

Poetry Series

Melanie Agua
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Melanie Agua(1980)

A Forum Of The Minds

An agreement of minds
convene; all of them
dressed in suits and ties
to discuss by which
the mission's based
on a public delegation.

Where a brotherhood
of great minds pledge,
the conversation goes.
It starts discreetly
as it should likely be.
By the end of the day,

Melanie Agua

A Plea To A Summer Soul

Your face is daylight's offer,
blows flame to weary souls
frozen by forlorn sleeps.
A contagious smile cheers,
such a crispy laughter
keeps a sick man from clod.
If only, we can be together
for a thousand dreams or more
because in this arctic sheet,
I dread to sleep a sad sleep.

Melanie Agua

A Poem Before Sleep

Hooked into this habit,
staying up late, two AM;
my lover drools on my pillow;
I watch his dreaming state.

To compensate
for these eyes' dark circles,
and ecstatic dreams lost,
I write this before I sleep.

Melanie Agua

Abandoned

A handsome Jedi gave me some petals,
crowned with sparkles, scent of mountain;
I nibbled some popcorns, hallucinated
One peculiar, idle Sunday afternoon.

We drove to South, air is gentle
and lyrics is sweeter like a honeymoon;
rolled over toasted grasses of summer,
ended up clutching at the bottom edge.

But here, it's silence; garage' empty.
I'm not insane but my head is unfixed.
My house is cluttered but I'm solitary.
I'm not a miner but I'm sunken deeply.

I wonder if he has combed his hair yet,
or still engaged to that devoted laptop;
probably mixing his seventh 'on the rock'.
And damn it. I miss him. I miss him.

Melanie Agua

About Arrogance

Arrogance is the adult
that shields the lame child;
not a captain's or a king's
but his who tried to be
but couldn't be!

Sarcasm even to the calm;
exaggerates a stand
before they could doubt,
before it's discerned
what's all in him!

Melanie Agua

Aches

There are kinds of aches
that can be drugged right away,
some graduate by themselves
if you know how to flush 'em!

And there's an ache of Sorrow
bugs and creeps within;
and taps anyone, just anyone,
and stays, as long as able.

Melanie Agua

Addicted

Obsessed with a thought
teasing, he daunts
some divine sleeps,
postpones a feast,
and skips meals.

for no day's plenty
to fulfill that budding dough
of idle verses
lurking in his head,
whistling, enticing!

Pale, scrawny, and hungry;
looked upon with pity;
is it proven he's unhappy?
Been addicted to life,
too large to chew.

Melanie Agua

Address: Streets

A stampede of feet
stirs his sullen silence;
stomped on his bed.
Outthere - of which
no privacy's known.

He recollects rags,
jumbled and dirty,
sure that everything
has use - recyclable,
non-biodegradable.

Melanie Agua

An Evening I Recall

I don't forget
the bland porridge we had,
that cold, stormy evening.

No meat added to taste
not enough salt,
And each bowl of share
was a malnourished serve.

I don't forget
that electrifying evening;
we laughed hard
and mocked our state.

Melanie Agua

An Extraordinary Day

Today, people are pitbulls
And I'm generally pissed!
Naggers and gossips team up
Tail to tail on flying sticks!

But I'm not gonna weep
'cause my tubes are drained.
(I am a child of the Universe
And the rest of you are fostered.)

Melanie Agua

An Inconvenient Time

Pants descending halfway to taboo
I keep it low profile -
A buttton has given out in a store,
The camera is leery!

My tubes are knocking bad
A few spots are leaking -
And the closest toilet is six miles away,
A police car is tailing!

Melanie Agua

An Old Friend

I am meeting an old friend
I knew this is due to come;
glee dropped by and t'was good,
my friend and glee ain't pals.

Clouds that were once white
turn to a thousand faces,
curling the smokiness to wrap
around the sunset's traces.

I ache to save my senses
scrawl them in a waste pad.
The old friend has not forgotten,
cautiously kneading my sore.

Melanie Agua

And To Be Forgotten

I want to slither,
scrape my space
under the earth.

And to be forgotten.

The public is a podium
looking at me -
gossips everywhere;
those eyes are daggers.

It was shameful.

Melanie Agua

At Seventy-Five

Ecstatic once,
good old years
of youth's confidence.
swaggered a red carpet,
even without a crowd.

I didn't notice
when neighbors whined
and houses sprawled to rot
because I was young,
soaked in clouds.

Aged now but not quite;
For she's remembered
like petals of dawn.
Wherever she may be,
blows back life to me.

Melanie Agua

Avenger's Loyalty

Cocked his stuff, blew it up
weighed blood by pints.
smirked for who kissed the sod;
the dead's Prada is smudged.

Checks injured old feelings,
now beaming with content,
for such an old thirst quenched?
Is the bossy anger diffused,

Or like some stubborn scars stick?

Melanie Agua

Away

The world is a square,

with crayons and walls
and a shoesized window
big enough for me to spy
if anyone steps
beyond the barbed wires.

Their eyes weep
in my behalf, good grief!
Their eyes hint,
that woman must be distraught;
that woman must be bored.

Yet, with all the portraits
floating in the wind,
begging me to scribble
each of them, I'm tied up!
There's been too much work
since the world moved in
My head.

Melanie Agua

Beauty Is A Disgust To Him

Beauty is a disgust to him
whose days are troubled
with definite wanderings
among harbors and markets.

Throughout his days,
blotting calendars; counting,
yet overfed. Hates recess
that impedes the banking.

Beauty is a disgust to him
who scorns idle moments
from inexpensive pleasures,
such as sunset and lilies.

Melanie Agua

Before The Kill

If I would hear the breathing
of an angry man and his knife,
when that deadly sharp
he shall flick to my neck,
a prelude before the swipe,

in a few seconds, I know
I must be dead and forget
the earth and be forgotten;
nothing else even matter
when it shall be done

and my thoughts wouldn't be
of myself or a pity
that I'd be dead
the acres of corns I'd leave behind;

but the calmness of your face
somewhere, brewing coffee,
folding my khakis,
tending the kids,
and thinking I'd be home
by six.

Melanie Agua

Bye, Bye Romeo

I am upset by what a flipflop he is,
impressed me as the classic Romeo
converted to a thick-skinned whacko!
Loathing him, I'll hire a witch.

He flirted with images of a garden,
shoreline, moonwalk, sunflowers;
but all we have ever been is his
musty bed sopping in a dried mess!

Melanie Agua

Chopsticks

flimsily plucking spanish rice
with chopsticks -
i thought he must not be
that hungry.

I am told he is 'cultured'
but it hurts my feelings
that he thinks it's disdainful
that I am spooning.

Melanie Agua

Consent

The smoke from
the sizzling plate
attempts to seduce
an appetite
that went wild.

If only she'd realize
that no such flavors
from a chef's craft
can beguile
my bonehead

but her elusive consent.

Melanie Agua

Constipated

The urge is occasional,
stealing sweet serenity.
Hanging out beside or near
the cubicle, just in case.....

But it shrinks when I'm ready.
Taunting with mockery.
When I'd be there and far,
it would come knocking!

Melanie Agua

Credit

A credit tastes sweet but once
when it's compact and fresh~
crispy bills out of nowhere
that salvages temporarily!

Then becomes a black ghost,
day after day.
evasive, scared in finding
yet the goosebumps show!

Melanie Agua

Death Sovereign

She flirts with Death,
licks the arched blade;
but it skimped, snooty
of this self-centered wit.

He hides from Death,
shirks in safety holes;
but drooling for amity,
it hunts him like a vulture.

Melanie Agua

Death's A Medicine

The anticipation of Death
bites harder than Itself;
a prolonged state of injury
that bleeds before the blow.

Death's a medicine for fear,
a quencher to him attached to life
who recites his daily salvation.
to get it done and over with.

Melanie Agua

Definitions Of Life

Hunger is explicitly defined
by those who were once full;
whose statues collapsed,
with assets ditched in mud.

Slums shelter scrawny men,
who define life as breathing
alone; a splurge of free air.
To die, whenever it stops.

Melanie Agua

Definitions Of Pain

What's the face of weeping?

Is it about tears from eyes drip,
either restrained or extravagant
that pump without compulsion?

Is it the shrieks of scalding pain
when it exceeds what the spirit
can hold; a fraction of a time,
when he rather covets death?

Somewhere, tears evaporated
and throats too numb to moan.
Do you call it weeping if quiet,
eyes are distant, heart's waning.

Melanie Agua

Destiny That Comes In Folds

A trick of destiny entices
when the way is decided;
a pool of wine in a cup~
spills the rest, forsaken.

At defeat, a subtle slap
is rare, in folds storming;
as if a lightning, thunder,
razed farm, loss of living.

Melanie Agua

Disagreement Over A Cold Coffee

If I have the option to disagree,
then why do you disagree
that I disagree -
Sure, you have the right
to disagree that I disagree
but you should not disagree
to my act of disagreeing,
only to what you disagree of

such as stupid ideas

But you see, there's no such thing
as stupid ideas
why would you even conceive
that I am stupid because I suggest.
You should tolerate inputs
however substandard they seem like.
You are just threatened

because I am a woman,

But you see, being a woman
makes me no less;
why would you even conceive
that I am inferior
when we are equally educated,
we're supposed to be together in this.

You are probably conspiring
to get me out of this,

But you see, how could you
be vindictive like that
when I've been fair to you.
Not in my whole career
ever did I play sneaky,
how could you be so dishonest?

You are probably thinking

I am too cantankerous,

I won't talk for no reason
so why would you even think
that I am cantankerous,
that I am disagreeing
for the sake of disagreeing.

Well, I am only trying
to express my opinions

as a woman.

Melanie Agua

Doubt

Doubt is that which hangs
on a cliff's edge_
Not one afoot on grounds,
neither the waters below.

But of all them dwellers,
it's got the keenest view;
to see the core of that
behind him, and that under.

Melanie Agua

Drive Over

Love evaporates in my garage
when the engine starts -
and your Highness combusted
to a toxic scent of gray!

And the road and the music
feels like everything is mine!
and the common sky's flirting
like I was blind yesterday!

Melanie Agua

Dropout

There's a stage in life
when you're quite aware
how old you are
or how old you'd become.
The same time
when you album photos,
design the borders
with nice, vibrant colors
and decide who looks
hot or who's not.

Somewhere along time
things get screwed up,
spoiled what's long been
planned, sometimes
the only ultimate plan.
A point when you don't
really care afterwards.
You just stop dreaming.
You just stop counting.

Melanie Agua

Faked

Poetry is like Jesus

was once...

It was a daily conviction,

like rice is to Asians,

It was a birthright,

like chopsticks.

No faith's demised -

just a reshuffling of definitions!

And burgeoned from the blackhole.

Too spooky for the House of Commons,

so I kept my silence.

(Creamy isn't white once you meet the Toilet Paper) .

I rather realized it was futile

and now, irrelevant

except to a few wannabes

myself included.

(How superficial -

Art must be for Art's sake,)

Therefore, forgotten

and words left me.

Necessity put me back to This.

But now, a passion so contrived,

imagination imagined.

Just a goofy thought and messy letters,

Verses eloped with my innocence.

Melanie Agua

Famous

Not to disappoint or anything
but I don't envy that you could be
as famous as Jesus -
I've got a bag of beans for cooking!

And I've got a tabby waiting to be fed
as sweet as the sweetest sugar!
And I am due to be evicted in a week's time
I could hardly care who's not pooping -!

Melanie Agua

Father, Standing

His fingers are brittle and yellow,
those veins are fat and nagging;
his hands are thick and rough,
and they shake when he speaks.

He stoops like a tree whipped
by storm and he walks clumsily
yet sober. He seems worn out
but it's only seven in the morning.

Who can tell how many devils
he screwed around to get here;
how many steels tried to break
his bones. My father, standing.

Melanie Agua

Fetches

The angels fetched me
in a frozen night;
my lips were chapped,
the lights were busted!

Such was untimely;
flowers were scarce
to shower my tomb
when I'd be laid to rest.

The angels fetched me
in a sad, sad night~
my palms were cold,
and my lover's asleep.

Melanie Agua

First Date

If every man is as sweet and kind
like on a first date,
there would be no woman whining
about nothing.

Melanie Agua

First Drop

The first dropp of rain
after a savage drought
is that which came with storm,
filling the thirsty earth
but batter it as well.

A fate that comes
in two extremes is lived
by a few I know,
mourning their ill states,
yet says, good morning!

Melanie Agua

Flirt

A flirt sleeps with a smiling face
and wakes up with much purpose;
She designs her day and just fly,

Those who are disgusted by her
loathes that she's happy,
she's evil and she should not be,

and they're getting fatter, older
lounging in Lutz' Eatery,
masticating, talking about her.

Melanie Agua

For My Niece

I will sing to you a song
that nobody sang to me~
melody that would have
made me cry and smile.

Maybe you'd be pleased
and keep the words till
you're older; or find him,
to sing what I sang alone.

Melanie Agua

For The Asking

Don't trust my Lips
because they lie
and they can break you.
Neither my Eyes -
although they're mirrors,
they only reflect
what I want you to see.
Don't believe what I do
because I'm an Actress,
living the scripts I write
so I can hide
what I Fear the most...
Don't trust Them
because they're blinded
and convinced by my lies
and like you, Confused!

When stranded in between
Nowhere and Hereafter,
Don't look at me and cry
because you won't find
Comfort there...
You had my Answer
even before you ask,
even if you will not,
and you'll always have it
even if you leave
and fade away...
And don't ask
if it ever did happen
because I cannot confess.
Listen to your Heartbeat
and that Alone -
for there lies my Truth.

Melanie Agua

From My Lathery Tongue

Incidentally spoken, slipped
from my lathery tongue,
that jiggles when there is
something else to say!

Like channeling of mazes,
my words travelled
by each slippery tongue.
Evolves or procreates.

Melanie Agua

From The Rooftop

The clamor is probably caused
by the intrigue it created;
they discuss among themselves
the gist behind the line.

And me, viewing
from the rooftop, chuckling;
I own the Truth and keeping it.
Disclosure will spoil the fun.

Melanie Agua

Good Luck Is Very Expensive

Good luck is very expensive.
Prejudiced to the deprived,
elusive to those with few,
and available for the lofty.

Opportunity is its brother
and privilege is its friend;
responding to a hierarchy,
technically, subconsciously.

Melanie Agua

Graveyard Boy

I work a graveyard shift,
a hundred and fifty a day
excluding my jeepney fare;
often walk when I'm broke.

I spend fifty for my honey,
buy her small size soda
and a sausage in a bun.
And I spend for her rides.

Someday I will be richer
and marry her in France;
book in spas and sleep
on a waterbed at night.

Melanie Agua

Green

There isn't a thought to deem
out of this one, or lessons
to be learned; no puzzles behind.
Only my tribute to Green_

As it is a color I favor the most,
a pick from the rainbow;
its coolness dampens the fire,
taking me on top of the moon.

What a coincidence it seems
that God favors Green as well;
appointed some crucial spots,
to drape a jungle, to feed a cow.

Melanie Agua

Grudges That Don'T Die

Old grudges hang
to spaces of his teeth,
and burrow holes,
to become cavity.

The foe moved on,
from door to door
and dwells well.
And forgot details.

But he, live by itg
recounts daily~
what, when, how?
As well as the sores.

Melanie Agua

Happy Birthday

A not-so-friend friend
deleted me from his facebook,
letting me know
through his message of anguish
that he saw I was
on his birthday
and that he was hurt
I did not greet him.
He thinks I have superiority complex.
And he blocked me before I had a chance to reply,
'Good riddance'.

Melanie Agua

His Hunting

The Stomach, gnashing muscles
grouching its habitual dismissal,
inspite of its fiery, fervent fidelity,
of the scheduled ration, deprived.

The scavenger is sympathetic
but how could he be not at all?
But some days like luck is scarce,
detained in his idle post, lurking.

Melanie Agua

Horizons

The skinny horizon's a temptress
to journey men weary of pursuits;
tricks the craving for an arrival
where the stretch is profound.

But haunting those who trust it
for it shoves them forth further.
The elusive horizon never stops,
like one's attempt to ambitions.

Melanie Agua

I Anticipate Disaster

I anticipate disaster
before it bumps into my way;
gradually accumulated
the stress wrinkles.

I fence myself
with walls within walls;
every stranger's smile
is a conspired event.

Melanie Agua

I Dream Bohemia

How ironic,
walking benediction
on a footpath to Machu Picchu,
poor and starving -
with my beat up flip-flops and dirty backpack,
feeling the Vortexes in my head
Yet, it's just me and my keyboard
(not of musical nature)
and a room temperature cup of coffee.

How ironic
that I stand by 'reality is an illusion' club,
(a defense from failure?)
My daily system, just like everyone I know
is Money without fame,
and consumption of cheap goods and buffet.

Sometimes, I want to get naked
in a church.

I want to walk out from my boss
and just follow the sparrows' droppings
(how would I tell the difference?) .

I want to tear up my Organizer
and to be more Random.

Just thoughts, always thoughts.

Love is the illusion that I can't spit on.

It's what keeps me Ms. typical.

It's the screws that keep the sun from falling.

So heard of I know,

But it is what is.

Freedom's warden,

so intangible but so real in my mind.

Sometimes my dreams are so far-fetched

but I always go by the subtleties,

within their reach and range,

like pumping for gas and alarm clocks.

for Love,

for Fear.

Melanie Agua

I Love

I love and risk to love

if not a Soul -

the weeds, the ripples, the rocks;

I live as long as I love.

Melanie Agua

I Refrain To Be An Artist

If conflicts is my gate pass
to a masterpiece,
i refrain to be an artist.

I refrain to be sad again
just so I could scribble away
the pain; and blow off
the dark plots I plan.

The applause is loud,
in fact tempting
that maybe someday
I shall revisit?

But it's not in my prayer.

For I have come way back
from the rocky trails
to get it over with,
to shake hands with serenity,

and I refrain to die a sad death
just so I would be remembered.

Melanie Agua

I Remorse The Try

When I had a taste
of a king's dinner,
I started to refrain
potatoes.

Unprecedented.
My gut has a brain
of its own
that decodes.

I remorse the try.
Otherwise,
the woods shrieking
is still a song.

Melanie Agua

I Wait

Like an obedient child,
I wait. I wait.
Tomorrow, will you?
At a friend's party.

I despise dreaming
because they're lies;
sweet hearts' tales
gone by breakfast.

Perhaps i should be
satisfied with gazes;
for your lips are frozen,
stitched and dead.

Melanie Agua

I Want To Belong

I want to belong
like a key to a padlock;
for what is beauty
if it's not possessed?

Audience barely
satisfies or persuades
inspite of flatteries.
Ticklish but don't fill.

Maybe you hang out
not among the crowd
but in all eccentricities,
where I'm afraid to go.

Melanie Agua

It

Perspired salts and golds
to race an inch forward;
sprinting towards It
that he alone conjured!

Once he had a bite of It
spitted it out!
Subdued, his senses
not quite delighted?

turned his head
to the other side, grunting -
he misses the race
pretty much!

Melanie Agua

Juggler

Vacate the Space
if it stays hollow, naked;
it is not by the juggling
that drips the content,
when there is none!

When passion pricks,
a madness? Depart
with pride although,
the hunting wrecked you
or the audience did laugh!

Melanie Agua

Just Another Bad Day

A gust took off with my tin roof
leaving me drenched and pissed;
for what an unlikely day of misery,
when everybody's leaving.

Soon I would have a rotten floor,
mildew to the wall and a wet cat.
I guess I should be leaving too
to where the sun ain't sleeping yet.

Melanie Agua

Keep On, Break Me

Keep on, humiliate me
with your viscious lies.
Teach them to despise me,
but I won't give a damn.

Break me with mockery,
spit at my crappy work
and laugh 'til it cramps,
but I won't give a damn.

I lost a face long time ago,
before I learned to speak
my name. I'm padded.
Nothing will make me cry.

Melanie Agua

Let It Be Known

let it be known to Sorrow
that I've reopened to smile -
Inspite of its ritual calling,
that I dwell and share his cries.

emancipated by fleeting time
that eventually quitted pounding;
for inspite of the agony that
doesn't sleep, I never die.

Melanie Agua

Life Belongs To Me

Life belongs to me~
cause I'm oddly flavored
like a vanilla sundae
on a duck barbecue.

Tragedies creep in
like an old relative
and I foster it well
and I civilize it.

So it's a roller coaster
with ecstatic relieves.
But it doesn't get gory
so as I'm kept buckled.

Life becomes tasty
cause it's very packed.
My history is a museum
that aristocracy covets!

It's cluttered but free,
twirling and twitching;
unprecedented days.
Prickly and beautiful.

Melanie Agua

Life Edited

A life edited accordingly,
scripted to fit to what
they think and drew a maze
where one must lead
to find the curves,
tested safe and trodden.

Many souls whose names'
forgotten, lost to worms,
would have been Legends;
vanquished for wig or mask,
a display of conformity~
suits most to a public dance.

Melanie Agua

Like A Fish On My Hand

I got it in a second, but slipped
like a fish on my hand -
Swarming chances are inviting,
when I'm close, they disappear.

Beautiful things are in the sky,
Diamonds hide below our feet.
But why, the riddled baggage -
scums and smokes follow me?

Melanie Agua

Love As We Know It

Love as we know it
gets too old by repetition

No, not that kind
not the right kind.

The blinkers, that heavenly state
(during first few rendezvous) -
that unworthy of words
childlike state of frenzy
(during first few rendezvous) -

and subsides
to a dull feeling of normalcy.

Melanie Agua

Love Is A Beach :)

Love is a B!

a taboo to say,
but so isn't it not?

he'd wobble your stillness,
he'd wake you up from sleep,
he'd moot, loop, gallop!

So you'd take notice,

he'd seize you from Silence,
distract your affairs
so you'd walk the steps
of his short-lived roses.

And when he realizes
that you're full-blown,
he's stop the acrobatic stunts
and lets you trail his whereabouts -

It's his turn to relax.

Melanie Agua

Love Me Instead

Keep up harder,
rip me with tactless whips
of your acid tongue.
I might have made you mad
sometime I don't know
and you wouldn't tell why.
Or is it just you-?

Working for a trophy,
my elusive tears?
But beware, don't defy.
If you move closer
to inflict me pain,
you shall be consumed,

and find me laughing,
enjoying, blooming!
For it's not me to give in
to somebody's pride
and lessened to an object.
You can publish my filth
or lick every gossip's ear.
But like I promised,

I will not break--,

(before your eyes) .

Melanie Agua

Mail

It was like all the universe' kindness
dispensed in my mailbox;
in typical days, it's just trash ads,
nagging bills, basic notices.

All of today's ecstasy,
expandable to a week
were all jammed in my mailbox;
and maybe forty-eight weeks

thereafter,
of standard anticipation, checking,
tearing, trashing.

Melanie Agua

Masked

Joy shook my hand but masked
that I did not know his face~
Nor did I bother to unwrap him.
I had too many hands to bother.

I remember delight but when?
Himself refreshed but done.
Wandering in another town,
shaking hands and masked.

Melanie Agua

Metaphors Sulk

Metaphors in the head,
screaming for freedom -
when I'm on the bus,
empty-handed; dirt road
shaking the wheels.

When I'm home facing
meadows and butterflies,
it's behaved and quiet.
I beg for its meat but...
like a child, sulks.

Melanie Agua

Mirrors Underneath

Anonymity has giant leaps
that makes one vanished
and would not be tracked,
like soap bubbles busted.

It's a cushion for a repose,
when one's name becomes
too clutched to a shy neck,
booked for public's fancy.

And what fame embellishes
something must reciprocate;
that each concrete passage
has mirrors below the skirt.

Melanie Agua

More

Satisfaction jumps out
of the net~I thought
it's cornered, trapped!
Glory expires too fast.

The hunting was finished
but I'm back to crawling;
waiting for a grander catch,
and yet~full, bloated, fat.

Melanie Agua

Morning Whistle

It's like a prayer, but not;
whistling to god of morning
to heed. What is this fear,
but in fact, happy.

If you are shrouded behind
clouds that never fail me;
when I'd summon for it's
comfort, will you come?

There's an anxiety, scampering
like a loud clock, tik-tak;
watching him ebb, weaken
his grip to life.

How soon before I'd miss
pouring water in his coffee cup?
Not tomorrow or the day after
I beg. But gracious morning,

when will I cry?

Melanie Agua

Moving South

Let's get married and move South,
where stereos still play the Beatles.
I'll take this old acoustic guitar
made in 1970, scruffy and out of tune.

I will strum and you will sing
as we stop by old Spanish streets
where sad people go to find a lover;
if lucky we will make some pennies.

C'mon now, while the dollar's low
so we can save a little to buy us
some mango pies at the bus station
and a tabloid to keep us entertained.

Let's leave the city and the memories
of bootless men at the sidewalks
or the friendly girls who work at night.
Here, you can fold my shirts for me.

Melanie Agua

Ms. Jane And A Few Others

She aims at marriage
like her purpose or price;
a man delays~
for only he knows why indeed!

She could care less
for agreement of wits,
optimistic it can be rehearsed
once the ritual is finished.

Melanie Agua

My Big Supporter

Ego's my big supporter,
if everything fluctuates
and resolved believers
quit without forewarner.

Frustration is a predator
that sucks the energy;
bravery is too rawish
that it is presumptuous.

I'm lifted and whooped,
although solitary.
Something in the head
disgusts a surrender.

Melanie Agua

My Love Is A Red Wine

My love is a red wine,
preserved its taste
by years - to spare -
for such exclusive lips.

Finally, you swallowed.
Astounded, questioning
such silly patience -
My love become shy.

Melanie Agua

My Mind Is A Museum

My mind is a museum (of secrets)
that harbors and won't disclose;
sometimes, gives up a tale or two,
banks its load to those trusted.

But this mind cannot surrender
everything it keeps, though hefty.
In its intimate talk, overheard,
(scheming to get away from God) .

Melanie Agua

Neighbors Are Spies

A crowd of four wives,
plump and forty to fifty
bare thick, rickety lips
own that side of the store.

Those investigative eyes
chase my steps passing;
I could almost see them
gawking from my behind.

No, I'm not a lip reader
but my instincts are sharp;
But when I dare to stare,
they withdraw and hush.

Still there when I return,
when kitchens are hectic,
smells of smoky, beef stew.
But how they love the dark.

Melanie Agua

Nobody

Moss may creep to his cross
to swathe the name, engraved;
If the wind shall scrape it down,
who'd notice it on the ground?

He passed his life by poverty,
nobody talks of his family;
But dead now, to dirt as well
where late Presidents dwell.

Melanie Agua

One Typical Day

I haven't asked for Love
but it was offered;
knocked and begged
before my proud doorsteps
to be taken and kept
like an abandoned cat.
Although indifferent,
I had it welcomed
for the sake of such
a tremendous patience.
A pity becomes love,
becomes fidelity,
becomes obsession.

One typical day,
when you felt
too sure of me,
you just, without warning
left.

Melanie Agua

Pedia Ward Bed#2

Been pumping for an hour
or so - a mechanical breath.
I hate to see his thriving face
because I tend to get taken.

His fingers, numb and tired
by now. Miracles happen
to those who pray? Loosing,
but he's got to play it tough.

Melanie Agua

Prelude

Inch by inch of myself
I expose; an appetizer -
Before we get too close.
Meanwhile, nibble.

A speck of less of love
I drizzle everyday,
Until truth is established.
For now, slowly.

Melanie Agua

Prepaid Girlfriend

I'm the prepaid girlfriend
trashed when my minutes are done;
the hour glass is spilling sands,
and everyday I'm emptying!

I'm an idiot and I hate it -
dragging myself to a fast track lover.
The dollar store got all cards in a rack
and I was there before.

Melanie Agua

Projection

Slim legs, high shoes
peep at my privacy
when I aim to convert.
She smells my hiding
and traces my track.

I swore to Him above,
many times before.
Boxed myself in holes,
but she slinks into
the spaces like ants.

Melanie Agua

Randomly

I want to stop writing too poetically
because even I, is unenamored
by such effortful mediocrity.

I might as well be random
and wayward -
as if for such noncompliance,
I'd be unscrutinized by masters

and may attract some perverts.

Melanie Agua

Return Ticket

The coffee on your desk
is now lukewarm;
ants feasting a whip
of marmalade.
Still without a clue.

I have come a long way
for this; played death
with the customs
and knocked down
some punks in the alley.

It seems like
I don't have to unpack.
The pilot will be richer
by half and the cab driver
calls this a luck.

Melanie Agua

Reverend Old Farts

Sorry that I had to overtake
you at the pedestrian lane,
Well I'm young and in a hurry
to go forth where you've been.

The soft bones don't measure
your worth, don't be saddened.
You've made it quite this far,
I hope I could make it too!

Melanie Agua

River Barely Full

Rocks sit on a river barely full,
many sizes, many shapes,
unshaved shrubs, untamed trees
hover around the river barely full.

A hanging bridge of limp across,
mountain peaks way yonder
veiled by faint morning Cirrus,
cool breaths of the highland!

A mile to wheel of all this taste;
sleek dirt roads beside ravines,
thumping hearts as you drive,
the folks as fresh as classic.

Not very, very far from here,
where herons prefer to land;
ask me, whenever you're free,
anytime, whenever you're free.

Melanie Agua

Saintlike

Those who pray the most....
hate the most,
Those who see too much of God
in themselves
see too little of God in others....
Those who claim they're blessed,
hide a sea of envy.

Melanie Agua

Sands

Sands in my head,
annoy my intimate thoughts.
Uninvited,
they come?

Sands in my heart
are prickly to the chest.
When I declare myself,
they jiggle.

Sands in my eyes
keep me from staring;
afraid he'd notice,
I must withdraw.

Melanie Agua

Scarecrow

A reaper builds a scarecrow
to thrust the beaks yonder,
to spare what's eked to gather,
all through this moody weather.

Every man makes a scarecrow,
in assorted shemes there are;
inside those howls and scowls
is another frail boy, weather-beaten.

Melanie Agua

Secret

but statemen genuflect
to buy whatever costs
and all those who follow
its elite acquaintance.

and the Keeper
lofted with charm;
a man is born to lust
what he knows not.

The Good,
locked in thoughts -
to sell by bidding,
or delay

Melanie Agua

Secret Admirer

Anonymous lines,
Nameless sweetheart,
fulfills love in hiding.
Fiddling by yourself!

I'd hardly be erotic,
sweet or caring. I'd keep
barbs mark the perimeter
until you're disclosed.

Hence, rather be brave,
to be fair as well.
File your stalking head
to claim the benefits!

Melanie Agua

Sigh

I snapped the rod chain
when I faced its source.
Although my will's weak,
squabbled by fear.

Such annoying threads
that pricked my solitude
were the reminiscences
I don't close or reopen.

Finally I crushed the ice,
to patch the breach
that brought sorrows,
that stolen me sleeps.

But find, beyond belief
It wasn't there~
The enemy I harbored,
Some time ago,
Decomposed!

Melanie Agua

Sing

Please do not stop singing;
And I don't mind if it sucks.
Not listening, just distracted -
And such is all that I need.

For tonight, I had too much;
Devils bicker, refuse to go.
Help me shut these thoughts;
I beg, just keep on singing.

Melanie Agua

Sivananda Yoga

There is a Space
without fences,
where I'm contained
and empty.

I am swallowed
by such euphoria;
the cheapest form
of cocaine.

Twisted to the air,
my body is aching
a sweet pain.
I am gone.

Melanie Agua

Some Words

Some words kill a dream;
otherwise, conjure it.
They can ease a cancer
or motivate a death.

Words are cheap, in fact
free; help me Lord
guard my lips and to see
beauty, however less.

Melanie Agua

Someday

Someday,
you will forget my name and face.
You will walk with them
who are not my friends,
attend their parties,
drink with their glasses.

you will drift in far places

you will meet more lovers,
those who are fancier than me
and you will tell them better words.
you will have to buy more gifts
and hear more songs,

you shall shave your beard
many more times,
change shoes, change ties.
you shall find a better job,
more wealth is waiting.

By then, you shall not remember
how it feels, this now,
with your hand warm on mine.
You will forget the lines
that you have just told me.
You will forget that I'm smiling.
I am not afraid when you will,
but please, at least
remember me, someone.

Melanie Agua

Something About This Justice

Congress votes, Judge decides,
a cop is chasing the snatcher____
The law is written to be obeyed;
justice may prevail, says the wise.

But where and with whom, nobody
asked; birthright came like a chance.
Perhaps the law of karma is what it is;
to soother those in filth, barely living.

Melanie Agua

Somewhere I Want To Be

I memorize myself but somehow misplaced;
in here, it is just surviving -
outside the walls of ordinariness
awaits my family!

Let me be where my turf is
I know the feeling but not the place.
May the storm waft my hesitance,
Somewhere (in where?) , where I should be.

Melanie Agua

Somewhere Under And Never

A rotten something
that's obviously sniffed
by everyone else,
beside Myself!

Judging the silence,
I decided before
the instinct meddles.
Examining faces.

Since it's dead quiet
Yet_I keep my mouth.
Sealed and sustain
such annoyance.

But there must be
some kind of a junk
'neath the floors,
waiting to be told!

Melanie Agua

Starved

I wasn't starving yet
before I saw your plate -
overflowing!
Mine is always empty.

I asked my stomach
if it was alright,
and replied with ease,
'it's full as a bull'.

What is it then,
that grumbles and pouts?
Could it be my eyes?
Gazing and investigating.

Melanie Agua

Still Single

It is not enough
that men gaze at me
with lust and proclaim
my worth which
I've already been told.

When he wishes me
to be his girlfriend
or pray that he'd find
the same, it flatters
but to no effect.

For none of those
who had the courage
to look had the will
to invite as if I'd bite,
as if I'd turn 'em down.

Melanie Agua

Stories Not Spoken

What's that delightful fun
derived from speaking
somebody else's story,
Regardless of a salary?

What's that fragile fear
of exposing a biography,
which only the bearer
should know or resolve?

Even the priests' memory
holds the private weights;
a library of intimacies,
never spoken or heard.

Melanie Agua

Such Little Hands

Such little hands, though delicate
as seen, like a chick's feather
are close to calamity and sorrow;
famous for a devil inspired touch.

People snap, crumble, and bleed,
inspite of her honest sweetness;
that such naive soul became timid,
retired to her chair and disgraced.

Melanie Agua

Sunday Afternoon

Don't talk to me about your pain;
personally too familiar -
no sorrows, cheating, broken hearts,
cop arrests, work related enigma,
solitude, vaporized state of being.

I'd rather us take a lazy walk,
lay on the grass,
take turns digging the Fritos
and discuss about the grackles'
personal lives.

A patient can't be another patient's doctor
but there is something
about those feathered creatures
that stops me
from thinking too much.

Melanie Agua

Tea To The Cold

I served a tea to one who's coldest,
to warm those homeless bluish lips,
to stir the blood that's gotten stale
from wandering the snow uncovered.

Most of all, if the drink did him well
and pacified those trembling limbs,
he spoke it was my letting him in
that melted an old sadness within.

Melanie Agua

Teaser

It appears easy, but not;
in spite of her bold displays.
Just some teasers for those
who think it's quicker to find

it here. She's not ordained
to give off clues, but mislead.
A place of wit and patience.
If deciphered, she will love.

Melanie Agua

Temptress

It is not by the miles or the seas
that build walls between us.
When I think of your place
and the looks of the guests
who sit and drink on your table,
I mock and scorn my town.

But I have an intense feeling
that we're essentially the same,
even though you're too far
and your spoons are gold.
I want to seduce you with words
that I can afford, if nothing else.

Melanie Agua

Tendencies

the sunflowers rehearse their growth
in my lawn, the intermittent tenant
to the grass; loathe the West,
all curve their snooty heads.

the grass frown to such etiquette
for there isn't a wild growth
as humble as it, who crawls where
shoes and hoofs descend.

the sunflowers wonder why not
the grass burst as thick, as tall
as shrubs, to work on a little
bossing instead of brooding.

Melanie Agua

The Applicant

Sized up not by brains
or what his folder contains
but by the names
of those behind him~

A confidence framed
not by a rigid life
enabled~but a bulwark
of those he knows!

Melanie Agua

The Apprentice

The eloquence of his speech
is not too complex to ponder;
any wit of simple substance
doesn't have to chop
word by word,
and assimilate the context.

But the apprentice
creased his young brow,
glanced to the other side;
the counsel isn't difficult for him
to learn and yet,
too much to follow.

Melanie Agua

The Beautiful

the closer it gets to me,
gradually I disregard -
like expired paperdolls.
I advance too soon!

I am blind for those
within my grasp -
But those unavailable,
I have tagged Beautiful.

Melanie Agua

The Bride

Before the march begins,
the guest pushed his way to her
asked, 'Where were you all along? '

'How come I didn't see you,
for it was but a tiny room?
Were you seated behind?
Did you come late, leave early? '

Him that she once adored.

'Should I have seen you,
I would have taken my chance,
just so I would be the lucky man
to walk with you this happy day,

For I haven't seen a face
as fair, and a heart as sweet.
I indeed behold a bitter regret,
that my eyes didn't meet yours.'

She thought she felt one tear fell,
wiping a cheek, embarrassed;
she looked straight to him and said:

'I think you saw me, you did.
You did look and looked away.
Now I'm dressed with all these whites,
that you found courage to notice.'

Melanie Agua

The Day I Got Bored

I realized,
since I lost the greed for admiration
I been paralyzed,
Ego pumped me up on a daily basis.

So unexpected,
contentment has been so boring.

Melanie Agua

The Fan

What is the chance
that I will be your wife,
if the bus loads loads
pretty faces everyday;

who pass and look
at your way
for what a charm
your face holds?

What is the chance
that your love
shall remain constant
when it hasn't even
started?

I wonder,
if you even notice
that i've been tracking
you down.
Or perhaps,
you're used to something
like this.

Melanie Agua

The Gullible

Too gullible that all
the courts' famous
swindlers and crooks
swarm to his feet.

But his kindness
made loyal friends,
who twist their spines
before they flee.

Melanie Agua

The Jumping Fish

Whatever is chasing
the jumping fish
is of no consequence
to the gull,

He is no arbiter,
neither a protector
of the weaker kind,
just an eater

like all other.

Melanie Agua

The Mind Is Philandering

The mind is philandering;
stopping by shops of trinkets
and mumble to itself, 'Soon'
when he shoots the jackpot.

And he's grateful to mind
for it's available and free;
pampering his big appetite
with meaty imaginations.

Melanie Agua

The Other Tenant

The rumor is sharp, uninhibited.
Mockery in public, against his
tattered sneakers or filthy habits;
but it's actually related to birth.

I've been warned to stay far-off,
status contaminates as we know;
so I decided to be stranger still,
to him who is renting next door.

Must be mean, guilt is beginning,
but for him who heard nothing
of kindness, perhaps that smile,
by instinct? was good enough.

Melanie Agua

The Patient

Love's my offense, booted me
to a ward, with hearts waning;
and surgeons are numbered
to attend to all who are weeping.

Met a patient who's been there
for twelve years; spits the pills,
pulls the tubes. Opted to stay,
nursing grief by recollections.

And me, I trust prescriptions
that my lame heart will pump
again. Yes, there was sorrow,
also beauty, hues everywhere.

Melanie Agua

The Planner

Have you placed a foot
to where you dream a stroll?
Or as if the young retiree,
who reposes by the window,
reading maps, writing itineraries
pages after pages.

Where in blind ventures
reckless as it can be
brings forth the grand unknown
of pure horrors or delights
and all that are yet to be written,
by which, reminds the most.

Melanie Agua

The Tale

The tale is heard by deaf ears,
or taken by them who died,
and for those who just arrived,
been taught of what is not!

As of him who claims he hears,
whose heart is that of steel,
is locked up there to waste;
nobody heeds the fallen nuts.

Melanie Agua

The World's 100 Sexiest, Etcetera

Those many written are but a few,
more of men, grand but unheard;
whose fine art to their tombs' taken,
whose fine minds to Earth forgotten.

Who knows the songs of those unsung,
whose lips neither you or I can read?
Who sees the paths of those untravelled?
Who knows of a beauty that's not on teevee?

Melanie Agua

This Boss

Passions controlled, bounded
while it's too far yet to finish.
Postpones a taste of heaven
to equip in dwelling there soon.

The Boss is frigid and boring,
He who constantly commands;
dismissing a slice for a loaf,
this robust half, my Discipline!

Melanie Agua

Three Feet

I'm munching potato chips,
you have a Pepsi -
the theater is freezing,
we don't have coats.
The movie's boring
and it's a long way from
finish; but i see love
at a three feet distance.

They wouldn't suspect
I bet, if we pretend
to be lovers on a date.
We will talk casually;
doesn't matter really.
Hurry and move closer,
elbow to elbow -
from there we will see.

Melanie Agua

To My Friends, Forever And Ever And Ever

I am taking a leave of absence
from our friendship,
not that I am upset, never.
I am not leaving for good, never;
just need some quiet, private,
selfish time for myself.

I am warning you ahead of time,
do not be offended
if I won't be so thoughtful
in the coming days.
It won't mean I'm abandoning
the pack or getting fed up.

I will show up again
one bright sunny day in the buffet,
with a big smile on my face.
You're in my facebook, cool -
so you know where to find me,
if in case you need me ASAP
for your wedding, surgery, interment, whatsoever.

Melanie Agua

Tonight Is A Good Night

I hear thunder from a distance
snarling in what was a still night;
there must be a big storm yonder
for such are blasting roars!

And Me - swaddled to a puffy bed,
smiling with content,
snuggling back to sleep;
For the wind is a Breeze
from my window and my roof's quiet.

Melanie Agua

Toppled

Conceit stumbled
when she met the better one,
flaring feathers with grace.
She should have known.

Next to her boss, she's tame
like an apprentice.
Revery travels way back
to where she was god

and ponders,
she shouldn't have left.

Melanie Agua

Typecaster

I'm self-trained on typecasting
and turned out to be a doctor
of lofty opinions pertaining
to the other side, foreign to us.

I exhausted years and years
researching, scrabbling
for truth from sources,
with secondhand accounts.

Fate however, drifted me
to that side, though I loathed;
Now I'm heartbroken--
I have spoiled so much time

mastering opinions but none,
yes none of such fits 'exactly'
and I should have been here
long time ago.

Paperbacks and Anchormen?
facts oh facts!
But only a bee can explain
the comfort of a beehive.

Melanie Agua

Under Her Covers

under the coat and scarf
is a form just like a form
of axons and dendrites
that responds and reacts

behind the lukewarm face
compelled by tasks
is a doe bickering,
hiding from the show.

waiting for a hunter
who's viscious enough
to unwrap her, an alibi
why she rids of her covers.

Melanie Agua

Unimpressed

Unimpressed,
even though you discuss
and sketch details
of a wedding in Africa,
a honeymoon in Madagascar.

Indifferent,
in spite of the words
flavored to knock
such a cold distance
between us.

Suffused!
Your money is hanging
from my neck;
candle dinners, roses,
classic operas.

If only, dear...
we can be quiet
in a flick of passing time.
Cajole my eyes
with timid gazes.

Explain to me love
without chattering.
Spare me time to feel.
Clasp my tiny hands
with warmth.

Melanie Agua

Unsatisfied

It feels like pain, it might be love,
punching the heart with holes
to breathe but too small to satisfy.

I lick a taste of it but scarce;
gasping for more to fill the space,
to get ecstatic, wild, intoxicated.

I weep before it gets to climax;
the road's too clueless to follow
that I eventually surrender.

To the hell with Love or Pain,
to cold hearts that hesitate,
too standard to override a moment

or too cocksure that one's heart
is infinitely patient, like the current
that always follows the stream.

Melanie Agua

Used To Be

We used to be so tangled
like my hair in the morning;
Now, I'm sideways to the West,
he's facing East.

You kinda miss
what you haven't lost yet
or may have -
if only he could grab my hand.

Melanie Agua

Vague

Vague is safety sugarcoated.

Varnished by our infatuation

to anything more occult

than our daily bread.

As fuchsia is more french

and less fundamental than pink,

so is vague is to literal,

but to the sharp observer

is a matter-of-fact!

Melanie Agua

Vets

those who speak of the days,
each bloody, horrid detail
defining the enemies' claws
have seen less of it.

those who had too much,
hoard many untold tales
that must not be disturbed,
to let them in quiet, sleep.

Melanie Agua

Walter II

Leaves' shadows are dancing in my blinders
and a streak of sunshine is slowly retiring.
The chair is empty where my Love used to be
but I'm gazing in space like he is there.

What's left are dusts in the water
dappled with a handful of rose petals;
and he diluted to a vast salt of nowhere.
There is nothing left of him here.

Melanie Agua

Wanderer

Chewing a lollipop and it cracks -
there is no other sound but that!
In a street of a thousand rovers,
the only sound I know is Mine.

Everyday the world is a stranger
like the remote clouds way up,
(spread, form, pass, elapse, reform)
The only Infinity I know is Mine.

Melanie Agua

Wannabe

I want to be a stunner like Vogue
if you can lift me up higher -
and brush my cheeks with cheekbones
and whack my lips to bubble!

I want to be a Queen of England,
if you can change my name -
and tailor me a peacock collar
and write me a book!

Melanie Agua

Watcher

Laughter is a spank
to him in misery~
To watch a feast
of elected names.
(Starving, uninvited.)

It would be futile
to woo a humbled state;
but grumble and cuss,
whatever, freely~
to his lips' content.

Melanie Agua

What's In A Title

It bears the mind of him who wrote
or yours; what appeals to you is you.
A line of few words speaks of the rest,
decides for you to pursue or reject.

Fair it's not to declare a piece a shit,
value's still owned by whoever sees.
Disturb not those in partitions,
who found themselves amongst 'em.

Melanie Agua

When I Was Shy

Sitting nowhere but the corners,
reading books, drawing faces;
walked only with one or two,
a favored time when I was shy.

A heart thickens, skin roughs;
smile I must for names multiply,
to be kind I must, to please I must,
that time when I've been noticed.

Melanie Agua

Whenever You Say You'Re Leaving

Should I count
the times you slam
that door and say
'It's all over'?

But you've filled
the suitcase
more times
than you've actually left.

And empty it
before the sunset;
your clothes stay
hanging in my closet.

How much worth
the tickets
every time we think
it's finished?

Inspite of this, dear
all the times you seem
to leave, I always fear
that it's for real.

Melanie Agua

Wicked Endearment

I'd like to keep you fastened
as if I'm running 90mph -
and keep up with your whereabouts
like my own credit card.
To remember is a choice.
It's terribly foolish to quit
when we're peaking love...
I don't know what's thereafter
the day I get purified,
once I marry,
once I get impregnated by a stranger,
once he and I move out
to an eighteen hour flight;
once I become a full fledged woman
of reason and virtues.
once I become older - really old
with a recurring memory
of your luscious, wavy, gray hair.
We adore each other madly,
in informality of course,
coated in zealous eyes, smiles,
embraces, childlike teases,
great, great sexes.
We thought it could be lust
and decided it's not all that,
Afterall.
There is a simple kind of happiness
in any simple place with you,
from eating popcorns, horror movies,
to trashing each other with unkind words
in a kind manner.
It's been us before anything,
now and hereafter.
It's getting messy.
You know, I waited.
Why didn't you tell me?
Not today - before.

Winged

Oftentimes,
you make me a wing
so I could heave up high
and attempt to dream;
but not enough to fly
because like a boy's
cherished summer kite,
you pull from a string
so you can keep hold
and keep track
where I'm going...
Afraid that I'd soar
too far or too high
where you can't reach me,
you made me wings
just for your fancy.

Melanie Agua

Your Poem

Nobody talked about it;
the review page is empty.
I haven't read your name
before, nobody told me to.

The words are quite simple.
But oddly, there's something
about it that fascinates me.
Pins an old spot here, deep.

Melanie Agua