

Poetry Series

**Robert Uy**  
**- poems -**

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# Robert Uy(December 25,1972)

# A Child Discovers Poetry

The moment the eyes touched Beauty,  
So lively, so colorful  
—The first of such witness—  
Admiration was birthed in the Mind  
And was spawned in the soul;  
Yet the mind had no voice,  
Such that when Beauty sprouted words  
The mind became mute no more.

Robert Uy

# A Memory Sat In The Corner And Wept

A memory sat in the corner of my mind  
And silently wept  
For the moment it feared has arrived,  
The dreaded moment when  
It finally aged, pointless and hollow,  
A fabric of mind worn-out and yellowed;  
And in so doing exhausting the thrill,  
Those old anticipations and pleasures lived  
When revisiting.

Tomorrow the final, lonely walk shall dawn,  
Inevitable, towards oblivion,  
Towards where the memory shall expire  
As silently as it now cries;  
Where all its traces will disappear  
Even in brief waking-hour dreams.

Robert Uy

# A Mother's Advice To Her Daughter, The Bride-To-Be

When does forever become an option?

Only when one can still find  
Inspiration for living  
Despite the stale smell of saliva  
From the person across the bed.

Consider it better  
To regret walking away  
Than having stayed with much regret.

So should today the fading footsteps  
With the banging door  
—the sounds of an almost wedding—  
Be a reason for sleepless tear-fests,  
Tomorrow it can be a cause for appreciation  
Or gratitude for thinking twice.

For it matters not how the heart aches now  
For affection  
Or lust;  
In the end what matters is how  
The small talk before bedtime  
—regardless of redundancy—  
Will always be interesting  
Time after time after time.

Robert Uy

# A Prayer

I am no poet;  
I just mimic one and pretend  
That I could make a ballroom  
    of words dance□  
And entertain an audience.  
But my choreography earns no  
    applause  
Because there is nothing special  
    about it at all.

Boasting of this ability  
    is but  
An exercise in futility.

But You,  
You are the Creator of Words;  
You are the farmer and I am  
    the soil  
On which You patiently toil.  
And all these verses  
That come out of me  
Will not be if not for Your seed.  
So from now on,  
Though un-special they may be,  
Every finished poem,  
These ballroom of words,  
Shall be dancing in praise of  
    You.

Robert Uy

# A Slice Of Life

When Ego, with his narcissistic sense,  
Wants to be held high in regard,  
He uses brickstones of Self-confidence  
To build himself a tall pedestal  
—that others may see  
there on top he'd be.

But the pedestal totters precariously  
So to Ego's help comes Humility,  
Who wedges Retribution in to aid  
The equilibrium, instead it breaks  
—hence, Ego comes down  
crashing to the ground.

Humility dashes quickly to the side  
Of Ego, so badly bruised and battered,  
And makes him drink the draught of Pride,  
Which, though prickly, must be swallowed  
—draught that kills pain,  
kills the drinker all the same.

□

Robert Uy

# Aborted

Contained in what's so fragile, could break,  
And soaked to preserve its state.  
But why prevent its being defaced?  
It was wanted dead, in the first place.  
Defenseless, it was so deprived  
The right to choose, to live, to die;  
Borne, by fate, by whose heart was stone,  
And dead before it was born.

Robert Uy

# Along The Mountain Road

The sun peeks a mischievous child  
In hide and seek,  
Defrosting the windows with its breath;  
Mists of a night forgotten by sleep  
Fading like a ghost bidding farewell.  
I whisk away the blanket of slumber  
From my eyes  
That I may wonder at nature's tears  
Thaw from crystals  
In every leaf of greenery  
While statuesque trees  
Point to heaven in seeming praise,  
All these as I traverse  
The asphalt-paved wrinkles of this  
Prehistoric giant's face.

Robert Uy

# An Afternoon In February (A Lady's Sentiment)

A riddle she could not decrypt,  
He was; and t'was the reason why  
To him, her Love she could not give.  
Perhaps she will, someday, in time.

Robert Uy

## Attempts At Haiku

How she devours fare  
And still look fairly pretty  
Is beyond me.

---

Her exotic eyes,  
Like clear December skies,  
Can melt hearts of ice.

Robert Uy

## Attempts At Haiku Ii

I am not the sun  
Which your world revolves upon;  
To you, I'm nothing.

-

Such classic beauty  
As hers aglow that Venus  
Would die of envy.

Robert Uy

# Beauty

The gingery dawn of a blissful day  
Highlights the silent beauty in an otherwise  
dishevelled hair.  
And those eyes, yes, those eyes,  
Lost in her innocence whenever  
she smiles;  
Anesthesia for the downtrodden,  
the weak of physique, and spirits broken.  
As if with the gentlest of touch, that smile  
can soothe the greatest of pain  
Even for a little while.  
Miraculous it is that in a moment with such  
The sickly heart flutters reminded of hope  
and enlivened with love,  
That thenceforth hers shall be the norm  
by which Beauty be measured,  
And with it jealousy that only once before,  
to Psyche, was rendered.

Robert Uy

# Closure

Where once I could only taste  
Sweet as sweetness should be,  
Now there is only but  
A sense of hostility  
Towards me.  
Perhaps you should but could not;  
I say, "please, " but you would not

Say goodbye.

Now you say it is not over  
And that I should wait;  
So I do so,  
But is it in vain?  
Like in slow motion,  
Falling in mid-air,  
Faster and faster;  
Till the ground meets me  
And my body shatters and breaks.

It's been so long since I last saw you,  
My heart is now cramping in ache;  
But the ground has not yet met me,  
So as you say so,  
Here I lie and wait.

I miss you,  
And shall keep missing you,  
Till the time comes  
When I will miss  
Missing you.

Robert Uy

# Condescend

A stranger, somewhere, there exists,  
Someone I can never be;  
A thief who'd pilfer what I  
Treasure most so easily.  
For little difference I have made  
To both what's me and mine,  
I was a witness many a-times  
To easily-said goodbyes.

But God has taught, if Love be pure  
'Tis not about one's self,  
Instead what for the beloved one  
Will truly be best.  
Hence, even at my own expense,  
I'd rather she be happy  
Even if her happiness' cause  
Will not be me.

Robert Uy

# Dead Drunk

He consumes in entirety  
That which entirely consumes him  
And the spirit of whose neck he has  
In his hand in turn possesses him.  
When the hour's hand points  
A certain direction then home beckons  
Hence it seems not lost  
The sense of place and time  
Yet when he opens his eyes  
Comes the age-old question:

"Where am I? "

Robert Uy

# Dead Of The Night

This very night for him is the friendliest  
For shadowy darkness is at its most potent,  
With no sound apart from that of total silence  
And the air is thick with the sense of suspense.  
Within his own dwelling he walks in the dark,  
His every step hushed in stealthily walk  
To evade obscure shadows that lies all about  
In a gloom that's as black as the purpose he's bound.  
☒ Steel toes that go, "Click, clack, "  
☐ Is the Grim Reaper's in the dark.

Upon each flight of stairs are the same cautious steps,  
A predator sly on a hunting tread;  
Grim masks the face that is fraught of emotions,  
Though only held back by his serious intention.  
The clandestine footfalls stop by the door  
Of the Master's chamber, to see therein lies in store  
What he expected: the wife sleeping on the bed  
And a person that comes twilight soon shall be dead.  
☒ the hammer pulled back, "Click, clack, "  
☐ Is the knell of death in the dark.

The night, of a sudden, does not want to be friendly,  
The shadowy darkness can only be deadly,  
With thunders that ripped straight through the silence  
And his sanity shattered in a second of weakness.  
Within his own chamber, he sits in the dark,  
Staring at two corpses whose last stare was blank;  
With deliberate gentleness his last act was subtle,  
He closed his eyes and bit on the barrel.

☐

Robert Uy

## Destiny, In Four Lines (Maine's Story)

She had a secret childhood dream  
That never could be real, it seemed;  
Yet in one glance, from him a smile,  
Reality and Dream aligned.

Robert Uy

## Destiny, In Four Lines (Richard's Poem)

He prayed to see the path Divine,  
The reason why in life persist;  
Fate and Heaven then conspired,  
And that was when Her smile met his.

Robert Uy

# Dilemma

Why do I torture myself with illusions  
that she will be mine someday?  
Though my wants are not always  
what's right,  
Still she fulfills my dreams.  
And desires.  
For she has ways of making me happy  
Without her even trying to;  
Or is it all a test of faith?  
Fate always right wrongs using pain.  
Me?  
I welcome the wrong things  
and the broken heart.  
In the end, she will always be  
a special part of me.

And she doesn't even know it.

Robert Uy

# Disgruntled Grunt

He comes to work in no such haste,  
And wishes he's some other place;  
"Oh, I believe, " he always say,  
"I'm overworked and underpaid! "  
Yet for every day that Heaven made,  
Still he shows up just the same.  
After all, he needs the pay;  
The wife must eat, anyway.

Much full of regret and reproach,  
He criticizes even the mote  
Of white dust on his worktable;  
He denounces his superior,  
And condemns the mistake-prone idiot  
At the next table; he cannot  
Wait for the hour's hand to strike five,  
To conjure a new-fangled lie  
—For when his wife asks, "Where you been? "  
And end the day with bitter beer.

Robert Uy

# Dysphoria (Mourning)

Passions from expression prohibited  
Floods an entire being  
As arms ache from longing  
To nurture, to shelter, to embrace  
What on this bed cannot lie  
And what in this house cannot live  
Anymore.

In lieu a distant view  
Suffices to nourish  
A parched heart's thirst,  
And dreams of what cannot be  
Invades unguarded moments,  
While despondent poisons  
From the radio spill  
Infecting from ear to soul;

To be human,  
A sin that cannot be avoided.

Robert Uy

# Emile

When he came into the world,  
The child that came too soon,  
He had nothing but his innocence  
And was blameless and so true.  
But he never felt the warmth's  
Supposed to nurture someone  
Of as young an age;  
That was life to him,  
Sad as it may seem.

Pain tattooed on his skin  
Designed as bruise and scars,  
Too harsh a punishment for acting  
Like the child he was;  
And to think it's only been  
Just four years that he lived  
Within the world he knew,  
He had to end it all,  
He had to leave so soon.

Oh, father and mother dear,  
He'll never understand  
Each searing heat stubbed in his skin  
Or each cracking leather slap.  
Yes, he had to cry a tear  
To soothe the pain all through,  
Like a fading candle's wicker  
Slowly burnt out into soot.

Now I say to you, my child,  
May Peace now be with you.

Robert Uy

# Epitaph

Every one that has come  
and gone in my life  
are just passing acquaintances,

for I am sure to have made  
the same number of enemies  
as much as I've made friends.

I've not so much as touched  
the lives of those I've loved  
—my greatest regret is this.

So should, by chance, today  
I pass away,  
Sadly, I will not be missed.

Robert Uy

# Faith

"I will, " said my friend, "challenge your faith! "

So I looked to the stars for proof.

"No, no, no, that can't be, " said my friend.

"For those were evolved, not created

From supernovas, and black-holes, and big-bangs;

Science has explained so! "

Then I looked at people passing by as proof.

"No, no, no, that can't be, " said my friend.

"For those were evolved, not created.

For the need to survive, man acquired intelligence;

For the need to travel fast, man developed limbs.

Science has said so! "

"No, no, no, that can't be, " said I,

"For if man had evolved,

If for the need to travel fast

We would not have had planes

(Which are, by the way, created, not evolved):

Instead, we'd have had wings! "

Robert Uy

## For Gina

In the beginning, we were acquaintances;  
not so close as to be  
good, but precious enough to cherish,  
to not lose. But Eros, he  
had other plans, and stirred my  
heart to desire beyond what was.  
I searched for reasons to not  
fall in love with her, but  
saw only reasons why I should.

Time aged and so did the  
realization of how daunting 'twas the  
absence of her presence, for she  
is as integral to my life  
as how only the sunrise can  
give purpose to the sunset's existence.  
How logical is it to desire  
tomorrow to commence at the most  
conceivable soonest now that I happen  
upon her, the lady I fancy  
to spend my tomorrows with?

Robert Uy

# Forbidden

Mesmerized by a sight  
Of an angel cloaked with sin, I was  
Doomed to be consumed by whispers  
Of a mind's fixated rasp  
On a vision seducing  
That metaphors, in exhaustion, in silence died  
And was tattoed painless and quiescent  
On the mind;  
An addiction demoting the soul  
From ashes to fire,  
Drumming the heart a tune  
Long ago forbidden.  
Thirst quenched only, and only, when desire,  
Iris to iris,  
is reciprocated

—thus is this secret between Heaven and I.

Robert Uy

# From A Sleepless Night

...and I begin these thoughts  
Again.  
My mind's a haunted place,  
Inhabited with ghosts;  
Phantoms that I,  
Myself,  
Conjured then be scared of.  
Insecurity's a beast  
That eats me like so much meat,  
While I waste away  
From sickly lack of sleep;  
And this beast I feed  
And nurse with fear  
That I never  
Ever  
Measure up.  
Then I begin these thoughts  
Again...

Robert Uy

# Heart Of Falsehood

I know a man who is in mourning  
For cruel Fate has kept him pinned  
Forever on the side of losing  
When falling in love is living in sin.

The Bride is soon to wear her ring,  
Her house already has a host;  
Desire can not bring to a standstill  
Yearning what's forbidden most.

Someone will win, someone will lose;  
Whose happy end the Bride will choose?  
It matters not, it matters most;  
Both ends forfeit a heavy cost.

Robert Uy

# Her Smile Was Like The Dawn

Her smile was like the dawning sun  
Illuminating colors in my life;  
Yet comes dusk she'll be reduced  
Into a figment of my mind.

The joy brought by the thought of her  
Is the woe of my emptiness.

Robert Uy

# Heredity

When I was a child, all the neighbors said,

“He looks exactly like his father! ”

While back at home, said all my kin

“He looks exactly like his mother! ”

Then came the age I went to school

Teachers commented in perfect scroll

And wrote back then, “All things considered,

He is, in many ways, his sister! ”

So to home I scurried and found a mirror

To know which one was true, and what a wonder

And curious! Yet surprised I should not be

To find my father, mother, sister, all three—

—staring back at me.

Robert Uy

# Hide Behind Me, My Heart, And Be Unknown

Hide behind me, my heart, and be unknown  
As you were never fated to be shown  
To a world that is to reality bound  
And loves imaginary were, as a rule, disallowed.  
For when in history, even now, can one find  
A time whence two beings were in love bind,  
One esteemed divine whilst the other insignificant;  
Prejudice in such sentiments have always been adamant  
That love should forever be in reveries concealed  
When half of a life is meant to be unfulfilled.  
So hide behind me, my heart, and remain obscure,  
And die sick of the longing for which there is no cure.

Robert Uy

# Hopeless

What you are to me,  
What you mean,  
If you could see you through my eyes,  
Comprehension would come clear.  
All those times we were together,  
Every single second  
And every little detail,  
I remember.  
When you cried streams of tears,  
Or was too drunk to stand still,  
I couldn't find the resolve  
To walk away.  
For your company,  
Even if you do not speak  
—the sparkle in your eyes,  
or the slight smile upon your lips—  
that already is happiness.  
Death need not come to find Heaven,  
Because Heaven is you.

And you must have found Heaven, too,  
In that person that you loved.  
If you could see you through my eyes  
Each time you speak of him  
—the sparkle in your eyes  
and the slight smile upon your lips—  
You define happiness.  
How he took care of you,  
And loved you,  
And how he managed to make you smile  
Even at the darkest of your times;  
Every single second  
And every little detail  
That made you love him so much.

Oh, what I'd give to be him!

Perhaps 'tis time to find the resolve  
to walk away,

And rejoice in the knowledge  
That once in my life  
I found Heaven  
—in the sparkle in your eyes  
and the slight smile upon your lips—  
Every single second  
And every little detail,  
I will take the memories with me to the end.

Robert Uy

# I Lost

I lost my first thought in the morning  
I lost my prayer in the night  
I lost the only joy of living  
I lost the direction of my life  
I lost what eased troubles of the day  
I lost what gave weekends most pleasure  
I lost what was constant in yesterdays  
I lost what was to be the future  
I lost confidence in my ways  
I lost the swagger in my walk  
I lost what parts all colors from gray  
I lost whom I loved most

I lost you.

Robert Uy

# Immortality

The infinity of time is  
still irrevocably established with  
irreversible successions; the  
extremities of  
which,  
in its vast expanse of  
continuum, are yet to  
be discovered nor  
explained by  
geniuses  
and their mathematical equations.

And man still wishes to  
resolve this enigma with  
intentions of abating  
the cessation  
of  
the pulsation of the heart,  
the respiring of air,  
and the  
cerebration  
of the mind.

But sometimes, blinded by over-enthusiasm,  
Man fails to see  
that

what cannot in cherry or  
mahogany be confined are  
deeds and companionship  
in memories  
bound;  
which, in fact, despite inherent  
biodegradability, become man's means  
to immortality.

Robert Uy

# In Search Of Miracles

Whilst faced with dearth do we recall  
The sudden tendency to pray  
A prayer wishing for mere miracles  
That from privation we may be spared.  
And what kind, oh, one might ask,  
Of miracle do you ask of?  
The kind which cleanse the skin of lepers  
Or make the cripple walk?

Are we, in truth, in search of miracles,  
Or is magic what we want?

Robert Uy

# Joy I Felt At Knowing Her

Joy I felt at knowing her  
Despair came along with love  
Tomorrows shall be naught of her,  
And with it, grief.

How come I want none of the liberation  
Letting go brings?

Robert Uy

# Just Another Love Poem

I bet you've read love poems before  
And this one is no different  
Yet in some ways, you'll see, it is.  
Pull up a chair and listen.

A hundred times I've thought about  
How I might let you know  
How much I love you, lady fair,  
And tell the whole damn world.

"I love you because..."  
Won't please at all  
And it does not bode well  
For it is love that's bound by reasons,  
That much I can tell.

"I love you despite of..."  
You may say,  
Will never work at all;  
Though, by time, there may come differences,  
Logic states love sees no flaws

Let me present, then, love this simple,  
Without because and despite of's:  
I love you, period, nothing follows,  
And I do hope that's enough.

Robert Uy

# Love

It takes a collection of scars to create  
A reminder tattooed with permanence  
That love, in all its essence,  
Is but a double-edged blade  
That pins together two hearts  
Such that they will never be apart  
So sharp-edged, though, that it rips in time  
Those it is supposed to bind.

Robert Uy

# May Rains

Behold, across, the window scene,  
The falling sky, a low, aging gray;  
The pregnant clouds appear to burst,  
Heavy with the rains of May.

Looking out the window  
At the prelude to a storm,  
A man awaits the torrent,  
Hums a sullen dirge alone.

Growls of thunder, bolts of light,  
Storm's above, storm's his mind,  
Clouded with collaged memoirs  
From sadder than sad times.

Robert Uy

# Monsoon

this is no typhoon,  
said the weatherman,  
lost in the analysis of his own expertise;  
he babbles in color  
in the last of light  
before shutdown.  
you see, the skies have spilled over  
its anger punishing us  
relentlessly since midnight;  
what sin have we done now  
that even the air is drenched  
and retinas are rendered dead?  
and now it is dawn,  
yet the sun has deserted us,  
hiding from heaven's wrath;  
if this does not stop  
soon tragedy will flood us.  
outside people swim  
in paths meant for walking;  
school is out  
but the children is in mourning.  
while i lie in darkness,  
stranded in this second storey;  
i babble in the dark,  
lost in the analysis of my own expertise,  
writing  
riding  
the middle of this tempest.

Robert Uy

## My Thoughts Were Of...

My thoughts were of migrating birds  
That nests these local shores  
Foraging the marsh's best yet only till  
The summer's dawn.

'Twas love you nested on this heart  
Until you had to leave.

Robert Uy

# My Vice

Once I ran after a robber  
Who snatched a lady's purse,  
Then after a few short strides  
My lungs seemed to burst

—yet I kept on.

Then faced with a hundred steps  
Upon a flight of stairs,  
While I so laboriously trekked,  
My chest burned and flared

—still I went on.

Walking now seems so deprived  
Of what once was leisure,  
With all these needles pricking inside  
My heart has to endure

—but I carried on.

Then it was one rainy night,  
My wife threatened to leave;  
She said, "You made a chimney of our home,  
and I can hardly breathe! "  
I am a man, but I can't last  
A life lived without her,  
So I knelt down and made a pact  
To both of us was fair;  
As long as she won't leave, I'd try  
My very darndest best  
To quit what she has hated most  
And lay it down to rest

—and that was when I stopped  
smoking cigarettes.

Robert Uy

# Of Liars

The truth in this cannot be denied  
—and it pays to know by heart—  
a person capable of lies  
is capable of all kinds of hurt.

Robert Uy

## On A Train Ride

She sat across from me  
Sleeping,  
Tangled in the fabric of a quiet dream  
Intricately woven by her tailoring mind;  
All the while peace was drawn  
Across her face,  
Serene and beautiful.

I sat across from her  
Wishing  
That if I let the spell of sleep  
Possess me,  
Perhaps I will be lost within the same  
Quiet dream her mind was weaving  
And join her in tranquility.

Robert Uy

# On Goodbyes

Goodbye is just a word  
Brought forth from the lips;  
And though you may depart,  
The memories we keep.

Lastingly immortalized,  
Your presence in the mind;  
And Love forever stays  
Embedded in our lives.

Robert Uy

# One October Morn

The presence of serenity lie  
Naked by my side,  
With hair like wildfire spread on the sheets  
While she sleeps her dreamless sleep;  
I watch her bosom swell and ebb  
With each slow, languid breath.  
And ever so lightly I trace a finger  
Along her bare shoulder  
—that smooth, porcelain feel.  
How my enthralled heart stop still  
What with beside me, I am sure,  
The fairest amongst God's creatures.  
My spirit celebrates with delight  
At having my Dream spend with me the night.

Robert Uy

# One Thing I Am Certain Of

When years have etched deep carvings on our faces  
And December morns are kind to us no more  
Then our joints and bones must have gone so brittle  
That getting up from bed's become a chore

Yes, we've seen many a days in our lifetime,  
Now we finally come into the night;  
And tomorrow may bring what we can yet tell,  
If we should at last bid fare the other well.

Nonetheless of one thing I am certain, I swear  
That my love, like the ring that on your finger wear,  
Though it is weather-worn and some days dully yellowed,  
T'would still and forever be made of gold.

Robert Uy

# Orientation

Crowd the room with alien thoughts,  
Maybe young, maybe not;  
Shapeless they may be  
Or shaped a tad too differently.  
Then knead them, mold them, form them  
Into an image all your own,  
Until such time when many  
Has finally become one.

Robert Uy

# Paradox Of Time

What was today's begun  
To look more like yesterday;  
And tomorrow was much  
Too early when it came.  
But then tomorrow shows  
More promise than today,  
That same day which will soon  
Transform into yesterday.

Robert Uy

# Picture My Life

Picture my life  
As the foot of a tree  
In autumn,  
Where golden leaves are  
Faces that come and go,  
Swept this way and that  
As the wind of fate pleases.

And among the litter a stone;  
The one thing immovable, constant.

That is you.

Robert Uy

# Pleading

Is it right to doubt the veracity  
Of how much she cares for me  
When bidding me farewell  
Comes to her so easily?  
Is it some sort of preview  
Of our parting's inevitability?

Tell me.

Robert Uy

# Preordained

Meeting you  
Was tailored by Fate,  
As if the world only revolved  
To stop at that one moment  
Where your wistful eyes  
Were to meet mine.

And the smile that followed,  
That calmed your face a-sudden  
And smoothed the creases of your frown,  
Had come at an instant  
That it was lastingly etched  
In the pages of time.

Time has passed, life moved on;  
Our lives intertwined with lives  
That has come and gone.  
And though our paths branched,  
Our footsteps return with persistence  
Towards each other.

Now the very same footsteps  
Has brought us to a place  
To begin the life-long travel,  
Though the road ahead be crooked,  
Where our paths shall be separate  
No more.

Robert Uy

# Reminisce

do you remember as a child  
when you and your friends  
find a simple spot  
of grass as  
high as  
your knees that at that moment  
you treat as bushes, and  
trees with trunks barely  
as big as  
your arms,  
which you already consider a jungle  
and a path of water  
from storm drains only  
a couple of  
inches wide  
imagined as a river? caring  
not for mosquito bites  
you play as  
if you  
found a new planet to  
call your own. and  
that was already

the adventure  
of a lifetime.

Robert Uy

# Riddle

along these harmonies of words  
devoid of any reason,  
lie an enigma here  
contained within this poem of Passion.

attempt, you might, you'll never find;  
eyes alone cannot see.  
if all could search inside my heart,  
if only, then perceive  
educated minds alone  
best read what's hidden, simply,  
—Love, I said, would solve this riddle.

(fifth letter of each line spells out my wife's full name)

Robert Uy

# Sentiment

The sense of beauty pervaded  
In the moment when admiration  
Became a flutter of the heart

And it transformed into words  
That spoke of emotions  
And honesty.

And from such kindness  
Obliging acts are gained or given  
Albeit unnecessarily,

Though most times it suffices  
That admiration just like love  
Seeks no affections returned.

Robert Uy

# Shelly Looked At Me And Smiled

No chirpy birds were singing,  
No flowers were in bloom,  
But the sun nonetheless was pleasing  
On that warm September noon.  
It was the time of innocence,  
Nay, more of wild abandon,  
And youthful hearts were prone  
To early pricks of Cupid's arrow.

It was on that warm September  
Shelly looked at me and smiled.

Her hair fell down in glorious waves  
That danced along the wind;  
They compliment those eyes,  
So full of charm and mystery.  
A boy can't help but be spellbound  
If once caught unaware,  
And on that mesmerizing smile,  
He'd chance a foolish stare.

I risked a stare, lo and behold,  
Shelly looked at me and smiled.

Perhaps it was September warmth,  
Or blame it on my youth,  
But by some stupid valor,  
I walked steadfastly then stood  
In front of her to give  
Three crimson roses which expressed  
My heart's content; she silently accepted  
'Fore she left.

A couple paces past when  
Shelly looked at me and smiled.

But that was then, how swift time flies,  
Many a decade hence;  
The corners of my eyes now creased

By years of decadence.  
Yet looking back among my faded,  
Yellowed memories,  
That warm September noon stands out  
With so much prejudice.

☐ At least, even just once then,  
☒ Shelley looked at me and smiled

Robert Uy

# Should I Leave Before You

When I gave you my heart, my life,  
I bet never  
In your darkest fears  
Or wildest worries did you ever  
See this coming,  
This that eats away my flesh  
And inhibits me from fashioning  
The smiles I used to fashion  
Incessantly.  
And this that eats away my flesh  
Wastes you, too, away,  
Your time, your health,  
Your patience.  
While this that eats away my flesh  
May hinder me from keeping  
The forever I promised,  
Though my breath will cease  
And the flesh dissolve,  
My heart shall safely be tucked with yours

Robert Uy

# Soul And Body

Strong is the psyche, never failing its will,  
Like pillars of concrete, it bears weight unyielding;  
Unbending and solid as cold, tempered steel,  
No pressure or pain can compel its conceding.  
Though trials may test till the limits are reached,  
Unyielding, unbending, the soul knows no defeat.

But the vessel is weak, it may yet end this life,  
Like thin, brittle clay, it can easily shatter;  
Battered and worn-out through the passage of time,  
Decaying to the same soil from whence it had mattered.  
Though the soul is unyielding, and strong is the psyche,  
The vessel is weak, it may yet end this life.

Robert Uy

# Stationary, In Circles

He stood there still,  
The old man,  
Unmoving amidst the flow of passing people;  
Coming to, moving from,  
Oblivious to his presence.  
His hair concrete-gray,  
His skin leathery,  
His stance shriveled and slouched  
From carrying the weight of weary years;  
And still, he stood there still.

I watched in earnest,  
Curious as to what thoughts or musings  
Randomly traverse his mind  
As he stood there still.  
Or perhaps there were none?  
The nerves in his brain shriveled and slumped,  
Fatigued from the worries of weary years;  
Its impulses failing to a blinking spark  
Until there was none.  
No more thoughts, no more musings,  
So he stood there still.

Unknowingly, while watching in earnest  
The old man,  
I, too, stood there still.  
And someone is watching me.

Robert Uy

# Sunset

The slow-falling sun shall soon kiss the sea,  
Those two forlorn lovers to meet finally;  
The sea blushes red from feeling the warmth  
Emanating from within the sun's hearth  
Drawn always together, till distance not much,  
Yet ever so cruelly forbidden to touch.  
Horizon's the stage to this tragic play:  
Come and be introduced to this dying day.

Robert Uy

# Swan Song

Here I am

Stranded between this and your goodbye.

You,

Whose thatch is a-glow with fires of Beauty

That burns my heart,

unkempt and wild,

Sits atop a countenance borne of a thousand fantasies

Of angels and fairies and their adorable air,

That underneath the obvious purity

Lies some hidden childish naughtiness there.

And though there have been wonder

Like those seven shades that wipes the sky of its tears,

Or the earth blushing by the sun's appearance

At dusk or dawn, as a lady does when meeting her lover,

Or the sight of evening stars on a cloudless sky

Like jewels sparkling spread on velvet,

None has stalled a heart

As your entrance to a scene;

As if pulchritude was conjured from adjectives

To a breathing thing

To which nothing has been of equal since.

Yet here I am

Stranded between this and your goodbye.

Perhaps it has gone unnoticed

At every opportune time,

Irises have prayed to be blessed

To be reciprocated.

And Heavens be thanked! Heavens be thanked

When favor is given, that completes a day.

What more if engaged in a conversation,

Nay, more, fortunate enough to be bestowed

With a couple of words

Such as a greeting, or a calling by name;

Then I would be lost as a child would be in a jungle.

Unnerved, devoid of the facility of expression,

Frozen as would be a dead tree in winter.

Yet here I am

Stranded between this and your goodbye.

For every moment that we stood before each other

Face to face, there dawns a discernment

By this day and age

A dozen or so faces have come and gone;

Faces that have caused the heart to prance wildly

To a rhythm unintentionally syncopated.

Faces that have shaped the perspective

Of the panorama of future days.

Faces that if they were modelling clay

And by some miracle were shaped to a single mold

The outcome stood before me, face to face;

Something I have never thought

Even in the wildest imagination possible.

Wild-eyed with wonder, a child witnessing the delicate

Subtlety of a magician's handicraft.

I only wish I could have told you of these.

And I would have said I love you

And I could have held your hand

And I could have promised all the clichès

About the moon and the stars and all the eyes can see

And I could have labored with sweat and blood

So as to weave you a life from the tapestry of your dreams

And there would have been children

And he or she would have had the intricacies of my mind

Or he or she would have had the enchantment of your smile

And I could have been there when time

Has filled our faces with engravings of its years

And I would have been there to offer flowers to the earth

When it has come to claim you

And I would have been there to witness your soul fly

I only wish I could have told you of all these.

Yet Fate is but a mischievous child

Playing the possibility as if it was a toy

The further want amidst contentment,

Whilst tied to a bondage  
From which freedom is death, and death is freedom.  
Punishment is a unquenchable thirst, a glass of water  
Ice-cold, unreachable at arms-length;  
And we have stood before face to face.

Resigned, there is only wishing  
That if reincarnation is true  
By the next existence there is then  
Awareness; somewhere, somehow, you are.  
And with thus begin the search

Even in ends that have never been traversed  
For even the slightest chance at a consummation  
That was never for this lifetime.

I only wish I could have told you of all these.

If my mind is a room, its walls shall be a mural,  
A collage of photographs of every single moment  
Where you were;

And every angle, every corner, when gazed upon  
At any second, any minute, any hour of the day  
Shall be a reason for felicity.

Yet irony of ironies, if yours was a room,  
Its walls shall be a mural; a collage of photographs  
Of every felicitous moment where you were.

I, however, shall not be in any of those.

I was never in any of yours.

Robert Uy

# The Ballad Of Jeremiah Macabenta

The King hosted a feast,  
as it was his custom,  
to once a year, feed the least  
blessed in his kingdom.  
So the ragged came in flocks  
and in the courtyard gathered,  
hushed in anticipation  
of, finally, a warm supper.  
All the King's men guided  
them, so it will be orderly  
along dozen long tables  
arranged conformingly.  
The guests then sat, food was served,  
each with equal servings;  
a plate of veggies, a cut of meat,  
rice and corn soup steaming.

Among those who supped was  
Jeremiah Macabenta,  
perhaps the most haughty glutton  
of the millennia.  
His infamy was that, amongst  
vagrants, he could  
eat in one meal what  
normally three men took.  
Though he was looked upon  
as comically fat,  
his life as a rat  
was tragically sad.  
—having no means of living  
at that—  
so to the King's dinner, an  
invitation, he got.

Back to the feast, after servings  
were done,  
Jeremiah called for one of  
the servers to come;  
He said, 'Look at my plate,

of meat, it has none.  
Only veggies, rice and soup! '  
So the server gave him one.  
Just then a cat with fur  
shiny and black  
—which, according to myth, is  
the cause of bad luck—  
suddenly jumped onto an  
eating lady's lap,  
who then shoo'ed it away;  
to the table it leapt back.

Landing in chaos upon  
Jeremiah's place,  
exposing two pieces of meat  
he hid under his plate;  
caught red-handed, he'd only  
sheepishly grin,  
while the King's witnessed this,  
much to his chagrin.  
The King then ordered Jeremiah  
banished from the tables,  
of controlling his anger,  
he was barely able;  
shocked that this tramp would  
abuse his charity,  
when he most wanted to  
treat his guests equally.

Now this is where it's not  
clearly distinguished  
what truly transpired from  
only just gossip;  
for it was manifested that  
Jeremiah was punished,  
but the story that spread  
was incredibly horrid  
It was said that Jeremiah  
was chained onto a rock  
and into his mouth, food was  
endlessly stuffed,  
till he choked and gasped

and breathed his last air,  
while bits and morsels trickled  
down his nose and ear.

(And to confound the story  
of Jeremiah's end,  
after the feast, he was never  
heard from again.)

Perhaps the moral is this:  
we should never take advantage  
should the kindness that is  
shared to us we acknowledge,  
lest we fall into the pit  
of Jeremiah's plight  
—in gluttony he lived,  
in gluttony he died.

Robert Uy

# The City's Wild

There, in a place, where air is sparse,  
Smoke is thick, and light is scarce,  
Scattered colors that flash and shock  
Lend but little visibility in the dark.  
The door up front the large man protects  
Is where the last of conscience is left,  
So what's taken in are intentions lacked  
Of morals; flesh is the absolute want.  
With luscious lies, favors are gained,  
And shows of affection realistically feigned  
Through silken touch and tight embrace,  
And minimal dresses of satin or lace.  
Ladies and gentlemen both lose inhibitions,  
Civility's neglected with reckless abandon;  
Sensual cravings are satisfied  
When Love's a commodity—  
  
—that can be bought at a price.

Robert Uy

# The Dance

Illumination comes only  
From the far side of the room,  
A faintest glint of yellow  
Amidst the blackness and the gloom.  
No thoughts or feelings left  
Except anticipation so pure;  
Let the music play—  
Whist they stand now,  
Dance, they shall, soon.

His touch on her, a delicate caress  
Upon her skin;  
Cradled, she is gently  
Like a fragile figurine.  
And as she lay her head across  
his chest,  
He held her close;  
The circle closed by their embrace  
Became, to them, the world.

The first of many notes play on,  
A song from long ago,  
A lullabye of broken promises  
And bitter loss;  
So soft, and yet it scratched the scabs  
Of wounded memories  
And flared the pain of hurts  
She most not want to reminisce.

He raised her face, to his surprise,  
Tears welled from her eyes;  
The most sincere and honest gesture  
In a place of feigns and lies.  
Should he, could he comfort her  
—no, she pushed away;  
Mumbled an excuse, as if ashamed,  
And left in haste.

A mystery of life, up to this day,

He can't digress,  
How he found admiration  
—attraction? —  
In that moment of her weakness.  
Is it compassion? Is it pity?  
Is it love that's doomed to fail?  
'Cause if it is, oh,  
The consequences it entails.

It's closing time, last call for  
Goodnight kiss before they part;  
Tomorrow comes to sell love  
To another's waiting arms.  
So in a day or two, what's been today  
Won't ever matter,  
For when the music stops  
Then the dance is truly over.

Robert Uy

# The Lady At Dusk

It was on one dusk of summer while I  
    Sat then brooding on some wooden plank  
    And the air rippled with glitters golden raining down  
From the Western sun  
—which slowly, slowly bided time  
    To bid the day goodbye—  
That I, that very moment, chanced upon  
    As I looked up from my stupor,  
    Far ahead from where I was, a stone's throw perhaps,  
The fairest sight  
—in an intricately delicate dance,  
    a lady on a prance.  
She spun, and swayed, and twirled with grace,  
    She danced with naught a care  
    Of the world around and yet they trained on her their sights,  
The world of men.  
—And how was it on a lady's dance  
    Many a heart were much entranced?  
'Tis strains a lot the mind discerning  
    Why at times the heart to great extents desire  
    The unattainable; which makes a stone's throw, to say the least  
Become a million miles.  
—in the dying light, one could only digest  
    The beauty and all good the lady  
    —the dance—  
suggests.

Robert Uy

# The Lover

The one who would be all:  
Brother, friend, mother, preacher,  
A listening ear  
And a ready handkerchief,  
Mefenamic acid,  
Love.

Robert Uy

# The Passer-By

An unfinished afternoon lies strewn across my desk  
Along with an uneaten breakfast neglected by my left  
While I tap-tap-tap my fingers absent-mindedly on the table-top  
As I impatiently await for the time  
When along comes my long-awaited passer-by  
Now here she comes! Here she comes—  
Like an Eastern sun rising through the darkened dawn;  
She with gaiety a-light on those Oriental eyes  
That further gleams with her every greeting and a smile.  
Yet I—I could not meet those eyes  
For fear that upon that good morning greeting  
I would simply die and...

How many seconds passed, or moments did?  
I finally to myself did ask,  
For when I came to from that spell though fleeting  
She was in front of me at last.  
Her smile now mine, my gaze was hers  
And my wandering mind left me to wonder  
How close she was that I could reach for her hand  
And it would be as much  
Silkenly as I imagined her skin would be at my touch;  
Or how exhilarated—enraptured—would I be should her heart  
Be confined within the circle of my arms.  
The world would be a place less lonely—alas,  
If only reveries could last!

Now did I greet in kind, nor even spoke at all?  
I finally to myself did ask  
For when I came to from that spell though fleeting  
She'd been a couple paces past  
And there I was left standing, a fool with nothing  
But the trailings of her scent  
That flowery fragrance she adorns herself with  
For a beloved must be meant.  
Thus with such small tokens as smiles and scents  
I keep myself contented  
And feed my endless reveries  
Imagining a time and place where her love

May at my mercy be  
Though I wake from those daydreams empty  
    Disheartened by the dawning in my mind that desire  
    Is a thirst that in my throat dies  
Each and every time.

Each and every time.

Yet by this time tomorrow I would still be by my desk  
    And an unfinished afternoon still strewn across as well  
Never reckoning if 'tis worth my while waiting,  
    Though I would still be waiting for the time  
    When along comes my long awaited passer-by.

Robert Uy

# The Principle Of Dipoles

a fool i was  
thinking  
were my sights trained  
someplace else  
far away  
i will be free  
then there is  
the principle of dipoles  
where one tends to align  
attract  
itself to an  
opposed polarity  
she came from somewhere south  
helpless irises  
are drawn to  
a divinity placed on a podium  
by everyone else

who was i anyway

north pole attracted to the south  
my sights were trained  
thinking  
a fool i was

Robert Uy

# The Rose,

Of all creations, is  
The epitome of beauty;  
Red, pink or peach,  
`Twould still be as pretty.  
But if petals be torn,  
To you, would it still be  
Looking as much beautiful  
As it is to me?

Robert Uy

# The Simplest Joy

A treasure more precious  
Than gems or gold,  
And paid for by most  
At any price,  
What rejoices the heart  
A hundredfold:  
To see on a loved one's  
Lips a smile.

Robert Uy

## Thirty-Three

How I act, how I think  
Are years younger than me.  
The constants of Life I have embraced,  
And feared all spontaneity.  
Defiant against maturity,  
I have lived for the moment;  
Though it scares me, at thirty-three,  
I still don't know where I am headed.

Robert Uy

# Travelling At Night

I wish to see the summer green  
Of rice and corn fields ripening,  
While carabaos on grassed-patch graze  
Beneath the sky's blue shade.

But Night deprives of my desire  
With crypt-dark, moonless skies;  
She hides the plains in velvet drapes,  
Not a blink of light in sight.

Nothingness slips swiftly past me,  
That maddening sea of black,  
While I gaze out the window blindly;  
Of sceneries, this travel lacks.

Robert Uy

# Two Portraits Of Love

## The flower and the soil

'O, flower, if you'll be  
rooted to me firmly,  
you'll be standing proud;  
I'll not let you fall.  
I'll nourish and nurture you  
till Father Time calls,  
and wilt you and wither  
into just a memory.

## The nest and the nestling

'O, little one, as long  
as you're in my care,  
protect you, I will,  
from the perils of life,  
till it's time to move on  
and you learn to fly;  
it's enough for me that  
I once was your shelter.

Robert Uy

# Unattainable

She comes into view  
And my heart launches a tantrum  
That bombards my ears.

My knees buckle,  
My strength crumbles  
To nothing but dust  
At the smile most gracious  
And the sweet, sweet voice  
Like a mermaid's song.

If she so much as touches  
I might die,  
At the very least, go mad.

I lunge yet cannot reach,  
I reach yet cannot touch,  
I crave yet cannot have.

Spare me the thirst,  
Yet burned is this moment  
Forever in my mind.

The purpose most unattainable  
Is defined.

Robert Uy

# Unconditional

To trust one's word,  
    And that alone,  
    Is gambling entire riches;  
For a thin line  
    Does separate  
    Having faith and foolishness.  
To share one's self,  
    Enough, not wholly,  
    Is a word for the wise;  
Easily learned  
    But not heeded—  
    Having faith is being blind.

Robert Uy

# Unemployed Mornings

The early sun burns through my window  
Pointing its accusing rays on me  
"Late! It is late! " It seemed to say  
Urging me awake from a slumber  
That bears down a heavy load upon my shoulders  
Such that I cannot rise from where I lay.

"Late! It is late! " The sun seemed to say,  
The heat annoying as it graze my skin.  
Urging me awake, urging  
Like a lady who's kept waiting on date  
A couple of hours too late.  
What would I give for a couple more hours of sleep  
While the rest of the world is frenzied;  
The sound of hurried hooves outside scurry  
To earn the right for a meal.

Me? The rest of my afternoon looms  
Empty as vacuum.

Robert Uy

# Unloved

One more sad word and a tear would roll,  
One more sad story and the whole world,  
Would collapse on its own weight upon the shoulder  
Of one with neither sister nor brother;  
Raised to stand strong, to stand alone,  
—but never to live lonely.  
Deserving of love and not any less  
Yet loved lesser than those who deserved less;  
Attending to the needs of whose attention is needed:

The orphan with parents.

Robert Uy

# Unrequited

I.

Conversation comes in polite manners  
And natural tones.  
We talk;  
You of your early mornings  
While I of scattering  
Thoughts that border on nonsense  
Debating with myself on a mind divided.  
I babble, distraught;  
Should I or should I not  
Complement such aspect reserved  
For poets' words and artists' eyes?  
What with autumn and its golden flares  
Burning your crown like a halo then and there.  
Thus in laughter-filled sentences  
This dilemma is masked in unintelligible disguise;  
Little by little instead the moment  
Is impressed on my mind,  
Wishing it would never end.  
On and on,  
To never end this talk  
—I wish.

II.

Inexplicable  
How the sweetest voice can be  
A knife thrust in my chest  
So beautiful  
Yet it is murder, this subsequent longing.  
What Dushenne has given a name to,  
Yours has dissolved the defiance from all  
My peers and I;  
A smile that begins from the tones  
Of earth in your eyes  
As you speak of funny anecdotes,  
Sharing shortcomings with wild abandon  
As if there I was standing

Your confidant, your closest friend.  
Albeit in hindsight lies the irony:  
Whilst I talk with affection  
Of comradeship you spoke.

### III.

Talking in circles, round and round;  
Lost in the boredom of redundancy,  
You depart.  
Having dispensed of farewell's pleasantries,  
On opposite direction you walk;  
As free as the wind that takes you away,  
Bound only by being blessed  
To be amongst all of Heaven's creation  
The fairest.  
While I, on opposite direction, walk;  
Punished  
With tacit solicitude and its rubbish fantasies.  
Turn on the radio, plug in the phones;  
Searching the radio for liberation,  
I find only more poison  
Among the melancholic remedies it offers.  
Fevered I am with the sickness  
Of wishing  
For what can never be.

### IV.

On opposite directions we walk;  
You depart  
Naught of burden of memory nor nostalgia,  
While I,  
On your first parting step,  
Died;

### V.

You have taken with you my heart.

Robert Uy

# View Of A Lady

A feast for the eyes  
Or a lamb meant to slaughter,  
Respected not with respect to  
Mother, wife or daughter;  
Regarded as criterion used  
For measuring machismo,  
Or a way to exhaust  
A fleeting need for pleasure.

Robert Uy

# When I Saw You Smile

I saw you smile;

And though the sky is clear,  
The sun still shining bright,  
Green from sturdy trees by the roadside  
And grass on the open yards  
Are still pleasing to the eyes,

They have become a little bit clearer  
A little bit brighter,  
A little bit greener, more pleasant

When I saw you smile.

There is a pinch of pain in my heart  
From your splendor's glow  
Blessed by Nature  
To be set above all creation;  
From the sparkle of evening stars,  
The deepest blue of the seas most calm,  
And the sweet, sweet face of angels  
Combined in one.

And there is a pinch of pain in my heart  
By the knowledge that you  
Embody all I am in search of  
Yet could not  
Should not  
Possess.  
Hence in silence  
I revere

When I saw you smile.

A passing fancy,  
Or a secret I shall take to the grave,

You are.



# When Things Are Not Meant To Be

What would have pumped life to a dulling heart  
What could have been the realization of a dream,  
What should have made better tomorrows than today,  
Came a little too late, so it seems.

Give it a rest  
And be contented.

For who's to know what there is today  
Amounts somewhat much lesser  
When there is naught one righteous  
To judge which is better,  
And in thus may regret be unhanded, set free  
When things are not meant to be.

Robert Uy

# While You're Away...

It has been a while  
since here was your presence;  
and, admittedly, in essence,  
Empty is this life.

Missed in your absence  
is your wit and your laughter,  
the cheerfulness you offer,  
That perhaps time should hasten

For hearts do tend to yearn  
for your return.

Robert Uy

# Without Words

She has her expressions,  
He has his smile;  
Fate brought them together in one  
Fleeting moment in time

To become masters of the art  
—in the most hidden of gestures  
and the subtlest of acts—

Of silently saying, 'I love you, '  
Without words.

Unspoken, unheard.

Robert Uy

# Yield

I am, to her, today,  
The present.  
And I wish to be her lifetime.  
But I have no chance of being  
her future  
If I cannot out-do her past.  
But she, being human,  
Only has one heart;  
One she has already given  
to someone else.

But I have said my prayers,  
And I pray not that I be  
the one  
she spends a lifetime with,  
But just her to be the happiest,  
Whoever she ends with.

Robert Uy