

Poetry Series

Rohan Rinaldo Felix
- poems -

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Rohan Rinaldo Felix(August 7,1990)

Crappy Poem By A Suspected Victim Of Love

Warning: It's gonna be a rough ride bro!

It's only been two days since I've filed for bankruptcy
It's only been a week since I started seeing her
How much more joy can I feel?
I'm warning you, my wallet is starting to peel!

O girl, you were the break I was waiting for
You made me hallucinate in my car
What the heck, you've made me wake up
How sad, because, now I'm a nondescript teacup!

I was dreaming all my life of you
Darn! What sort of a dream is this?
You looked a butterfly
Turns out you're a Marxist spy!

Baby you're so sweet, and smell of morose wheat
You're all I ever wanted, but I never knew you were by your ex-boyfriend,
hunted
Truth is upon me dawning
Though you never seem to stop perennially yawning!

Hey mate, you pretty darling Kate
Get lost by the front gate, for here comes Alison Pate
She's my new date and verily forgiven for being late
Patch-up with your old fella-first say a soft 'hello'

DISAPPEAR WHILE I'M STILL MELLOW!

Rohan Rinaldo Felix

Gravity Grounds Me

Sittin here, nothing is clear
I keep pondering, and yes, wondering
The state of life, dissecting me with its strife.
The Earth, revolving round the sun, and,
My soul, ever feeling undone, are friends.

It is sad indeed, and drives me to a tizzy
Making me dizzy, and yet, this life has no answers.
Not that I expect, and yet, my heart perennially suspects.
The existence I lead is disconcerting.

Heartless, crude, uncultured and rude, whilst waiting for my downfall
The world is on a roll at the sordid night-ball.
I am the target whilst the gaping hole, everyone forgets.
I am an insurrection waiting to happen.

Everyone can speak big words and so can I
Is it any wonder that I am increasingly sly?
The crushing defeat will come some day, and
I will have to wait, and indeed will I do so.
That day will be sad, but gravity grounds me.

Rohan Rinaldo Felix

Hopeless Black Whole

They will pass by like you don't exist
They will stereotype you and call you sexist
She will be one of them
Her soul warring within against itself
Or will it?

She was once a butterfly
Who brightly fluttered by
Is she now by ideology busted
Or is her soul rusted?

She once meant the world to you, didn't she?
Learn to live without her, and feel the time.
And remember, love isn't a crime.

I understand your pain Akhoya
I too was like you once, and now you are with me.
Let me help you dear friend
Soothe your hurting heart and heal the pain within
Chaotic insanity is upon us
And brotherhood the only solution.

Accept the fact that she is gone forever
Yes Sadiqi, forever....
Forever...
You will never see her again.
I cry for you because
You lie here dead.

This is a poem written by Aslam Mutazir from Lebanon. He wrote it only a few hours ago and immediately mailed it to me on my Myspace account. I have been deeply touched by it.

Aslam's Coptic Christian friend from Aswan in Egypt, Nimrod Aguilar, was madly in love with a Muslim girl called Ayesha Abeedah. He considered her to be the

purpose of his living and the meaning of his existence. He was insane about her. He was, however, afraid to declare his flowering love to her on account of their different and conflicting religions and also because she was close friends with a group of people who hated him from the bigoted tendencies arising from their sadistic instinct.

He hung around for hours after college, just so that he could catch a glimpse of her returning from theatre workshop.

To cut a long story short, Nimrod is no more. He died three days ago, shot by a pro-Mobarak sniper in the pro-democracy demonstrations that are rocking Egypt. He never got to confess his love to Ayesha. May you rest in peace friend! I wonder how many millions there are like you in the world, held to ransom by unnecessary religious strife!

Rohan Rinaldo Felix

Nuclear Meltdown

Why are you forcing benefits on us?
You never ask us, and you decide
To take our land away
You decide what is right for us,
Never giving us a choice.

You don't mind coming to us for votes
Not now though, too inconvenient!
Is this all you care for us?
Is this all we're worth?

We know about your Environment Impact Assessment
We know that it is foolproof
In doling out the best chunks of our nation to the most reckless
Elephant, Tiger, Peacock and Man don't matter.

Is the economy all that matters to you?
This deluge of delusion is washing away
Our heritage, and you, are not a government
You are...

Ah MNC!

Rohan Rinaldo Felix

The Licence To Love

I will love, for that is my duty and purpose
I will love, for in it is my salvation
Don't try to shame me
I am not going to back off you
If you want to sidestep your purpose, that's to your misery
But don't try to fell my flowering gift from above!

I will love, and will feel no shame
I will love, despite parental pressure and the threat of no gain
I will love you, even if you behave like you don't love me.
All the emptiness and the hurt within you I can erase
If you allow me, with love and every allied grace.

My God loves and i will love
You say that I am infatuated, but look at you!
I dare to make the effort, and I dare to listen to my God, while,
You sit back in your lazy chair while humanity goes amiss
Now that you've finished, remember to blow me a kiss.

Rohan Rinaldo Felix

Trappy Maze

The milk steaming in the cup is no sign that one would accept
As pointing to a world of hurt and confusion
Degenerating a young lad's mind and heart
And pushing him, certainly against his will
Into the great abyss.

'It is not hell', some would say, and so would the personal you
Man has eternally doomed himself by the censure of obvious reality.
It pains me to the lowly heights, that such a legacy it is
That I have to accept, and move on.
Before long, I will be gone, but for the wounded psyche
That is a distance too far.

My dear friend, I thought you would understand
I even believed deep within me, that you would be my redemption and salvation.
I know I'm a fool because, even as I speak
I can see you laughing your guts out at me
Totally oblivious of the cosmic order
And God's reality, and man's depravity.

I am a mad person, and I realize it full well
All the sensible and rationalistic people
And even some spiritualistic ones, I know
will always be there for their near and dear ones
But who's there for me? Don't say 'God' or 'your family'.
Please don't discourse me and add to the confusion that is born of disillusion, and
to the overwhelming grief!

I don't expect you to love me
I know that it is an unreasonable expectation
All I ask of you is this- 'Please, please cry for me someday, when you think of the
life that didn't live'
Else, pass this sullen piece on to your neighbour. Let him,
Weep for me, for I know,
This life is a graveyard abounding in tears waiting to stream down cheeks.

Rohan Rinaldo Felix