

Poetry Series

Roger Naya
- poems -

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Roger Naya()

(no Title)

This poem has no title!
I don't know what it's about...

I don't know it's structure or style, or genre.

I don't even know

what to write about. How many stanzas?
How long each verse?

□

Is it long? or is it short?

Is it funny or is it sad? I don't even know when it ends!

This can go on, and on
with no clever metaphors, no symbolic imagery or words of rhyme.
no not this one, how can it?
With no name, what a shame
And there's only me to blame
I could've given this poem some fame. Am I getting off topic?
How can I know?

I mean after all, I couldn't tell...if i'm right, or if i'm wrong

this poem has no title.

Roger Naya

Chinese Woman

When your eyes,
Meet mine,
You smile,
So fine.

The thought
Of being with you,
Excites me,
It's all I wanna do.

Chinese woman,
I love you,
Chinese woman,
Why don't you love me too?

Chinese woman,
Don't go far away,
Chinese woman,
Why don't you stay?

Every time,
You see me,
I try
to be funny.

I don't understand,
You laugh and smile,
Yet I don't hear from
You in a while.

Chinese woman,
I love you,
Chinese woman,
Why don't you love me too?

Chinese woman,
Don't go far away,
Chinese woman,
Why don't you stay?

Days come
In and out.
Still I have
To shout.

Just so you
Look at me.
Just so you
Can see...

Chinese woman,
I love you,
Why don't you love me too?

Chinese woman,
Don't go away,
Why don't you want to stay?

With me.
Chinese woman.

This poem, is actually the words to a song. I wrote them as lyrics first.

Roger Naya

Don'T Cry At Your Funeral

It is very impolite to cry at your own funeral.

Not impolite to others, but to yourself.

Indeed,

upon those cold cheeks do your salty tears run like endless rivers.

Tears that long for one more chance at living...when life was all you had to live,
and you took it for granted.

For we all know we have no choice, and those that see death on its way make no
mistake to take action.

And at their funerals laugh.

Roger Naya

Farts

I fart,
you fart,
we all fart!
Some are loud, some are silent,
Some smell, others aren't so bad.
Some make you laugh, others make you cry
Some even make you run away.
Farts can entertain us, they can refrain us,
Some are subtle, some can leave a mark.
Some even come with no warning.
Farts are all different,
and we each have our own.

Roger Naya

Free Fall

The present merely exists
the future a defined path.

Clouds of people are passed
each unique and pleasant
floating away so suddenly.

Bathing in the sky
an endless ocean of opportunity
flying through it
towards only one port.

Birds sing all around
melodies to distract
each chirping to a different beat
only on song is heard
the one being composed.

As the symphony ends
the port is filled
the clouds are gone
night is reborn
the moon is new
the fall is over.

Roger Naya

How Does One Go About?

How does a man go about,
his life
without love from another?

Each day, a theatrical act,
the struggling artist,
entertains his crowd, attracting new audiences,
remains his duty.

But how does one go about,
living,
when as the scene ends, once the curtains fall,
the auditorium fills with emptiness.

Each night, the smile fades,
the forlorn soul,
bathes in loneliness, languishly he weeps,
as he fades into himself.

How does one go about, achieving,
the most beautiful girl in the world,
to fall in love with him.
When the sun has difficulty
ensuing the sunflowers,
when continuous fear of dismal
gently creeps in his shadow.

For the slender thought of complete happiness
solely rests in the heart of a woman
willing to beat back.
How does one go about, without that guarantee?

Grievously, the chances equate
to that of finding a single rose,
in a vast field of carnations.
However one must go on, with the hope
that there is a single rose
to be found.

But how long can one search for,
without the feeling of desperation?
Cheerlessly looking, without the spark
he requires.
sorrow and pain fills his lungs with every breath,
but with each breath
he grows stronger.

Written on March 20,2009,
while in the few moments where i felt no hope and longed for the most beautiful
woman in the world to love me. (J.N.)

Roger Naya

I Am

i am a doctor
i am an engineer
i am a chemist
i am a carpenter
i am a man
i am a woman
i am a priest
i am an athlete
i am a fisherman
i am hebrew
i am catholic
i am french
i am angolian
i am muslim
i am caucasian
i am south korean
i am north korean
i am haitian
i am dark skinned
i am a biologist
i am a teacher
i am tall
i am short
i am conservative
i am liberal
i am homosexual
i am communist
i am arabic
i am swedish
i am in a wheelchair
i am inuit
i am rich
i am poor,
i am human.

Say no to racism, we are but one race, the human race.

Roger Naya

I Love You

Love slowly came along,
took away my fear and pain,
I never thought i'd love again,
until you came and proved me wrong.

Your eyes make a diamond in a world of circles,
Your smile shines a light in a world of darkness,
And the beauty of your face,
reminds me of that secret place:

Where lovers run blind,
dancing down the street,
floating on their feet,
leaving all their worries behind.

Our hearbeats echoe as one,
from the love we have won,
with our touch unstoppable,
and our freedom undeniable.

As we see our future in each other's eyes,
growing with a kiss,
our togetherness remains bliss,
as long as our love never dies.

But before we let our spirits show,
I'll tell you something that you know
is forever true:
'Baby, I love you.'

Roger Naya

Id

Who are we, without a name?
without an identity,
we are all the same
I'm as right as I can be.

merely people among people,
just called something different
not closed a certain type.

Lose all form of identity,
remove our etiquette
of who and what we might be,
and equality we have met.

we are simply individual packages,
same content,
uniquely wrapped.

Remove the common ID
between me and you,
look and you will see,
the same way that I do.

Roger Naya

If I Don'T Have You

To you, my love
I give my life
for the world is worthless
if I don't have you.

The birds will wake me,
and the sun will walk me,
but it is for your beauty, that I sing,
it is for you, and no one else,
that I run.

Without you, my happiness
is but a seed.
when you smile
it is a marvelous garden of joy,
and colourful blissfulness.
my misery blown away with the wind.

it is your love, that I need,
only you, that I want,
by my side.
life's great journey,
I want to share with none other.

forgive me, my dear,
for loving you too much
but it is not I that feeds the fire,
it is the sparking desire to be with you,
and forever hold your hand.

this love for you shall never end.
It is simply waiting, for you to start it.

February 14,2009

For the one I could not be fully happy without (F.Y.)

L'Amour

L'amour est comme une pomme;
croquante et juteuse mais parfois trop sucrée.
C'est pour ça aussi que quand on choisi notre pomme
La couleur de sa peau ou son apparence,
n'est jamais bon indice.

Et la première morsure,
comme le premier baiser,
est un goût si spécial,
si simple.

L'arbre est plein de pomme,
mais ne fait d'erreur, une fois cueilli,
on ne peu pas la remettre,
une fois mordu, il faut la manger.

L'amour est comme une pomme,
tu la tiens dans ta main,
proche de toi,
jusqu'a ce qu'elle soit fini.

Roger Naya

Love In The Unperfect World

I saw a blind man,
so I made him see.
I saw a sad boy,
so I made him happy.
I heard a bad song,
so I made it better.
I found a lost dog,
So I gave it a home.
I saw a broken toy,
so I fixed it.
I saw a sick woman,
so I cured her.
I read a mistake,
so I corrected it.
I saw a poor woman,
so I made her rich.
I saw a dark corner,
so I made it brighter.
The place was dirty,
so I cleaned it.

Then I met you,
and I found perfection.

Roger Naya

Modern World

Every man in nature is alike;
It is absurd to divide such races
between civilized and savage,
developped and third world.
Man is a killing machine, there is no doubt.
We kill with our weapons and hunt for pleasure.
The urban society is a jungle.
With an abundance of buildings
and roads and automobiles.
Oh! how i hate the automobile.
A creation of ignorance
towards nature and mankind.
We call ourselves civilized?
Shame! I tell you.
The lies, the greed, the selfishness
of capitalistic schemes is the most
uncivilized we have become.
The need for power and desire,
have made wealth the purpose of life,
and turned men and women into beasts.
By what circomstances can one be
considered civilized? And approve better than others.
How dare one speak such falsehood.
The natural behavior of human beings
has proven, we will never be civilized,
no matter how modern our world.

Written to raise awareness to the western world we are not perfect as a society.
As we think we are.

Roger Naya

Never Die

Never underestimate the power of another,
but don't let their power underestimate you.

Always be aware of perils and dangers,
but don't let them paralyze you.

Never pursue the aim you desire,
without desiring to pursue your aim.

Forget yesterday, dream of tomorrow,
but let yesterday inspire you to achieve a tomorrow
you'll never forget.

Achieve success and you will know nothing
Acquire and maintain happiness and you will fly.

Triggering non-violence abates the war,
Seldom otherwise.

Believe you are alive, charter your own journey
and don't delay.

Confront challenges that will better humanity,
not the human being.

Always look up, laugh for a while, smile,
and you will never die.

Roger Naya

Once A Year (Poem For Mother)

When flowers bloom,
In the springtime,
You are already blossomed.

When the summer sun,
Shines on us children,
You have already warmed us.

When the autumn leaves,
Begin to change colours,
You have already inspired us.

When the first snowflake,
Trickles down on our noses,
You have already made us smile.

And through every season,
You've provided us
With care, and nourishment

Every day
You've sacrificed your time and freedom,
To our benefits.

And each morning
Your dignity goes unnoticed
And forgotten,

And only once,
Once every year,
Do we think of thanking you.

'this poem was written for my mother, on mother's day May 11,2008'

Perugia

Ho un paese da scoprire,
città da visitare,
genti da vedere,
però
voglio andare a Perugia.

C'è il muro di Cina da camminare,
le peramide d'Egitto d'admirare,
l'Argentina da godere,
però
voglio andare a Perugia.

Il colosseo che mi aspetta,
la torre di Pisa che mi chiama,
Milano, Firenze e Venezia che sògno
però
voglio andare a Perugia.

Ho il cielo infinito da volare,
il mare azzuro da navigare,
L'everest da salire,
Il mondo su pausa.

L'amore è il sentimento piu forte,
voglio andare a Perugia,
puoi
scopreremo il mondo, insieme.

Roger Naya

Proud To Be Canadian

I was born here,
In this land, far and wide,
Of beautiful landscapes,
And rich diversity.

Je suis Canadien,
Et je suis fier
De parler deux langues
Et de pelleter la neige.

I am Canadian,
And I'm proud
To play hockey
And ride canoes.

Je suis patrimonial
À la feuille d'érable,
À la bière froide,
Et à la nature.

I am happy
To live in this country,
Of peace and harmony
Amongst cultures.

Yet we are one,
Nous sommes tous Canadiens
Loyal, still, to the Queen
Mais toujours en se souvenant.

This is Canada,
Un pays de gloire,
D'honneur
Et de bonheur.

Je suis Canadien,
I am Canadian,
Et je le serais
Toujours.

Roger Naya

Rights

That's right; it's the rights that are left.
Why are they not rights if they are rights?
People's rights,
Woman's rights,
Religious rights,
Ethnic rights,
Children's rights,
HUMAN RIGHTS!

Everybody's got rights,
That's right!
Every body, on this planet,
Is a human,
And every human,
Has a right

To freedom,
To happiness,
To live life.

It is human nature to discriminate,
And to hate,
But the nature in humans, is equal,
And hatred towards others,
Is hatred towards oneself.

Ignorance and selfishness,
Are disgraceful qualities,
Main catalysts of abusing human rights.
Men in power.
Power in men,
To do as they wish.

The problem with the world,
Is that it's run by minorities,
Rich, white, males,
Who forget that the majorities,
Are the rest of the people suffering.
because the only time right is wrong

Is when it's right of center.

Equality is necessary,
Love is essential,
Caring and sharing,
Is always better,
Humans have rights,
Let's protect them.

Written to raise awareness of people who do not have rights, and are suffering across the globe.

Roger Naya

The Game Of Life

Hey you!
You better watch out,
I may be a fool.
But don't be shy,
get into the game,
just play it cool.

For all you dreamers,
keep believing.
To all you seekers,
stop hiding.

It's time we often waste,
searching for happiness,
when all you need to do is
play the game with no haste.

Always keep loving.
Never stop giving.
Have faith in your future,
and you'll be sure of winning.

Come play by my side now,
doesn't matter how.
Each path is different,
but the end is the same.

You've got to cherish what you've got,
pursue what you want.
There are no rules,
only solutions.

So, give me your hand,
now,
and let's start to play,
that game called life.

Roger Naya

The Race I

The crowd roared
as I stepped onto the track,
they knew I had something
other racers did lack.

The stadium filled to capacity,
in my home nation;
all eyes on me
filled with the highest expectation.

We all took our positions
skyward shot the starting gun;
we all knew our goals,
the race had begun.

I sprinted past my adversaries,
as the race progressed,
one by one I advanced them,
with all the might I possessed.

Similarly, I continued
to pursue what I desired;
down the track I raced,
until first position I acquired.

The midway point approached,
my motivation began to rise,
the race is long and difficult,
but my motive is the prize.

To be continued...

Roger Naya

The Race II

Running at full speed
the finish line not far away,
the sun is shining,
no one in my way.

Confidence is building in me
that I will win first place,
I can almost taste victory
the trophy I long to embrace.

Then just as I began to think
that I would win the race,
someone passed me to the left,
determined, I began the chase.

Tension grew in the crowd,
for we were seconds apart,
loosing now would be dissapointing
as I was ahead since the start.

My legs became tiresome,
but gold was on my mind,
I began to sprint faster
with every bit of force I could find.

To be concluded...

Roger Naya

Time

Time: limited

Quantity: unknown

We are but each a wave
in an endless ocean
and no one knows when the wind
will abate or change direction.

We all burden a flame
in the swarming fire
and no one knows when the wind
will send us to blazes.

Time is an infinite blow
and only it will know
when your whisper
will be faint
but it will never tell you
for the clock keeps on ticking
but the clock is not yours
you are merely part of it.

Roger Naya

What's For Lunch?

It's ten past noon,
he lays there on his couch.
Watching television,
empty stomached.

It's thursday afternoon,
six thousand kilometers away.
She sits by her toy rock,
starved, and dehydrated.

He picks up the remote,
changes channel.
His stomach gently grumbles,
What's for lunch? he wonders.

Temperature rises past thirty-five
She fiddles with the dirt.
Her stomach endlessly roars
What's for lunch? she dreams.

Thrity minutes later
the doorbell rings.
He picks up his twenty
and pays the delivery man.

Sixty seconds later,
a beetle crawls by
she springs to her feet.
and thanks her lord

He wipes his greasy mouth
on his sleeve
and leaves his unfinished grub
and falls asleep.

She enjoys her lunch
but feels very weak.
sick and tired
she falls asleep

Two hours later
he is awakened by thunder.
throws out his leftovers
and begins to read the news.

Two minutes later
she is drenched by rain,
she looks at the sky
and opens her mouth with a smile.

He puts down the paper,
and finally gets up
to cook his next meal.
What's in the fridge? He thinks.

She shivers in the rain,
orphan, and deseased
she walks towards some foiliage.
I am safer now. She hopes.

He ends his meal,
and leaves his house.
Climbs into his truck
and drives off to a bar.

Now the rain has stopped,
she prays and kisses her rock
and falls asleep.
wet, frail, poor, hungry.

Midnight, he arrives
back to his cozy home,
and falls asleep.
Warm, wealthy, happy, full.

Nothing awakes her,
her stomach painfully growls.
She takes one last breath,
but too weak for one more.

The alarm clock awakes him

It's nearly eleven,
getting out of bed he wonders
what's for lunch?

Written to raise awareness of the causes of starvation around the world, and how privileged some countries are. This inequality should not exist.

Roger Naya