

Poetry Series

Possawat Piankij

- poems -

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Possawat Piankij()

Balck&White Terminal

My name is engraved on a stone.
I have nothing left but my bones.
I lie down there due to no choice.
Nobody will hear my voice.

She gave me a flower,
But now, it withers.
Since that day, I've got nothing.
I try screaming but no answer.

My feeling is at my toe
And soul is of woe.
I have been rejected!
By God, why was I selected?

Above, there is a tree.
Who swiftly told me
'Please don't be sad
Everything is not bad.

Though your soul, she does betray,
Smiling at the blue May,
You are not alone
'Cause my roots hold your bones! .'

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Beguiled Rose

Wind whispers to a rose,
'Marry now! , little queen! '
The rose shakes it's nose'
Saying 'He is so mean! '

'How so? ', the wind wonders.
'Buzz, there he comes.
I plead for water
But never get some!

Little by little, I get dry,
beginning to cry.
Tears flow to my thorns
And my love is torn.

What if I pass away?
Will he comes to my burial?
What will he say?
'I'm sorry'? -go away! '

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Behind The Stick

I'm always a follower;
I walk behind my stick.
You might think I'm not clever
When I hit a wall brick.

On hearing many noises,
I pause for a while.
What are that voices?
Do the speakers smile?

What's that odor?
Fragrance or a flower?
I begin to get bored;
It's again my wonder.

Someone touches my shoulder.
I don't know who he is.
I'm stuck I this wonder.
Never have I got it, never.

I yet keep my wonders,
Wanting to know the answers.
I need to clear my sight.
Could you give me some light?

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Big Love

I WANNA TELL YOU ABOUT MY LOVE,
BUT NEVER HAVE NERVE.
I'M SURE MY LOVE IS BIG
AND TOO DEEP TO DIG,
IF YOU AREN'T IN LOVE.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Bloody Valentine's Day

This year, I must stay with bloody Valentine's day;
I can hear gun shots under the sky of grey.
Every dead body is lying everywhere-
So ghastly that I dare not stare.

Frankly, I can't see the trace of my victory,
and now, I'm bursting with great worry.
I have my last message to declare-
Perhaps, you don't even care.

If the sun still shines in the morning,
My love for you is everlasting.
Though, I'm an invisible man of the dark wood,
My love remains immortal for good.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

Blue Moon

Never have I seen the blue moon
And I hope I'll see her soon.
One day, my teacher told me
I'd have a chance to see.

I behold her mild-yellowed face
Which is unlike a furnace.
Swiftly, she bursts into laughter
As if I am a joker.

Could an artist do me a favor
By painting her with blue?
Thus, I can say I've ever.
Anyway, my hope never becomes true.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Come Back To Me!

Since you departed,
The world has been blank.

My life is up-side-down
And my bliss is underground.

My tears are willing in my eyes.
Shadows are gathering in my mind.

Oh! my only honey, please come back to me.
I wanna be with you, feeling your deep love.

Why don't you give me a chance,
Forgetting the mistakes and starting over?

I vow never shall I let you down again,
Not making your feeling be of pain.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Crimson Crimson

Crimson crimson tears.
I'm bursting of fear
Because my love, you tear
And never care.

Crimson crimson memory
Keeps running in my mind.
Gradually, gradually,
My life becomes blind.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Dead Secret

I kept my secret inside
As if it was my pride.
I never let it go,
Wanting no-one to know,

But thou were my exception.
As long as it was alive,
Thou were to know in this life
'Cause it won't be revived.

My secret pleaded to be free
'Cause it belonged to thee.
I tried to make thee hear,
Feeling my ghastly fear.

I told thou all my heart
When thee did depart.
Upon being said,
It has become dead.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Depressing Day

I never deem my birthday special,
But, instead, very depressing.
Candle-lit cakes never bring me delight,
But, inversely, the awful night.

On my eighteenth birthday,
My age is added with one.
I'm more closer to the way
Of my dreadful death.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Dreadful Nature

Alas! my poor kitten,
who was coldly bitten.
Her soul has been taken,
But never been forgotten.

I once gave her an embrace
In our warm and pretty place.
I gave her a cordial smile
While she was sleeping.

She was in her mind,
Saying in her dream
'This man is so kind
That he is the cream.

What can I do to help him
Get out of his life dim?
He has been so hungry,
Never eating a pastry.'

On looking at my face,
She told me her dream.
My bliss I finally trace,
Giving a dreadful beam.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Drunk Grandpa

Never have I met my grandpa,
Only knowing of his story.
My granny said "he was a skunk
Being always very drunk.

Moreover, his death was of shame
And he deserved to be blamed.
He drank, walking along a lake
Then, he fell into the lake"

But, I wonder where he is now.
Perhaps, he is one of those clouds,
Roaming around above the sea line
And saying "this boy is mine"

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Envious Of Teddy Bear

Truthfully, I'm not sad I'm not her lover,
But envious of her pretty teddy bear.
It cannot speak, blink or think.
It just stares at her lovely face.
Then, she gives it a warm embrace.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

Fiddler's Tragedy

Everyone loves me an Irish fiddler
Whose artist name is called Toddler
Beautiful notes are drawn from my strings-
Much better than when Orbison sings

I soothe every man with notes of glee;
Notes sounding more melodious
Than the waves of a lazy sea

Practice I do hard everyday;
And, my audience always says,
"Play more! Play more!"
Your lovely notes we long for! "

But, that isn't why I practice;
Not to impress the whole audience
But only one- just one -
A pretty girl in her twenties
For whom I fall
Yes, just her; that's all

In the audience
She's with her tall white man;
Hand in hand- how vexing

And here is my evil plan:
I'll play and play my fiddle
To impress, to attract,
To fascinate my Soul of Candy
Worse than that:
To steal her from that bloody man

Ergo I play and play my song
With notes of my eternity of love-
So mellow, gentle,
Sweet and delicious;
Meanwhile shows how jealous I am
To see her lovely fingers
Interlocked with the man's

Yes! Yes! It works!
A graceful smile spreads on
Her perky pinky cheeks
That all angels envy
And that bliss I can see
On that face of grace
My heart thumps with glee
To see my Little Grace
Smiling among the audience

But my joy is suddenly shattered
When she holds her man's hand
More tightly, more affectionately! -
Vexing! Vexing!

Then they hug, they kiss
Following along
The rhythm of MY song
So perfectly all along

- A.J. Miller
14/05/2016

Possawat Piankij

Fluffy Clouds

On the sky
Stray the fluffy clouds

White and blue
What lovely hues

Along a gentle breeze
They roam tardily
Yet gracefully

Somehow I believe
They're traveling
Around the world

So that
Everyone may see
How lovely they are

So that
Your heart may be
Filled with joys

And I'm a happy man
When you grin

6/07/2014

Possawat Piankij

Fool And Greed

I still have my very great debt to pay;
Oh! I don't have money anyway,
But I have luxurious stuff- a lot -
Bought with that loan.
Now, they need to be sold
In order to pay my debt,
And hence, I have nothing left.

I used to be a happy man indeed,
But now, I'm sad because of my greed.

- Barney Martin -

Possawat Piankij

Heavenly Solitude

I wander in solitude of a garden.
A breeze hugs me like does my mom.
I pause and wonder why here I come.
Though, I love the garden's nature so much;
Thereby, keeping walking in the tranquil place.
Then, I was enclosed by the sun's embrace.
He greets me with his warm and cordial smile.
At that moment, I notice a lonely sunflower
Tilt her head to show respect of honor.
Birds in their nest begin their melodious song.
So nice is it that I want to sing along.
This solitude is peaceful and heavenly.
I'm not leaving this place definitely.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

High Time He Rested

A senile man is sitting in his favorite chair,
Thinking of burdens which he used to bear:
Working, cooking, financial problems and so fourth.
Now, it's time he took a rest;
There's nothing for him to quest.

Not time he learnt the most complex Mathematical sentence.
Not time he longed for revenge or abhorrence.
Not time he helped his daughter make a Halloween pumkin,
But it's high time he rested forever in his coffin.

- J.P. Millcoln -

Possawat Piankij

Hypocrisy Beneath Sincerity

We all smile owing to our hypocrisy.
We speak those cordial words
Which betray our honesty
Though our eyes speak of deception.

- Oreo Man -

Possawat Piankij

Invisible

Whenever, you walk by,
You don't even see me
'Cause I'm never in your eyes.
I wish you'd see me.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Kiss

Her cheeks are so pinky.
Her cheeks are so downy.
She's the girl whom I miss;
I wanna give her a kiss.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Lily Girl

I compare you to a lovely lily-
My favorite flower forever.
But you aren't a normal one.
Instead the pick of the bunch.

Your charm is exactly like the lily's smell,
Putting me under your amorous spell.
I lose myself and feel it's a dream.
It is perfect like a flowing stream!

The more I wander in this day dream,
The more I give blissful beams.
Around me, it is completely pink.
It's so impressive that I cannot blink!

This heavenly dream, I don't want to leave.
I wanna have a very long sleep-very deep! ,
Wholly forgetting the real and mean world
And staying under the charm of this lily girl!

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Love You

I've nothing to conceal
'Cause you're what I fall into
And it's totally real
That I always do love you.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Moonlit Sea

I SIT ON A BEACH, WATCHING THE SEA.
IT IS WONDERFUL AND CALM TOO.
THE MOON WHICH I SEE
RECOGNIZES ME OF YOU.

WHILST SITTING ALONE, I CAN SENSE THE SEA'S SMELL.
IT MAKES ME MORE AWAKE.
I'M REALLY SATISFIED.I CAN TELL.
ESPECIALLY, WHEN I THINK OF YOUR FACE.

I KEEP WATCHING AT THE MOONLIT SEA.
IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WERE BESIDE
AND WATCH THOSE NICE THINGS WITH ME.
DEEPLY, I WISH IT WOULD TIDE.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

's Joy

Alone stands
Everywhere on Earth all alone

He casts his eyes on a couple
Hand in hand they laugh
Romantically they talk

But uncertainty is life

Next month the couple fights
Morning, noon, and night
Laughing turns to ranting
Talking turns to yelling

Love is no more pinky hue
But so gloomy and blue

So pleased, grins
And alone he stands
Everywhere on Earth all alone

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5/10/2015

Possawat Piankij

Pageant Queen

I compare you to the pageant queen,
The most graceful lady I've ever seen.
Your splendor shines brighter than the sun,
Making me really love you, not for fun.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Refreshed By Nature

I'm sitting beside a rice field.
The sunlight is lying on every leaf.
Crows are flying across the field.
Nothing seems to sleep.
Even, a breeze forces the leaves to lean.
Moreover, the field is so green,
Waking up my sleepy eyes.
It's so wonderful to stay with this nature;
My lethargic soul is refreshed.

- Dean Crookes -

Possawat Piankij

Special Lady

She makes me the luckiest man,
Making me fly above the land.
She is cute like others
But there is something covered.

I kiss her pretty lip,
Holding her fascinating hip.
Slowly, I try to undress her,
Getting lost in her nice eyes

Her kiss is sweet like honey
That cannot be bought with money
Her body is as white as milk.
Her hair is like a good silk.

Upon unveiling her body,
I gently smell her skin,
Taking off her hairpin
And feeling her fair hair.

My hands keep running on her
Like a morning train.
And she fain let me do so,
Knowing that it's heavenly love!

I stop my morning train
When I see something on the pane.
They are her white wings
That make her the special living thing.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

Stupid Nun

I beheld her dress as a nun.
Her face didn't show any fun.
Slowly, steadily,
She moved her ugly feet.

Her eyes gave no-one a greet.
She just kept looking down,
Being silent like a deserted town-
What a strange woman!

Swiftly, she fall into a lake.
Unluckily, she could not swim.
Hopelessly, she began to pray
For one more day to stay.

Spontaneously, I jumped into the lake.
Once I reached the poor nun,
She said ' Go away! Go away!
God will save my life, not you! '

Then, I just wait to see if 'God' would save her.
Finally, I saw her be drowned.
She would have had one more day
If she hadn't begun to pray.

- Oreo Man -

Possawat Piankij

The Hungry Monsters

THE MONSTERS GET HUNGRY,
SCREAMING HORRIBLY.
THEY NEED SOMETHING TO EAT
BEFORE THEY GET HEATED
AND EAT ME COLDLY.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

The Hypocrite

Actually, you're just a hypocrite.
You're never sincere.
You make me feel like this.
You never see my tears.

Have you ever cared me?
Are you guilty?

What you do is just pretending.
You're a great liar.
You're good at deceiving.
Now, let me say we're over.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

The Sea

I'm walking on a beach.
The weather's so fine.
I'm fond of this beach.
I'll keep this beach in my mind.

But why I don't see anyone?
I'm walking alone?

I saw a tree's shadow beside me.
The light's dancing on the water.
It's a very nice sea.
It'll be memorized forever.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

The Shoes

THE DISTANCE IS SO FAR
HOWEVER, IT DOES NOT MATTER
IF WE DARE TO FACE BAR
AND KEEP WALKING TOGETHER

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

The Tears

The tears are your regrets.
They're pouring on your cheeks.
I know you try your best.
I know you are not weak.

You are suffocated?
You cannot bear them?

Now, you cannot move on.
The tears are still pouring.
Someday, you can hold on
and keep your breathing.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

The Way I Shall Declare You My Love

I shall do everything to declare you my love.
Maybe, I shall write the message on the sky.
Then fly and yell your name out loud
So you can hear me, turning around.

I shall be the sun, embracing your soul
Whenever you have to fight with cold.
Even at night, I shall be the moon or stars
To shine you some light, banishing your fear.

Or if you face is of pouring tears,
I shall be a breeze, blowing them away
And helping you get through the day.
I shall be with you forever!

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij

To...My Next Generations

Ah! There lie my soldiers brave- in their graves
Their souls and their sacrifice comprise of our country.
Their names are engraved on our land.
Without their boldness,
We have no land to walk on.
Hence, as long as we're still alive,
We are to protect our piece of land- even our grain of sand!

- Sergeant Griffin Looper -

Possawat Piankij

To: My Mom

Lying in my cradle, I saw your face.
Then, you cradled me, looking into my eyes.
I never forget your warm embrace.
That good time is always in my mind.

When I am sick, you look after me.
You never go away, staying beside my bed.
You are so worried that I can see.
Upon being better, I kiss you on your face.

Your love is very profound.
I do feel very grateful.
I promise not to let you down
And behave well to you.

- One Whistle -

Possawat Piankij