

Poetry Series

tear stricken face
- poems -

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tear stricken face(September 19_ _)

'Poem is a leeway for us to express our thoughts. The medium for us to connect with people in a deeper realm of understanding. If poems are to die out, I would be the most melancholic person, this world would have. ^_^'

I do believe that there is no such thing as FAILURE...
SUCCESS is just deferred.

~tear stricken face~

Envy

Those flickering eyes, full of hate
those little wisphers of curse
to let that person fall
grudge and bickering I have it all.

Little did I know I am hurting myself
every inch of sorrow I caused to them all
I was glad, I was happy I finally won the battle,
little did I know I was about to fall.

Envy! Envy! Why have you engulfed me?
I want everything, I want praises you see?
I am envious of people who know what they are
I was doomed to fall with envy so far.

So people don't be envoius like me
I am just a rotten mystery...
Covered with mud of lies
to let people think, I am envy free.

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Friends

What is a Friend?

Some one to offer hanky when teardrops fall
Someone to shout at you when you don't think at all.
I wasn't so blest to have friends
who would offer me hanky when a tear falls
to tell me consolation when I am down,
to pull me up when I am about to drown.

Who is a friend?

I don't know well.
My mother told me once,
"You don't know how to find good friends."
That has bothered me since.
I really wondered if it was true,
that I won't be endowed with a friend so true.

Where can we find "Friends? "

I went somewhere to pursue my dreams,
bringing along with me my fears with friends.
I prayed to God, to bless me with one,
It was hard to find...
At last I felt tired, I thought I wouldn't find one
But here am I now I found a bunch.
It is unbelievable though,
that friends are found when you're blue.

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Hidden

There are times when you have to hide things,
hide your feelings, so with perishing.

People need not know how sad you've become
you just have to smile, like a photo in a frame.

Have we hidden things?

Probably our true feelings.

I seem to look good and gay,
but no one knows it anyway.

Yes, I have hidden things from your way,
in no way will someone will bring to the light of day.
Sometimes for us to be strong,
we must learn to possess hidden things for long.

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House

Clattered dishes, swarming flies,
unwashed clothes, left hung to dry.
Casseroles with accumulated filth,
garbages never thrown to a pit.

Squirming baby,
shouting mommy,
drinking daddy,
All never seem to worry.

Unlaundered clothes
scattered on the floor.
Toilets unflushed,
left a musky odor.

Oh dear mother, try to see
things left undone, please oversee.
It's about dusk, and I have a plea
when tomorrow comes, a clean house...I wanna see.

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Motherhood

I used to think who it feels to become a mom.
I bet, it is either good or fun.
To play with kids, to tickle them sometimes,
I used to think like that, several times.

Now, after years of being one,
I suddenly realize it indeed at times fun.
When you see your kids laugh and play,
Then you will as well be gay.

Here comes the perishing days,
when children have to be away.
To rear them alone, is a burden,
I have to leave them with grandma often.

I cry a lot when I think of them,
I always call. Oh how I long for them!
Motherhood is never easy, now I understood,
I have to leave temporarily, but I'll be back for good.

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Struggles Of Love

There are times when we have to loose
often times we have to choose.
Whatever choice it maybe
we always have consequences now I see.

I had once chosen to love someone,
for my family he wasn't the man
I got ridiculed and casted out by my family
I had to endure 'coz they didn't understand me.

It is so hard to fight for love,
You have to struggle and rely on faith
that someday, somewhere, in any day
Acceptance will be coming my way.

Please let it be.
Let me be.
Give chance is my plea,
I hope, Venus goddess of love... hears me.

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