

Poetry Series

**Jessie Clarete Bernabe
Cadsawan
- poems -**

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan(December 30,1950)

I was born in the town of Angono, province of Rizal in the Philippines on December 30,1950. A christian name JOSEFINA CLARETE BERNABE was given to me and nicknamed, Jessie.

I got my elementary education in Angono Pilot Elementary School from 1957 to 1963, my secondary education in Angono Private High School from 1963 to 1967 and my college education in Jose Rizal College from 1967 to 1971. As a student i am a contributor to our school organ of course, my poetry. i started writing poems when I was in grade four..

I got married to Rogelio L. Cadsawan a native of Pakil, Laguna, on July 25,1971 and got widowed on August 6,1999. He went to his destiny leaving me 2 beautiful daughters, namely Rezzie and Reichel and two handsome sons namely, Reggie and Reimon, all married the time I am composing this biography. They gave me five cute and active and intelligent grand sons and a cute baby girl. I am a proud mother and grandmother of course.

My past life was a struggle for survival, was very tragic and challenging but all I leave to the almighty and entrust him my life and my family.

Here is the biography I am posting to all my web sites when asked. It is a blog entry I submitted to Yahoo 360.

Reminiscing

I am Jessie to my friends, here in my country, and to some on the internet world. My real name is Josefina Clarete Bernabe and Jessie is my nickname. I grew up in an environment that was good but compared to normal standards, we were among the poorest. I was born December 30,1950, to a poor couple: my father was a fisherman and my mother a sickly, and plain housewife, but both of them had fine manners.

In order to pay for our schooling, starting from when I was five years old, my elder sister and I ran errands, baby sat, washed clothes and cleaned the houses of well-to-do relatives. At times I stayed in my bed crying because I envied the other children of my age, the food they were eating, the toys they were playing with, and the clothes they were wearing. But I have no resentment in serving others because I chose to do what I did; it was never imposed on me by anybody. It was my own

choice from my own free will, because I hated poverty and wanted to escape from it. Though I suffered, I managed not to show to my feelings to my family or other people around me.

Despite those hardships, I was very healthy and strong and still exceeded in class, which helped a lot to finish my education. I was an athlete, a narrator, a poet, a dancer, a class leader, and a contributor to the school organ. Those were the good things I did with the talents GOD had bestowed upon me.

To be a working student was a sacrifice because I had to give my salary to my mom to help out at home and also earned money by providing extra services to my classmates to help pay for my education. I did their homework in return for a small fee. At work I also gained promotion for the efforts I exerted. I was sixteen years old by that time.

After high school graduation, I was employed as a laborer to a thread manufacturing company in Mandaluyong City. It was here where I attended college and took a BA in Commercial Science, majoring in Accounting.

It was at work that I met my husband. At the time I had dealing with a heart breaking pain. The man that I married was not my first love. My first love did not wait for me to finish college and got married to someone else instead of me, which caused me to suffer terribly. But I kept this pain inside and never showed it to anyone, aside from my best friend. To get over this, I promised my self to get a husband that would be the exact opposite of my first love and that I achieved. The man I married was a very intelligent and handsome guy from Pakil. Once I decided on this course, I moved quickly. It was so fast that I never had a second thought about marrying him. Two and a half months after we met, we got married and were husband and wife and had four children two handsome boys and two lovely girls.

Nine days after my wedding my father died at only 40 years old due to myocardial infarction. He went to sleep and never woke up. So I then had to live with my mom and my Downs syndrome sister. We lived happily together and because my mom was a very nice person and we got on well together.

Just like any other wife, I did my best to keep personal marital problems hidden to my mom and my children. My husband was a workaholic and very supportive; but was worse was I didn't know he was a juvenile diabetic. The remaining days of his life were so miserable. All our savings and the properties we had invested in for the future, all went. All that was left was the house we lived in. But no sense in protesting this injustice because no one's to blame. I believe it's our

fate. When he died, he left me a tremendous amount of debt. But it was also the start of the sudden change in my family's life.

All the efforts and struggles we had done together was for the benefit of our four children. But the nest egg we had created was lost due to the cost of his medical problems. After ten years of knowing he was diabetic, he suffered complications, which brought my life to a very confusing and traumatic dilemma, regarding whom I should attend to first, my adolescent children or my husband who was almost blind at 36.

I had to be strong even though I was confused. It's my youngest son who could not take our financial fall from Grace. He became hooked on a drug called Shabu and became a problem both at home and at school. Heart-breakingly, my other son became addicted too. During those days I was an officer of their school PTA but their behaviour caused me to resign out of shame. But never did I surrender. Just cried out to the ALMIGHTY, and bore the problems of life alone.

After my husband's death, finances were my major problem. Paying for food, medicines, and hospitalization, including rehabilitation expenses for my younger son's addiction problems. Marriage took him away from addiction, but I helped him so he lived with me. Fear of poverty and love for me was also a great factor that made him change which I count as another of God's blessing.

My two sons have completely recovered, have their own families and two daughters were both have their families too and happy as well.

Now I have survived and am looking for happiness whatever that may look like. And I know and can feel it will happen soon, very soon.

It must be my reward from bearing the cross I have had.

A Daughter's Cry Of Sorrow

This poem was written by my youngest child, Reichel when she was crowned Ms. Junior in their school some months after his father's death. I found it in her study table beside her crown and bouquet as her fall asleep with tears in her eyes...

August 16 was my husband's birthday and August 6 was his death day. This is in memory of his 10th years death.

I don't experience you kissing and hugging me when I was young
I know you are busy with what you are doing for our living
I know to you are sick not feeling well and that was annoying
I understand them all in my young mind and thinking.

How I prayed to god as I grew up that someday you see me
Your sweet and lovely daughter, your replica they told me
I asked the lord that your eyes be lighted to all things again
To see my face and the merits I am getting like you had been.

Most of all I asked god to give you strength so I may feel
The warm hugs and sweet kisses I long to from you in real
But what a reverse from us he took you away forever
Sad lonely and dismayed, I cried in grief and mourned all day.

Why did you go and leave and did not see me, daddy?
I am asking the lord to return you back to me
I will be he happiest teen now if he will grant me
Though I want, he will not send you back to me.

All your sufferings and pains he wants you to be free
He wanted you to rest at the expense of my being lonely
My tears can't stop falling, where are you now dear daddy?
Oh, I see you now in the clouds, looking waving to me
Daddyyyyyyyy, you're gone... you really leave your baby?
Oh my daddy, my dearest daddy, why did you leave me?
Goodbye daddy!

(August 17,2009 at 1 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

A Dream

Struggling hard for my crop to be on top
The taxi is waiting for me for my freight
"Hurry up" its mom "might miss your flight"
Luggage on board the land cruise about to start.

The walls were dark and no one on sight
Soul searching for anybody but alone it is night
Hours keep moving and sound like ticking light
Wondering where I am comes to my mind.

Far place I see but was familiar to eyes
Ravine so stiff and a nipa hut stand
Down and beside the lake was in sight
Waves of the sea awaits the lonely ash
Of a cremated body that was done with us.

I see myself back in the house and friends around
My wedding gown and some relatives behind
I have to dress for my wedding soon to start
Wondering why my wedding dress is not white
And can't see my family and tears in my eyes.

Crying hard "wake up" says mom on shout
Blast a loud voice in her tongue of shock
I a having a nightmare and she thought it was bad
Was afraid something was going wrong in my side.

After a week, it was July 25,1971 I am on my march
My future husband to the altar waits for my hands
To be transferred to him by my dad with pain in his heart
Proven by a life less smile as we walk to the carpet
And hand me over to his future son, my groom my love.

Shimmering smiles in my lips in my eyes
Darkened face of my sad and lonely dad
Were the effects seen the photographs
Portrait of the wedding, for a remembrance.

After the reception my family was silent

No words from them just simple deep breathings
That can't be denied by the silence that surrounds
The loneliness after the blessings from mom and dad

We walked down the stairs with heavy hearts
Don't want to look back my tears might blast
We have to be happy as we were here to stay
To proceed to the new home for our new life starts.

On the 3rd day I got sick and father came
With him a doctor for my health to take care
Yet the eyes of dad were sad and no glow
Smile that always come our lips don't show.

On the 9th day, it was August 3,1971
I have recovered and feeling fine
We visit the place where my childhood lingers
Missed my family, as for days haven't seen
Yet dad's not around at work and late for an O.T.

Sad I am because dad was not there to see
To hug, to kiss and say I am sorry but I am happy
To bed I went with my lonely heart missing daddy
When a butterfly appeared in my altar suddenly
I talked to it a like human conveying my sadness.

I missed my dad so much and get asleep that night.
In the mid of our sleep hard and awakening knocks
On our door my mom-in-law calling us to come out
A visitor, my uncle, for me has come in our house
Have to leave for abroad and wants see me last.

But I lost my consciousness on that moment
I felt I am on limbo and cannot move my body
Seem paralyzed and frozen I was very cold
I see myself on board the car beside my husband.

Our house was bright and people around
Murmurs, looks, I'm, worried, get numbed
My feet can't move my walking stopped
Was lost, I wake up I shout I cried aloud

My dad, on a casket his cadaver was hard

Again I fainted and lost my consciousness
A doctor beside me tapping my face
Giving me injection to make me calm
My heart gets weak and feels to have died
A sad surprise I cried, my grieving heart.

Why? Why? What happened to dad?
No one can reply all have tears and sad
A cardiac arrest took him away to our life
A great mourning and agony I have, we had
Especially on my part because I am his pet
And his only hope to get out this poor life.

I felt I am lost myself I cannot find
The dream I had in that nightmare reminds
It was a premonition of the death to have come
A lost, a death, and an agony we cannot forget
A lost of a life, the meaning of the dream I had.

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Address Of A New Poetess To All Poets Here

As I open my partner this site I see
And closing it too, this site I live
In my mind and my heart I smiled gently
Jessie, at last the search you see.

I joined and left some sites I register
Thought it's nice I registered as a member
Poetry and friendship I want to share
But in the end discrimination reigns.

Ratings and comments really boost morale
Spirits rises get inspired and poetic as I
Creative and imaginative minds do survive
Knowledge, talents hidden or not described.

Surfing the web for my compositions
A poet friend introduced this portion
Sharing in my heart I thought I found
Comments and ratings not in my mind.

They are good if one needs a push
It is a flavor that a creative may savor
But to the competitors it's not a favor
Bet, surely come and show real color.

As I read and commented to a poem
Reading the history of her comments
Rise both my brows I was surprised,
Here too, a competition trouble arise?

Where on web can I join and may find
A place where no feuds and race arise?
Or can we just let that comments be
A guide for better and competition free?

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Against All Odds

An argument for a difference of opinion
An alteration to modify there must be revision
Willing to be drenched, swim the deepest ocean
Indefinite future a great decision, for life is a gamble.

Righteous and decent a virtuous foundation
A pedestal of which one must have put on
An established root to strong hold the soil
For the survival of the fittest must carry on.

Disastrous life to drive and be driven
To use and be used to fool and be fooled
Cause in this world only two ways to follow
A good conscience or a cheater on the loose.

The truth is that if you walk righteous way
Loneliness and defeat is unseen not accessible
But taking the ghost of the evil creation
Doomed will be life, to hell the origin of creation

Source of life, was love and human desire
And the cords that bind, tied tightly for the game
A good watch over for the main menu to gamble
Wrecked life goes if not determined and never win.

But then get realizing that though life's a gamble
We choose to have played it than to lose not fighting
Comply with your ability, and cross the burden
Cause you prefer to live life, a life against all odds.

(August 16,2009 at 1: 00 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

An Orphan's Cry

The sweetest thing is love and care
From moms, from dads on infants way
Caring big hugs from their loving arms
Warm kisses scents of baby's breath.

Little laughter, murmurs of no terms
Meaningful none sense to parents ears
Joyful hearts of parents and children
Humming lullaby, working like wonders
Baby gets asleep so parents in high spirits.

Baby grows she cries and sad one day
Looking for her parents with sorrow and pain
Thinking they left her and no one to care
Just the people by her side watching her.

At the end of the day she sleeps once again
Not seeing the parents eyes swollen with tears
Life goes on the way it does every day
Love, hugs and kisses from them she hungered.

Poor little girl now in the pamper and care
Of the institution of orphaned children
Her parents succumbed to death from an accident
The miserable faith to the dungeon they end.

Now she cries of missing them and as she grows
The memory of the cares, the infant way attention
Was looked for, was needed for to warmth her
And one day in other arms she will feel, by god's will.

(August 16,2009 at 2: 30 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

By Disobidience

...This is a nightmare in a province in the Philippines and I want to share to all, because this may happen not only here, but to any plave in the world, as long as there are law breakers...

Roaring from the mountain were heard
Shaking of the ground were felt
Leaves flown scattered all around
As if giants in that site had passed.

Beautiful bird's songs were lost
Their nests and eggs were wasted
Fresh air that comforts and refresh
Humidity of air so virus germinated

Roaring, dashing, flashing of water
Gigantic floods rolling down the hills
Living things passed by were unsafe
Lucky were saved, not to unfortunate.

Screaming, shouting people crying
Horrible sound of water roaring
Soil erodes and was carried to cover
Tremendous loudness of what was carried.

Roots on the ground buried were extracted
Those on top the soil were obscured, covered
Soil, rocks and pulled trees rolling in anger
Like humans crying the hate what's happening.

Hundreds of lives were buried alive
Thousands were lifeless and homeless
No young nor old no gender was special
A death astounding calamity beyond belief.

Boulders that from mountains were cropped
Agonies and mourning from the horrifying shock
Calamity brought about by forestry law disobeyed
Who is to blame for the tragic fate from mother earth?

Aug.20,2009 at 11: 00 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Chart Of Life

Hear the crowing of the rooster's voice
Awaking each morning like a baby crying
In a hurry to the toils of the daily routine
Must not be late for noon is coming.

Hustle and dazzle designed proposed set-up
Arranged ideas and strategies for noon map
In a hurry to the toils of the daily routine
Must not be late for sunset is soon coming.

On setting the diagram on chart of life
Carefully planned graph mean to be nice
No more hurries no more dazzles at last
Whatever the consequence sunset will come
No doubt cause it is the chart of life.

(July 22,2009 at 11: 00 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Did You Feel How Hard It Was?

Dizzy she ran to vomit and back to bed.
No foods for days unlikely yet strange
Body parts seem expanding moving
Feels her joints were separating
Yet no complains...Did you feel how hard it was?

.Thinning but her abdomen's getting great
Body weighs heavy, sluggish to move around
Clothes getting tight have to buy that fitted one
Got to move freely somebody is inside of her now.
Yet no complaints...Did you feel how hard it was?

Wanted to sleep and get relaxed but they can not
Some months and moves were felt, some ticks inside
Heart beat feels two though only one, hard but ignore
Anxiety, tensed, heard cries that almost meant her life
Yet no complaints ...Did you feel how hard it was?

Both want to sleep and get relaxed but they did not
Have to nurture the little soul cuddle and hug
Better-half can't have merry-go-round the bush
Have to work hard for some foods and stuffs
Yet no complains....Did you feel how hard it was?

Dreams were made even before your existence
A blissful life for you to own before they were gone
No days, no nights, hard all works, no playing around
Blood seemed to be their sweat to a pledged plan
Yet no complaintsDid you feel how hard it was?

Now they were old, only you they can lean on their only one
Where are you that they shed their blood and lost good time?
In this old nipa hut in a dark lonely miserable dessert like
Not your existence can be seen, nor your cuddles be felt
Yet no complains....Did you feel how hard it was?

Come dear child, come and see the old souls
They were creeping, sneaking, crawling like rats
From the dirty manhole you can hear them cry

Hungry and dirty cause homeless they were now
Yet no complaints....Did you feel how hard it was?

No, you can not see them now, nor feel their hugs
No, you can not feel the pains and sorrow they have
The agony of losing you breaks their weak hearts
You where there in the deep square peg's hole for the none-life
Yet no complaints heard, nor can feel how hard it was.

If only you valued the hardships and love they did planned
Drugs, wine, gambles and women, all lust for earthly desires
You should have been alive, they should have not suffer
Yet they can not complain, you can feel the hardship no more.
How they wish you were still alive to hear no complaints
No hardships to have felt because you are their only one.

-end-

(July 28,2009 at 8: 30 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Do You Know What Poetry Is?

(I was reading the posts this afternoon and my attention was called by the page of a member and was sorry to see the top page and the content of the post became unclear to my mind. It is that I felt sad about the topic, this a reply for that post. I hope she won't misunderstand me if I write this way.)

Hi, actually, your topic, I didn't understand much about
What attracted me most to stop by the site
Were the mere words that was written on the top
'STOP WRITING POETRY' but why? was in my mind.

Ouch, I am hurt really deep inside
Though I am not the one concerned
But just to your site I happen to pass
Amazed I felt really bad and sad for that.

Don't they know and how and what poetry was all about
There very rare poets of a kind but remembered and loved
Like songs, that I called them but no tunes to have hummed
And don't they know that poetry is where music's start?

A song isn't a song if no poetry or lyrics to adopt.
This poetic song to you I sent and made write
To let know that poetry is like essay, editorial
And other kinds of extensions and conveyance.

Of what is in our mind, what is in our hearts
Prose and poetry is a part of what they taught us
In building our knowledge, our education to last
And have them expressed the way it was and must.

This is just to convey what I felt by the word
Cause I am a poet, I was hit, over-run by the fact.
I am asking my excuses if I over looked and re-act
Cause I am sadden you know by that weary act.

Hope I am understood if I am not right,
I just want to defend the poet's side.
And wish to be a friend to be added by you
Honestly I felt so touched because a poet, am I.

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Forever

Come across, in a tissue paper I wrote your name
Your astonishing personality bumped into my senses
Wished to have you more and know you better
But it was lost when it gets wet in my pocket.

Again I get your name and had it written in my palm
Hold it tight so it won't be lost in the my hands
Have them looked at but rain falls and were washed
The hard rains last night took your name away.

Have over it again and wrote it in a sheet of paper
Clearly and healthy the conversations wanders
There was awareness of the things happening
One of us has to be discreet in a good sense to stay.

But in an unexpected moment the wind blew hard
And the paper were name was written was nowhere
Another loss and I want to memorize and remember
But why I always missed and lost your name?

Brows getting raised, fore head wrinkled as I ask myself
Does it mean that come what may we stick together?
This time I am sure why I used to get your name
You're someone very special I don't want to part

Blushing, now determined and confident I am
Keep your name and cherish then as well
This is the space where I write your name to lay
In a very secured dwelling site in my heart forever!

(July 22,2009 at 12: 00 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Forgiveness

Stay with me I beg to thee
My way were dark help me p
Brighten up and be the light
From my mistakes tow me up.

I have gone a stray and I admit
Temptations came, was so weak
My mortal soul accepts defeat
The sin of betrayal I do commit.

Your forgiveness now I seek
Beseech your mercy I request
Let compassion reign at heart
My sins have now come to an end.

I condemned my self and ruined
Ill-fated life was it fated, predestined?
Wish I have been strong to alterations
This hell like destiny, my God have mercy.

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Gigolo

Knowing you are lonely I won't be happy
Seeing you sad, you know I won't be glad
Your feelings to be smart, now I want to do my best
The cheeks and chin to laughter and smiles be set

And your lips and eyes show a thousand wits and cheers.
For you must be so good lucky baby
Gorgeous looks of a beast of heaven
Damn eyes can't see the fallen

Be gotten, god made you a masculine.
Not to be sad nor no to feel bad
Not to be lonely but to make us lonely
That is your role to the female society.

I want to see the strong image of a soul
A man I hoped, I wished to love for more
But I know I'm not worth the score
I just smile you rejoice and enjoy your savor.

My special someone I wish you smile
Be brave, be strong you should not cry
Men are not made to shed the tears
But wipe as it falls to a ladies cheek...
To all the girls you love and play!
The special somebody that I adore!

(November 24,209 10: 20 am, Philippines) .

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Goodbye, Hello

Feels so good being here, you know?
True people everywhere, anywhere I go
hard efforts and pain the paddles we row
Crusades for triumphs to achieve the goals.

Beauty and nature's lovers I'm sure... very sure.
Saying GOODBYE to you is bitter
being in two roads, I feel complicated
and no matter how hard to my heart I got decided...

Leave you? Forget you? Decline you?
Oh no no! That I will never do...
It's just the place that I leave, I let go,
But...in my other world I'll meet, I'll see you...
And were the angels are.. I'll say to all of you...
A very sweet and warm. HELLO!

□

▣

(Nov.19,2009 at 9 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

How Can I Tell Me Why

Heaven knows how much I tried
A shattered dream collapses now
Undying love was the fault of life
Ruled by uncontrolled yearning.

Buckled feelings a dream had seized
For so many a days were but magic
A shout a blast that breaks the heart
Not mine somebody owns your love.

Fancy free that deception have made
Genuine passions shared in now real
What lays ahead those indecent offers?
Love and passion by deceived notions.

A stroke on the chest held me breathless
Fears of pains now ruined the flesh
That cried out for love that made me die
A thousand times when you say goodbye.

But yet I am here and beg you stay
Flight of imagination I can't dissent
Conquers my mind, disagrees my soul
Yet my poisoned heart cried out for joy.

Agust 2 at 12: 00pm, Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

I Was Beguiled

For Jessie

Over the miles, the wind whispered my name
A sparkle of love, after long waiting in vain
Was it real, or did I, just imagine it so
Was it true, through the mist, it was starting to grow
in my heart, filling holes, that were caused long ago

I wished it could happen, but then what would I do
With the one that I had, that now, was not "you"
Glimpses of her, her bright beckoning smile
Flitted over the screen of my memories, while
I tried to regain my balance and style
from the sweet taste of Jessie, across all those miles.

This is my lady's reply to the poems created for my lover..
Reply:

Some moments in time I have given up
Surrendered myself soul searching heart
Worthless and feeling tired I lay my cards
Up side down and forget my sweet sight.

Lonely and sad, I need to be warmth at night
Sweet kisses for my dried lips to softly touch
And bring me to sensations and ignite my light
Wake up my senses of almost forgotten delight.

Disgraced by the rubbish that there surrounds
A sweet, calm and kind face caught my heart
Hard pumps and voltage of I don't know what
Blocked and stopped my fading dream that night.

It was an awakening touch of silent words
Sweet and flattering, I see a comet to rush
Down from heavens perhaps, you make my life
Rebuild the fall and patch this colorless life.

Could this be a dream I won't wake up
I'll stay eye closed and feel your love
Your thoughts and your self haunts much
As much and brilliant as you I was beguiled.

(July 27,200 at 10: 00 pm Philippine time)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Illicit Love Affair.. Beware!

Gorgeous, dynamic, fantastic and magnetic...
Passionate lover, romantic and erotic
Seems all have the reasons to be seek,
Bounty to make a soul his life is at risk.

Perform a lot to grasp the feeling...
That was never free to go, well, be crazy...
But the weakened heart and mind,
Uncontrolled oh, my God it was...

Wrecked homes all household part,
Offspring were gone to worse, oh so bad,
Light of the life went dimmed and wrath,
Into nothing, vow went out of path.

Fruits of love, joys and bliss they must...
By a devilish shadow of phantom,
The coalition of juices scampered,
Rotten and ruined they fall to the road of dust.

Beware to be a victim, hurry get out...
Destroy the castle of the demon with wand,
Audaciously triumph over the demon,
With so much exhilaration in camouflage.

(August 13,2009 at 9: 00 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Illusive Life

Justice delayed is justice denied
Fact and general truth of law life
Money begets money it is true so that
Poor gets poorer and rich go richer.

Why garbage gathers dirt and germs
And rotten gets bad unlikely smell
But why the indigent's health not affected
And the rich get sick as they see and smell it.

Beauty and talent when merge together
A prominence, opulence to the beholder
The less fortunate were left behind
Then why yet they were granted
Combined to the lucky wealthy ones?

In life together for a man and a woman
The honest and faithful were betrayed ones
The ungraceful and the clumsy some
Were the winners the triumphant?

The secret of life and how it moves is unseen
No one can tell or guess for a clear viewing
Uncertain we can't choose what life can bring
Indefinite about how or where life is going.

(August 17,2009 at 11: 30 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

In My Heart

Come across, in a tissue paper I wrote your name
Your astonishing personality bumped into my senses
Wished to have you more and know you better
But it was lost when it gets wet in my pocket.

Again I get your name and had it written in my palm
Hold it tight so it won't be lost in the my hands
Have them looked at but rain falls and were washed
The hard rains last night took your name away.

Have over it again and wrote it in a sheet of paper
Clearly and healthy the conversations wanders
There was awareness of the things happening
One of us has to be discreet in a good sense to stay.

But in an unexpected moment the wind blew hard
And the paper with name was nowhere to find
Another loss and I want to memorize and remember
But why I always missed and lost your name?
Does it mean that come what may we stick together?

This time I am sure I will surely take your name
You're someone very special I don't want to lose
This is the space where I write your name to lay
In a very secured dwelling site in my heart forever!

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

In Return

Things went great we celebrate
The provider of these we forget
Drowned by the prominence
A look back wasn't noticed.

Consequences was out on sight
All that was paradise, was on mind
Depression by the loss went on all over
For the fortune, come about despair.

In life we should know someone behind
Respect and gratitude give in return
Greed for fame, wealth and eminence
For a lasting glory learn to be kind.

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For a lasting glory learn to be kind.
Spiritual or material need not count
A spirit of sharing must be at heart
For you'll not know the power of God.

(August 14,2009 at 12: 00 om Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Letting Go

Painful that was she's gone astray
All things she needed you always render
Stubborn and stupid I called her a beast
Though it is hurting you, she can't resist.

I closed my eyes, my tears I just let go
My heart was broken too, that you know
All your life you have given to that brute
You said somebody to love you won't be sad?

She's a flirt, a woman of evil deed
To punch her lines heaven you feel
Although you knew it isn't true
Your world she wrecked and turned to blue!

What a sad fate that woman I supposed
No satisfaction for lust she can be a ghost
Money, fame and glory from you she needed
And leave you for another that is unfair.

Creature of pains, looter of a loving heart
Loving her is your wish, but you will be hurt
To see her smile you forget the fate of being sick
She wouldn't love you though, she won't perceive.

Hunger for her love you too have made yourself
It is true you loved her blindly and clean and real
Killing you softly seem her joy and happiness
So let her go for these things, to be sad you don't deserve!

(November 20,2009 at 8 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Making Love

Man meets woman in their own time
Unexpected, both seem to be on line
The same waves, they were likewise
And that of course we called
.....LOVE ...can't be denied..

They get in touch, all day all night
Bothered by an emotion, 'twas felt so fast
The two decide to take a chance
Up they go around and as one,

Climb peaks and hills so soft so warm.
Tremendous shakes and volts that was
From the flesh, from the blood that comes
So hard, so bright, that was to shine.

A piece of salami for the cat to dine.
Tastes sweet and juicy so wet and wild.
A battle field the pad looked like.....
Total wreck the ship collides.....

The anchor dropped and sailing gets rough
Hard strokes, heavy push on and off...
Up and down the captain has done
A heroine on war reveals smile...

Glorified and gracious the hero was
A victorious warrior he feels her sigh
He shook his head to feel the prize
That has just been won over the cry.

Tired, weak, both bodies were...
But never contest nor complains arise
All that was heard were deep sighs
A sign of contentment to what was done.

A sweet momentum for a man and a woman...
The binding spirit that was meant to be want
Where we all originated and we became men

The glory thus was called "making- love".

(July 23,2009 at 8: 30 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Moment In Time

Traditional joining of poles to poles
Unexplainable delight and enthusiasm
Sanctified glory conveyed the mind
Transport to hearts, emotions were equal.

Blessed by holiness, essence of sensations
Passions brought about by fancy notions
Visions deem to never ending devotion
Commitments made in a sacred temple.

Cannot be evaded by no, nothing nor anyone
Main dish of the union of two souls, adoration,
Idolization, veneration, adulation and worship
Promises, pledge and vows anointed by HIM.

True flesh and true blood creation of affection
Cherished, nurtured, cared, carried for being
Bulls-eye, the end of poles a cry was heard
Fruit of strength binding of an anecdote.

Picture of the flame that squeeze the juice
Joy of the spirits, begins a new generation
Forgotten existence, not a fairy-tale, a legend
Able, ready to reiterate cycle of creation.

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

My Little Dark Room

A cup for two on the love table
Waiting for you to come and keep on
Frightened and worried, tears seem fall
The moment you come here my side.

Praying that the phone won't ring
Hoping that you sleep with me well
Distressed am I, unfortunate and sad
Coz you will leave if the sound you hear.

The more I learn to love you by heart
The more we seemed drifted apart
Weak, I'm trying to persuade
Strong, brave I have to fight
For my love, a feeling that can not lie.

You said you won't go but it is not true
The truth hurts that you are not mine
Who is with you now can't help but cry.
I am just nobody to you a name won't try
Lust and thoughts came very fast, you're gone.

When all I have to you submit, I give
A time passing by I can accept and apply
The rules of heavens, now worked to sigh.
That you will love only one, your better half

Mistress is the name for me to tagged
I have to be strong I can not be away
Though it is a sin that I know, but why I pursue
My love, my devotion though years may go
What kind of fool I am and must I let you go?
Must I have you in my dark room forever to stay?

(August 13,2009 at 9: 00 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

My World

Silent as a deep blue sea
Green and woody as a forest
Sticky and bubbly like a gum
Sweet and tasty as a food to feed.

In the midst of sorrow and sadness
I tried and learned to be happy
In the middle of pain and agony
I managed to be calm stand firmly.

The loads and burden I carry
No matter how heavy I bear
The power I have and with me
The grace and blessings of mercy.

Ups and downs and round, around
Far and near my world was dark
Far and near my world get bright.
I loved and lost and was hurt

I am loved and left and have hurt
The world I have been and into was that
Sad, merry, glad and bad and what about
The world I have is it like yours?

Sweet and sour with precious might
Pearly and sandy, smooth and rough
Bright shining dark or dull lights
Whatever, it is my world I can't object!

(July 25 at 9: 00 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

No Love No Dream.. A Not So Impossible Dream

I have a dream that I want to be fulfilled
To see the moon and the stars in the universe
Ride on a space ship and see all planets
Be the discoverer, the ruler of the planets.

Stars that shine on the constellation
The big and small dipper as known
Scientist and biologists I adore
They inspired my desire to make a throng
Of beneficial ideas for my endeavor
To save the world from collision.

The ozone layer that we have feared
I wish to restore to save mother earth
A capsule like vehicle I drive to fly
Do what Yuri Gagarin had done.

To the people and to the world I'm sad
A vision of despair for the phenomenon
The destroy of nature caused by human
If we won't be careful to do destruction.

Our mother earth will remain awesome
Beautiful and creatures will be secured
Out of danger from the dyeing nature.
If we will practice proper points.

A call for help top fulfill my dreams
For a beautiful world to live and grow
For the sake of our siblings and our kin's
Help me fulfill my not so impossible dream
Let there be love to fulfill a dream.

(August 17 at 11: 30 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Once There Was A Love

From far a distance a feeling was molded
Soft and serene pure and honest to be said
Fears and doubts always in the hearts
Dieing to be with both is their want.

A pinch in their hearts for every message
Their fears and scared of loss someday
The doubts of the many bees and flowers
Both surround them they have to be fair.

All day and nights the heartaches lives
Too much emotion their love's gone deep
To fulfill their dreams they want to succeed
Break the impossible and live by the goal.

Crazy as they were, they have to be strong
Believe to what they feel they must go on
Dreams are but dreams they must be reasonable
People created dreams, both want to make soon.

Once there was a love, deeper than any ocean
As a song goes by, thinking it is true, it is real
Once there was a love, it was theirs to find
To hold and to cherish and keep for a lifetime.

God gave them the meaning of their dreams
One day they will meet and be happy together
Full of hopes and enthusiasm they can be true?
Once there was a love and god, will it be real?

(November 23,2009 7 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

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(August 17,2009 at 12: 00pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Purple Haze

Beauty and brain is astonishing
Remarkable moves can be seen
Doubts and worries all to stay
Insecure took my breath away.

Speechless both we were bothered
Overwhelming glory they play
A vision of the shocking dazzle
From the bewildering scenes.

Dared our depth for returns
Lavish rewards to lust and riches
Destructing moments for evil sins
Which way to go was so confusing?

Temptations when abstained
Clashed mighty and proud
Wage war withheld up high
The purple haze is now ours.

(September 15 at 9: am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Romance

Flashes rushed, sparkling brilliance
Diamond of best cut, best slice
Flowers, white, red, yellow ones
Drowning fragrance of perfumes surrounds.

Candle lights, goblets of precious wine
Sweet mellow music to floor both dance
Erotic beatings unknown two hearts now one
Uncertain, where originates where it come.

Sweet tender words of stunning sensations
Remarkable moves, dwelling site on fire
Breathtaking frictions of skins brings warmth
Vulnerable glance staring melting desires.

To heart, to soul till the world stops moving
Clock stops striking, heard were sighs exciting
moans and sweet hums of love remains
Invincible, Pendulum of the heart keeps beating.

The power that moves mountains
Now captured the foreign feelings
Parts of the universe they were afar
When arrow hits target, sweet lovely
Feeling was unconquerable "romance"

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Shout

A loud noise sign of a success
As bells ringing, voices shouting
Trumpet and drums sound begins
A good result or win over a thing.

A loud noise from far then came
Hallucination like it was hell
Agony around in wilderness unseen
A shout of sadness and despair.

After laughter next is tear falling
What followed happiness is loneliness?
All were created from the soul in vain
Shout is heard, soft, loud in joy or in pain.

2-01-2010 Philippines 8: 17 am

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Survival Of The Fittest

I saw some images formed in shape
Birds flying high up, up and away the sky
But a sound of a shut the biggest fell down
Birds flew away, some stayed and some gone.

Down, forest animals are running fast
Each one trying to save their lives
No directions, where to go to survive
Poor young ones confused left behind.

To the air another blew of he hard wind
Destroying the leaves, flowers and twigs
Some seedlings to sprout gone wrecked
Only roots and trunk, nothing was left.

After the shut, the roaring and the wind
A lonely scene was visioned so clear
That it was disaster of all levels to be
A loss a failure, be it natural or man made.

But after sometime the leaves begun to grow
In they sky, the birds that fly, their songs yet hum
Forest beasts still there to run and roam around
They learn by themselves to gain to multiply

I see in then a vision of human life
A struggle for survival we must fight
Creations of God of less knowledge than us
They showed courage and strength to be alive.

In the midst of my illusions I see
That we must be as strong as them
During our loss we must be brave
For what was left should lead the quest.

The game of life here on earth
The stronger wins the weaker fails
Bravery and determination must be the link
Then you go for the game, survival of the fittest.

(July 23,2009 8: 00 am Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

The Soul Mates

Settled down not on time nor to well-matched
Carried away by flirting joy, eyes and smiles
Burning sensations not a hindrance nor barred
To feel tenderness they, were sweet sublime.

Vibrations might lead to feeling uncontrolled
Altered by the diabolic power that was everyone
Who felt, who suffered, can see nothing, no one
But that untouched evolution of the genes of human.

No conflicts no, no quarrels they go along well
In progression, desolation, anguish, despair
In magnificence, brilliance and splendor of life
Both contribute, go halves the portion, they share.

Strange but true it happened on earth
While two unknown far to each other
Into different places they were born
But when they meet their heart just beat.

Fast and powerful murmurs sweet and strong
Love played their song they can't control
True it's undeniable, unbelievable, and unexplainable
Two hearts, two people, and souls' mates they call...

(July 26,2009 11: 30 am Philippine time)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

When Love Has Gone

After those long happy days now comes the sad times, why after joy in return is sorrow and despair..

Colors red and gold had turned to gray
The moonlight is dim, stars don't glow
Humid air surrounds and would not blow
Room was silent laughter's now go.

Unlike before all things are right
Giggles heard the echoes are loud
Sky is bright, the stars glow light
Music in the air fresh to skin it touch...

When love is there no days any nights
Everything so fast unnoticed it pass
But when love has gone, all days all nights
Sadness and tears makes hours to stop.

But what must be done to let go love
The feeling that was built in the heart
Should one let go and bear the hurt
But one must let go to end the love.

January 30,2010 2: 40 am Philippines
1-29-2010

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

Where Is Your Heart?

I greet the day with rainbows bright
Full of enthusiasms and wishes of luck
But your shattered words wounded me much
I almost broke and fall I am deeply hurt.

I can not hold my tears when we didn't meet
To the rendezvous you chose for us for a treat
Dine, drink and dance together with candlelit
But was in vein, I was waiting for nothing.

Many dreams and plans made and uttered
Some sacrifices done for our love sake
That I felt was true and sincere and best
It was questionable, sad and sorry to think.

Forgotten and ignored that's what I fell now
No flowers, nor sweet messages were found
Neither greetings, neither received phone rings
Do you really care please tell what you mean? .

Clouds now deemed my soul, a wink I throw
Reality of love, what I am to you, I must know
When all my love and life, to you I promised
Honest and sincere, no questions, I am devoted.

Will you please end my doubts and fears?
Of losing you I can accept just please
End my sufferings I am doomed to sadness
I must be free from my lonesome days.

(August 27,2009 at 5: 00 m Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan

You Are The One

Among all of men I have met and loved
But only for a while and they did not last
There was only one that I want to be back
Memories of our good days that passed.

Among all I have been sharing sweet feelings
Offers I got and encountered beautiful things
There was an inevitable moment I can not forget
But no matter how I tried, it can not come back.

And the humor, the joy and laughter lingers
Dull moments and argues not there, never
Passionate we are, as our love we play
The splendor thing to each other we share.

By remarks made by flirting and encounters
Inevitable days of waiting into waste they were
Broken wings I am I was a victim of your flings
Heartrending and bewildered my life was in vein.

And whosoever you have interest and love now
Whoever owns your heart, to every name they are?
Be a friend, a playmate a soul mate, who she may
No one can replace you in my heart, you are the one..

(August 27,2009 at 5 pm Philippines)

Jessie Clarete Bernabe Cadsawan