

Poetry Series

**Possawat Piankij**  
**- poems -**

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# Possawat Piankij()

# Balck&White Terminal

My name is engraved on a stone.  
I have nothing left but my bones.  
I lie down there due to no choice.  
Nobody will hear my voice.

She gave me a flower,  
But now, it withers.  
Since that day, I've got nothing.  
I try screaming but no answer.

My feeling is at my toe  
And soul is of woe.  
I have been rejected!  
By God, why was I selected?

Above, there is a tree.  
Who swiftly told me  
'Please don't be sad  
Everything is not bad.

Though your soul, she does betray,  
Smiling at the blue May,  
You are not alone  
'Cause my roots hold your bones! .'

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Beguiled Rose

Wind whispers to a rose,  
'Marry now! , little queen! '  
The rose shakes it's nose'  
Saying 'He is so mean! '

'How so? ', the wind wonders.  
'Buzz, there he comes.  
I plead for water  
But never get some!

Little by little, I get dry,  
beginning to cry.  
Tears flow to my thorns  
And my love is torn.

What if I pass away?  
Will he comes to my burial?  
What will he say?  
'I'm sorry'? -go away! '

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Behind The Stick

I'm always a follower;  
I walk behind my stick.  
You might think I'm not clever  
When I hit a wall brick.

On hearing many noises,  
I pause for a while.  
What are that voices?  
Do the speakers smile?

What's that odor?  
Fragrance or a flower?  
I begin to get bored;  
It's again my wonder.

Someone touches my shoulder.  
I don't know who he is.  
I'm stuck I this wonder.  
Never have I got it, never.

I yet keep my wonders,  
Wanting to know the answers.  
I need to clear my sight.  
Could you give me some light?

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Big Love

I WANNA TELL YOU ABOUT MY LOVE,  
BUT NEVER HAVE NERVE.  
I'M SURE MY LOVE IS BIG  
AND TOO DEEP TO DIG,  
IF YOU AREN'T IN LOVE.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Bloody Valentine's Day

This year, I must stay with bloody Valentine's day;  
I can hear gun shots under the sky of grey.  
Every dead body is lying everywhere-  
So ghastly that I dare not stare.

Frankly, I can't see the trace of my victory,  
and now, I'm bursting with great worry.  
I have my last message to declare-  
Perhaps, you don't even care.

If the sun still shines in the morning,  
My love for you is everlasting.  
Though, I'm an invisible man of the dark wood,  
My love remains immortal for good.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

# Blue Moon

Never have I seen the blue moon  
And I hope I'll see her soon.  
One day, my teacher told me  
I'd have a chance to see.

I behold her mild-yellowed face  
Which is unlike a furnace.  
Swiftly, she bursts into laughter  
As if I am a joker.

Could an artist do me a favor  
By painting her with blue?  
Thus, I can say I've ever.  
Anyway, my hope never becomes true.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Come Back To Me!

Since you departed,  
The world has been blank.

My life is up-side-down  
And my bliss is underground.

My tears are willing in my eyes.  
Shadows are gathering in my mind.

Oh! my only honey, please come back to me.  
I wanna be with you, feeling your deep love.

Why don't you give me a chance,  
Forgetting the mistakes and starting over?

I vow never shall I let you down again,  
Not making your feeling be of pain.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Crimson Crimson

Crimson crimson tears.  
I'm bursting of fear  
Because my love, you tear  
And never care.

Crimson crimson memory  
Keeps running in my mind.  
Gradually, gradually,  
My life becomes blind.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Dead Secret

I kept my secret inside  
As if it was my pride.  
I never let it go,  
Wanting no-one to know,

But thou were my exception.  
As long as it was alive,  
Thou were to know in this life  
'Cause it won't be revived.

My secret pleaded to be free  
'Cause it belonged to thee.  
I tried to make thee hear,  
Feeling my ghastly fear.

I told thou all my heart  
When thee did depart.  
Upon being said,  
It has become dead.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Depressing Day

I never deem my birthday special,  
But, instead, very depressing.  
Candle-lit cakes never bring me delight,  
But, inversely, the awful night.

On my eighteenth birthday,  
My age is added with one.  
I'm more closer to the way  
Of my dreadful death.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Dreadful Nature

Alas! my poor kitten,  
who was coldly bitten.  
Her soul has been taken,  
But never been forgotten.

I once gave her an embrace  
In our warm and pretty place.  
I gave her a cordial smile  
While she was sleeping.

She was in her mind,  
Saying in her dream  
'This man is so kind  
That he is the cream.

What can I do to help him  
Get out of his life dim?  
He has been so hungry,  
Never eating a pastry.'

On looking at my face,  
She told me her dream.  
My bliss I finally trace,  
Giving a dreadful beam.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Drunk Grandpa

Never have I met my grandpa,  
Only knowing of his story.  
My granny said "he was a skunk  
Being always very drunk.

Moreover, his death was of shame  
And he deserved to be blamed.  
He drank, walking along a lake  
Then, he fell into the lake"

But, I wonder where he is now.  
Perhaps, he is one of those clouds,  
Roaming around above the sea line  
And saying "this boy is mine"

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Envious Of Teddy Bear

Truthfully, I'm not sad I'm not her lover,  
But envious of her pretty teddy bear.  
It cannot speak, blink or think.  
It just stares at her lovely face.  
Then, she gives it a warm embrace.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

# Fiddler's Tragedy

Everyone loves me an Irish fiddler  
Whose artist name is called Toddler  
Beautiful notes are drawn from my strings-  
Much better than when Orbison sings

I soothe every man with notes of glee;  
Notes sounding more melodious  
Than the waves of a lazy sea

Practice I do hard everyday;  
And, my audience always says,  
"Play more! Play more!  
Your lovely notes we long for! "

But, that isn't why I practice;  
Not to impress the whole audience  
But only one- just one -  
A pretty girl in her twenties  
For whom I fall  
Yes, just her; that's all

In the audience  
She's with her tall white man;  
Hand in hand- how vexing

And here is my evil plan:  
I'll play and play my fiddle  
To impress, to attract,  
To fascinate my Soul of Candy  
Worse than that:  
To steal her from that bloody man

Ergo I play and play my song  
With notes of my eternity of love-  
So mellow, gentle,  
Sweet and delicious;  
Meanwhile shows how jealous I am  
To see her lovely fingers  
Interlocked with the man's

Yes! Yes! It works!  
A graceful smile spreads on  
Her perky pinky cheeks  
That all angels envy  
And that bliss I can see  
On that face of grace  
My heart thumps with glee  
To see my Little Grace  
Smiling among the audience

But my joy is suddenly shattered  
When she holds her man's hand  
More tightly, more affectionately! -  
Vexing! Vexing!

Then they hug, they kiss  
Following along  
The rhythm of MY song  
So perfectly all along

- A.J. Miller  
14/05/2016

Possawat Piankij

# Fluffy Clouds

On the sky  
Stray the fluffy clouds

White and blue  
What lovely hues

Along a gentle breeze  
They roam tardily  
Yet gracefully

Somehow I believe  
They're traveling  
Around the world

So that  
Everyone may see  
How lovely they are

So that  
Your heart may be  
Filled with joys

And I'm a happy man  
When you grin

6/07/2014

Possawat Piankij

# Fool And Greed

I still have my very great debt to pay;  
Oh! I don't have money anyway,  
But I have luxurious stuff- a lot -  
Bought with that loan.  
Now, they need to be sold  
In order to pay my debt,  
And hence, I have nothing left.

I used to be a happy man indeed,  
But now, I'm sad because of my greed.

- Barney Martin -

Possawat Piankij

# Heavenly Solitude

I wander in solitude of a garden.  
A breeze hugs me like does my mom.  
I pause and wonder why here I come.  
Though, I love the garden's nature so much;  
Thereby, keeping walking in the tranquil place.  
Then, I was enclosed by the sun's embrace.  
He greets me with his warm and cordial smile.  
At that moment, I notice a lonely sunflower  
Tilt her head to show respect of honor.  
Birds in their nest begin their melodious song.  
So nice is it that I want to sing along.  
This solitude is peaceful and heavenly.  
I'm not leaving this place definitely.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# High Time He Rested

A senile man is sitting in his favorite chair,  
Thinking of burdens which he used to bear:  
Working, cooking, financial problems and so fourth.  
Now, it's time he took a rest;  
There's nothing for him to quest.

Not time he learnt the most complex Mathematical sentence.  
Not time he longed for revenge or abhorrence.  
Not time he helped his daughter make a Halloween pumkin,  
But it's high time he rested forever in his coffin.

- J.P. Millcoln -

Possawat Piankij

# Hypocrisy Beneath Sincerity

We all smile owing to our hypocrisy.  
We speak those cordial words  
Which betray our honesty  
Though our eyes speak of deception.

- Oreo Man -

Possawat Piankij

# Invisible

Whenever, you walk by,  
You don't even see me  
'Cause I'm never in your eyes.  
I wish you'd see me.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Kiss

Her cheeks are so pinky.  
Her cheeks are so downy.  
She's the girl whom I miss;  
I wanna give her a kiss.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Lily Girl

I compare you to a lovely lily-  
My favorite flower forever.  
But you aren't a normal one.  
Instead the pick of the bunch.

Your charm is exactly like the lily's smell,  
Putting me under your amorous spell.  
I lose myself and feel it's a dream.  
It is perfect like a flowing stream!

The more I wander in this day dream,  
The more I give blissful beams.  
Around me, it is completely pink.  
It's so impressive that I cannot blink!

This heavenly dream, I don't want to leave.  
I wanna have a very long sleep-very deep! ,  
Wholly forgetting the real and mean world  
And staying under the charm of this lily girl!

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Love You

I've nothing to conceal  
'Cause you're what I fall into  
And it's totally real  
That I always do love you.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Moonlit Sea

I SIT ON A BEACH, WATCHING THE SEA.  
IT IS WONDERFUL AND CALM TOO.  
THE MOON WHICH I SEE  
RECOGNIZES ME OF YOU.

WHILST SITTING ALONE, I CAN SENSE THE SEA'S SMELL.  
IT MAKES ME MORE AWAKE.  
I'M REALLY SATISFIED.I CAN TELL.  
ESPECIALLY, WHEN I THINK OF YOUR FACE.

I KEEP WATCHING AT THE MOONLIT SEA.  
IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WERE BESIDE  
AND WATCH THOSE NICE THINGS WITH ME.  
DEEPLY, I WISH IT WOULD TIDE.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# 's Joy

Alone stands  
Everywhere on Earth all alone

He casts his eyes on a couple  
Hand in hand they laugh  
Romantically they talk

But uncertainty is life

Next month the couple fights  
Morning, noon, and night  
Laughing turns to ranting  
Talking turns to yelling

Love is no more pinky hue  
But so gloomy and blue

So pleased, grins  
And alone he stands  
Everywhere on Earth all alone

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5/10/2015

Possawat Piankij

# Pageant Queen

I compare you to the pageant queen,  
The most graceful lady I've ever seen.  
Your splendor shines brighter than the sun,  
Making me really love you, not for fun.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Refreshed By Nature

I'm sitting beside a rice field.  
The sunlight is lying on every leaf.  
Crows are flying across the field.  
Nothing seems to sleep.  
Even, a breeze forces the leaves to lean.  
Moreover, the field is so green,  
Waking up my sleepy eyes.  
It's so wonderful to stay with this nature;  
My lethargic soul is refreshed.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

# Special Lady

She makes me the luckiest man,  
Making me fly above the land.  
She is cute like others  
But there is something covered.

I kiss her pretty lip,  
Holding her fascinating hip.  
Slowly, I try to undress her,  
Getting lost in her nice eyes

Her kiss is sweet like honey  
That cannot be bought with money  
Her body is as white as milk.  
Her hair is like a good silk.

Upon unveiling her body,  
I gently smell her skin,  
Taking off her hairpin  
And feeling her fair hair.

My hands keep running on her  
Like a morning train.  
And she fain let me do so,  
Knowing that it's heavenly love!

I stop my morning train  
When I see something on the pane.  
They are her white wings  
That make her the special living thing.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# Stupid Nun

I beheld her dress as a nun.  
Her face didn't show any fun.  
Slowly, steadily,  
She moved her ugly feet.

Her eyes gave no-one a greet.  
She just kept looking down,  
Being silent like a deserted town-  
What a strange woman!

Swiftly, she fall into a lake.  
Unluckily, she could not swim.  
Hopelessly, she began to pray  
For one more day to stay.

Spontaneously, I jumped into the lake.  
Once I reached the poor nun,  
She said ' Go away! Go away!  
God will save my life, not you! '

Then, I just wait to see if 'God' would save her.  
Finally, I saw her be drowned.  
She would have had one more day  
If she hadn't begun to pray.

- Oreo Man -

Possawat Piankij

# The Hungry Monsters

THE MONSTERS GET HUNGRY,  
SCREAMING HORRIBLY.  
THEY NEED SOMETHING TO EAT  
BEFORE THEY GET HEATED  
AND EAT ME COLDLY.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# The Hypocrite

Actually, you're just a hypocrite.  
You're never sincere.  
You make me feel like this.  
You never see my tears.

Have you ever cared me?  
Are you guilty?

What you do is just pretending.  
You're a great liar.  
You're good at deceiving.  
Now, let me say we're over.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# The Sea

I'm walking on a beach.  
The weather's so fine.  
I'm fond of this beach.  
I'll keep this beach in my mind.

But why I don't see anyone?  
I'm walking alone?

I saw a tree's shadow beside me.  
The light's dancing on the water.  
It's a very nice sea.  
It'll be memorized forever.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# The Shoes

THE DISTANCE IS SO FAR  
HOWEVER, IT DOES NOT MATTER  
IF WE DARE TO FACE BAR  
AND KEEP WALKING TOGETHER

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# The Tears

The tears are your regrets.  
They're pouring on your cheeks.  
I know you try your best.  
I know you are not weak.

You are suffocated?  
You cannot bear them?

Now, you cannot move on.  
The tears are still pouring.  
Someday, you can hold on  
and keep your breathing.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

# The Way I Shall Declare You My Love

I shall do everything to declare you my love.  
Maybe, I shall write the message on the sky.  
Then fly and yell your name out loud  
So you can hear me, turning around.

I shall be the sun, embracing your soul  
Whenever you have to fight with cold.  
Even at night, I shall be the moon or stars  
To shine you some light, banishing your fear.

Or if you face is of pouring tears,  
I shall be a breeze, blowing them away  
And helping you get through the day.  
I shall be with you forever!

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

## To...My Next Generations

Ah! There lie my soldiers brave- in their graves  
Their souls and their sacrifice comprise of our country.  
Their names are engraved on our land.  
Without their boldness,  
We have no land to walk on.  
Hence, as long as we're still alive,  
We are to protect our piece of land- even our grain of sand!

- Sergeant Griffin Looper -

Possawat Piankij

## To: My Mom

Lying in my cradle, I saw your face.  
Then, you cradled me, looking into my eyes.  
I never forget your warm embrace.  
That good time is always in my mind.

When I am sick, you look after me.  
You never go away, staying beside my bed.  
You are so worried that I can see.  
Upon being better, I kiss you on your face.

Your love is very profound.  
I do feel very grateful.  
I promise not to let you down  
And behave well to you.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij