

Poetry Series

Juneil Sechico
- poems -

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Juneil Sechico(June 22,1987)

.....Poet's Gramercy.....

I

Sweetest buddy dearest,
Gramercy I shy to thee,
For being kind and honest,
With utmost sincerity.
Thou hast made me as I am,
Requirest me no sham:
Thou cordiality,
Taught me how to love,
With no hypocrisy,
Free as liberated dove.
Thy grin made me better,
When my days were bitter.
I can show nothing to thee,
But my artful simplicity.

II

Like a rainbow-colored lily,
In the pond of felicity,
I am spinning with gladness,
Perfumed with unselfish happ'ness.
Freshest morning moisturized,
With nourishing dew I rise,
Everyday of my haiku-life,
It is because I made ripe,
By the unlimited Heaven,
Mine eternal Belle Haven.
I consider myself blest,
And I exult with pure zest,
Because I found a precious gem,
Which is now added to my name.

III

To thee I can offer nothing,
But words of selfless wishing,
To the Highest One I pray,
For thee to be in fullest glee:
Be filled with genuine bliss,
And satisfied with Heaven's kiss.

Like the fresh foliage of a tree,
Thou shall laudest merrily,
To the One who made ye charming,
With a posture very pleasing.
Be real still to thine ego,
Clearer than spectral-blue,
So ye may see the sparkle,
Of my thoughtful waterfall.

IV

I pray Him to shadow after,
Ye for thine own welfare,
And give ye loving reminder,
When ye pace very sure never,
As He tinkers me neither,
But fabricate anew either.
Thou art like a crimson blossom,
In the garden of my bosom,
Needing rain from sweetest Heaven,
To be abundantly thrivin',
That's why I'm bending my knees,
For thee to feel the candied kiss,
From the Man with winsome visage,
As thou proceed to thy voyage.

V

Happy is I am knowing thee,
To Him fullest gramercy,
I happ'ly give ev'ryday,
Even if thy cherry ardor,
Of thy purest field of amour,
Is possible to be grasp'd never,
I will be still thy lover,
Oh Perlyn I wish ye well!
Fill thy cup with honeyed zeal,
To promptly gauge the loftiness,
Of thy starry dream's face,
And touch it with happiness,
I pray thee, let not be the least,
'Cause I wish ye the best.

This ode is dedicated to PJ Amper.!

Juneil Sechico

.....Good Morning.....

Sun is brightly shining;
Birds are happ'ly singing:
'Wake up and live now Juneil,
Mind never the rocky hills,
But live with blazing zeal
Fueled by thundering will.'

I face the honest mirror,
Seeing myself clearer
While hearing its whisper:
'Oh Juneil blessed one,
There's a lot of things to be done,
Better make yourself ready,
Never get tired nor weary
To live with all your cream
To reach your starry dream.'

Waving sapphire ocean
Kissed by the xanthous sun
Exhales a soothing breeze
To touch my worried face,
Taking me to my secret place
Where I've found the amazing grace
From the Man with darling face
While I'm falling on my knees
Because of Heaven's kiss
That fills my life with sweetness
Through storms of surprises.

The unfathomable well
Of His love that never fail
To lull me in the middle
Of typhoon's hostile waterfall,
Moistens me to grow ripe
To live with a fullest life
With huge intensity
To surmount the world's assay
And attain the peak of heyday.

Sun luminates over me,
Exposing my identity;
Allowing me not to hide
From the world's uncordial side,
But urges me to fight
For my one and only right,
And that is to win the game
To stand tall with my name.
I'm awake and fin'lly see
The fair things happening to me.
Thank you Lord, Good morning to me.

Juneil Sechico

....Rainbow....

As the ruby roses blossom
In the inner field of my bosom,
Allow my potpourri of best wishes
Perfume you with celestial bliss;
Let the rainbow of joy arch on your face.

As the orange sun generously shining
To give you the brightest morning,
Hear the birds that I sent you to sing
My simplest and ordinary greeting
With prayers for more blessings.

Celebrate like a xanthous butterfly
Dancing with breath of boundless sky
As you blow the candles on the cake
Chocolate moist from heaven sweetly baked;
Garnished with colors of gladness on God's plate.

Emerald field of grasses kissed by the sun
Reminds me of you as your life expands
Growing up and working with effective hands.
I'm wishing you to enlarge your territory,
Stretch up your hands to reach the star of victory.

Sapphire ocean of life is getting more deep;
Inviting you to take an exciting dip
Just to have more zestful life to live.
As the countless waves bless the shore,
I'm praying for you to be happy more.

My pen keep jotting with indigo ink,
I close my eyes, come to my mind and think
Of seeing you with your angelic face
Filled with sweetness of heaven's kiss,
Bathing in the pool of timeless happiness.

May the purple cloud of God's bounty
Shower you with more days of felicity.
Oh Sherlyn, to the world show your cream,

Scintillate with the lit of your heart's flame,
Soon you will live with your glittering dream.

Juneil Sechico

....Venus....

In the starry welkin
I'm seeing you sparklin':
My imagination flies,
Your luminosity shies
Incandescence to my eyes.

As the mouth of cottony haze
Sighs a misty taste chilling breeze,
My lips dream for astral kiss,
Palms long to touch your darling face
To warm my frozen bosom
Caused by wintry yesterday's gloom.

Ever brightest asterisk,
Among them you're the fairest.
My weary mind is in hush
With your altruistic flush;
I'm cradled with the brightness
Of your glowing comeliness
As I gauge your loftiness.

With you, I hanker to dance
With your nightfall elegance
Before I lose the only chance
To pen this spectral romance
Of my bizzare chivalry
In my racy fantasy
Powered by your shining beauty
That deletes my dark memory.

Oh Venus, you let me repose,
Enticing my eyes to close,
Lounge to forget my worries
For the upcoming hard days.
Your amicable beauty
Keeps me in tranquility;
Leading me the way to my bed
To lay my overloaded head;
Giving me rest from my dread.

Juneil Sechico

...Mumbo Jumbo Not....

Tell I no words you know neither,
Nor show I something you saw never;
Read I no poems you write didn't,
Nor give I something you worked haven't.

Promise I no nail to nothing,
Nor speak I flowery words rotten;
Hand I no gold you own not,
Nor diamond made of mud

Tell I no truth composed by lie,
Nor humility of boastful sky;
Speak I no more fruitless voice,
Nor make a destructive noise.

Play I no mumbo jumbo,
Nor tell I much ado;
Neither fool I, nor yourself,
Just be you, be yourself.

Juneil Sechico

...My Poetic Grannie Told Me....

Have your pen And notebook with you,
Tote it wherever you may go,
To indite the events of time;
Make spontaneous flow of lines,
Consisting words of poetic rhymes.

Flavor your piece with imagery;
The main ingredient of poetry,
Is a heart full of fantasy,
And a heart full of emotion;
A heart with ardent affection.

Color is very necessary,
To vivify the imagery,
Of your cruising imagination,
In the notional dimension,
Of your profound cogitation.

Forget not the love of what you do;
'Twill create a fantastic flow,
To the bottomless ocean blue,
Of boundless poetic contrivance,
With interminable elegance.

You have my tips grandson of mine,
Fabricate me just few fine lines,
That can blow away the readers' minds,
To your exquisite reverie,
With a ton of felicity.

(Dedicated to Karin Anderson of Poemhunter Society)

Juneil Sechico

...The Laboring Poet's Pen...

Portraying imagery,
Painting whim's infinity,
Sketching fair fantasy,
O' dreamers blissful memory.

Words are flamboyantly drawn,
'Luminated by silver moon,
Dancing with cosmic stars,
In the poet's mind went afar.

Telling the tale of untold,
Hidden chest of golden words,
Jewels of phrases are laced,
In the flyleaf's empty space.

Rainbow-ink colors profoundly,
The notional residency,
In the outdoor reality,
O' dreamer's sweet fantasy.

Constellations of verses,
Occur in the clean pages,
O' poet's luminous note;
Imagination came afloat.

Pen clearly animated,
The blissful event in my head;
Whimsical night scripted,
In my joyous heart's tablet.

Juneil Sechico

..Keep Dreaming..

Quit not dreaming comrade of mine,
Tomorrow, sun is meant to shine
With your virtuous ambition
Which the world counts as inane notion.

Keep on dreaming, make it big,
Lose not your hope, increase your faith,
Believe in yourself, work for it,
March forward, let no one pull you back
And keep your feet on the right track.

Sometimes the world is so tough,
Cruel, uncordial and very rough,
But neither allow them to stop
You from reaching your aspiration,
Nor let them cage you with limitation;
Live with burning inspiration.

Exercise your strength for your dream,
Ameliorate the creamiest of your cream,
Light your torch with incandescent flame,
Don't let the darkness freeze you from winning the game,
Overcome the world's hardship, troubles and pain,
Soon, at the pinnacle of heyday you'll be standing with your name.

(Dedicated to Jimmy Salcedo aka Troy Soa)

Juneil Sechico

..Thanks To You..

Your pensive pen that is filled with honeyed thoughts,
Inks in my bosom with nectarous quote;
Your marmalade of love flavors my heart;
Your luscious words blossom in my ardour's pot.

Your scarlet rose of cordiality,
Perfumes ev'ry morning of my day;
Heaven-scented juice from sapphire sky,
Showers my soul, blazes my very eyes,
Ev'ry time you wave your sweetest hi.

Your verdant pasture of solicitude,
Kissed by the xanthous sun of beatitude;
Emblazons my sight with ardency,
To see the pinnacle of heyday,
With a rainbow of celestial bliss,
Flamboyantly drawn on welkin's face.

Your candied grin of encouragement,
Became my character's ornament,
With blithesome colors from the firmanent,
Of burning tons of inspiration,
Fuels me to reach my aspirations,
Intensifies my motivation,
To touch the countenance of my ambition.

Thank you for the beauteous things you've taught,
For the barrels of sweetness you've brought;
Made me ready to face the world,
Fearless, confident, positive and bold,
To do the things they think I can't do,
To cease them from throwing their flaks of boo.
What I am now, I owe to you;
With all my heart, I thank you...

Juneil Sechico

25th Angie Day

Even if the sky will turn to gray
Even if the day will be hazy
Even if the sun won't kiss the sea
Still the day will be an Angie Day

Celebrate like a dove escaped from the cage
'Cause one more year is added to your age
Stretch your arms and tell them you're happy
'Cause God's bounty is on your way

25th candle is goin' to be blown
Make a wish not only for your own
Whisper it to Him and make it a prayer
Don't stop 'til you find His answer

Sing a song and shout your praise
Touch His heart and dwell in His place
Make Him smile in your own special way
And let Him be the one to make your day

For you I have only one wish
Hope your age will increase
'Cause you have more people to bless
Soon the true happiness will cover your face

Dedicated to Angie Lee of Rowland heights, L.A.

Juneil Sechico

Adios

Tell me you won't cry
If I have to say goodbye
Keep your hanky dry

I wish I'm at home
To see my flower that blooms
Read a book of poems

Count my days had past
'Cause this day would be my last
I'll turn into dust

Thank you friends of mine
For showing your love in kind
Like a gold that shines

At last I am free!
From the weights they gave to me
That keep choking me

Folks, please shed no tears
Smile with a teeth of pearls
My pain is over

Folks, see you later
Hope we'll see each other there
In a place so fair

Juneil Sechico

Adios Mi Amigos

Sing me not a mournful song,
Read me not a sadful poem,
Cry me in a joyful tune,
'Cause now I'm goin' home.

Goodbye proudful world and to your art!
Your trick has delivered me to the dark,
But thanks to Him who showed His love,
The Man that puts me back in the right track.

Goodbye proudful world and to your fake riches!
All you gave to me is unfair justice,
Your knowledge is nothing but foolishness,
But His wisdom leads me to the way of righteousness.

Brothers and sister, please don't be bums,
Undo the things that I've foolishly done,
Reach not the things that I've falsely come,
But accept the Man that had been nailed on His palms.

Folks, sorry for the things Ive done,
But thank you for helping me to locate the sun,
The day is about to be done and the sun is fading,
My torch is over but my flame is still burning.

Friends, thank you for sharing your smiles,
There's no reason for you to cry,
Remember this day not as a sadful memory,
But count this as a Happy farewll party.

Juneil Sechico

Art Of Expression

Expressive pen showcases variety of emotions,
In a piece of paper I found no repression,
Colorful words paint the heart and soul;
Author's personality mirror hung in nameless wall.

Weeping like a child that never cares;
Every single letter portrays the poet's tears,
Weights are written heavier than the world,
Hurts and hatred freely said and told.

Love is clearly spoken through the power of ink;
A boat in the river of glory that never sinks,
Bunch of caress is safely delivered;
A soothing wind that blows a beautiful bird.

Pail of tears dropped with confidence,
Eyes dried and unmeasurable strength gained.
I'm expressive to no one but to paper through pen;
An art of expression of the repressive men.

Juneil Sechico

At The Bench

As I gaze to the boundless sky
Of lovers' starry dream,
From the lulling solitary bench
Under the tranquilizing tree of whim;
Sugar-coated smile sketched
On my rough and wrinkled visage;
Seeing the cottony-soft haze,
Forming my dream girl's angelic face;
Soothing my weary heart and mind,
From a long day of labor for life

Silky Bella Luna says her hi,
With illuminating beauty
Glowing in the infinite sky,
To ev'ry head needing her lit,
To light the foggy road of confusion
Of the lover's oblivious feet.
As her sparky dust descended,
To daydreamer's whim-conceiving head;
My expressive pen can't wait to write,
The fantastic event of whim-packed night.

Fireflies having their scintillating feast,
With pure and unfabricated zest,
Of the tree's standing ovation,
With verdant foliage of celebration,
Merrily swinging with gentle wind,
Of vap'rous sigh of endless heaven.
Allaying lit shining over me,
Garnishes my poor vocabulary,
With painful words of lexicon;
Gleaming underneath of auric moon.

Winsome supernovae capture my sight,
Blazing with aureate-silver light;
Brilliantly dazzle my heart's eyelet,
As I face to the nightful firmament.

Celestial beatitude homes,
In the navel of my bosom;
Claiming a permanent residency,
In my heart's enlarged territory;
Making me feel ameliorated,
From my yesterday's incompetence.

The night is calling me to go home,
After my mind had been fairly blown,
By my boundless imagination;
My eyes are craving for cloud-nine bed,
To give a rest my carousel head,
From visiting the notional world;
Urges me to tell what is must be told.
Heaven's nectar of love filled my cup,
Of unmeasurable happiness;
With saccharine joy in ev'ry drop.

Juneil Sechico

Bella Liza

More than Xena is the strength that you have,
You can soar the sky like a beautiful dove,
You can lift the weight that is heavier than the world,
Break the boundaries by using the most powerful Sword.

Be a victorious horse in a race,
Wear no frown but grin on your face,
Star is visible though it's hard to reach,
The deepest ocean has its own beach.

I am here to cheer you up;
I'll be kind enough to push you to the top,
Let no crabs pull you down;
Let them be your ground not crown.

You can be more than what you think you can be,
You can see more than what your naked eyes can see,
Great is your reward, more than gold;
What you will have is more than the riches of this world.

note: Bella Liza literary means 'beautiful heddle'.....Bella Liza is a good friend
of mine....

Wish you well lotch!

Juneil Sechico

Bella Mariposa

In the floral field the wind sighs,
Bonny creature catches my eyes,
Flamboyant gown swings up and down;
Pleasing the grasses from humble ground.

Cordiality cradles my weary mind,
Unselfish love of her makes my heart fine;
Colors my world from black and white,
Painting rainbow in my vivid sight.

The grins she give is sweeter than saccharine;
The sweetest relief of my aches and pain,
Kisses encourage the flowers to bloom,
Making the poet write a rhymeful poem.

Take me to the infinite sky,
In my imagination we'll fly,
Dance with the wind with silvery glow;
Wake me up till the summer freezes like snow.

Juneil Sechico

Bright Side Of The World

Leaves dance with the wind,
One peso fare to heaven,
Life's greener than green.

Birds sing to soothe me,
River flows as life should be,
I wish I'm a tree.

Sun wears its smile,
Flowers kissed by butterflies,
I wish I can fly.

I want to grow old,
In the bright side of the world,
My life won't get bored.

Juneil Sechico

Camaraderie

We can make history,
Explore the world beyond boundary,
We can soar the unlimited sky;
Spread our wings and fly.

Different interests, yet aiming for one;
Glow like silver brighter than the sun,
Mark the time with blazing hearts,
Help the ruins to make a brand new start.

Social insect is like what we are;
Ambassadors of peace not war,
Handymen of the mischief of our elders;
Making the best things more better.

In the table of brotherhood we'll dine;
Variety of races will intertwine,
The banner of love will be unroll,
All for one, one for all.

Juneil Sechico

Cause And Effect

The quack of the cats,
The meow of the ducks;
Music to my ears,
'Cause for me you care.

The tweet of the bells,
The ring of the birds;
Realization of my dream,
'Cause I heard you called my name.

The moonlit of the phone,
The beep of the moon;
I'm flying like a kite,
'Cause you kissed me goodnight.

The star of the noon,
The sun of the night;
Flamboyance of ocean blue,
'Cause you said you love me too

Juneil Sechico

Dream

Dream

Hill, mountain,
River, sea, star, sky.
Fuel's man's life, sets heart on fire
Energy giver, flower's rain
Relieves pain
Flame

Juneil Sechico

Dreamers' Nightmare

We are now devided by the bluest sea,
Gentle blow of the wind took you away from me,
The brightest star is now out of my sight;
Sun is refusin' to give its light.

When will the the rainbow bridge our gap?
When will the sun kiss the mountain top?
When will the rain refrain from kissin' my cheeks?
When will the healer alleviate my aches?

Fog is blockin' the way,
Defoliation is now the suffering of the lonely tree,
The poetic poet lost its word;
The rhymeful poem lost its rhyme.

The lachrymatories are filled with mourners' tears;
The mocking bird decided to be a wailer,
Chocolate became more bitter than burned pie,
The dreamers wailed when you said goodbye.

Juneil Sechico

Eaglewise

I'll soar above the storms of life,
Won't quit 'til I win over the fight;
Find strength through my mystic eyes,
Have feast in the heart of rainbow sky.

Won't let the thunder's roar rule over me;
I'll find the sun to kiss the bluest sea;
With blissful heart, I'll live in one day;
Timeless joy will keep me in tranquility.

I will bounce back higher if I fall,
Spread my wings and fly proudly tall;
Blazing heart will keep me propelling,
Burning desire will keep me dreaming.

Failure isn't meant to be my ending,
Nor weights can disable my humble wings;
Cargoes can't make me heavily laden,
But will fuel me to win the game.

I'll fly toward my starry dream,
Not for the kudos' sake of my name,
But because that is I meant to be,
To activate the true nature of me.

Juneil Sechico

Escapism

Dive in my head and you will see,
The fairness of my fantasy,
My reason to reside in my dream;
Leave the world of chaos and pain.

Crabs learn to fly, cats and dogs talk;
Butterflies swim, fish ran and walk;
Rats work for cheese, steal no more;
Gold scintillating in the shore.

Sheep is ruling over the wolves;
The power of love is unfold;
Stars kneel before vagabonds;
Equanimity covers the land.

Home in the navel of the sea,
I will reside with harmony,
Peace in the midst of the storm,
In my heart is a rainbow to form.

Juneil Sechico

Francis Magalona

You taught me how to love our country,
Through your music and poetry,
You had raised and lionized our flag,
Preached patriotism through rap.

You promoted our own culture,
Made no discrimination of color,
Showcased the fairness of Philippines,
As the best place for us to live in.

'Mga Kababayan Ko' boldly sang,
Spoken by ev'ry street tongue,
'Ako ay Pilipino' proudly said,
Still be told even though you're dead.

Thank you for makin' me proud,
By making brown nation avowed,
Three stars and the sun is proud of you,
And will never forget you, Kiko.

I won't say good-bye 'cause you live still,
Your words and voice will ring like a bell,
In ev'ry heart of Filipino,
You rap still, my beloved Kiko

Juneil Sechico

French Fries

Honey is from the bees,
Foliage from plants and trees,
Pot is made by a potter's lovin' hands;
French fries were originally from Belgium not France.

Monalisa was made by Leonardo,
Scream by Vincent Van Gogh,
Moonlight comes from the light of the sun;
French fries were originally from Belgium not France.

Poem is made by a poet like me,
Fish belongs to no land but sea,
Music was there before there was dance;
French fries were originally from Belgium not France.

Sculpture is sculpted by its sculptor,
Invention is invented by its inventor,
Ape is no genesis of man:
French fries were originally from Belgium not France

Juneil Sechico

Good Night

Yesterday is dead and gone
Today is about to be done
Tomorrow exists in the mind of God
Sleep well and worry not my love

Wish you a pleasant morning
With beautiful birds happily singin'
Colorful flowers that bloom
A reason to smile not mourn

Sleep tight and bury your anxiety
Expect and claim God's bounty
Another day to live as waiting for you
Fresh and moisturized with morning dew

May you have the sweetest dream tonight
Flying in cloud nine like a lovely kite
Sun will shine after the dawn
New life will come after the set of the moon

Juneil Sechico

Love

I

Love will never die,
Until the crabs learn to fly;
Limit is sky.

II

Love is neither lust,
Nor easy to be blown dust;
Unstoppable.

III

Love is pure and kind,
Cannot be measured by mind;
Purer than purged gold.

IV

Love can move mountains,
Ceases the blow of the wind;
Showers hearts like rain.

V

Love is neither hate,
Nor an author of hatred;
It isn't wicked.

VI

Love makes flowers grow,
Blesses the rivers to flow;
Whiter than snow.

VII

Love endures and lasts,

Never fails, never gives up;
Trials can't stop.

VIII

Love tells truth, won't lie,
Humbles, no space for pride;
Clearer than water.

IX

Love shares, often gives,
Sacrifices and forgives;
Makes heart brightly blaze.

X

Love glows in the dark,
Brighter than the rays of the sun;
Fairer than stars.

XI

Love speaks louder,
Louder than the ears could hear;
More than heart could tell.

XII

Love won't quit but fights,
More than poet's pen could write;
It's better than life.

Juneil Sechico

Mi Patria Adorada

Archipelago de San Lazarus,
Home of the sunburnt-skinned heroes,
Place of the blazing hearts of bravery,
Fighting for the glorious liberty.

Three xanthous stars surrounding the sun,
It's a pleasure to die in your arms,
With a big gusto, I want to grow old,
In thy sparkling shore of purest gold.

Cyan heaven of sanguine ground,
Pride of patriots with hearts profound,
Thinking for the amelioration,
Of my beloved mother nation.

Heroes' blood flows in thy river of hope,
Running in my veins to my heart's cove,
Urges me to stand up with pennant,
Of triumph in glee exuberant.

Pearly belle in the ocean of love,
Is thy countenance seen from up above.
Comeliness before them is thy nature,
Others venerated you galore.

Purity, peace and bravery,
Color thy flag of liberty.
Three stars surrounding the sun,
Archipelagic but one.

Juneil Sechico

My Spilled Cup Of Tea

Dumb of heart of mine missed the blow,
Summer days are frozen by my tongue of snow,
The clock ticks away the chance;
The music played, I refused to dance.
Sun shone over my head;
I covered it with cloud; salty rain shed,
The river of glory is dead and dry;
Funny clown forgot how to smile.
You served me somethin' to eat, I pretended full,
Deafened ears of mine heard nothin' when you call.

Here I am with gloomy day;
Wishin the cruel wind will be kind to blow you back to me,
Blamin'on wine, Soaking in the sea;
How fool I was to spill my cup of tea.

Juneil Sechico

My Virtous Yen

I will climb the highest mountain,
To reconstruct the ruins;
I will reach the brightest star,
Scintillate love and cease the war.

I'll be a painter and paint bliss,
Fall on my knees for heaven's kiss,
Leverage the humbled and down,
Help get their feet back on the ground.

I will soar the cyan sky,
Make the unheard voice amplified,
Unroll the banner of glory,
Luminate the foggy highway.

I will count no flaws and mistakes,
Ameliorate the better things,
I will stand up if I'll fall,
Bounce back higher like a ball.

Juneil Sechico

Myself

Dreamer of tomorrow; painter of my own dream;
Bearer of my own torch, praying for a flame;
Simple yet artistic; simplicity is my art;
Lonely cowboy; a man with a fragile heart.

Hopeless vagabond in the eyes of men;
Poor man trying to make a name;
Unheard though voice is amplified;
The only thing I have is pride.

A chicken wishing to be an eagle;
An ambitious grass trying to stand tall;
An earth waiting for heaven's kiss;
Humiliated; treated by the world as a mess.

Flawed yet aiming for perfection;
Fueled by my righteous ambition;
A horse in a race with a will to win;
Naught can stop, not even the whip and pain.

Juneil Sechico

National Catastrophe

The race is on for power riches and fame;
Mr. Politician is ready to promote his name,
Conscience for the poor when election comes;
Gone with the wind after the plans are done.

Trigger happies are havin' their feast;
Makin' a pledge to maintain the peace,
True color is hidden and kept not shown;
Leading the people to chaos dimension.

Mr. Expose amplifying his truth;
Feeding the young minds a polluted food,
Venomous tounge is capitalized;
Makin' the youth with criminal minds.

Red armies fightin' for equality;
Behind the suit pacticing animosity,
People knew the're makin a better nation;
Underground attack is democracy's destruction.

Here comes a hero but villain hearted;
Blaming the poor wise for tragedy which he've started,
Cursing the righteous and puts them into shame;
Dressed with a white robe using God's name in vain.

Many years I've been blinded;
Fed on lies of a crazy baldhead,
Now I'm awake and finally see;
My beautiful land is in a certain catastrophe.

Juneil Sechico

Nature's Revenge

Flood in the city,
Noise of a crying baby,
Great adversity.

Bridges are destroyed,
Highway became a river,
Farm crops are annoyed.

The home - sweet - homes sank,
Men's dead bodies with their junks,
Waters filled the blanks.

Playgrounds became pools,
Caused by an excessive rain;
Infants learnt to swim.

Put your blame to none,
It is right for us to have,
Expect more to come.

We took her beauty,
Now she will take our life;
We reap what we sow.

What money we earned?
What are the lives we have gained?
Wealth blown with the wind.

The cause and effect
Of nature's gift we had wrecked;
A wrath we must take.

A catastrophe,
A wrath of nature's beauty,
A nature's revenge.

Juneil Sechico

Perfect

I am nobody,
Nobody is perfect,
Therefore, I am perfect!

Juneil Sechico

Philippines

Take your stand and raise the flag,
Find the sun in the middle of fog
Three stars surround the sun stand tall,
Bounce back higher from a hard fall
It's neither late nor end
Step forward, let no knees bend
True star of Asia soon will shine
After the storm, everything will be fine,
Liberate from crab mentality;
Be a reason of your brother's prosperity,
Push your brother up 'til he reaches the top,
Neither freeze nor stop.
Be united in this archipelagic land,
Let them see how hard you stand,
Light the torch and keep it burning,
Show your beauty and keep your heart blazing.

Juneil Sechico

Pusillanimous Lion

Roaring with a bunch of fears,
Poor lion smiles with tears,
Heavy cloud covers his sight,
Hinders from winning his fight.

In the jungle he is king,
Yet he doesn't know his name;
Prisoner of his own prison,
Crying out for emancipation.

Authorized to rule the jungle,
Yet own puzzle he can't handle;
A prey of his own self,
Wishing for someone could help.

He is strong yet he is weak,
He is well yet he is sick,
He is someone yet he is none;
Poor lion can't shine like a sun.

Juneil Sechico

Rain

Nourishes the flowers, makes them grow,
Showers the dried river, makes it flow,
Keeping a tree taking a grip to its ground,
Teaches the frogs how to make an awaking sound.

Blesses the grains of the farm,
Cleans the body of a filthy vagabond,
Rejuvenates the aged tree;
Dusts of foliage washed away.

Every dropp is counted with its purpose,
Good or bad depends how you take a stand with your shoes,
Brings you wellness when you think positive,
Illness when you just flood and weep.

Take it with joy though it has a bunch of pain,
It's teaching you how to enjoy the sun when it'll shine again,
As it has been said; " Think not of its gloom,
But the nourishing showers that makes the flowers bloom."

Juneil Sechico

Scream For Silence

Hear my words through my lovely hands,
The sound of silence of this gory land;
Deafen us not with your violent guns,
Treat us not as a homeless vagabonds.

Hear the song of my heart straight to yours,
Open your heart as wide as heaven's door.
Unchain our feet and let us move freely,
Uncover our eyes from the truth that we must see.

Let the sleepless infants sleep in the silence of the night,
Let the mothers sing a soulful lullaby,
Wipe our tears that showers the bloody ground,
Draw us grin in our faces and cast sway our frowns.

Let us dance with melodies of love,
Wash this land that has been stained with innocent bloods,
Let the sun shine our gloomy faces,
Help us find ourselves in heavenly bliss.

Juneil Sechico

Soliloquy

Show me self of mine,
Tell me the things I must find,
Let me see the inside of my ugly shell;
My heart is ready to hear what you must tell.

Am I, Am I not?
Shameless mirror, show me what you've got!
Play me a little devil's advocate,
Am I a poem which is hard to interpret?

To be or not to be?
Turbulent mind is choking me,
Ravenous thoughts are polluting my head;
Wolves want me as living dead.

Am I a vanquisher or a booby?
My eyes are naked, yet I neither see,
To win or to lose the game?
Tell me then how to stand with my name.

Juneil Sechico

Sunshine

Sunshine;

Humble, kind,
God fearing, God loving,
Heart is pure, conscience is clean,
God's warrior, God's champion
Brave, conqueror,
Beautiful.....

Juneil Sechico

Thank You

For the grins and thoughts of love;
Made me fly like a liberated dove,
For the words of solicitous act;
Became a shield of my unarmored back.

For the simple way of care;
Became a map of a place called nowhere,
For watering my dry heart;
Helped me made a brand new start.

For the blazin' torch that lights mine;
Made my dark vision clear and fine,
For the reminder of God's eternal love
An ooziin' gift from up above.

I'm talkin' much ado,
Makin' this poem pleasing to you,
Like a dolphin in ocean blue,
But I found no words but thank you.

Juneil Sechico

The Cry Of Innocent

Curse not this lovely land of mine,
Pull not the trigger and I'll be fine,
Drink and eat with me in the table of brotherhood,
Love is served as the most nutritious food.

Take not what is not yours,
Don't let me run like a scared horse,
Ruin not the place where I belong,
A place where I used to sing my love song.

Pollute not the river of love,
Show me no violence and let me grow up,
Let me sleep in the absence of war,
Wake me up tomorrow and help me to reach the glorious star.

Let the sun face the morning,
Let the bells of love ring,
Light the torch with the brightest flame,
Let the bird sing its song again.

Juneil Sechico

Wordless Talk

Lachrymosity covers the place,
Two burning embers suddenly freeze,
Mocking bird cries, light disappears,
Fog envelopes, shuts the blooming ears.

Silence reigns, darkens the night,
Moon refuses to give its light,
Nought-word they speak, roosters crow,
Proudful hearts making the night blue.

Tongues are tied, lips are stitched,
Pride disable ev'ry speech,
Flame of hatred burns in their eyes,
Balloon-heads ne'er apologize.

Silent conversation goin' still,
Pen of mine neither knows what I feel,
Wish I'm smart enough to unleash the loop,
Hope I can break the noise of their wordless talk.

Juneil Sechico

Youth Of Now

Initiating peace using noise,
Executing justice through amplified voice,
Drowsiness is out of vocabulary,
Dexterity must be the ability.

Pains of whips inspire to win the race,
Saccharine smile keep shown in face,
Sweetened tears ooze in the feast of joy,
Exulting in the absence of toy.

Tiny wings are enough to soar,
Little voice of the Big One in the hearts roar,
Burning desire is breaking the wall,
Bouncing back higher when hardly fall.

Short-handed with extended territories,
Giants with heights of pygmies,
Young bloods with ripe mentalities,
Generation packed with variety of intensities.

Juneil Sechico