

Poetry Series

Michelle Candelaria
- poems -

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Michelle Candelaria(December 17,1990)

Avant-Propos

Torn pages of sweet painful stories
Browsed by hands of addiction
And scanned by eyes with anticipation
Cut the metal sheet cover of the corpse

A faint shadowy trace follows every footstep
And spread its aroma like a burning incense
Seeping through the bones of the soul
That melts it like a rusty sheath

The coolness of the heat
And the delight of bloody sweat
Strengthens the frail force to withstand
And combat the sensation of human desires.

Michelle Candelaria

Broken Wings

The leaves will keep on falling
And the sun will still set
No matter how hard we try
To fight the system of the broken

Though the air will continue
To soothe the aching nerves
And the cool breeze
Will numb every feeling
The fall would still be painful
As a heart made of stone
Was hit by a gentle wind
And broken into pieces

The leaves will soon dry
And the sun'll rise again
But no sign will be left
That once
There was a mad man
Lying restless on the ground

Michelle Candelaria

Fast-Paced

Hurried breakfast; hurried shower
Hurried ride; hurried walk
Hurried work; hurried snack
Hurried lunch; hurried rest

Be in hurry, you may be left behind
Of this hurried world
And hurried life.
Be in hurry to laugh and cry
To love and hate
To fight and make peace
Because after a hurried life,
Comes nothing
But a hurried DEATH.

Michelle Candelaria

Gang Rape

In the silence of a night
As the world drown into a deep slumber
A painful, unbearable cry was heard
From a young woman of softness, and
Innocence

Sinful hands caressed her fresh skin
Wicked lips tasted her ripeness
Smooth and hard; slow and fast
Tortments of different ways and means

Though she tried hard to fight
And get out from hell
Strong hands captured her
And one by one, they tasted heaven

For how can a weak creature fight?
And run from the worlds madness
When the devils themselves
Are her captivators

Seeing no light, no hope
She just closed her eyes and prayed for life
As an innocent child
Watched the scene with eyes wide open.

Michelle Candelaria

Moon Flower

It was late
I was tired
Staring at the moon
Waiting for a shooting star
Nothing came
But there's still another night.

Michelle Candelaria

Nostalgic Bliss

As the leaves of memories fall
And swept away by a cool breeze
You will suddenly realize,
This kind of pain is intolerable

What is growth for?
If you will leave behind the sweetness of
Childhood?
Why welcome success and richness?
If simplicity and poverty is the best gift
Of all?
How do you bear the pain?
The pain of being separated from your roots
If, even though there are many
Yet, you are alone and empty

Why think about the future?
If the past is more meaningful
Why think about now?
If now is the most painful?

Suddenly, you will hear the waves of the sea
And dream of nothing
But to reach the horizon
And then rest peacefully...

Michelle Candelaria

Painful Numbness

Pieces of a broken mask
Explodes like a brilliant mirror
That reflects the shadowy surface
Of a broken and messed statue

The debris scattered and flooded the arena
With a brilliant and shiny darkness
That sipped the blood until it was drained
And nothing was left except the
feeling of numbness

Eyes shut down and closed
Only to see the sparkling image
Of an imaginary and undefined creature
Which was there to visit and fetch

But then, there was the dark brightness
That made it impossible to see
And no choice was left
But to wait for nothing and
Fight for something

Michelle Candelaria

Prelude

Let my eyes see every detail
Of the darkness that will abound
And the cries of those who are abandoned
Disturb my eternal repose
For it is in holding back that I end up empty
And being dumb that I become useful

The world will keep on living
Without my words being read
But as I get tired of my existence
And start to get rid of every nuisance
Please let somebody remember
That once I have written
Words that seemed to be easily understood
That nobody understands

As I rip apart the last of my pages
And the ink slowly turns dry
I pray that somebody will discover
In the most hidden part of my casket
The withheld emotions
Behind my every feeling
And the innermost reason
Why I once desired to stay

The endless tranquility
Will soon overpower me
Let it be...
Let it be...

Michelle Candelaria

Reason Out

If the world will be lucky enough
To surpass all these trying times
Then who among those who are good
Deserves the key to the great kingdom

If everybody who admits goodness
Will fight over a single reward
And the lunatics will accept defeat
Who among them are really great?
Is it not that those who are proud
Will end up in the lowest rank
And those who are humble
Will sit at the throne

The complexity of every principle
Lies not on its meaning
But on how it is understood
And practiced

Michelle Candelaria

Soliloquy

Feel the stab of the sparkling knife
That lightens the shadow of death
As you reminisces the memories
Of a bright and happy spirit

Listen to the melody
Of the roaring thunder
As the rain pours over your body
And washes all the pain away

Embrace the sharpness of the blades
While you smell the perfume of roses
And lay down on the soft grass
As you drown the fatigue
On that red sticky fluid

Close your eyes and feel every sensation
That every breath offers to you
And finally, give the earth your best smile
As you fly and wave your last goodbye.

1 soliloquy- monologue that gives the illusion of
being a series of unspoken reflections

Michelle Candelaria

Tradeoff

When darkness comes
To the land of hope
And cries of bitterness and pain are heard
The reality of a slow bitter death
Is felt in its very soul

How come that the pearl of the orient seas
After the tyranny that pushed it down
Has gained no love, no respect, and no comfort
From its own blood and flesh

After the death of the martyrs
The birth of the rebels followed
Blood has flooded the entire archipelago
And drowned all its dreams

Its magnificent beauty and richness
Seems lost in all the tragedies
And no trace of light was seen
Except the spark of a shining knife

Its flesh was cut, its bone cracked
But the heart still beats, the mind still works
And after the sweet pain experienced
No choice was left...
But to KILL and LIVE.

Michelle Candelaria

Turning Point

The bright rays of the sun
The breeze of a strong wind
The melodious chirping of birds
The lively laughter of children

The terrific heat and flooded road
The echo of a strong pouring rain
The land slides and rocks overthrown
The cry of an innocent maiden

There was past and there will be future
But today will always knock on our doors
With the face of sorrow and pain
No other remedy was left but to beg

Is hope still there?
Will the scratch of the matches work?
Is there any light waiting?
Or we will all die a DARK DEATH?

Michelle Candelaria

Uninvited

You came in from the meadows
At a time when everything was so light
Like a thief in a middle of a still night
Like sorrow amidst a celebration

Everything in me seems electrified
And numbed by the feeling
That once in my life I am shaken
Madly afraid of losing everything I have
In exchange of giving in
To the emotions brought by the Pandora

How I wish you never arrived
And live my life just the way it should be
But since you already caused so many imbalances
I'll just kiss you goodbye and say
"Please don't come back again, uninvited."

Michelle Candelaria

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Pull the trigger
But don't shoot me
Bite
But don't sip
Smile
Don't laugh
Take my hand
And lead me nowhere.

Michelle Candelaria