

Poetry Series

Winston Soldevilla
- poems -

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Winston Soldevilla(July 11,1966)

A Bigger Step

Yesterday is like magic. Plop! It's gone away.
Memories of childhood are the steps that lead the way.
Now we're here facing now's realities.
Let's make the most of what life would bring.
Let's take a bigger step and widen our horizon.
This is neither illusion nor wild fantasy.
We can soar to heaven again and again.
We can spread our wings and fly 'till eternity.
As we face a new life my friend be strong and believe
that we have the courage to face reality.
Let our minds be open for possibilities
that we can reach and make our dreams come true.
We are the ones who make the colors
of our life shine through
to lead our road,
to light our way,
away, away someday.

Winston Soldevilla

A Dream

I was in the midst of my deep sleep night,
A dream visited me, lingering upon my mind's sight.
It awakened my spirit in solitude
and guided me to commune
with the mass of flesh where I should be with.

I pass through an opening with companions
Million-millions of them.
Checked points were established
as we were approaching the gate of fate.

According to nature's rule:
"Only one should be admitted.
Except if both were qualified."
Sometimes it reaches up to six or more.
The question with fate was I
and only I must be admitted.
Admittance was over.
Permission to proceed was with me.
This was where my dream, me, then, led.

More or less than
one thousand four hundred and forty minutes
was the traveling time
until I reached the first station.
There, I have to wait for a canoe
to bring me to the second station.

It took hundreds of days
to reach the second station.
Sometimes, in my excitement,
I kicked the canoe
and it almost capsized.
This troubled water's serenity
where I traveled from.

Nearing destiny,
I was shattered to see myself
Thrown out to nowhere

When belching water
sank my canoe somewhere
far below where my eyes
could not almost see.

Eyes wide open, I could not.
Steadfast,
I tried to hold my breath hoping not to fall.
I clasp my hands to the wall,
feared of breaking my bones.

Suddenly!
Upside down a hole sipped me
trying to push me in.
I thought it was in.
But, it was not. It was out.

Still upside down, my position was
when I got out.
As I looked upward,
A flash of five strips caught up my sight.
Holding mine feet with delight.
Then, I heard such glorious words from above,
"It's a boy! It's a boy! "

I knew nothing, I knew nothing
of what they were saying.
Words would pass by my ears
Like a smoke that vanished so fast.
All that came out of my mouth were,
Uha! Uha! Uha! - abursting cry.

I heard it was shrill.
My ears could not tolerate.
I only noticed then,
that I was awakened
by the disturbance of my own voice.

Winston Soldevilla

A Nature's Journey

Plop! There I
Standing above the leaf that floats
On that misty river where there were no boats:
Guarded from bank to bank twenty paces thick I,
Hundred twenty miles below the sky,
Straight-up trees of shadowy woven races up high
I and only I alone was there.

Deep silence, the river was:
Mine eyes have seen,
Mine ears have heard,
Fluxing leaf to nowhere,
Out unknowingly what would come near to stare?

Seven fifty two, my shadow whispered to me,
And it was an early morning as my eye can see.
My body quivered and chilled,
Feeling forest coldness still,
Finding its way to my very own flesh.
I down lay my body
Conquering mine flesh weaknesses,
While the leaf where I rode swam its way through.

In this moment of coolness,
The river stood calm and quiet;
Seemingly murmuring messages
of tranquility to its surroundings.
I contemplated and commune then,
Feeling the vibrations of its messages,
While the leaf where I rode swam its way through.

Mine eyes were closed as it was been when
"It is eight eighty-eight."
My shadow whispered again.
Feeling the heat of the gliding sun
As it flapped its wings upward,
Slapping its rays from the horizon's isle,
Smiting it to the woods and water with bile,
While the leaf where I rode swam its way through.

I kneeled down stripping off
Right leaf edge of about two square feet
Serving head's veil for the sun's heat;
Then, crossed-legged, sat I,
As my eyes look downward to the water
That vied to the speed of the leaf
While the leaf where I rode swam its way through.

Chirping birds caused noise.
Shrill it was! Deafening!
Entered mine ears gate
Brought commotion to my nerves
Disturbing my contemplation
With the tranquility of the water,
While the leaf where I rode swam its way through.

The annoyance of the chirping bird's noise
Had made my eyes woke up, my mind opened.
I gazed around.
Not far from me I saw,
Roots of shrubs crawling like snakes,
Slipping their way to hunt their preys on the ground.
I asked my mind then, "Shall I dock? "
And she answered back "Why not dock? "
As a paddle I used my hand
Turning leaf's direction to the east of the river.

Approaching the river bank,
The leaf in my surprised sank.
Slowly, like a canoe wrecked by a river rock.
I knew not why the leaf sank.
I knew not why there was an obstruction.
I have not seen any
When I turn the leaf's direction to the east of the river.

Splash! There, I fell down,
Causing disturbance in water's tranquility.
Not waiting for any specie,
To eat mine flesh I quickly,
Swam as fast As I could,
To make sure that I should,

Be saved from the anger,
Of the inhabitants of the river.
For the serenity of their kingdom
Was disturbed when I fell down
And swam my way to the east of the riverbank.

I reached the riverbank with a breathtaking moment.
There I took my rest under a shadowy tree.

I looked back to the water.
But, it was serene again.
I looked up the sky and noticed then,
It was already sixty eight seconds to eleven.

I sat down.
I took the moment of nap for the next journey,
While resting my back on a shadowy tree.

After a refreshing moment of rest under a shadowy tree,
My feet said to me, "Let's take a walk. Let's finish the journey."

Pace after pace, I treaded the pathway.
Ah! As I trod it, I met a leafy surrounding
So verdantly nourished.
Foggy water dropped in every leaf.
There, I sought refuge for the next long journey.

After a short pause of refuge,
I trod and found myself walking in a cavern.
A stairway leading upward caught up my sight.
The flights and landings welcomed me with delight.
My feet moved upward and downward alternately
Trying to reach the stair's end of the line.

Nearing destiny, pelting stalactites crashed on my way
Leaving me bruises of dismay.
In an eyewink of a moment, with great pluck,
I limped over obstructed stairway
With pelting stalactites hindering me once in a while.
Along the way I said to me, " THIS IS LIFE! "

A Pard, A Sward

I stood before a valley,
And set my eyes free.
It had caught something grassy
And made it jumped and flee.

It landed upon a green sward.
Refreshing indeed!
It crawled over there.
It found something a pard
To help not sear
Its new found land Sward.

Winston Soldevilla

A Progeny, A Gee

Ever and anon I envisage that when you are mellowing old,
you must demean as a Gee and always a man.
Society's expectancies are so Gordian to behold
that when you shy away you will be ban.
So, what I did was to mind without further ado
just to quadrate the sine qua non and gratify all and sundry.
But, as time passes by as the sun shines on me through
I looked into my shadow and I saw the two sides of me-
one being a Gee and the other being a slip of a boy.
Can I be a Progeny and at the same time a Gee?
I said to me "What happened to my being a slip of a boy
when every time since then I acted like a Gee? "
I guess the Progeny in me can edify what and how I can be.
The why's are for the Gee to spell out in a modest utterance
So that the youngling will get the drift and plainly see,
the labyrinthine of a Gee who needs deliverance.
In perpetum, I fancy that a Gee must father a Progeny.
And lead him to the right path of eternal wisdom.
But, now I realize that in the eyes of a progeny
reposes the betterment of a Gee in the days to come!

Winston Soldevilla

All My Tomorrows

In a prick of a moment
My thought lingered and bent.
A bursting cry
Caught up my naked eye.
A babe leaped with gladness
Unknowingly inside him miseries.
As he grew older
Things were getting murkier.
Innocence gripped his sight
With irrevocable height.
Without any doubt of view
I came with embellished wings to rescue-
Dispelling the vestige of perplexity
To shadow his thoughts into perpetuity.
While on the verge of deliverance
He turned to me at an instance.
His eyes blinked in surprise
For I brought him again in paradise.
Suddenly tears rolled down his eyes
Thanking me with no disguise.
Engulfed with gratifying emotion
He enveloped me with such attention.
As we were in our exchange of ungrudging recognition
Into my ears, in sweet air, he whispered jubilation.
In expressing his intention,
He clasped my hands with great devotion.
Very well said in lines of self expression
Finally, words flooded with such adoration.
So, he said:
"All my tomorrows depended on your love.
My flight from oblivion was cause by heaven above.
As a seed culled imperfectly
I sprouted without shield dangerously.
With innocence as lofty as the mountain's highest peak
I suffered the brunt for I was weak.
Then at an instant, you were such a beauty
You walked into my life and showed me hope with serenity.
So, may I say with deepest gratitude?
I love you with all my heart's beatitude."

Winston Soldevilla

An Imagination

I saw an affecter
feigning a feline
eating a fennel
on a Ferris wheel.
As he went round
His roar rolls
Like a rara avis
Boisterously rolling
Laughing at me
like a hag
holding his herb
beneath his hands.
Jumping, laughing teasing
Like saying 'I got all! I got all! '
'This is what I needed! '
'This is what I needed! '

Winston Soldevilla

Circumstance

Ah!

Circumstance never miss missed
to challenge my will
how to stand still
even how verboten it was!

Winston Soldevilla

For There'll Be

Listen to the falling rain
Gently splashing on the velvet green
And listen to the whisper
Of the gentle winds that which means something.
Won't you pick up that old guitar
And see if the strings are in tune
And strum a few chords to remember
the song that we sang on June.
Will you clear the dust from the mirror?
And open your windows once more.
And see if the song and the mem'ry
Is as fresh as it was before.
Will you please go on singing
Long after I am gone.
Will you please don't pick the flowers
That grows beside the stream.
Perhaps they'll grow and blossom
Because of our dream.
And will you please go on searching
For there'll be another one.

Winston Soldevilla

I See A Song

I see a song variegated with melody
Like colors painted in harmony.
I see a song floating above the sky
Showing tranquil words to sigh.
I hear a song of falling dewdrops
Touching every flower's leaf
Leaving freshness for early morning beam.
I hear a song of rolling water
Running down the stream
Living lichened stone fresh and gleaming.
I feel sundry kinds of melody
Wrapping up my body,
pulling me away from the bottomless sea,
soaring me up high, high above the sky,
filling up peace and solemnity to my timid eyes.

Winston Soldevilla

I'LI Be At Your Side

I'll be at your side through thick and thin.
I'll be at your side through laughter and pain.
In all your sorrows, in all your joys,
I'll be at your side just call out my name.
clouds above the sky afloat.
It passes by like a smoke and seizes its presence
right before your eyes. But...
Morning Sun wave its rays with fun,
circling earth as it glides through the land
and slowly hide its face
'neath mountain top. Still...
Mocking bird moves from tree to tree,
building nest which will last 'till day three,
and constantly changing places as abode. But...
People come and soon they go.
Few of them will return to bestow
the precious and priceless time
for a friend like you. But...

Winston Soldevilla

It Only Takes A Single Heart

Why not stop and take a look, Listen and feel.
Don't be surprised or close your eyes for everything is real.
Try to understand the things that are going around.
Don't hesitate and take a stand
for the future is in your hands.
It only takes a single heart
to touch a million lives.
Then give yourself in and together we will start
a bright new world, a new beginning,
a new home which is worth living.
Just reach out and lend a hand. Say how it feels.
Don't you cry for there's no need,
Just share the joy that will
be forever now be assured that it will never leave.
It will only grow, though we will die,
It will always live on.

Winston Soldevilla

It's So Amazing

Since I laid my eyes on you, my heart told me so,
That from among the millions of people I ran into
You were the one I yearned to belong to.

It's just like magic spelled over us,
that our souls united in so many ways.
Fate has destined us to be one,
To share the beauty of pure intimacy.

It's so amazing to realize
That the love we have for each other,
And led us to bind our hearts and soul 'till eternity.

So, I profess to you my dear love
That through fire and water
Through sickness and in health
I will stay by your side.
And I promise to you my dear love
That through thick and thin
'till death do we part I'll be yours forever and always.

Winston Soldevilla

Letters

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Letters, happily dancing across my sight,
Like a cobra struck with delight.
As they come out of their prison sight,
They dance to the music's height,
Graciously swaying to the rhythm of the Ritz.
Oh, they stop! Commotion starts anew.
Surprisingly, they run from and to.
Ops! A long slim six inches widget
devours them in a minute.
In a split of a second they went down in cadence-
Marching in, line by line in silence.
In an eye wink of a moment,
they fall-in in column and in line.
Like a mass of waving army ants,
they are lead to a fine and soft
Eight and one half by eleven white barren skin.
In an eye wink of a moment,
they fall-in in column and in line.
Both sides of them are contrive with margins.
They way sided for a while
for law stinted them.
But, almost always they cease
in a big black point.
"A command will be their obedience,
if and if they are ordered."

Winston Soldevilla

Live On

I look into your eyes and into your soul
Beside the gentle campfire, beside the virgin falls.
In this misty forest, I brought you here
Away from the city to face your own fear.

Live On!

Listen to the dripping water on the lichen stone.
Feel the tranquil river. Walk with peace alone
Live On!

This is me at peace with whoever made me.
This is me at ease. I am a nature's baby.
There's a touch of sunlight through the forest shade.
It's a loving finger that our heart's has made.

Live On!

Let the memory touch in and stir your past.
As the present lives on, as the future lasts.
Live On!

Now, don't be afraid to be one among us.
For all are one united. It will be as it was.
You are nature's children. We are all nature's children.
This is home and this is life. This is the past and this is the future.

Winston Soldevilla

Living Ideas

'Words are not merely letters coined together.
They convey meanings and feelings.
Words are Living Ideas - they move.
They walk and dance to the rhythm of the musical beat.
They creep into your wholeness-sipping down into your veins and arteries.'

Winston Soldevilla

Memo To Man

Stop killing my trees that sway in the breeze
For they shelter my birds and my bees.
For they give fruit and shade rubber and marmalade
Oh stop killing my trees if you please!

When I made my first tree, t'was not only for me,
But, for all mankind who on earth are born,
For the children at play every morning each day,
I made them too for all those still unborn.

When I fashioned each leaf, t'wasn't easy nor brief.
But, I crafted each root and each vein
Your heart knew each tree was a present from me
When you killed them, It was I who was in pain.

From your birth to your death, as you live as you breath,
From your cradle to your earthly barrow
From your shelter against the heat to the shoes on your feet.
Start caring or the earth will be in sorrow.

Winston Soldevilla

Oh, Sweet Melody!

Glittering water,
with bubbles jumping head over heels,
dances to the rhythm of the breeze;
Oh, sweet melody
crumbling water to the air,
Oh, how you amuse me!

Winston Soldevilla

Peccavi

Pellucid as the water,
My mind is not that.
Pure as the shade of light,
My heart 'still cloudy.
And it appears to me
That all of us are like that.
REPROBATE!
And so to speak,
This is my peccavi
'Forgive me LORD for being no saint.'

Winston Soldevilla

Salt Of The Earth

I was born on a stormy Wednesday night
While my papa was playing his old worn guitar,
In the gleam of a flickering kerosene lamp
while a typhoon was howling from somewhere afar.
My papa was jobless. My mama was sick.
I was their eleventh offspring, a question of fate.
We ate cold and scrapped food each day of the week,
And we drank of the waters of love and pure hate.
One day I found papa, up, hanging dead.
And my mama was bleeding, our radio was gone.
My sisters were bloody and under the bed.
My brothers were slaughtered and I was alone.
I remembered papa saying, "We are the salt of the earth. "
and mama would reply back, "By virtue of birth."
Oh GOD, I was lonely `till I met my girl,
and together we tried to rebuild our lives.
Years passed by, in challenges and in failures,
until the world paused and look at me, one who arrived.
I remembered papa saying, "We are the salt of the earth. "
and I answered him back smiling, "By virtue of birth."
There lines in our hands of our fate so they say.
But I know that a man is the master of all;
For he makes his own footsteps,
His night or his day
And he wishes his rising and causes his fall.

Winston Soldevilla

Sham Of Life

Every path we follow
is just a sham of life which is so shallow-
Shallow as our mind can tell,
for life is so deep that no one knows well.
Behind celestial light life is there before
embedded by sweet grace open door lore.
Waking soul slumbers and closes the open door lore,
limiting our thoughts in numbers of resemblances
if there are more.
The superficiality of trail that we trod in this life
are just as we are-frail: almost always in obscurity.
But sometimes the soul wakes
consoling the restlessness it takes.
And again it slumbers
Limiting our thoughts in numbers of resemblances
if there are more.
As the soul sleeps, our hearts always weep:
As the soul wakes up, our hearts leap up.
But, more than the rest we know -
Every time the soul sleeps we fall;
Every time the soul wakes up we stand.
For in every defeat, in every struggle there is victory.
Rejoice! Rejoice!

Winston Soldevilla

Song Of The Waterfalls

As I hold this guitar of mine
while looking up the waterfalls,
I noticed
that the splashing water to the lichened stones
were attuned to the melodic lore
like I never heard before.
As the air moved slowly
and as the tune grew gradually,
my keen ear noticed something
which in effect fascinating.
The water jumped like notes
filled with gladness.
Slowly, gently and eagerly
my fingers pluck the strings
of my guitar and followed the tunes.
Those were melodies of love,
those were sent by the heaven above,
to conquer your heart
for a brand new start.

Winston Soldevilla

Spade My Hands I Used

Great were those moments when we were together
playing sandcastles in the beach
while the waves of water heavily splashing
the fortress of the edifices we built.
As a spade our hands we used
rebuilding the fortress we erected.
Guarding from water splashing waves attack,
The east air crushed the towers of the sky.
Arches one by one fell, as though blown by a storm.
As a spade our hands we used
rebuilding the fortress we erected.
Clouds of darkness came near
sprinkling its bulging burden of nature.
exploded in haziness, turrets of the sky
obfuscated the scenic view.
As a spade our hands we used
rebuilding the fortress we erected.
In my surprised you gripped your fist tightly
and hammered with great force the fortress we protected.
The foundation shook and cracked
damaging the epitome of our dreams
As a spade my hands I used
rebuilding the fortress we erected.
Fierce like a tiger, hungry like a wolf
you left me fresh scratches.
You turned me upside down
and left me in despair for immortality to be swallowed.
As a spade my soul I used
rebuilding the fortress we erected.

Winston Soldevilla

Tears

Tears are like diamonds,
a gem so precious so dear.
It will only roll down if it wounds
the soul's heart in its severe.

Winston Soldevilla

The Broken Glass

I saw a glass, down it fell.
Coming from a hand who did nothing at all
but, to let it fell beneath the hall.
She held it before hand
When the glass slipped in her tight gripped hand.
It was broken into pieces:
Spreading apart –leaving no traces.
For its parts, to be again, in their proper places.
I wonder why she let it fell,
Telling me how innocent she was. But, I could tell
As a deceit, tears rolled down her cheek.
Conquering my heart where it sought quick
Pity for her innocence as a deceit not to leak.
I saw no reason to believe in her action.
Investigation was in my mind.
Trying to look for answers behind
Breaking a transpicuous glass of its kind.
Foundation of trust and confidence
Should be my move then as I sense.
So, I started creeping into her whole being,
trying to find out the reasons of breaking.
As I was about to uncover the reason
She finally squeaked in unison.
“It was not my fault! It was not my fault!
A xeno has a great gold vault! ”
“It was a ravish.” Added she.
I was puzzled if what was really
she was trying to tell me.
“Was it a ravish
or the unconscious act to catch a gold fish? ’

Winston Soldevilla

Then I Finally...

For so many years, years of shedding great tears,
tears of blood in my heart.
For so many questions asked, Asked "Where shall I knock? "
Knocked "where shall I be open? "
Opened and answered,
As to how to stop shedding tears, tears of blood in my heart.
Then, when all's said and done, I found you in a distant place.

Passing hundred pathways, across rivers, oceans, and seas,
I flew with the wind.
I saw you at a low ebb in an islet, So pure and innocent.
Fain! Waiting for someone.
Then, I clasp with the wind to reach you.
And to the end of the line I found myself
Sitting beside you
in that rocky and strange place.
I dug down into your wholeness,
Scanning blood in your veins and arteries.
Then, I finally found out that you and I were akin.

Winston Soldevilla

Valentine-An Accord

Verily and happily exchanging glances
Although many at times we take our chances
Looking at each other without anything to say
Exhilarated, our hearts were, taking our breath away
Needed to express our lore of tender passion,
Time abetted to broach these ardent affection.
Inevitably, we have arrive to an accord
None of us neither can't deny nor can't afford.
Ending this longing without the church bells ringing.

Winston Soldevilla

Yes, It Is!

Yes, it is you who washes out
those thorns in my life
by those clear, crystal droplets of tears.
These tears of purity soften my angry and vengeful heart.

Like a stone, you let my weary heart
wakes up by love and affection, sincerity,
understanding and purity.

It is you who fill me for the second time
the total joy and peace of life.

You let these lips utter once more
sweet melodious lore
that I lost before.

Winston Soldevilla