

Poetry Series

Ramon Amancio Estanque
- poems -

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Ramon Amancio Estanque(August 27,1985)

I was born on august 27,1985 to the Land of promise part of Philippines Island in Mindanao Province. I'm the second son of Mr. Luiz Estoque Estanque and Estrella Amancio Estanque.I have 3 Brother's and 3 Sister's.

I studied my elementary at Macarimbang Alegado Memorial Elementary School(MAC-ALE) . I Graduated my secondary class at Datu Ayunan National High School Cotabato City. Now, I conteniously to study my BSE course at Pamantasan ng Lungsod ng Pasay, Pasay City, Manila, Philippines.

In Spanish:

Nací el agosto 27.1985 a la tierra de la pieza de la promesa de la isla de Filipinas en la provincia de Mindanao. Soy el segundo hijo de Sr. Luiz Estoque Estanque y Estrella Amancio Estanque.I tiene 3 hermanos y 3 Sister's.I estudiaron mi elemental en Macarimbang Alegado School(MAC-ALE) elemental conmemorativo. Gradué mi clase secundaria en la ciudad nacional de Cotabato de la High School secundaria de Datu Ayunan. Ahora, I conteniously para estudiar mi curso de BSE en ng Pasay, ciudad de Pasay, Manila, Filipinas del ng Lungsod de Pamantasan

In French:

J'ai été soutenu août 27.1985 à la terre de la pièce de promesse de l'île de Philippines dans la province de Mindanao. Je suis le deuxième fils de M. Luiz Estoque Estanque et Estrella Amancio Estanque.I ont 3 frères et 3 Sister's.I ont étudié mon élémentaire chez Macarimbang Alegado School(MAC-ALE) élémentaire commémoratif. J'ai reçu un diplôme ma classe secondaire à la ville nationale de Cotabato de lycée de Datu Ayunan. Maintenant, I conteniously pour étudier mon cours de BSE à NG Pasay, ville de Pasay, Manille, Philippines de NG Lungsod de Pamantasan

In Russian:

Я б ы л п р и н
е с е н н а 27.1985 -г
о а в г у с т а
к з е м л е ч а
с т и п о с ы л
а о с т р о в а
philippines в п р о в и н
ц и и Mindanao. Я б у д

у в т о р ы м с
ы н к о м г а -н
Л у и з Е с т о
ц у е Е с т а н
ц у е и Estrella Amancio Estanque.I и
м е е т 3 б р а т
и 3 Sister's.I и з у ч и л
и м о е э л е м
е н т а р н о е
н а Macarimbang Alegado м е м о
р и а л ь н о м
э л е м е н т а
р н о м School(MAC-ALE) . Я г
р а д у и р о в
а л м о й в т о
р и ч н ы й т и
п н а г о р о д
е Cotabato с т а р ш и
х к л а ч ч о в
с р е д н е й ш
к о л ы Datu Ayunan н а ц
и о н а л ь н о
м . Т е п е р ь , I
contentiously д л я т о г о
ч т о б ы и з у
ч и т ь м о й к
у р с BSE н а ng Pasay ng Lungsod
Pamantasan, г о р о д е Pasay,
Manila, philippines

In Greek:

Γ ε ν ν ή θ η κ α
σ τ ι ς 27.1985 Α υ γ ο
ύ σ τ ο υ σ τ ο έ
δ α φ ο ς τ ο υ μ
έ ρ ο υ ς υ π ό σ
χ ε σ η ς τ ο υ ν
η σ ι ο ύ τ ω ν Φ
ι λ ι π π ι ν ώ ν
σ τ η ν ε π α ρ χ
ί α Mindanao. Ε ί μ α ι ο
δ ε ύ τ ε ρ ο ς γ

ι ο ς τ ο υ κ . Luiz Estoque Estanque κ α ι estrella Amancio Estanque. π ο υ μ ε λ ε τ ώ τ ο υ α δ ε λ φ ο ύ 3 κ α ι τ η ς α δ ε λ φ ή ς 3 σ τ ο ι χ ε ι ώ δ η μ ο υ σ τ ο α ν α μ ν η σ τ ι κ ό δ η μ ο τ ι κ ό σ χ ο λ ε ί ο Macarimbang Alegado (MAC-AGGLJKI' Μ Π Ύ Ρ Α ;) . Β α θ μ ο λ ό γ η σ α τ η δ ε υ τ ε ρ ο β ά θ μ ι α κ α τ η γ ο ρ ί α μ ο υ σ τ η ν ε θ ν ι κ ή π ό λ η Cotabato γ υ μ ν α σ ί ο υ Datu Ayunan. Τ ώ ρ α , ι γ ι α ν α μ ε λ ε τ ή σ ε ι conteniusly τ η σ ε ι ρ ά μ α θ η μ ά τ ω ν EBS μ ο υ σ ε Pamantasan NG Lungsod NG Pasay, Pasay π ό λ η , Μ α ν ί λ α , Φ ι λ ι π π ί ν ε ς

In Italian:

Sono stato riguardato agosto 27.1985 alla terra della parte di promessa dell'isola delle Filippine nella provincia diMindanao. Sono il secondo figlio del sig. Luiz Estoque Estanque ed Estrella Amancio Estanque.I ha 3 fratelli e 3 Sister's.I hanno studiato il mio elementare a Macarimbang Alegado School(MAC-ALE) elementare commemorativo. Mi sono laureato il mio codice categoria secondario alla città nazionale di Cotabato della High School di Datu Ayunan. Ora, I conteniusly per studiare il mio corso di BSE alla NG Pasay, città di Pasay, Manila, Filippine di NG Lungsod di Pamantasan

In Portuguese:

Eu fui carregado em agosto 27.1985 à terra da peça da promessa do console de Filipinas na província de Mindanao. Eu sou o segundo filho do Sr. Luiz Estoque Estanque e Estrella Amancio Estanque.I tem 3 irmãos e 3 Sister's.I estudaram

étudié mon élémentaire chez Macarimbang Alegado School(MAC-ALE)
élémentaire commémoratif. J'ai reçu un diplôme ma classe secondaire à la ville
nationale de Cotabato de lycée de Datu Ayunan. Maintenant, I conteniusly pour
étudier mon cours de BSE à NG Pasay, ville de Pasay, Manille, Philippines de NG
Lungsod de Pamantasan

In Dutch:

Ik was geboren op 27,1985 augustus aan het Land van een belofte deel van het
Eiland van Filippijnen in Provincie Mindanao. Ik ben de tweede zoon van M. Luiz
Estoque Estanque en Estrella Amancio Estanque. ik Broer 3 heb en Zuster 3 die
mijn elementair wordt bestudeerd op de Herdenkings Basisschool van
Macarimbang Alegado (MAC-AAL) . Ik behaalde mijn secundaire klasse bij Stad
van Cotabato van de Hoge School van Datu Ayunan de Nationale een diploma.
Nu, I conteniusly om mijn BSE cursus in Pamantasan ng Lungsod ng Pasay,
Pasay Stad, Manilla, Filippijnen te bestuderen

In Traditional Chinese:

§Ú¥X¥Í|b×K×ë27,1985 1ijú«β»«@ü®qªº¿Ö¨¥¹s¥ó×g|a|bMindanao
¬ÙiC§Ú¬OLuiz Estoque Estanque ªº¥y¥Í²Ä×G-Ó¨à×l¨Ä¥B Estrella Amancio
Estanque.I |³³ -Ó¥S§Ìªº¨Ä¥B3 Sister's.I ¾Ç²β×F§Úºò¥»|bMacarimbang Alegado
¬ö©Àºò¥»ªºSchool(MAC-ALE) iC§Ú²|·~×F§Úªº|·-nÄ?|bDatu Ayunan
¥?ºêªº×Cotabato ¥«iC²{|b, I conteniusly ¾Ç²β§ÚªºBSE ,ô½u|bPamantasan ng
Lungsod ng Pasay, Pasay ¥«, º¨¥§©Ô, µá«β»«

In Simplified Chinese:

Îò³öÉúÔÚÍ?ÑÏ27,1985 ¶Ô·ÆÂÉ±öº£µºµÄµÑÔÁã¼?ÍÁµØÔÚMindanao
Êi iÉÎÒÊÇLuiz Estoque Estanque µÄÏÈÉúµÚ¶? ,ö¶ù×Ó²çÇÒEstrella Amancio
Estanque.I Ó?3 ,ö?ÖµÜµÄ²çÇÒ3 Sister's.I Ñ§Ï°ÁËÎÒ»ù±¾ÔÚMacarimbang
Alegado ¼ÍÄî»ù±¾µÄSchool(MAC-ALE) iÉÎÒ±ÏÒµÁËÎÒµÄ´ÎÒªÀàÔÚDatu Ayunan
È«¹ú,βÖ?Cotabato Ê?iÉÏÖÔÚ£¬I conteniusly Ñ§Ï°ÎÒµÄBSE Â·ÏÏÔÚPamantasan
ng Lungsod ng Pasay £¬Pasay Ê?£¬ÂíÄáÀ-£¬·ÆÂÉ±ö

After The Storm

After the storm, how clear are the surroundings
the covering darkness disappears in a moment
hardened soil softens in the water
wet trees quickly spread green
The heat of summer is taken over by coldness
the brilliant sun is hidden from view
rain is brought by the clouds that are always beside
the mountaintop, up there where there is gentle beauty
Rain, you are like the tears of sadness
shed for all the lives that too early were sacrificed
for comrades who are missing or are in prison
for the pains and afflictions in their suffering
After the storm, blood hardens
on the earth, on the cart, on the piece of concrete laid out
water wipes away the winding road
flayed flesh and broken bones are finally laid to rest
Comrade Romeo, Comrade Grey, Comrade Dennis
how the storm raged when you were felled
how with the blows you were like leaves blown away
by the whirlwind and the eddy
Rest, all of you, for your song is always within us
its fervor will not crack even one bit
and the wet leaves will bum again
like our eyes with tears of sorrow

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Friends

know my friends-
they are those born
in nipa huts in the countryside,
under patched-up roofs
of slum-dwellers in the cities,
or on hole-riddled mattresses
in cheap hospitals.
they are those baptized en masse
through hurried oremuses of priests
scrimping on spittle
for the next special baptism.
they are those whose passage to age
is barely noticed
for no newspaper would dare
print their names
or report the humble gatherings
on their days of birth.
they are those who, if only for a day,
are afforded the chance to be gods
by the bogus servants of the people,
and are forced to laugh
at pretty lies.
they are those who, after elections,
are again made to worship the
masters cordoned
by fences of guns
that reach up to their washrooms.
they are those sunk in the quagmire
of indebtedness
and who can only gawk
at the fruits of their own toil in the markets
and display windows
of famous stores.
they are those who, in plays
staged in the theaters of the rich,
go unnoticed
or act out villain roles.
they are those who, possessing talents
and skills,

become hired brains and hands
of big businessmen.
they are those who live by themselves
in fertile mountains
whose contours carved
by their old culture
become the butt of joke
of the 'civilized'
in the name of christianity
and progress,
who are being disowned
of their wealth and cultivated lands.
i know my friends-
they are those whose stories
are inscribed in the bloody and muddy pages
of the books of cadres
who have fallen in the mountains
of Luzon, Visayas, Mindanao.
they are those whose welfare
dwells in the mind of every oppressed person
who slowly aligns himself
on the left end of the field.
they are those whose lot is also mine...
to live in a free country
or die in struggle.....

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Not The End But The New Start To Begin

Sometimes you're broken or sometimes you loss?

Don't give-up,

It's only a challenge to us

Not the end,

But new start to begin...

It's the onece of our experience

To become hardhopeness

You mind that you never loss,

and you are the winner

Coz you earned a lesson

and you got some ideas

Not the end but new start to begin....

Ramon Amancio Estanque

On A Soldier Fallen In The Philippines

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been blown.
Wreath of pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Philippines Is A Blessed Nation

Philippines is a country
Blessed with beauties of nature,
A country that has
Their own unique culture.

Though we may think Philippines
Is corrupted and poor,
But with all the problems it faced,
It was still able to endure.

Natural resources are also rich in this land,
With farmers who work hard, hand in hand.
They plow the field and harvest grains,
For our sake, they work in pain.

Philippines has a very interesting history
It will certainly take time to uncover its
mystery
And when all of these we'll be able to study,
We'll now understand its secrets and beauty.

Yes, indeed, Philippines is a blessed nation,
The one thing it lacks is diligence and
cooperation.
God loves this country and understands our pain,
So if we strive harder, all our lost will become
our gain.

Philippines might become a better country one
day,
Because with God's help, we know that there's
still a way.

□

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Shout For Joy

Let me hear you Shout! !

How do I begin to tell you 'bout this friend
Who's like no other
Ever since the day He walked into my life
He's been more than a brother
And everyday and every minute
There's a shower of love I feel
Something I used to just imagine
I tell you know it's all for real.
That's why I

Shout for joy
Sing His praises
Lift my voice unto the Lord
Shout for joy
Sing His praises
Lift my voice unto the Lord

Now in case you've forgotten
It's a free gift you know
It's been an open invitation
For every man or woman, every boy or girl
People from every nation
Looking up unto the heavens
Praising God for what he's done
I can hear the chorus singing
Singing in their own native tongue
You gotta

Shout for joy
Sing His praises
Lift your voice unto the Lord
Shout for joy
(You gotta) Tell him all about it
Lift your voice and let Him know
Shout for joy
Sing His praises
Lift your voice unto the Lord

Shout for joy
Tell him all about it
Lift your voice and let Him know

(There He is by the door of your heart)
(Open up and make a brand new start)
Like He said, when you seek you shall find Him
(Think again if you wanna refuse)
(Everything to gain and nothing to lose)
I believe you know just what I mean

Hey, It's the truth, I'm telling you it's real
It's something I believe the world should feel
I think we know, we know all the facts
There's only One who wanna to put us back
On the right track
People in the West, East, North, and South
People who think I'm just running my mouth
It ain't gonna work
I'm never gonna give it up
Telling people what they should definitely know about

There He is by the door of your heart)
(Open up and make a brand new start)
Like He said, when you seek you shall find Him
Think again if you wanna refuse
Everything to gain and nothing to lose
I can tell you all about Him
But all you gotta do
Is say Jesus is lord you know his right for you

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Sign Of War

When the face of the sun is red,
There is war.

-Folk Saying

Deep red is the face of the sun
when the night and the light struggle against each other
when the twilight mourns
and the darkness spreads
the borrowed light of the moon
is colored red not yellow
as the early dusk chases
the sun setting in the west
At the mountaintop is a shadow
a tall monument in the darkness can be seen
as sturdy feet that could not pass through
cling to the vines
Comrade Enyong, shall I believe the old folks?
Why, when the sun turned red, the war took
away your life when you could have saved
the life of Comrade Greg who died because
you were not here to serve as our doctor?
I curse in bitterness thinking that you were
felled by the cruel mindless fascists
trapped by the greedy
who are concealed behind the darkness of the red
spreading over the face of the sun
What you said about the moon borrowing light
from the deep red sun is true.
Like the light of the principle you brought from Isabela
that up to Bicol served the oppressed
Red is the face of the sun because there is war
red it is because the people are raging
The moon shall continue to shine on dark roads
that you have walked on and gone past through
in the warriors' never-ending path
of struggle
till victory is won

Ramon Amancio Estanque

Take Me Out Of The Dark

Just what is it in me?
sometimes I just don't know
what keeps me in your love
why you never let me go
And though you're in me now
I fall and hurt you still
My Lord please show me how
to know just how you feel
You have forgiven me
too many times it seems
I feel I'm not what you might call
a worthy Christian after all
And though I love you so temptations
finds it's way to me

Teach me to trust in You
with all of my heart
to lean not on my own understanding
coz' I just forget
You won't give me what we can't bear
Take me out of the dark My Lord
I don't want to be there

You never left my side
You gave Your hand to me
to hold You, oh Jesus
I'm no longer in the cold
And yet I leave You there
when I feel satisfied
I'd like to thank You everyday
not only when I feel that way
I've never known a man
who'd give His life for sinners like me
And yet because He loves us so
He promised us eternity
And we can have His promise
and be His if have faith and
just believe..

Teach us to trust in You
with all our heart
to lean not on our own understanding
cause we just forget
You won't give us what we can't bear
Take us out of the dark our Lord
We don't want to be there
Yeah, My Lord

Teach me to trust in You
with all of my heart
to lean not on my own understanding
'cause I just forget
You might give me what I can't bear
Take me out of the dark My Lord
I we don't want to be alone
You take me out of the dark, My lord
i don't want to be there.....

Ramon Amancio Estanque

The Raven

once upon a Monday evening, while in class I pondered leaving
over many a quaint and curious volume of organic chemistry -
while I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
as of someone gently rapping, rapping at the chalkboard -
'tis Professor Long, ' I muttered, 'tapping at the chalkboard -
Only this and nothing more.'

as, distinctly I remember it was in the fall semester
and each separate chiral center wrought its ghost upon the chalkboard.
eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
from my books surcease of sorrow for there were 16 stereoisomers -
of the rare and radiant compound whom the angel name
3,4,5,6-tetrabromo-1-heptene nomenclature forever more!

and the oily, sad, uncertain rustling of each enol \leftrightarrow ketone
thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
so that now, to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating
'tis a ketone if amidst two carbon atoms carbonyl is drawn upon the chalkboard -

tis an aldehyde if hydrogen and carbon are connected to a carbonyl
this it is and nothing more.'

presently convinced and stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'sir' said I 'uh, Dr. Long, truly a good grade do I implore;
but the fact is I was napping, and so gently you were rapping,
and so faintly you were tapping, rapping at the chalkboard,
I convinced myself I heard you' - here I opened wide my mind -
darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that test problem peering, long I sat there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming tautomers only Dr. Long ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there was spoken was the whispered word Enol
This I whispered and an echo murmured back the word Ketone
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into my test I was glaring, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
Surely, thought I, surely that is the answer he is writing on the board.

Let me see, is rearrangement in this carbocation ignored?
Let my heart be still a moment and this reaction yet to be explored
Tis bromination and nothing more.

Open here! Flung the test, when with many a flirt and flutter,
My eyes saw the roadmap, question number ten
Shattered were my lofty dreams of passing.
Oh, the sweet summer days filled with laughing,
I didn't know about oxymercuration then

But the professor, standing lonely at his desk up front, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour
STERICS
Nothing farther then he uttered
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'in one ear and out the other
All the R's and S's jumbled together
Thanks to previous lecture nappings
Bound to happen nevermore

'Professor, ' said I, 'thing of evil! These resonance structures you've taught us
clearly
by the periodic tables hung above us, and the God we both adore;
help us Monday nights forever more
Desolate yet all undaunted, in this chair I sink enchanted,
By his expectations haunted, yet his knowledge I implore
Of the rare and radiant compound whom the angels call 3,4,5,6-tetrabromo-1-
heptene.
Giving up? Oh, nevermore.

And professor, never flitting, still is standing, still is standing
At his desk up front, demanding we convince ourselves, of course.
Horribly wrong with horizontal H's, surely all have know for ages
This is how organic chemistry sterically resonates with galore.

Ramon Amancio Estanque

The Way You Look At Me

No one ever saw me like you do
All the things that I could add up too
I never knew just what a smile was worth
But your eyes see everything without a single word

'Cause there's somethin' in the way you look at me
It's as if my heart knows you're the missing piece
You make me believe that there's nothing in this world I can't be
I never know what you see
But there's somethin' in the way you look at me

If I could freeze a moment in my mind
It'll be the second that you touch your lips to mine
I'd like to stop the clock, make time stands still
'Cause, baby, this is just the way I always wanna feel

I don't know how or why I feel different in your eyes
All I know is it happens every time
The way you look at me

Ramon Amancio Estanque

The World Was Clean Before We Came...

The world was clean before we came...
but we did not have even the slightest
sense of decency to think that it is
not a big garbage can or trash mound;

The world was clean before we came...
with the waters in the rivers and the
oceans clearly reflecting the clouds
and the skies. But we were too complacent
in our attitudes that we dumped every
kind of trash we could not stand the
sight of, much even the smell of;

The world was clean before we came...
with the clean air we breath giving
life to all its inhabitants, until
development as it is called, fouled it
to the extent that there is no more
safe place to stay in, mostly in
overcrowded cities and towns;

The world was clean before we came...
with the soil meant for growing food
to nourish us. Until pride and greed
overcame our best judgements and littered
it with the blood of our brothers and
poisoned it with deadly chemicals;

The world was clean before we came...
but instead of us polluting just our
minds, we enjoyed the pleasure of heavily
burdening this world with pollution.
Irreversible proportions, never giving a
serious thought that man can never exactly
recreate what God perfectly created;

Like this world that was so clean.... yes
before we came.

