentimental

Appreciating all things around me,
Giving value to what they think is corny,
Understanding that everything has a worth that is incomparable.

I am a Pleaser

That be, what they want me to be.
Compromise, instead engaging in dilemma;
Work, for all to be recognized.

I am Fun-Loving

Love to make people laugh
And forget a problem for a while
Easy going and enjoys even a flash of a smile.

Amorousness, Being Sentimental, Being a Pleaser and Love for Fun.
All are fragments,
of the whole that is me.
The one you can perceive, that is visible to see.

January 19,2009

James Callos Jordan