

Poetry Series

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- poems -



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I am a trying-hard wannabe poet who simply wants to live.



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Rainstorm Beside Darapidap Beach

Joyless and miserable, the heaven sobs at Darapidap Beach,
As I rest on the sand, breathe in the salty air, and hear the chaos of the waves.
It is a murky crepuscule and the weather seems to imitate my devastated eyes—
My eyes that used to sparkle, that used to carry a million suns...
My eyes that now are closed, exhausted, helpless, and lifeless.

The clouds are not fluffy, they are terrifyingly black and heavy,
The waves—that used to be tranquil, now have gone ballistic already;
And, oh! Here I am, poor me, letting the tortuous wind take away my sanity,
My fortune, my hope, my spirit, and oh, my loving salvation;
Such a hideous sight of Darapidap Beach... so depressed, so cold, so lonely me.

There comes the earthshaking thunder, the outrage of the lightning,
And the spiky raindrops that scare the gentlemen and the ladies;
Everybody rushes to the shades of leaves, to the roofs, to their homes,
While I stay here, by the mad sea that resembles my wild emotions—
My emotions that used to be welcoming, vibrant, adventurous, and placid.

With all the power left in me, I ran towards the mad sea...
I lifted my hands as if I could reach the stormy firmament;
I let the rain shower and embrace my entirety as I summoned my demons,
My darkness, my sadness, my madness—and freely danced with them in the
rain;
And then, crazy and pathetic me, I screamed while my eyes streamed warm
tears.

With all the power left in me, I cried by the mad sea...
The fishes heard my wail, the corals saw my horrible face, and the sand felt my
grief;
A very long moment, I let the violent rain; A very long moment, I let my
melancholy;
For a very long moment, I let my demons bathe with me in the rain;
And then, everything suddenly stopped.

I waited for the rainbow to appear, I waited for the sun to please me;
But, earlier was twilight, now it is night... Will I ever be saved?
Beside the Darapidap Beach, I rest on the sand and breathe in the salty air.
One by one, the stars scintillated and the moon lustered my loathsome form,
And I cried once more... Am I finally saved? Am I happy again?

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I Haven't; I Still

if you think
i have given up...
the torment you caused me
was not enough
to make me un-love you.
you and i failed
once again.
i am still holding on.
i love you still.
i love you forever.

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Nanang's Marigolds

I was supposed to write a downcast poem,
But when I went out of our dear abode,
And took a glimpse of nanang's garden—
There the marigolds stood full of life,
And it reminded me who I really am.

Mesmerized by the vibrance of its colors,
I headed towards the bountiful marigolds,
Relished its spirit, felt the touch of its petals;
I put myself at the center of the bed of marigolds,
There I savored the flowers' gentle embrace.

Their scent is not as lovely as Jasmine's,
It is strong, pungent, and musky, but
I would still love to jump into a bed of marigolds;
Because I was supposed to write a downcast poem,
But when I went out of our dear abode...

I saw the invigorating state of nanang's marigolds,
Earned enough strength, collected enough inspiration,
To move forward, to be grateful, to be hopeful;
So, I wrote an animated poem—describing marigolds,
And their wonderful impact on someone almost giving up as me.

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Chewing Clouds

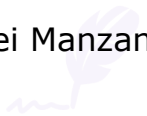
It is a stellar and frosty midnight,
Yet I chew clouds of afternoon;
I let them come in and out my lips,
And they elevate my lunacy.

These clouds are forbidden,
Yet my breath enjoys carrying them;
My lungs cherish their caresses,
And my heart melts for their fragrance.

They say these clouds are deadly,
Yet it keeps me alive and crazy;
How glorious these gases are,
They fill my mind with wonders...

Every time I chew these clouds,
I never want to cease chewing.

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At Least, I Am Free

sometimes,
it feels
soothing,
not to be
found;
i am lost,
but saved;
i am free.

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Love And Poems

I described infatuation before,
As a feeling that slows my progress,
An experience that could lead to hurting myself.

I stopped reading and writing poetry about love,
Because everybody was so much into it,
That I viewed the words and lines — repetitive and common.

Infatuation didn't excite me much,
Romantic poems were dull... boring!
I was not impressed by fantastical or heartbreaking stanzas

....not until, I was tremendously struck by someone's charisma and realized....

Admiring a person doesn't actually hinder me;
Many times, my afternoons were brightened,
And it led me to fix up myself.

Composing a literary piece from amorous encounters—
Even synonymous words appear very distinct and special;
Now I know, why people adore this crazy thing.

Only the colors will appear in romantic writings,
If I have someone, I am in love with, to think of;
Only I could write an enamored piece, if I have someone to dedicate it to

...because without one, it will only spark emptiness and meaninglessness...

And if my love poems become uglier and crappier,
I will keep on writing until this insanity vanishes,
Because this is love: day by day, I become weirder and crazier.

And if ever a meteor hits my heart for stealing glimpses from afar,
If it will be caused by the person I am into right now,
It would be a sorrowful yet worth-it destruction.

This is the type of love that heals and could destroy, but teaches;
When the disaster arrives, although least expected,
I will have to protect myself and cease my feelings

...and stop reading and writing, love poems again...

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Million Good Moments

I have a million dreams to fulfill,
And a million more to discover.

Wherever fate would take me to,
As long as I am free to be me:
To write, to be weird, to love, to be joyful,
I will not disobey, I will be patient.

Because I have a million dreams to fulfill,
A million adventures to enjoy,
A million people to love,
And a million lives... to live.

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The Beast Within Me

Only a few could recognize my anger—
A ferocious beast living within me,
Hidden behind my smiles, smiling;
Its presence is savage and horrifying,
He could bring inferno and ruin spirits;
The beast has always been awake and active,
But I learned to tame and control it;
It is not prisoned or chained,
It is free... and I let it take over me—
If someone insults, disgusts, betrays,
Or takes advantage of my innocence and kindness;
The beast is not physically violent, but
It will punish you with words, with truth, with justice;
The beast will mark afflictions on your chest,
And it will remain until the whole world hears your outcry;
Return what you have taken, and you will be forgiven,
Give me back my smile, my joy, my vibrance,
And you need not to suffer from darkness;
I love this huge and bad creature within me,
It reminds me to always protect myself,
And that no one has the right to hurt—
A joyful, kind, and innocent soul... like mine.

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Yellow Soul

I am a yellow soul, living in an earthly body,
A free soul, wandering on this miraculous planet;
Within me are sunflowers and laughter,
Paradise and imagination, stars and wisdom,
Heavens and stories, which I wish to share with others;
I live my life to its fullest—getting rich in experiences,
Diving into deep relationships, and getting lost at
Dark, mystical, and magical places sometimes...
I live like such just to die with joy, love, and fulfillment;
I am a free and yellow soul, I am eternal but
My body is immortal and it will decay at the right time;
Yet, the stories I told, the meanings I formed,
The hope I brought, and the words I wrote...
Shall thrive forever... with my free and yellow soul.

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In The Name Of Love

Your smile resembles the blue skies and seas,
The sand and the clouds, the fishes and the birds—
My favorite scene, spot, and comfort in my solitude;

I adore your gracious physique and cheerful character,
With your enlightened mind and wondrous dreams...
That led me to magical reveries and unusual wishes;

Although your charming glimpses are ephemeral,
While my gazes are vehement—deep-rooted...
Even though your words are simply, barely just words,
While mine are almighty poetries and stories...
You still awaken the violent volcanoes within me;

So divine, my heaven, yet you are too high to reach,
Will you ever be mine and will I ever be yours?
Never have I ever fought in the name of love,
But for your radiance, for your placid smiles...

I might borrow a sword from Hephaestus.

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