

Poetry Series

Sonya Florentino
- poems -

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Sonya Florentino()

I write poems, I've also written a couple of songs,
I write mainly as a form of therapy, in order to understand myself, and hopefully
life. Writing poems came to me late (but never too late!) I hardly read
poems before (found them intimidating) but I'm slowly learning to love
reading and writing poems. My first love is music but poetry is becoming a close
second...

Note: I've put an exclamation point (!) in front of my personal favorites. You
can start with those if you wish.. some of those titles are:

A Gentleman Poet

A Sudden Rain

Ode To The Worm

Like Onion

Cradle

Aerenfyrre

Home

Footsteps (Inspired By The Poetry Of Laurie Hill)

Because of you
I can find my way through the darkness
And know enough to follow the sound
That will lead me to a safer place

And because of you
I am never truly alone
For in my solitude
you find a way to let me know
You're still around

When I call... you answer
And in some mysterious way

I always know
You'll lead me home
Come what may

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In My Mind's Eye

IN MY MIND'S EYE

I take a breath
I take a step
And look as far as I can see
Then close my weary jaded eyes
To dream (of you and me)

I take a breath
Another step
Upon this crumbling patch of earth
But in my mind
I have heaven-bound wings

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Julianne: The Grateful

She has doe's eyes
A shy gaze
She looks like the Madonna
A sad face
But wait until she breaks into a smile
Suddenly she is sunshine!
And when she laughs
A picture of bliss
You have to see her, hear her
I insist!

When she sings
She sounds so heavenly
(If I were a man
I'd ask her to marry me!)

She turns poetry into song, blessed is her art
The tone of her guitar bright like diamond stars
And when she sings, her voice - mellifluous
Her soul-searching songs, naked like the truth

She is someone I hope one day to become
To be as grateful as the one He called
"Julianne "

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Inspired by Julianne (Tarroja) a singer-songwriter from the Philippines, whose amazing debut album titled "Grateful" ought to be heard world-wide... Her song "Grateful" inspired me to write my poem of the same title.

To learn more about her, go to:

I also made a video to her song 'Let It Rain.' Go to [, and cut-and-paste this on search box: v=SPGfVdl9LnU](#)

Lament In Silence

I could have moved him

If he could hear how loud

my heart was beating

I could have touched him

But he could not feel much

beyond his pale skin

I could have loved him

But he was blind and could not read

my broken lines

I went through the motions

Drowning in an ocean

A dead sea...

He kept on looking past me

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with much thanks to Ronald Peat, a poet friend,
for guiding me through the deep end....

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Metamorphosis (Haiku)

the caterpillar

slowly weaves around itself

blanket of rebirth

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Night Visit

Did you feel my kiss upon your lips
Last night as you lay there sleeping
Did you feel me snuggle in your arms
As my body sought your body's warmth

Did you feel my fingers through your hair
Did you hear me whisper 'I still care'
After all this time, after all these years
Did you know... I was there....

Tell me love
Do you remember....

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Paper Birds (For Sandra Fowler)

(inspired by the poem 'Paper Birds' by Sandra Fowler)

What are poems but emotions in words

What are poems but words that sing

What are poems but paper birds sailing in the wind...

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Predator

It was pitch-dark
I couldn't see anything
Nothing moved
I couldn't hear anything
But there was no mistaking
The smell of desire
And the heat emanating
From the fear in his eyes

I knew he was near me
A mere inches away
Who thought he was hunter
And I his prey
It was pitch-black
I made sure of that
To make sure he knew
There was no turning back

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The Beggar's Message

He was standing
in the middle of the highway
in mid-January, in the cold
in a decent-looking coat
probably donated

Holding a tattered cardboard sign
with three words
I squint through the fog
to read his message
"Homeless"
"Hungry"
....

I couldn't quite read the
last word
'Go...'
"Godless"
Did he write "Godless? "

Wow, I thought
Well I can't really blame him
I can only imagine
his pain and suffering

As my cab approached
and passed him by
I realized how dark my vision
to have come to this
sad conclusion
I was mistaken, I confess
His last word was actually
two words:
"God Bless"

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The Concert (Senyru Collection)

THE COMPOSER

the song in his head
will not stop playing until
he puts them to rest

THE CONDUCTOR

the orchestra waits
his baton cuts the silence
music fills the air

THE VIRTUOSO

he played the guitar
with such dexterous fingers
she could not escape

HARMONY

they met through music
immediately struck a chord
and found harmony

HEARTSTRINGS

sometimes it happens
the right note at the right time
music and magic

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The Masterpiece

The Masterpiece

I can not take my eyes off it
I am transfixed, I stand in awe of the artist
who created it, and I wonder...
Whose eyes had captured this moment?
Whose hands were responsible for such
magnificence?

Using colors that defy replication
His canvass comes alive
Hues subtly changing
before my very eyes

Colors blending into each other
Shapes morphing together
How I wish I could stay
To bask in its splendored display forever

Alas! the exhibit was for one day only
Tonight it will be gone
This masterpiece, unsigned
by an artist who titled it simply as
'Sunrise'

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The Scream (Inspired By The Famous Painting)

The air is thick with silence
The emptiness deafens
My mouth gasps open
but echoes nothingness

I have reached the edge
The sky is red

I am deaf-mute
This is my lament

I am the forgotten song
on a bridge called
Loneliness

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A Short Winter

They looked
to me like
autumn leaves
struggling to
hang on

Till it
dawned on me
they were
robbins
rehearsing
spring's song

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A Sudden Turn (With Haiku Version - My Very First!)

A SUDDEN TURN (original version)

a fish darts forward

as water lilies re-arrange in the water

centered, in the moment

til it once again flits by

or a bird swoops down as suddenly

from the sky

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A SUDDEN TURN (Haiku version)

a fish darts forward

water lilies re-arrange

space in the water

moment unbroken

til fish again flits by, or

bird swoops down from high

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Bastard Son's Story

I stand before you Father,
but you refuse to see
Oh dear Father, have I fallen from the tree
of your good grace, our last embrace
now a memory
Oh Father, have you forgotten me

I kneel before you Father
But you do not feel
Oh dear Father, have you forsaken me
I am your flesh and blood
Dear Father, look at me!
I am your ill-begotten history

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Brown Leaves

They still are leaves
They are brown leaves
Still hanging from a tree

When they fall down
They still are leaves
Brown leaves on the ground

And when they're gone
Lost to the wind
When they become
weightless and transparent...

They still are leaves
That once were all colors

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Notes: inspired by a stanza in the poem 'October Sky' by Sierra Scribler where the writer wrote how autumn leaves are like 'paper skeletons waiting to fall to the ground'

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Cradle

Why must it be like slivers, like crumbs
Why can't I hold anything in my hands
Why does it feel like accidents, like chance
Why must everything slip away like sand

If I could just hold everything all at once
I would have them molded in the shape of my palms
If I could hold anything, anything!
I would be their cradle and song

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same poem w/ photograph can be seen at:

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Enigma (On The Poet Ms. P. Masterman)

I thought I saw a glimpse of her
As she zoomed around the bend
I swear I saw her wink and smile
But I could be mistaken

The more I try to capture her
The less I understand
The alien-poet-dragonfly
Patricia Masterman

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Flicker (For Meggie Gultiano)

FLICKER (for Meggie Gultiano)

A flicker of hope
And darkness has lost
Crawling back into its shadows

A flickering fire
Once more ignites
My faith for a promised tomorrow

A flickering light
A flickering fire
A flickering candle I borrowed

I give it to you
Please pass it along
It will last you well past your sorrow

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Found In Translation

A song I loved
since I was a child
I never really
understood it
Till I had lived
and found the words
to translate it.

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The song referred to above is titled 'Kahibulungan'
an anonymous love song which I translated into English in my poem
'Wonderment'

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Give A Child (My First Senryu)

Give a child a stick
Watch her create magic, there!
in front of your eyes

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Heartstrings (The Composer)

Sometimes you strike the right chord

Sometimes you get the nuance

Sometimes you capture the right notes

And there it is ...

Magic!

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His Life As A Poem (Inspired By The Poems Of Shalom Freedman)

He was born
He lived
He suffered to write
He died
His poems ask why

P.S.
The poet is not dead
The poet is alive
The poet posts poems
on this poemhunter site

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Note: the poem is not about Mr. Shalom Freedman (it was simply inspired by some of his poems) . It could be about any poet, it could be about you, or it could very well be about me.....

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Meet Me By The River (The Rendezvous)

Meet me by the river tonight
Just you and me under the pale moonlight
I promise you I won't be afraid
of the dark

Meet me by the river tonight
Just you and me, the moon and the stars
I promise I will give you my heart
There in the water

Meet me by the river tonight
Where the wind makes the water sigh
Take me to the deepest part
And I'll show you how brave my heart

Meet me after dark, my love
By that river where they say
A year ago today two lovers drowned

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Ordinary Beauty

A half-woven basket
on the ground
Abandoned in the
Hot midday sun

A water-color rendering
Of silence, warmth
A moment all too fleeting
Soon to be gone

Who would have caught
the beauty of the interrupted
The timeless, the temporary

Who would have thought to capture
the beauty of the unseen,
the subtle, the ordinary

Thanks to the artist,
The poet, the bard
Who remind us all that
Life is Art

And Creation
The very act of Love
A gift to us
From Heaven above

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* inspired by a water-color
painting of a half-woven basket

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Out Of The Blue

A little girl on the bus today
made another little girl cry
When she wouldn't let the
other one sit beside her

The dejected girl ran back to
her father's lap in tears
While the other girl's mother
kept saying "I'm sorry, we're sorry"

Everyone in the bus looked so unhappy
The sobbing girl broke everyone's heart
As for me, I thought, well
Isn't she lucky...

I tried hard not to recall
another little girl
Who couldn't find solace
from a dark cruel world
(But I couldn't...)

I run out the bus
But not fast enough
She was already crying

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Penance For A Dream

Is it worth it....waiting

Knowing I will never find him

To have you kiss my blistered feet

Is it worth the long trip

To have you find me instead of him

To have you rescue me from his whims

To have you save me

From certain death for want of him

Oh muse!

Must you punish me too!

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Plaything

The black snake
Hiding in the grass
The black snake
So frightening

The black snake
That wouldn't let me pass
Was a toy snake
Of a little boy

A toy snake
That was all it was
A toy snake
Left there in the grass

A small toy
Of a little boy
That a little girl
Should have enjoyed

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Problem Heart

My problem is I romanticize
I fantasize, I idealize
When things should be blatant and ugly
Realistic, objectified

My problem is I dramatize
I personalize, I empathize
When things should be simple and clear-cut
Black-and-white, cut-and-dry

My problem is
I'd rather die than be brutal
My problem is
I'd rather cry than be cruel

My problem is I have soft spots in my heart
That no matter what I do they never get hard

My problem is I think with my heart
My problem is
I am hampered
by Love

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R.S.V.P. (Cat On A Hot Tin Roof)

Tonight, let's peel away pretension

Tonight, let's just skip the dance

Tonight, let's free our inhibitions

Tonight, let's forego romance

Tonight, let's bare our true intentions

And cancel everything as planned

Tonight my dear.....(please!)

Let us be lovers! ! !

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Sad Joke

There are some things
I just don't understand
Like how they praise his talents
When he clearly has none

Or maybe they are right
and I am wrong
Because what harm really
What harm can be done

If his crime is simply vanity
How can that really hurt anybody

Or maybe he's not even vain
Maybe he's just a little bit insane
And all those who love him
Are they just being humane

I guess I'll never know
Is it for real, or for show
Is it transparent
Or bedecked in gold
Is he or is he not
Wearing a robe

I guess I'll never know
If the joke is on me
All I can do is bow to him
Like everybody

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Spellbound (Inspired By A Poem By Paul Hansford)

Can words paint a picture in the mind

Can a poem evoke a memory

Yes! the poem 'Reflection' by Paul Hansford

Brought it all back to me

The sky, the clouds, the grass, the trees

Mirrored in the still blue lake

A girl once drew this heavenly view

Spellbound in its gaze

Can one taste the colors of a rainbow

Just look into her eyes

The beauty of life surrounds her

Refracted in her smile

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Background Info:

Many years ago I chanced upon a drawing (in crayon) by a child of a landscape: a view of a lake with the reflection of the land and the sky upon the surface of the water.

I was transfixed by this image not only because the child-artist had such impeccable technique (the drawing stood out from those of the other children)

but because the child captured something so profound, something spiritual. I remember thinking the drawing could be inverted and it would not have mattered. I also noticed that the reflected half seemed more real-the colors more vibrant, the lines more detailed. I returned to look at it again but they had taken down the exhibit by then. Needless to say, I never forgot that haunting image.

A few days ago, I read a poem by Paul Hansford here in Poemhunter titled "Reflection" in the form of a palindrome (a poem that reads the same forward and backward) .

As I was reading the poem, the memory of the drawing immediately came back to me, almost like déjà vu. I now realize that even though I must have seen this kind of reflection on a lake at some point in my life, it took a drawing and a poem to bring back that feeling, reminding me of the importance of reflection, of communing with nature and recognizing the spirit in everything.

Subsequently I learned that "Reflections" is the title of one of his book of poems, the cover of which is a photograph of a landscape, yes-with a lake, and like the drawing, 'as above...as below...'

P.S. I know, one shouldn't have to explain a poem, but I'm making an exception here.

Sonya Florentino

The Actress/Waitress (Tanka)

THE ACTRESS / WAITRESS (original version)

She will take any role

To become someone else

for a few days... a few weeks...

a few months...

Or if she's lucky

The length of time it takes

to shoot an ambitious movie

THE ACTRESS / WAITRESS (Tanka version)

She lives for her roles

Forgets herself for a day

a week...a month...or

With some luck, the time it takes

to make a movie, perhaps?

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The Introduction

With not a word exchanged

Their fate long ago ordained

They saw each other

And knew each other's names

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The Prize

I have nothing to prove to anyone
I am neither proud nor ashamed
I will run at my pace
I'm not in a race
The road is mine to climb

I don't need to win over anyone
I'm not fighting for the prize
I just have to claim what I had lost
to the other side
To get back what I had lost through time
To win back what is rightfully mine

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* written Nov.4,2008, Election Day

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The Secret

All I want from you is that
you think of me every now and then
All I want from time to time
is some acknowledgement

All I want to know is that you care
That there is something
A secret we share

All I want to know is that
you want it too
That's all I ask
That's all I want from you

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The Song Remains The Same

You have morphed into a guitar
You've been transformed into musical notes
You have become
a plaintive song in my heart

That was all you were
That is all you are
That is all you'll ever be

I have said goodbye
I've thrown water to the fire

But still... the guitar weeps
Still... the silenced heart beats

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Until It Comes

Slit me like a sack full of grain
Spill me like sweet water
Strike me with that one last match
Burn me down to the embers

Churn me until I'm soft like butter
The oil must separate
Then wrap me in the pleased languor of your gaze
Until they come
The unstoppable love waves
Until it comes
That smile on my face

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Where Have They Gone

Where have they gone
Why do I now see only shadows
Where is the song
Why do I now hear just echoes

Where is the love
The fire that used to burn
The darkness beckons
Is that where all must return

Where have they gone
The ones I hoped to follow
Tell me, my heart...
Where do I go now

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Wonderment (A Translation Of 'Kahibulungan')

Oh Wonderment!
This birth of love
What madness...

Here I am a wretch
In the cold of night
I bare my heart for you to witness
Under heaven's eyes - this love!
This anguish!
What I feel for you
My dear beloved

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This is a translation of a folk song (see below) in the Cebuano language (one of about 171 languages spoken in the Philippines) . I do not speak this language. I looked up each word in the dictionary and from that made my own interpretation. One of my favorites songs from my native country, however I never understood the lyrics until now.

KAHIBULUNGAN

Kahibulungan
Ang gibati ko
Natawo ang gugmang makabuang
Kanimo pinangga ko

Ania intawon ako ning matugnawng gabii
Binuksan kining dughan aron ka makasaksi
Nga dinhi sa ilawom sa langit
Ang gugma ko imo da

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You Are

(response to a poem 'You Are My Life...' by Saadat Tahir)

You are the air
I need to breath
You are the light
I need to see

You are the water
to cleanse my soul
You are my dream
of fields of gold

You are my fire
You are my life
And I-Saadat
Am but your wife!

But I am yours!

I am the half
of your whole

□

P.S.

Like you Saadat
I play with words
But I know someday
You'll find Her

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#sorting Pictures (Edited 11/11)

She's pored over old photographs
Shifting through layers
Trying to find her lost child
To see for herself the transformation

She wanted to see the signs
Of fear and pain, anger and shame
How the carefree child becomes the un-child
The clouding of the eyes
The disappearing smile

There were so many of them
Images in black and white
So tiny, now fading grey
The paper once shiny, now thin and frayed

But she could not see it
The absence
She could not recognize the emptiness
She always looked the same
Guiltless
Sinless
Always smiling
Always conscious of the probing
Finger-pointing eye of the camera

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* with thanks to Ronald Peat for his critique

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A Lesson In Clockwork

Sorrow is the slow hands of time

Joy is the second hand ticking

Time we must endure

And time we must stall for the keeping

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Absent

I'm with the devil

I'm in hell

But nobody knows I'm there

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Afternoon Shadows

The late sun turned two birds into four

In the glare they all seem like shadows

But the sun will never foretell tomorrow

It is the night that will teach us about sorrow

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Alter Ego

She's larger-than-life
She's bolder
She takes more risks
She's wilder
She doesn't disappoint
... my imagination!

She takes me to far-flung places
Never afraid to take chances
And never ever ends up feeling sorry

She's young and reckless
(She's hot and restless)
Sometimes I can't help but worry
When she takes me on a ride
... my imagination-gone-wild!

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Anything And Everything (The Romantic)

For love...

I will do anything and everything

I will do all I am capable of

I will try to do the impossible

If I have to die- I shall

For love

But only for love....

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Barely Writing

Oh my god
Why am I doing this
Writing poetry
And giving away
my secrets

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Black Crow (The Outsider) * Inspired By A Poem By Jasmin Whyte

(inspired by the poem 'Doves Dream' by Jasmin Whyte;
please read 1st comment below on how this poem came about)

The black crow
Through the window
Watching you write a poem
About a white dove
Dreaming of peace
And all good things
That can possibly be

The black crow
Is my heart
Dreaming of
becoming a dove
Dreaming of being
part of that world

The black crow
Through the window
Trying to dream
To imagine
What it is to love

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Cheshire Smile

(with apologies to Leonardo da Vinci)

What is it with the Cheshire Cat
and that confounding smile
That so beguiled me long ago as a child
Unlike Mona Lisa's, it remains a mystery
Between the Cheshire Cat
And now the grown-up me

What is it about that maddening
maddening! smile
After all these years
After all this time...

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(the Cheshire Cat is a character in Lewis Carroll's book 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, ' a book that has made a lasting impact on me more than any other book read as a child)

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Dawn's Awakening (Inspired By A Poem By Jasmin Whyte)

(inspired by the poem 'Overcome' by Jasmin Whyte)

When was the last time I witnessed the dawn
when I was actually there to feel it enter my skin
and pierce me through to my spirit

When was the last time I felt awe
and surrendered and succumbed to it
When was the last time I believed it

Too long, too long I've been cloaked in darkness
How I long once more to be in the arms of it
To be awakened by its kiss
and gently aroused from my sleep

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Day Of Empty

I hope it's still far away
That day
When I will stare blankly at a page
Empty, waiting
And I,
not being able to write anything

For that would be the day I died
When I can or no longer
want to write
When the blank page remains white
Looking back at me
achingly, knowing it's that day
... of empty

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Don'T You Dare!

Don't you dare, love
Don't you dare
Come to me at this late hour

Don't you dare, love
Please, not now
Not at this ungrateful hour

Not after dreams have forsaken me
Not after hope has betrayed me
Not after fate has
stared at me with scorn
Not after I've lost,
not after I've mourned

Don't be cruel, love
Don't be crude
There is nothing more
I want from you

Not after I've wrapped my heart
and made my bed
Not after I've vowed to give
my soul some rest

Don't you dare, love
Don't you dare
Not at this forgotten hour

Don't you see
Oh, can't you see
The walls are bare
Surrounding me

Don't you dare love
No! not now
Not at this ungodly hour!

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Fatad Accident

There was no way to escape your smile

My heart was set in free motion

Fantasy now seems strange and distant

With our nearness creating this friction

I was starting to believe

I would never find true love

Little did I know....

How fantastic!

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Note: I wrote this poem as an entry to a contest created by . The contest was to use 10 words in a poem, namely:

smile - heart - escape - fantasy - believe - little - motion - fantastic - distant - friction

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Fetish

I want to kiss those hands

Those big strong hands

With veins like pathways

Fiercely trodden

Those hands that hold me, protect me

Conquer and subdue me

Those hands that caress and seduce me

Grip me, burn me!

Those hands that soothe and relax me

Love and revere me

And fold me and gently

Lull me to sleep

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He Made Me

He made me stop... and listen to a leaf fall

The sun burn... the grass grow

He made me stop ...and listen to the ripple,

the echo...the shadow

He made me stop... and listen to my heart

How it breathes, what it needs

He stopped me on my tracks - there is no turning back, I am

.... mesmerized by him

The hypnotist... from afar

... whispering words

... that cling to my heart

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Home (A Nightmare Named Desire)

Are you a dream, a fantasy
A harbinger of insanity
Have I gone mad
Are you real
What are you doing here

Are you a ghost
Without a soul
Are you that bottomless hole
Have you pulled me down to deep
Am I now too out of reach

So is it now just me and you
Or are you leaving me too
Abandoned, all alone
Or have you come
To take me home

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If I Were An Object

If I were an object
I would be a guitar
So that my man would hold me
Close to his heart

He'll hold me, carress me
Touch me, fondle me
And I'll have no recourse but to sing
The sweetest song he'll ever hear

If I were an object of desire
I'd be his guitar
For I know he will never go far

I'll be his sole obsession
a life-long affliction
Subject to his unwavering
affection and dedication

I will conquer his soul
He will be my possession
In return I will grant him
His longed-for absolution

And he will never want to put me down
For he can never get enough of that sound

The notes he'll never reach
The song that makes him weep
The sound of a woman...
... still sighing... while he sleeps....

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In Life And Poetry (For Sandra Fowler)

Let me be your friend
If not in life
Than in poetry

I will be your friend
(You do not need to ask me)

Let us share our pain and loneliness
Let us share our hopes, our happiness
Let us share our tears, our fears
Let us remind each other why we're here

Let us share our fervid dreams
Let us share our haunting memories....

...virgin snow.... pale light on blue windows....
stricken leaves, hurtling down a December stream...

Let us write our fervent lines
In search of the sublime
Let us read our humble rhymes
In praise of the Divine

Yes, Sandra...
I will be your friend
For Poetry ... for Life

In Poetry
And yes... in Life

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Mercy Killing

My heart still beats
But no one hears
Soon it will be still

My blood still flows
But it is cold
I know the end is near

What am I living for, breathing for
I don't need the answer anymore

They say 'Mercy heals'
I pray 'Mercy kills'

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Now (Or Never)

Behold me now
Before I vanish like a cloud
And fade into shadows of oblivion

Touch me now
Partake a bit of me
And make it yours to last for eternity

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Parting Is Not Sweet Sorrow

In the fading light I watch you wave goodbye

As shadows fall upon you I cry

As the dark of night descends

I lay my heavy head

And pray, dear God

Bring him back, my breath!

Or take me now

For I'm as good as dead

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Sonya Florentino

Pillow Comfort (Bitter-Sweet Regret)

I'm not done with you, my dear, no, not yet
Still can't forget you, my bitter-sweet regret
I still remember your smile and sweet embrace
As I hold your soft warm pillow to my face

The tears still fall, I am sad to say
I still dream about you both night and day
Oh I still miss you, my bitter-sweet regret
I clutch your pillow, yes, still soaking wet!

Sonya Florentino

Poem From Titles (Destroyer, Muse, Metaphor)

THE DESTROYER

Like life... the destroyer... he made me...absent...
knowing...at the finish... anything and everything...
from big to small...nothing...nothing is sacred...
what for why... the search...the connection...
small deaths...dead stars...mercy killing...
now or never...goodbye forever...the end...

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MUSE

Enigma....
wonderment...
you are....
gold....the prize...
my muse.....
beautiful....heartbeat....
Listen...
magic happens...

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METAPHOR

Day of empty...
lament in silence....
barely writing.....notes for leaving.....
a living will.....

by the second line...
a sudden turn...a poem writes itself...

His life as a poem....
a lesson for living....
metaphor...

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Note:

The poems above are made entirely from titles of my poems. I got the idea from the poem "Tying Up My Titles in a Titillating Way" by Shornjoe Crockpotter.

Sonya Florentino

Premonition

You made me smile
A thousand miles foreshortened by a word
You made me sigh
Through murky oceans deep I know you heard

Though love is yet unspoken
I already heard your song
I know to whom it once belonged

My heart - you have already won
My soul - already is yours
Our life - already has begun
My love, my love
We already are one

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Pussycat

(inspired by the poem 'Cat Woman' by Eddie Roa)

Her soft paws
Are for show ...

Beware!
BEWARE!
She has claws!
CLAWS!

Lest you forget
And then regret
Playing with her

(you know... ;)

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Rapture (The Celebration)

Why is everything so difficult
What is wrong with me
Or is everyone pretending
That life is easy

Why is life so lonely
Is it really that bad
Everyone else is laughing
Has the whole world gone mad

The moon is blue, the sky is red
And everyone is dancing
It seems no one understands
That the end is coming

Or maybe I'm wrong, maybe they do
Should I join them too - and
Dance! Dance! Dance!
Until the sky falls through

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Small Deaths

Everytime you hurt me is like small deaths
But I just hold my breath

Everytime you love me is like small deaths
And then I live again

Everytime you touch me is like small deaths
You put me to the test

The last time that you'll touch me
I will know to hold it till the Next

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Soul Travel (Freedom)

It was a dream fantastic

A night of magic

The day I flew

Over mountains

And found you

Sonya Florentino

Soup For Dinner

If you don't mind I'd like to finish the soup
To the very last drop
Can I have more bread to mop it up?

I came to dinner late you see
It was my own mistake (I do procrastinate)
So I don't know if can make it to the main course
Much less dessert

So let me finish my soup
And savor it, relish it
Get the most I can out of it
Soup is good, it feeds the soul
(I may not even need much more)

So let me finish my soup
Who knows if I will ever taste the fruit

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Sonya Florentino

Standstill

Wheels are turning
Clocks are ticking
But everything stands still
Whenever you're here

Tides rise, tides fall
The planets revolve
Everything as before
The moment you go

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Starry Night

To dream
What for
Disappointment on hold
Life unfolds
Another star falls
On my lap

Another one that didn't last
Quickly turning into dust
So fast
The dream
The star
Was all it was, dust

What more follows
The night sky still sparkles
Beckoning, inviting
Promising tomorrow
Another star
A billion more
For sorrow

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The Destroyer

What was I to you

Nothing

Like the wind

In passing

And you... to me

A fire

That ravaged

Everything

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The Teacher

You taught me how to fly

above the skies...

Yes, you!

YOU! You without wings!

You taught me how to fly

Beyond dreams

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Sonya Florentino

Transient

I haven't heard from you in quite a while
Makes me wonder if you're still alive
Or is your absence - this silence
Your way of saying goodbye

For my peace of mind I'd like to know
Should I wait or should I let go
So tell me, are you still alive
So I'll know whether to laugh or cry

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Sonya Florentino

Yesterday's Rain

The grass is red

where the flowers had fallen from the trees

The earth still wet

The air still damp and heavy

The wind is calm... the sun is coming out again

But deep in my soul

It rains from dusk til dawn

For you, my love, yesterday never ends

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(mis) Taken

I fell in love with the one

you were in love with

How could I not fall in love with you

You confused me

I could not separate the two

The guitar from the hands that played it

The music from the man... I should have known!

You were already taken

Sonya Florentino

* Beauty Unearthed

There was a glint, a hint
That there was something buried underneath
Under layers thick
I saw a glimpse... of a sparkle

I had to chip away the earth, the rock
The sand, the stone

Scrape off the mud, the clay
the flesh, the bone

I had to wipe off the blood, the tears
Mourn the loss, face the fear

Little by little, I chip at the brittle
Earth, and rock, and sand and stone
Mud, and clay, and dust-bone
Until at last I uncovered it all

The untarnished
The beautiful
Diamond Whole

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* Crybaby

Does the weather make me suffer more than anyone

Was a dark cloud assigned to hound me

Does the rain fall heaviest on where I stand

Is the sun's ire directed straight at me

Was the cold wind told I must be followed

Was the snowstorm summoned to bury me

Is the weather really cruel or am I just a

crybaby! : (

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* Love Must Find Me Now (Lyrics)

Is it destined, I want to know
Are you heaven's answer, please tell me so
Cuz I can't go wrong, this time around
Love must find me now

Is it truly, written in the stars
That you'll never leave
and leave me with a scar
It's been always wrong, it can't be right
Love must find me now

Take me in your arms
and keep me there for always
Won't you show me how
Find me now, before I lose my way

Is it finally coming true for me
What I hope to live for
Love to turn the key
It's been so long, it can't go on
Love must find me now

Is it finally coming true for me
What I've always dreamed of
Love that's meant to be
I've been so alone, I need someone
Love must find me...
Love must find me...
Love must find me now

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Music & Lyrics by Sonya Florentino

Sonya Florentino

... Free-Fall

Do I really want to write poems
Do I really want this at all
Do I really want to show my pain
Do I really not feel ashamed

Do I really want to state my name
Do I really want to make that claim
Do I really know what it takes
Do I really want to make mistakes

Do I really want to write poems
Do I really want to tell it all
Do I really want to think out loud
Do I really want to be that strong

Do I really want to write poems
Do I really want to sing my song
Do I really want to give it all
Do I really want to tear my soul

Do I want to hear the thornbird sing
Do I really know where I am going
Do I really want to take that fall
Do I know what she is singing for

Do I really want to write poems
Do I really want to seize the sun
Am I really not afraid of burning till I'm gone
Not afraid of burning with the sun

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Sonya Florentino

~ A Mountain To Climb

I don't know what I'm holding on to

I only know I want to let go

My fingers are bleeding

My hands are slipping

My body is breaking

My spirit wearing... my foothold

Is gone

I don't know what I'm holding on for

I am blinded by my tears

Crippled by doubt and fear

Is this a mountain I must climb?

What is it I hope to find?

But I've made up my mind

I want to get to the other side

I'm not blindly holding on

I am holding on ... for dear life

This is a mountain I must climb

This is a mountain...

And I will survive.

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~ I'M Gonna Want You (Lyrics)

Do you want me like I want you
And would you tell me if you could
Do you want it as much as I do
Tell me does it hurt you like it should

If the yearning keeps you up at night
You know where to find me I won't run and hide
Forgive me my baby I know it ain't right
But I can't help you til you say you're mine

I'm gonna want you til you're not afraid to fall
I'm gonna want you til you've broken down those walls
I'm gonna want you til you surrender to the force
Til you say it 'take me, I'm yours'

Do you ever feel something's not quite right
Are you sure you got everything you desire
Or is there a hunger you're trying to deny
Surely, it's eating you alive

I'm gonna want you til you're right here by my side
I'm gonna want you til you fill this void inside
I'm gonna want you til you show me what it's like
To be one with you tonight

I'm gonna want you til you're knocking on my door
I'm gonna want you til you're crawling on all fours
I'm gonna want you til you can't fight it anymore
Til you give me... your heart and soul
Til you say the words... 'free me, I'm yours'

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~ Love Is A Memory

Happiness is a memory
But what if I forget
Will I then be left with loneliness

Will loss of memory be akin to death
More or less

Or as long as I am breathing
Am I a human being
But being what
If I can no longer be touched
By anyone, or anything

Unconscious of love
Or the absence thereof

Forgetting who I was, who I am
Who I want to become
Forgetting what I had, what I have
What I still want

Forgetting love, forgetting life
Forgetting why I live
breath... dream
Forgetting me
Forgetting God

Love is a memory
Will God take pity
... and set me free

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~ Naked Into Night

I don't know what to wear for you tonight
Clothes strewn upon the bed
It seems I'll have to come to you
Naked instead

I expect you to be likewise so
No more masks, no more shadows
Tonight will be the final curtain call
We rise or we fall

I have nothing new to wear for you tonight
So let me come as I am
I hope you'll be as brave and naked
Like the sun

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~ Unconditional

Is it so wrong to love him
I ask nothing in return
Just my memory of him
to live on and burn

Is it so wrong to keep him
The young man I once knew
Surely he can't hurt me
like you do

I know I should stop loving him
Unconditionally
But how can I
if he won't set me free

I know I should stop keeping him
in my heart
But he's been there for so long
Entrenched in all the parts

I know I should stop loving him
And leave him to the past
But how can I
hurt him like that

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+ Winter's Chill

I still can't get used to the cold
It still chills me to the bone
No matter how thick my coat
Or how many winters I've known

It reminds me that I'm all alone
It reminds me that I'm far from home
It reminds me that I am getting old

And that days will be shorter than nights
And the sun will no longer shine bright
And the years - life -
will go by faster than I'd like

With nothing to hold back time
but the memory of your smile
A flickering fire

I thought I'd get used to the cold
but I have not
I still recoil and shiver from its touch

I thought I'd be used to it by now
I'm afraid I haven't learned how

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A Delicate Balance

I think I understand life
a little bit more
It's not such a mystery after all

It's all about

Night and Day
Dark and Light
Good and Bad
Wrong and Right

Joy and Pain
Loss and Gain
Old and Young
Weak and Strong

Hard and Soft
Yin and Yang
And me...
Toterring in between

Sonya Florentino

A Dream-Life

What if I didn't exist
Or was not really me
What if my whole life
Was just me dreaming me

What if I wake up
A different time, a different place
Will the dream-of-me
Slowly fade away

Or will she haunt me
To this very day

Sonya Florentino

A Gentleman Poet (A Re-Post)

He chooses his words with a careful hand

He shifts them slowly from palm to palm

He weighs them, smells them

Gently brushes the dust off them

He looks at them with a discerning eye

Arranges them from left to right

He listens to them, whispers to them

Through the evening he will make love to them

Come morning with a grateful heart

He'll tell them they must soon depart

And with a gentle shove and smile

He'll watch them as they wave goodbye

And then he starts to cry

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A Hard Goodbye

I will not cry when you leave
I will suffer, I will die
But for you... I will smile

So you'll remember me happy
So that goodbye will be easy
So you can finally leave me behind

Sonya Florentino

A Lesson In Living

(with thanks to Mifael)

The light said STOP
But I did NOT

The light said GO
But I was GONE

HIT! by a TRUCK
KILLED! on the SPOT

Where I shouldn't have been
If I but

STOPPED.

But I did NOT...
No time to STOP...

So much for LUCK
So, too! the TRUCK

Sonya Florentino

A Living Will

If I'm no longer inspired
Consider me dead
If I'm no longer in love
Put me to bed!

If I no longer write
I have lost my love for life
Go ahead
Consider me dead!

Now if I'm still breathing
and still have all three
and suddenly stop breathing
Resuscitate me!

Yes if I'm still breathing
in love, inspired and writing
I'm still alive!
Still alive!

Sonya Florentino

A Mountain Review

Slowly...
the mountain
came into view
Until it was right there
Looming
Over you

Larger than life...
Blocking the air
The sky...the sun
Overwhelming...
Blocking your world
Your view, and you
From everyone

But as soon as you pass it
It starts to become small
Smaller and smaller
Until it's but a fleck
In the landscape
On your rear-view mirror

That's what I learned about mountains

They will disappear from view

And if you look ahead in the distance

You will finally see

You

Sonya Florentino

A Poem Writes Itself

A poem writes itself
I merely follow
As it leads me
through the shadows

A poem seeks itself
And the light
I'll surrender ...I write

A poem finds a way to be heard-
I try to remember each word from my
mouth to my ears to my hands
Then, to the world's

A poem finds a voice
I become, pen and paper

A poem makes a choice
I, the ghostwriter

Sonya Florentino

A Question Of Happiness

I should be happy
with my moments of bliss
Some people don't know what it is

I should be happy
with my visions of light
Some people only see the night

I should be happy
with my journey through life
And all that I've realized

I should be happy
with my experience of God
of love
and all that I have

Sonya Florentino

A Quiet Sound

Peace is the sound of the wind rustling

Heard despite the din

of motors running,

horns blaring,

cell-phones ringing,

people babbling

End of a work-week clamoring

It was a sound whispering in my ear

A reminder

Soft but amazingly clear

Sonya Florentino

A Sudden Rain

The fog turned everything gray
There was nowhere to escape
I tried to run but it caught me by the tail

The tears suddenly fall, I couldn't see
at all, before I could reach the front door
it poured... I crawl in
shivering cold

Sonya Florentino

A Swan Song Reverie

She wears her hair up high
like a dancer
Could she be one?
Her neck long and lovely
graceful as a swan

The way she walks
she glides like she's on water
Never looks down
As if she knows that once she does
she'll never be found

Sonya Florentino

Abby Normal

I always saw myself as Abby Normal
Never at home in the norm
I always saw myself as Abby Normal
Always all alone

I always felt a little paranormal
Always out of place
I always felt a little paranormal
Lost in a haze

I always saw the world a bit surreal
Like waking in a dream
I always saw the world a bit surreal
But couldn't scream

I always knew myself as Abby Normal
Thou that is not my name
I still knew I was really Abby Normal
Just the same

I know I always will be Abby Normal
Nothing's really changed
I always will be Abby Normal but
I've learned to play the Game

Sonya Florentino

Accidental

It can't be accidental
It must have been fate
If it was accidental
Then it's just a big mistake

But if it's true coincidence
That led me to you
Then surely there's nothing wrong
In loving you

Nothing is accidental
And nothing too late
I'm grateful
For my accidental fate

Sonya Florentino

Adieu Adieu

Life is day
And death the night

Light and dark's
Eternal strife

Soon it comes
That moonless night

Adieu Adieu
Oh flower!

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Aerrenfyrre (Mars & Mercury)

You are the a i r ethereal
The quick! ephemeral
The a i r - the wind - the sky!
I am the flame! fanatical
The hot! insatiable
The un! controllable fire!

We two are Mars and Mercury
Aerrenfyrre too much! -too quick! -too soon!
Will you still put me out
Or will you f~a~n the flames
And shoot! me to the moon!

You are the a i r ethereal
The fleeting ephemeral
and I your dream's desire
I am the b-l-a-z-e unstoppable
The heat! un*bear*a*ble
And you! ... my funeral pyre!

Sonya Florentino

Ain'T Worth The Blues (Lyrics)

When I woke up this morning
I found myself alone
When the sun came out shining
His love for me was gone
He knew I wanted more
But that's as far as he'll go
Well, I won't miss him, no

He ain't worth the blues, ain't worth the blues at all
Ain't worth the blues, ain't worth the blues, no no
It's true he broke my heart
And that's as far as it goes
He can't hurt me no more

Now the blues they may get me
As for him he's dead and gone
Yes the blues are forever
And life carries on
It's true he broke my heart
But he ain't got my soul
True he broke my heart
And that's as far as it goes
He ain't worth the blues
Aint worth the blues at all

Sonya Florentino

Almost

I can almost feel you
taste you smell
your skin
your sweat
your hair
your perfume everywhere

I can almost feel you
kissing me tonight
I can almost feel you
touching me just right

I can almost hear your heart
Beating just like mine
I can almost hear us breathing
breathing, breathe in time

I can almost feel you with me
in me deep inside i can swear you're
in me in me till I cry...

I can almost hear you whisper
whisper... dear goodnight

I know I'll be sleeping sleeping
well tonight... well tonight... well ...

Sonya Florentino

Ami~tala~tess (To My Three Nieces)

~Amihan, Amihan the quiet one
She with nary a hair undone
Amihan, Amihan the wise one
Who changed the colors of the sun

Amihan, Amihan the silent one
You cannot tell what she has done
She's brought the earth to the moon
The moon to the sun

~Tala, Tala on the go
There's just one thing you should know
Make sure you look right and left
Make sure you don't miss a step

You have dreams and big ideas
They can never be too big for ya
But there's a time to just slow down
So you can feel them in-the-round

Tala, Tala on the go
Dreams will follow follow follow

~Tess, Tess delica-tesse
You're the absolute actress
I saw you dance when you were three
Sent a shiver down through me

Was it for real or make-believe
Those little tears, that dance of grief
Was it the music that made you cry
Until now I wonder why

Tess, Tess, delica-tess
You are a genuine artiste!

Sonya Florentino

An Uneasy Prey (To The Poemhunter)

I am not alone
There is someone behind the door
Someone is watching me
Through the window

There is writing on the wall
A hunter is on the prowl

Waiting in the shadows
Waiting for me to follow
Waiting for me to open my world
And to him an offering of my heart

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Sonya Florentino

Ang Pagbabalik (Return Trip)

Babalik ako sa aking Tahanan
Babalik ako sa aking Pinagmulan
Babalik ako sa Kapangyarihan
Sa May Walang Hanggan

Babalik ako at hihintayin
Ang dapat mapasa-akin

Babalik ako sa Unang Araw
Sa Unang Buwan, sa Unang Bituwin
Babalik ako sa Kauna-unahang Paningin

Babalik ako sa aking Bayan
Bayan na Pawang Kagandahan
Babalik ako sa Bayan
Ng Kawala-walang Kasalanan

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(this is a sort of translation or an off-shoot of my original poem in English titled 'Return Trip')

Sonya Florentino

April's Song

(with thanks to Sandra Fowler, for reminding me of the beautiful month of April)

I am the beginning
I am the start
I am the awakening
I am the spark

I am the seed
I am the urge
I am the promise
of rebirth

I am the journey
Without end
I am the circle
Once again

I am peace
After the storm
I am warmth
After the cold

I am the flower
Under the snow
I am the green
After the thaw

I am Spring

I am Hope

I am earth's Eternal Song
Come April...

I'm coming back home

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Sonya Florentino

Asking Answers

Many of my poems start with questions
Many of them start with a 'why'
I learn that I find the answers
Once I write the final line

Some of them end with a question
And I know that is good
Sometimes the best answer is
Knowing you should

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Sonya Florentino

At The Finish

Can't keep up with the dust
Can't get rid of the rust
Can't run faster than fast
Can't keep time in a glass
Dreams go by in a blink
Disappear in a wink
Every star in the sky
Just a dream in the night
And if all things shall pass
Surely sadness comes last
Crying at the finish...

Sonya Florentino

Bakit Pa?

Bakit mo hinimas ang aking puso
Kung di naman kita mahahagkan
Bakit mo ako pinapahirapan
Ba't di mo na lang ako pakawalan

Bakit mo hinaplos ang aking kaluluwa
Kung di naman ako mamahalin
Bakit ako umiibig sa may walang damdamin

Bakit mo ako pinaparusahan
Ikaw ba'y aking nasaktan
Mayroon ba akong kasalanan
Na di ko nalalaman

Bakit ako umiibig
Kung ito'y napakasakit
Bakit ba? bakit pa!
Kung ganito lang na sawi

Bakit ba? bakit pa!
Kung hindi maaari

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Sonya Florentino

Bare-Back Rider (A Lucid Dream)

He was a stallion
A big black horse, I was
Astride his back, muscular, bare
Hanging on to mere tufts
of his shiny black hair

I don't know how I got there
It seemed like a dream
Me on this big horse galloping
through a dark forest thick with trees
with gnarly branches reaching for me

Terrified I crouch as low as I can
Try to grip the horse's flesh
but I couldn't so I hold on
to his mane for dear life
and with a prayer I close my eyes
Don't throw me off
Don't let this forest take me
Don't leave me here
This nightmare will devour me

Please go slow dear horse
Don't stumble and fall
Be careful of the rocks
And branches hanging low

But he would not go slow, oh no!
He was on a mission
To where I didn't know
I had no choice but to hold on
Clinging for my life
Praying the branches won't
Hit him in the eyes

So I stay there like that, eyes shut
My body as close to to his as I could get
My face pressed to his neck
I cry, wracked with fear

Certain I would die right there

After a while, after what seemed like ages
And nothing happening
Only the sound of hoofs
and the wind whipping
I suddenly realize...

This horse is bigger than me
If the branches don't hit him
How can they hit me
He is not afraid of the dark
If he's not afraid of dying
Why should I be

Slowly I sit upright
Slowly I open my eyes
The scenery had changed
The rider and the horse are now
One and the same

Sonya Florentino

Barren Beauty

The bare trees look beautiful against the sky

Why should I cry

Winter too is simply passing by.....

Sonya Florentino

Be That Lover (Lyrics)

Will you be that lover I've been waiting for
Will you be that lover who will take me home
Will you be my other, will you hold my hand
When I say forever will you understand

Tell me you're the one, be that lover
Tell me you're the one, now and forever
Tell me all my lonely days are gone
Tell me you're the one

Will you be the answer I 've been trying to find
Will you be my savior when I fall from the sky
Will you bring me laughter when I feel like crying
Bring me tomorrow so I'll keep on trying

Tell me you're the one, don't say maybe
Tell me you're the one, whose love will save me
Tell me all my lonely days are gone
Tell me you're the one

Will you be no stranger
Will you always care
Will you be my shelter will you always be there
Lover till the end, till the end...

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Sonya Florentino

Beautiful

I'd like to live in a world
Where everthing is intrinsically beautiful
Where nothing is intrinsically bad
And no one is intrinsically sad

I'd live to live in a world
Where everything is as beautiful
as a bird flying free flying high
Against a beautiful permanent sky

Sonya Florentino

Beauty Revisited

I never held beauty in my hands
So I pretend
And for awhile
She looks lovely again

Smooth skin, bright eyes, dark hair
You would have fallen in love with her

But of course that is all gone
She will never return
But my memory still burns
For what her young warm flesh yearns

Sonya Florentino

Besides Air

Besides air

Water

Besides water

Love

Besides love

Nothing

Nothing else matters

Sonya Florentino

Bitter Love

Why can't I write about anything else but you
This can't be writer's block I'm going through
If you're my muse, I'm not amused
I'm getting tired of you
There must be things more interesting than you!

Why can't I dream of anything else but you
I can't go on just dreaming of us two
Honestly, I'm getting bored
I don't know what I'm sleeping for
If I can't get any rest from you!

Why can't I think of anything else but you
I'm so confused I don't know what to do
I meditate on other things
I've tried about most everything
But still my thoughts keep coming back to you!

Why can't I love anyone else but you
It's cruel what you're putting me through
It's maddening, I'm suffering
I just don't have a clue
Why I'm still so in love with you!

Why can't I live for anything else but you
I know it sounds pathetic but it's true
The mere thought of losing you
Remembering and missing you
God knows I'd don't know what I'd do
Life would have no meaning without you!

Why can't I write of anything else but you
It isn't funny what I'm going through
God knows how much I'm suffering
But He cannot do anything
Only you can truly set me free
Tell me we're not meant to be
Tell me that you don't love me
The bitter truth - the truth -

and set me free! ! !

Sonya Florentino

Bus Write

I love riding on a bus
I've written many poems on a bus
I think it's the motion
The constant stop and go
I think it's the jolts that I need
The sound and the rhythm of the street

I love writing poems on a bus
Sometimes it makes me miss my stop
But if a poem is done
I'm glad to turn around
And wait for another one on track
There's always another one coming back

Sonya Florentino

By The Second Line

The drawing came back
Like a second line of a poem
My throat grew tight, chills
ran down my spine

I remember I was once
spellbound by a child's drawing
of earth and sky... water and light
Her deft hands and inner eye
capturing dream and reality
the transparent duality
There in the surface of the lake
in that thin layer of reflection

The green in the trees, the blue in the sky
The gleam in the lake, the sun's golden eye

The drawing was a poem
that awakened my heart
A déjà vu of sorts
A painting in verse
mirror a picture in words
Interchangeable
the vision
mine and hers
One and the same
both recognizing
that face without name
□
Same lake, same vision
A third eye's inward reflection

I returned to the drawing in a flash
My eyes ripple life... my smile
Widening like the sky

* with much thanks to Ronald Peat for challenging me to re-write
'Spellbound' and to capture epiphanies

By The Stove

I don't know why I always burn myself
by the stove
While cooking
Even while boiling water

I always tell myself
It can't be that hot
So sans protection
I attempt, bare hands

I always seem to forget
the last time I got burned
The last time I got hurt

I don't know if I'm stubborn
or foolish, or both

And so I do it again
And guess what? get burned
Scorched, scalded, hurt
I seem to forget the last time
I was tempted, then regret

I don't know why I always burn myself
by the stove

And every time, each time
scorned
by hope

Sonya Florentino

Cat Envy

I wish I were a cat
content and proud
At peace with the world

I wish I were as wise and see
There's more to life
than meets the eye

I wish I were a cat
who's seen it all
And knows exactly
how the big ball rolls

I wish I were a cat
(If I ever come back!)

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Sonya Florentino

Coming Home April

Cold dark rain
Upon my face erase the tears
A biting wind whips
And blows away my fears

The lightning strikes
But I keep forging on
Cracking thunder seethes
But I don't hear a sound

The shadows fall as
Darkness conquers everything
But I walk on and keep
Remembering
April's song playing in my mind
Guided by a sliver of moonlight

Soon I know the moon will lose the fight
But April's song will carry me
through the night
Or maybe not, the storm may take its toll
But I don't care
To April I belong

Sonya Florentino

Cries The Wind Chimes

hear the wind chimes
a song so sweet
each time the wind comes by
to visit

once he's gone
she's silent again
and that's when I hear her
the loudest

Sonya Florentino

Dead Stars

I didn't know they were dead stars
Was I praying to the dark
Following the wrong charts
Leading further from the heart

Was I simply going nowhere
Stranded in the past
Making all the wrong turns
Tripping, tripping on my tracks

Lost in the dark
But I know I'll find my way
I don't want to stay
In the dark
Where it seems I've been everywhere
But nowhere near the heart
Lost from the start

I have to learn to listen
To my heart and nothing else
I'll have to cross the distance
Before I can be myself
Find myself, free myself

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Sonya Florentino

Death On The Seashore (A Re-Post)

The waves lap against me
Gently, carressingly
Like a lover beckoning me
To lie in his arms
To dance with the rhythm of the sea

But I feel not the caress
And know not of love
For it is in death that I wake up
And in death that I sleep

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Death Watch

It's not that the world is getting colder
It's just me, getting older

Or that the nights are getting longer
Oh no! , it's just me being alone

It's not that life itself is getting shorter
No, no, no!

It's just me
approaching the bend

and realizing
how near the end!

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Deja Vu (A Prayer)

I know you've saved me once before
Will you do it again
It seems I've reached another road
Again, a dead-end

You showed me I was wrong before
Took me by the hand
You made me see the light of day
So I could start again

I think I've gone this way before
Tell me if I'm right
Tell me I can get through this
That I can win this fight

I know I've walked this path before
And you were there for me
So once again I say this prayer
For you to rescue me

I'm sure I've made this turn before
Tell me I am wrong
Tell me I can always find my way
back Home

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Dial-Up Dialogue

Can you be more obvious
Can you give me more clues
Can you not be so mysterious

Can you be more present
Be more real
Can you make me feel like
You're really here

Can you be less silent
Call my name
Warn me before
I make mistakes

Can you be less distant
Reach out more
Don't be a once-upon-a-time
Visitor

Can you be more patient
With someone like me
Who needs a personal
I.T.

Can you be more understanding
and help me please
Make broadband work for real

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Dirty Secret

He touched her when he shouldn't have
Made her feel so very bad
He touched her and made her keep
A dirty secret

He took a little girl and gave her
Something that she's never had
A living, breathing waking nightmare

I was mad, and I was sad
But I am so much stronger
I've taken back that little girl
And we are starting over

Life was sad, life was bad
But now it's finally over
He never touched my little soul
I hid it under covers

Sonya Florentino

Discovery Day

I remember then with the same power
Feeling out of breath just like now
Heart beating like I just ran a mile
Feeling like the luckiest girl alive

I remember not knowing whether to laugh or cry
And not really understanding why
I remember feeling it must be a dream
Everything just too beautiful to be real

I remember my head reeling, ears ringing
Heart heaving, stomach turning
I remember thinking this can't go on
Or my heart would burst like the sun

I remember then like it was now
I remember then to the very hour
And yes it hasn't lost its power
The day I was touched
And burned
The day when
Happiness returned

That strange day
I fell in love

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Dog Trick #1 & #2

Dog Trick #1 (Puppy Eyes)

How can a dog... make you smile
A wretched old dog with puppy eyes
How can a dog make you want to cry
Lying there knowing he's about to die

How can a dog make you think of Life
of the After-Life, and Other Lives
How can a dog make you realize...

How can a dog with puppy eyes
Looking at you trying not to cry
How can a dog with puppy eyes
Smiling goodbye

Dog Trick #2 (Wag the Tail)

I was in the park walking the dog today
When I saw a couple both with walking canes
A shopping bag between them they were bent and old
But suddenly they changed when they saw my happy dog

Whose tail was wagging back and forth so furiously
Indeed he kind of looked delirious to me
It made them laugh and smile it brought tears to my eyes
This couple still worthy of life
So eager and willing to smile

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Sonya Florentino

Don'T Love You No More (Lyrics)

Take off the mask
Spare me the smile
I don't want to hear your alibi

Come out of the dark
Show me your eyes
And don't sing me no sweet lullabys

Cuz I won't take it no more
No need to fake it no more
Your lies don't work cuz I don't love you... anymore
Don't love you no more
Can't hurt me....

It's plain to see
I was blind
You made me believe that you were mine

I di'nt wanna lose you
But it's time
So though it's not easy I'm saying goodbye

Cuz I won't take it no more
Don't try to tempt me no more
Your lies don't work cuz I don't love you... anymore
Don't love you no more
Can't hurt me no more
Don't love you... don't love you...
No more....

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Music & Lyrics by Sonya Florentino

(if you want to hear this as a song, go to [YouTube](#), then on the search box type: watch?v=f7dVfEUhVB0

Sonya Florentino

Doors And Mirrors

We close doors
to lock ourselves in
or lock ourselves out
To keep things in
and keep things out

Knock-knock:

Who's there?

- 'You! '

Me?

- 'Yes, you! '

Who ARE you?

- 'Me? You! I am you! '

That can't be, I am me.

Once again, who ARE you?

- 'Well, if you just let me in.....I'd show you! '

Mirror, mirror on the wall

Who's that knocking on my door?

What? You DON'T hear it at all?

Sonya Florentino

Dream Bed

The rain falls heavy on my shoulders
The wind keeps blowing to the west
I have to fight to keep from falling
My faith in you my only strength

The road looms dark, cold and lonely
I can't see much of what's ahead
But I know I must keep believing
And you will take care of the rest

The snow weighs heavy on my shoulders
The cold has seeped into my chest
But I find comfort in your promise that
In heaven lies a bed
With a blanket warm as red
And the softest cloud to cradle my head

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Sonya Florentino

Dreaming Like Alice

I was Alice in Wonderland
Lost in a dream
Lost in a world of imaginings

Like Alice I felt too little
And sometimes too big
Like Alice I never did fit

I was Alice day-dreaming
Of cat-smiling teeth
And running after a rabbit
With a ticking time-piece

I was Alice in Wonderland
Who forgot the world at large
But found a world
More wondrous by far

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Sonya Florentino

Earthbound

Earth is much too crowded for me
Earth is much too noisy for me
Earth is much too dirty for me
Earth is much too much for me

Earth is much too cold
Earth is much too hot
Earth is much too painful to touch

Earth is much too wet
Earth is much too dry
Earth is much too damaged it makes me cry

Sometimes I want to ride with the wind
Sometimes I want to fly and be free

But earth is where I am
Earth is where I stand
And if I fall
It's still on earth I land

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Sonya Florentino

Embrace

I embrace the fear
For soon I'll leave them here
I embrace the doubts
For soon all will be clear
I embrace the night
For soon it will be day
Again
As always

I embrace the dark
For soon there will be light
I embrace the void
For soon there will be love
I embrace the pain
For soon I will be saved
Again,
As always

I embrace the now
For soon it will be gone
I embrace the past
And all that's yet to come
I embrace this life
For soon I'll embrace death
And embrace it fully
With my last breath

Sonya Florentino

Empty Fill

With the passing of the years
Does it disappear
The hunger I feel
I'm tired of this burning
Searing pangs of empty
□
Tired of waiting for nothing to come true
Wasting time waiting for nothing from you

With the passing of time does it heal
The wound in my heart
From when you accidentally touched
And burned me in the dark

One night, one sweet sweet night
A long long time ago

Sonya Florentino

Epiphany In Times Square

Would I have recognized you
In the middle of Times Square
Among a billion strangers
Rushing here and there

If our eyes met
Would I recognize the fire
Those burning eyes
That madman's smile

Sonya Florentino

Eros Error I II & III

Eros Error I

Glen, my colleague at work
Asked me 'What in the world
were you busy writing during lunch break? '
I told him I was writing a 'poem'
But he misheard and thought I said 'porn'
An incredulous look upon his face
He asked again (same mistake)
For the second time I said 'poem'
For the second time he heard 'porn'

Glen (of course) had to tell the others
Like Phil and Keisha who both looked so bewildered
Keisha had a mysterious smile
And with a twinkle in her eye
Begged me please to show her what I write
But stupid me just didn't know why

When Phil said I looked much too shy
And could not believe I had a wild side
That's when I finally realized
'Poem' and 'Porn' do sound alike
And swore I will be more careful next time!

Eros Error II

Does Poem rhyme with Porn
I guess it does
When Poem sounds like Porn
It creates a fuss

When Poem is heard as Porn
It creates a buzz
I said Poem
He heard Porn

He calls me Ms. Poem

and then laughs
It was a mis-poem
I say: Enough!

Eros Error III (Post-Script)

Now that's not the end of the story
There's one more thing they didn't know about me
Although I don't write porn
I could write erotic poems
Erotic as erotic can be
(albeit pseudonymously)

Sonya Florentino

False God

I'm sorry I mistook you for God
I feel sorry for my self
I'm sorry that I was disillusioned
Like yourself

I'm sorry I was blinded by your easy smile
I'm sorry I only saw what I desired
I'm sorry I couldn't see past your piercing eyes
I'm sorry I so fell for your disguise

I'm sorry to disappoint you
For truly I wish you well
But if you still believe that you are God
I'm sorry—you need help

I'm sorry I considered you God
But I have learned my lesson well
From now on no more false gods
I answer only to Myself

Sonya Florentino

From Big To Small

Some of my poems mean nothing
Just having fun with words
Some of them are transforming
Like a mother giving birth

Some of my poems are little
Like a twinkle in the eye
Some of them are immense
Like the immeasurable sky

Some of my poems are pointed
Sharp and true
Some of them are riddles
To ridicule what's true

Sonya Florentino

Ghost In The Afternoon

I saw a young man today
In an outdoor café
Who reminded me of you

And though I knew he wasn't you
(For you never wore a hat)
He looked so much like you
It made my heart stop

The same smug look
The same strong jaw
Dark hair, dark eyes
I start to see shadows....

I wanted to come closer
To look at him- stare at him
Find out how much more
You look like him

As the past took over the present
And memories flooded my senses...

Then suddenly I realized
He might think it strange
That a woman like me-
A woman my age...

So with one last look
I closed my eyes
And quickly walked away

Sonya Florentino

Ghost Poem 1 & 2

Ghost Poem 1 (Where Ghosts Hide)

Under lock and key, in dark corners

They are the shadows of the past

Secrets wrapped in handkerchiefs

Moths hovering like stranded memories

They are the subconscious breaking the surface

Sudden slips of the tongue falling on dinner plates

Our innermost fears and desires

Bleeding when we least expect it

They are the silent longings, startled hearts

Phantom dreams, muffled cries into pillows

Ghost Poem 2 (A Feel For Ghosts)

I'm drawn to ghosts ...I write about them
It's ironic since I haven't seen one myself
Literally - the misty grey form they talk about
Veiled shadows

I envy my mother who has witnessed these phantoms
She swears they exist - apparitions of relatives, friends
And once, a total stranger in my sister's house

And of course there's Nesitette
The "imaginary friend" my sister and I once had
when we were little girls, we have no memory of her
but my mother remembers us calling her by name

So I guess that's why I believe they are real

as this pen between my fingers

What my mother never spoke about, I can
Understand why, the other kind of ghost
I learned to recognize on my own as I grew older
Ghosts of the past returning, abandoned dreams
ghosts of old desires, haunted memories

I sometimes feel like a ghost myself
An empty vessel, a fading light
Deaf-mute, invisible, people looking past me
Are they blind? ... is life passing me by?
Am I dreaming I'm a memory?
They say people who die without knowing
hang around, lost in familiar places
attached to names and faces

A stranger out of place, time a confusing haze
I feel like I'm haunted
Then there are the poems not written
By me at all... makes me wonder...
Am I a ghostwriter?

Sonya Florentino

God Is Erotic (The Thief)

God is erotic
God is sweet
God is a mystery

God is hypnotic
God is strange
And he made love to me

God is quixotic
God is cute
With child-like fantasies

God is a rebel
And can be cruel
But he's been good to me

God is be-nimble
God is be-quick
He plays a mean guitar

I didn't know that he was God
Until he stole my heart

Sonya Florentino

Goddess Her

He is the greatest lover of all

His love the greatest love

The great under-cover lover

Goddess Love

Mother God

Sonya Florentino

Gold

You can invoke the sunset
You can invoke the sky
You can invoke the seasons passing by

You can evoke the mountains
You can evoke the seas
You can evoke the freedom of the wind

Can you invoke heaven
Can you invoke the stars
Can you invoke a lover from afar

Can you bring back a memory
Buried in the past
Can you compel that moment to last

Can you embrace a lover
You can never hold
But who'll remain in your heart
Forevermore

Can you conceive heaven
In deep shades of gold
That is the color of my love

Sonya Florentino

Good Start

It's not the length
It's the depth
It's not the rhyme
But how sublime
It's not the metre
But the pitter-patter
that goes on long after

It's not the title
That's just a hoax
It's not the ending
That's the un-joke

It's the beginning
That's when it starts
When it first grabs me
By the heart
The moment born
The seduction of poem

Sonya Florentino

Goodbye Forever

I can't go near you
Let me stay right here
Away from you
Where everything is clear

I cannot touch you
A lesson I've learned
I can't be with you
Without getting burned

I can't go with you
You know I've tried
I cannot have you
You'll never be mine

So let me say this
For one last time
My love, my love
Goodbye

Sonya Florentino

Grateful (Inspired By Julianne)

You're the greatest Muse of all
I didn't have to look too far
You're the Inspirer of it all
You did breathe Life

You're the Spirit behind it all
You did Create it all
Including me
A vessel
Who needed confirmation
Who's now a true vessel
Engaged in conversation

You're the greatest Muse of all
And I give thanks
For giving me the inspiration to create
You are the greatest Muse of all
It is to You I'm grateful for
I owe it all to You all that I do
I'm an empty vessel through and through
I'm so so grateful to You

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Julianne Tarroja is a young singer-songwriter from the Philippines. Her debut album "Grateful" is a work of true inspiration. If you haven't listened to it, please do so. The single is a sure winner—deeply personal yet universal, spiritual but not preachy, poignant yet very contemporary and yes, it is catchy! Another favorite of mine is the less commercially-appealing but equally beautiful "Let It Rain" which is simply simply exquisite-poetry made into song.

Sonya Florentino

Great Expectations

Nothing is strange
Everything is familiar
I already knew you
Loved you from afar

The way we kiss
Is no surprise
For we have kissed
A million times

Nothing is strange
Nothing was changed
Everything turned beautiful
As I recollect
It is everything I suspect

Sonya Florentino

Heartbeat

hush, quiet
only for a while
i want to hear your heart beat
and feel it against mine

hush, quiet
there...
i can hear it
i can feel it
it is like mine
only...
faster, louder
and more beautiful
than any I've ever known before

Sonya Florentino

His Black Is All Colors

With his back to me
the black crow holds me in place
as he sits firmly perched
on his pillar overlooking the water
The wind blows, waves rise and fall
But from him, no movement... no sound

No flapped wings, no beak pecks
No feather-shakes, no hopping feet
His stillness astounds...

No head-bob, no shrill squeaks
No restless turns, no uneasy shifts
The silence abounds...

giving me the freedom to look at him
through the distance of glass windows
in the luxury of a day's forgotten hour

His iridescence grows ... glows ... black
is the presence of all colors

What secrets does he hold of old?
What does he know of the future?

The space between us is unbroken -
frozen in time - if he faced me would I be
frightened by the wisdom in his eyes

Which look out somewhere upward
Toward the sky?
Yet in the corner of his eye
I know that he knows I'm here

Sonya Florentino

How Deep...How High...

My favorite song of all
Is an Irving Berlin song
It starts out with a question
And ends with one more

My favorite song of all time
Its title are the lines
'How deep is the ocean,
how high is the sky? '

A song made up of questions
where two of them are
answered by the one
same question-answer

'How much do I love you?
I tell you no lies'

'And if I ever lost you,
How much would I cry? '

'HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN,
HOW HIGH IS THE SKY? '

Two different questions
The same answer twice
The answer still a question
(Now don't ask why!)

A hint of something elusive
Something undefined
A fitting answer to that
something I'm trying to find

My favorite song of all time
So poignant so sublime
It never fails to make me cry

How deep...how high...

Sonya Florentino

I Am My Poem

I am my poem
That's why I write
To find out who I am inside

A poem is true
A poem won't lie
A poem has nothing to hide

A poem is naked
Brave and free
I am my poem
My poem is me

This is my poem
My heart and soul
I am my poem
And nothing more

Sonya Florentino

I Suffer The Night

I suffer the night
When it's time to face my sadness
And all I can do is cry

I suffer the night
When I struggle to find rest
Knowing in the morning I must rise

I suffer the night
When alone in the darkness
I wonder why I am alive

I suffer the night
When I succumb to blackness
And finally stop asking why

I suffer the night
As it battles my mind
And my spirit slowly dying

I suffer the night
As I reach for the light
And pray that my death be kind

Sonya Florentino

If Love Can Be Like This (Lyrics)

You're the sky I reach for
You're the star I long to hold
You're the dream I live for
You're the fire in my blood

You're the warmth I feel inside
You're the smile I just can't hide
You're the reason for this song
Heaven help me, forgive me if I'm wrong

Could there be more divine love
Rapture beyond your kiss
Could there be more divine love
If love can be
If love can be like this

You're the light in my eyes
You're my blue and endless skies
You're the sea and distant shore
You're desire I never felt before

I never thought I would find
All the answers but I've realized
I won't be searching anymore
Your love... gives meaning to it all

Could there be more divine love
Rapture beyond all this
Could there be more divine love
If love can be
If love can be like this

Music & Lyrics by Sonya Florentino
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NOTE:

You may listen to this as a song by watching the video I created on [YouTube](#). Go to [YouTube](#), in the searchbox type my username: [sonyaflor](#), then click on video with the same title as above.

Or go to:

Sonya Florentino

Invisible Backpack

There's an invisible back-pack I carry
I don't know why it's so damn heavy
But I can't put it down, so I lug it around
Like a chain and ball around me

This invisible back-pack I carry
Sometimes I think it'll kill me
But I can't put it down, not until I have found
that invisible place that awaits me

There's an invisible cloud around me ☐
I'm sure it's here to protect me☐
There are times I swear I'd be burning in hell
if I didn't have this cloud to remind me—☐

There's an invisible light upon me☐
An invisible heaven above me☐
If left to myself I would rather be there☐☐
but a little voice just won't let me☐☐

I've an invisible back-pack upon me
I don't know how much more I can carry
But I say to myself, there's salvation there
and somehow it's a load I can carry

I don't know how much longer this journey
Or who's in charge of my destiny
But I'll take on the road, and the weight of this load
For as long as it doesn't break me

There's a strange white cloud that surrounds me
There's a light that shines bright upon me
I know there's a heaven above me
Where true freedom waits to greet me

Sonya Florentino

It Doesn'T Take Much

It doesn't take much to make me cry
Remembering the fire in your eyes

It doesn't take much to make me smile
A sudden flock of birds passing by

It doesn't take much to make me laugh
At the power of it all
It doesn't take much to make me
Hunger for more

It doesn't take much to make me cry
or laugh... or smile

... a song

... a poem

... this life

Sonya Florentino

It Happens All The Time

It happens all the time
Through invisible wires... through invisible lines

It's in music, in a smile, a warm hello, a sad goodbye
It's in a mother's love, a lullaby,
It's in a lover's touch, that makes you cry

It's from the heavens up above
It's in everything we have

It happens all the time
Through invisible wires... through invisible lines

Invincible dreams, invincible deeds
Invincible art, invincible lives

God gave us love, God gave us breath
God gave us life, He'll give us rest
God gave us souls and hearts and minds
God gave us light and space and time
God gave us phones, the internet
The more to spread his love (I bet!)

It happens all the time
Through invisible wires... through invisible lines

Like rhythm
It happens all the time
Like breathing
It happens all the time
If we just listen
It happens all the time
In silence

It happens all the time through air
It happens each time we share
It happens whenever we care
It happens... through prayer

Laugh-lines, love-lines, phone-lines, life-lines
Dream-signs, star-signs, moon-shine, sun-shine

It happens all the time
Through invisible wires... through invisible lines

Like rhythm
It happens all the time
Like breathing
It happens all the time
The calling
It happens all the time
Just listen

It happens all the time
LOVE
a.k.a.
God
It happens all the time
Life

It happens all the time
Through invisible wires... through invisible lines

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Sonya Florentino

Knowing

She could feel his eyes

on the nape of her neck

She could hear him

barely breathing

And wondered if one can

hear a heart

And a soul singing

Sonya Florentino

Last Refrain

Did I just write my last poem
Is this my farewell song
Did I take on this journey
To reach this dead-end road

Will there be no more love songs
Can someone be too old
To keep believing, still be dreaming
of happiness and love

Did I just write my last song
Just 'one more for the road'
A song of old and worn cliches
But now they are my own

Did I just write my last rhyme
Should I now close the door
Should I be putting up a sign
'No More Visitors'

I don't know where to go now
Should I just stay and wait
Can I endure the silence
and the emptiness I face

Did I just sing my last song
Was that my 'last refrain'
The sky is turning black
and it's coming down rain

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Last Song

Please play for me and sing for me
But do not look at me
The pain I feel and keep inside
Is not for you to see

Just play for me and sing for me
A song that's soft and slow
The sun has set and night is here
I soon shall have to go

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Legend In The Mirror (On Michael Jackson)

It's no surprise that he would die
before his time
It's hard imagining him at 89
He always lived his life like Peter Pan
Forever lost in dreams of Never-Land

And though it's sad how fame can change a face
And how an idol can quickly fall from grace
His music - will never be erased
His legend - will always be embraced

So though he's gone... alas!
... to Forever-Land...
We'll sing the songs
And dance the dance

Sonya Florentino

Life-Lines

Many of my poems make me shiver
Many of my poems make me cry
Many of my poems make me laugh
All of them make me smile

Many of my poems make me ponder
Many force me to think
Many of them make me wonder
Then realize in a blink

Many of my poems make me certain
Some of them still ask why
But I know I never got answers
Until I began to write

Many of my poems make me shiver
All of them make me smile
All of them - all of them - make me feel
Alive!

Sonya Florentino

Life's Turn

How can death be near
Does it whisper still
All I hear is the lark singing

How can death be real
Safe within your light
How can death bring back the night

How can death here
Knocking at the door
He should know
I don't live here anymore

Oh death be gone!
I've known you well
Tonight it's life's turn

Sonya Florentino

Like Life

It amazes me how it can work
so perfectly
and naturally
How sometimes rhymes come
as if pre-designed
And the rhythm of the words
Like a flock of birds
One leads and the others follow
Without question

It amazes me how it can work
so poignantly
To describe the undefined
Like eternity

It amazes me how it can work
so beautifully
And mysteriously
Like life
Poetry

Sonya Florentino

Like Onion

Like onion skin

My skin

Layer upon layer

But thin

You can peel me

But ever so slowly

You will cry

I am sorry

But if it's any consolation

I am crying too

For you are finally seeing me

while I'm

undressing

you

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Like Sentries (Plus Tanka Version Dedicated To Nora Olmedo)

There they were

Up there!

East West North South

Four birds on the roof

Holding my world together

One frayed afternoon

LIKE ANGELS (Tanka version, dedicated to Nora Olmedo)

There they were, up there

East West North South, like sentries

silent, on the roof

Holding my world together

Four birds, one frayed afternoon

* Tanka version was written after reading Obinna's comment

Sonya Florentino

Listen

Listen to the children
They'll tell you what you want
Yes, the little children
Who are wiser than we are

Listen to the children
To what they have to say
Listen with hearts open
And they won't run away

Listen to the children
For they are close to God
And if you listen quietly
You'll know you're never far

Listen to the children
Listen with your heart
And hear them softly whisper
' l o v e '

Sonya Florentino

Loka-Loka (Mad)

Loka-loka ba ako
O talaga bang nakaka-loka ang puso
Loka-loka ba ako
O talaga bang nakaka-loka ang mundo

Loka-loka ba ako
Dahil loka-loka 'tong kaluluwa ko
Loka-loka ba ako
Dahil loka-loka ang pinag-mulan ko

Loka-loka ba ako
O loka-loka ba ang buhay na ito
Loka-loka ba ako
O loka-loka ba lahat tayo

Loka-loka ba ako
O di kaya'y may nanloloko
Diyos ko!
Loka-loka din po ba
Kayo?

Sonya Florentino

Love Hostage

Why does he keep me hostage
If he doesn't even want me?
Why does he make me suffer
If he doesn't care how I feel?

Why did he burn my heart
But I cannot even touch his?
Why do I love him, pray,
Someone tell me, please!

Why does he punish me so-
When was love a crime?
If I have done something wrong
Then let me make it right

Why do I love and suffer-
Is all of it in vain?
Why must I keep on loving him
Who can't recall my name...

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Sonya Florentino

Madwoman

Am I mad
For loving a man
Who doesn't know
I am

Am I mad
For loving a man
Or am I simply
Woe-man

Am I mad
Or is being in love
Some kind of
Madness

Am I mad
Or does being in love come with
Sadness, Darkness

Am I a mad woman
Or a woman in love
Or am I simply
Woman, Human

Am I mad and more so mad
Because I am
In love

Or am I mad as mad can be
Because I am
Me

Am I mad or merely in love
Can someone please
Tell me!
Help me!
Save me!

Magic Happens

I've seen magic happen
So I know it does
I feel magic happening
Right now

It may come sudden
And go by quick
But sometimes it lingers
At your very feet

Magic is happening
To me right now
To last as long as
I allow

Yes magic happens
When you're in love
But true magic happens
When you find God
When you become
Love

Sonya Florentino

Measuring Whales

How big is the whale in the ocean

Not very

How big can man be

Sometimes we forget

The immensity

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Sonya Florentino

Metaphor

I guess it comes to this
You don't exist
You're a figment of my imagination gone wild
You're a memory brought back to life
You're my yearning, my desire
My regret, my lonely lie
You're a distant dream unfulfilled
You're my what-could-have-been

I guess it comes to this
You are not real
You are not mine, you are not here
You're something I designed
Just a phantom in my mind
A metaphor... of my life

I guess I could not accept your demise
So you had to come back into my life
But it's been too long and it can't go on
It's time I looked you in the eye
And say that cruel word goodbye
Yes, it's time to let you know...
You're not alive

I guess in the end it comes to this
You're all alone
Tomorrow I'll be gone

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Sonya Florentino

Monster In Autumn

He was a sight
When I first saw him
I couldn't believe my eyes
A ghost-like creature
Trudging down the street
One early morning
An apparition of grey
A grey paper-mache monster walking

Paper, yes, paper
Specifically, newspaper
Plastered all over him
Paper he collected from trash
And painstakingly fashioned into a coat
Pants, hat, gloves, boots
It was incredibly ingenious
How he was able to keep it all together
Without falling apart
To be honest, he looked liked a
Piece of art
Albeit surreal, frightening
You couldn't see any of him
Except his eyes
It's hard to imagine a man
was inside this mass of paper
A paper-mache sculpture
With random pieces flapping in the wind

It was a windy day
But he must have been warm under
All those layers
It was quite thick, it made him look bigger
Menacing, gigantic

But then I wondered, what if it rains
Or what when it starts to snow
I'm sure he would make something
Using trash bags and old blankets-he would know

But would that shield him from the cold
Can that protect him from the snow
Would that bring any comfort to this poor wandering soul

I look back at him for one last time
For now this beautiful monster looks just fine
Under that clear early morning autumn sky

Sonya Florentino

Mother (No Less)

It's not true I don't have children
I create poems
And then a poem
Becomes a song

It's not true I don't have any, I have many
And many more in the palm of my hand

It's not true I don't want children
I give birth to poems
It's to me where they come from
To them I belong

It's not true I don't love children
I beget poems, I nurture them
I am Home

It's not true that I am barren
My seeds are poems
I plant them in my garden
They bloom into songs

It's not true I'm not a mother
I'm a mother blessed!
I am Love!
(I don't get rest!)

Sonya Florentino

Music Of The Stars

(to Johnny Alegre)

I heard you first as I walked by
Abelardo Hall
The faint strains of a lead guitar
I just could not ignore

Quietly I entered
the large dim-lit hall
Soon I sat there feeling
What I've never felt before

It was the sound of longing
through the strings of your guitar
A man surrendering his heart
A traveller soul-searching
reaching for the stars
A prayer from the heart

You didn't know me back then
But I can tell you now
The music that possessed you
Took me in its power

For on that day a wayward flame
Touched my very soul
And to this day it haunts me still
A song from long ago

It was the sound of longing
though the strings of your guitar
That echoed the longing in my heart
I know I won't forget
That mystical guitar
That song of timeless distant stars

Sonya Florentino

My Muse

My muse is not a lady
My muse is a man
My muse is a man who haunts me

My muse is not a woman
Whom I would understand
My muse is a man who torments me

My muse is not a she
For she would set me free
My muse is a man who's possessed me

My muse is not imaginary
My muse is a man
As real - as tortured as I am

Sonya Florentino

Nesitette (To The Lost Child)

I met a girl named Nesitette
One rainy day
A little girl named Nesitette
Who loved to laugh and play

This little girl named Nesitette
On that dreary day
Showed me how to dance and sing
in the rain

I miss this girl named Nesitette
who one day lost her way
Little darling Nesitette
who suddenly went astray

I love this girl named Nesitette
And though she's gone away
I know I'll find my Nesitette
again, someday

I saw someone like Nesitette
yesterday
As I was rushing through the streets
in the pouring rain
She was a grown-up woman
frolicking in the rain...

laughing~smiling~singing~dancing!
Laughing~Smiling~Singing~Dancing!
LaUgHiNg~SmIiNg-SiNgInG~DaNcInG!
U~N! A! S~H~A~M~E~D!

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(Nesitette was a playmate of my older sister and me when we were little girls. We have no memory of her. My mother was the one who later told us that she would hear and see us talking and playing with this imaginary friend whom we called 'Nesitette.')

Sonya Florentino

Night Vision

You dance around it on tiptoe
Skimming the surface
Ever so shallow
When will you take the plunge
When will you sink and drown
When will you get to the bottom
where you know it can be found

Only then can you re-surface
Struggling to come up
Gasping for air
Knowing you care
Desperate to win back
Your life
Finally understanding
The night
Finally knowing
You want to survive
Desperate for light
Which you now search for
With a new pair of eyes

Sonya Florentino

Nightfall (A Lullaby)

One by one the lights go down
Soon there will be nothing left to see
Night is here

One by one the stars come out
And with the moon will watch us from above
Night is here

Lay your head down to rest
Leave the weary world behind
Close your eyes, don't think twice
There will always be tomorrow

One by one the lights go down
Until there's nothing left to do but dream
Night is here

One by one the stars come 'round
To mark the way and guide us through our dreams
Night is here
Night is here
Night.... is..... here....

Sonya Florentino

No Crime But Punishment

I love you like a cliché
I'm not ashamed one bit
If love is a crime, I plead guilty
No, I am not innocent

I have partaken of the forbidden fruit
And I will suffer gladly its poison
I have given my heart to you
I will not love you less
If you return it to me broken

I love you like a cliché
And yes, I am a fool
But love rules
I am not immune to its folly

Sonya Florentino

No More Poems, Alicia? No Mas? Never Ever, Alicia? Nunca Mas?

Where in the world is Alicia
Who used to post poems on this site
I hope she's still somewhere in Paraguay

I wonder where she has gone
I wonder if she's alright
Donde esta? Como esta, Alicia?

I returned to read her poems again
Which I would do from time to time
But today I face a glaring blank page

Has love...has life... killed her passion to write
Por amor, por vida ... hasta la muerte
Ha desaparecido... derepente

I wish I saved some of her poems
All I have are my comments to her
"You're no ordinary woman from Paraguay"
Was the very first thing I told her

I've been writing a poem about her
Which I yesterday completed
But today she seems to have disappeared
(I guess she will never read it)

Donde esta? Come esta, Alicia?
No mas? Nunca mas! Su poesia!
Sigue escribiendo todavia, Alicia
Or have you lost your lust for life, Alicia!

I wonder where Alicia is
Has she gone to Wonderland
Wherever that is, wherever she is
I hope she's doing fine.

No Ordinary Woman From Paraguay (On Alicia Nuncamas)

She's an ordinary woman from Paraguay
Just trying to write her own poems
Or so, as she has written in her bio

But there's nothing ordinary about her
She's Alicia in Wonderland
Alicia... in Paraguay-land

Like Alice you may enter her world
her house, her home
And if you dare she'll let you into her
mind, her heart, her soul

She'll be as honest as she pleases
Yes, she may rub you wrong
But she writes for herself (and maybe a lover)
And not for everyone

She's down to earth, she doesn't mince her words
She dices them and serves them with hot pepper
They can burn your mouth, your throat, your eyes
They can burn down a house of lies
She's Alicia from Paraguay who writes
with a knife

Who kills herself each time she tells a story
Who'll give her soul for Love and Poetry

Sonya Florentino

Notes For Leaving

If you ever leave me
Leave me in the fall
And let me have the whole
of winter to mourn

Don't ever dare leave me
in the spring
To spend the whole of
summer alone and crying

If you ever leave
Leave me in the night
Don't interrupt a dream
To tell me lies
□
And lastly, please
Don't leave a note goodbye
It wouldn't help me
understand why

Sonya Florentino

Nothing

You are nothing but your lips
You are nothing but your kiss
I am nothing but this flesh
On this body you've possessed

I feel nothing but your love
I've forgotten Heaven above
I know nothing but this Kiss
Only this
Eternal Bliss

Sonya Florentino

Nothing Is Sacred

Nothing is sacred
Everything bleeds
Here I am naked down on my knees

No use pretending
Love is a sin
That cannot wait til the morn

Yes I am wretched
the woman Eve
Trembling because you're here

Nothing is sacred
Love doesn't lie
And never once asked why

Sonya Florentino

Ode To Da Vinci

We looked at her

And she looked at us

Thus begun

Our love affair

With the Mona Lisa

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Sonya Florentino

Ode To Spring

It snowed today
Again
Like yesterday
And once more
Snow tomorrow

A harsh winter
That's what they say
Colder than it's ever been
Snow like we've never seen
Spring... it will be late

But I will wait, for like fate
Spring always follows
Spring always comes
Spring has never failed me

Even under 6 feet of sorrow
No matter how long I burrow
Spring somehow always finds me

Sonya Florentino

Ode To The Worm

(with thanks to Mifael for reminding me that the worm
can be beautiful)

He has wormed his way into my heart

He has leached into my sorrow

He has made it flow again my blood

When he whispered tomorrow

He has burrowed his way into my heart

He has nestled in my soul

He loves me... and I love him

for he never let go

Sonya Florentino

Open

An open door
That's how it feels
An open door and a breeze
Hinting of restless winds
Waiting for me

An open sea
That's how it feels
An open sea and the wind
An open sea never at rest
Waiting for me

An open book
Is what I'll be
An open heart for all to see
An open wound that I will
leave behind

An open sky
Is all I need
And open sky
Is what I seek
An open sky opening wide
For me

An open space
Where I am free
Where love will find me

Sonya Florentino

Past Midnight

I'm not a young girl anymore
And life can't be undone
So why have you come back to me
When all my dreams are gone

I'm not the young girl I once was
Waiting on my knees
There's nothing more I want from you
And nothing I can give

I'm not a young girl anymore
With hopes and dreams awry
There's nothing left inside of me
Just ashes from a fire

I'm not that young girl I once was
My tears have all run dry
I don't know why you have returned
When I have said goodbye

I'm not a young girl anymore
My hands are turning cold
Soon I won't be feeling them
anymore

I'm not the young girl still in love
I've said my last goodbye
I'm sorry I have no more tears
left to cry

Sonya Florentino

Pedestal

I put you in a pedestal
So I can see you well
To cherish and adore you
From here or anywhere

I put you in that lofty place
Because I want you there
Just feel the love surrounding you
And breathe it in like air

I know I've put you up too high
But if you lose your hold
I promise I will be there
To catch you if you fall

It won't be easy where you stand
With nowhere else to go
But keep on reaching for your star
The rest will follow

I put you in a pedestal
Because I know you well
I know that fire in your heart
Can take you anywhere

I put you in the precious space
But there is room to spare
Just keep on reaching for the sky
Soon you will be there

I put you in a pedestal
Because I know you well
A soul-searching dreamer
Who's true to himself

I put you in a pedestal
Because I need you there
The light on what was once
My dark and empty pedestal

Sonya Florentino

Pocket

It's obvious to me he's handicapped
That he could go astray
That's why he has a companion
Who walks with him each day

Some people give them strange looks
Some simply go their way
A tall white lad about fourteen
A black woman about forty-eight

I see them in the Upper West Side
A sight for jaded eyes
This woman holding on to this young man
By the front pocket of his pants

Sometimes they'll stop and huddle
He likes to kiss her head
They seem to care for each other
The only way they can

It all seems tender and innocent
The way they are today
But soon he'll be a real young man
Who still can go astray

Today they walk through Manhattan
Not quite hand in hand
She holds on for his dear life
By the front pocket of his pants

Sonya Florentino

Reading Trees

For someone who writes poems
I didn't read many
And sadly I hardly remember any
Many use words - not of my world
Metaphors - intimidating!

Or maybe I was just too lazy
To rack my little brain like crazy
I'm sure I did try but they only hurt my eyes
And that is now I failed in poetry

But I've always loved children's poems
And I've always loved children's songs
I love the wit, the giggles
The jokes and the riddles
Poetry in disguise
The sun and moon battling for the sky

And I've always loved modern poems
The kind that you hear on the radio
With his blue and green guitar
James Taylor was a bard
Who sang me songs of love and sorrow
To be remembered for tomorrow

For someone who writes poems
I didn't read many
And sadly I hardly remember any
But if a tree is a poem
I was reading much more
I know I didn't miss too many
Not a single one too many

Sonya Florentino

Real Talk

I don't want to argue
Just for the sake of arguing
I don't have the need
To prove anything

But if you want to talk
To reach a mutual understanding
.... Let's begin!

Sonya Florentino

Red Sky

Your love for me is right
But I am paralysed
Out of breath, scared to death
The sky is turning red

Your love for me is true
As what I'm going through
My heart is full, love has ruled
The sky's no longer blue

Your love for me is real
Happiness is near
I'm at the edge, I've reached the end
The sky is burning red

Sonya Florentino

Remember Now

Love me now
There is no tomorrow
Take me now
By seven I'll be gone

Love me now
Before it's too late
The last train
leaves at eight

Take me now
You know this is the end
I'm not ever
coming back again

Love me now
Forget about goodbye
Take me now
Before I start to cry

Love me now
And never forget how
We once loved..
somehow

Take me now
And promise me this:
Remember love
Remember us
Remember now

Sonya Florentino

Restless

Got a restless leg, can't sleep at night
A restless heart, turning left and right
Got a restless mind keeps asking why
We can't get answers till we die

Got a restless heart, a restless soul
Restless dreams that I can't hold
Got a restless life, was sick and tired
But this restless life's not mine

Once I laid me down to sleep
I prayed the Lord my soul to keep
I begged to die before day breaks
Not to wake me, not to wake me

I know it sounds a little strange
That God would take the subway train
But that He did and through His eyes
I saw how beautiful this life
And love so big, I can't describe
And all was good, and all was right
But then he left without goodbye
And left me there alone to cry

Once I nearly died in sleep
But I fought back my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I'm ready, I'm ready

Got a restless leg, can't sleep at night
A restless heart turning side to side
Got a restless mind keeps asking why
I survived, still alive

Got a restless heart, a restless soul
Restless dreams I still can't hold
Got a restless life but it's not mine
I survived
I'm alive

I am Life

Sonya Florentino

Return Trip

I will return to my place of Birth
To that place before Mother Earth
I will return to that Day of Awakening
To that Day of a New Beginning

I will return to my very first Sun
My very first Moon, my very first Star
I will return to that place that never was far

I will return to the land of the Beautiful,
the Good, the Grateful
Where there is nothing to forgive
For there is no sin
Where there is no regret
Life is what you dream

Where Innocence is never put to test
Where all is Sacred and blessed with Happiness

I will return to my place and time of Birth
I will return
I am not Cursed

Sonya Florentino

Rush

I'm walking around with words in my head
I can't wait to sit so I can write them instead
I'm walking around with words that must be read

I'm walking around with poems in my head
I can't wait to stop so I can read them instead
I'm walking around with poems that must be heard

I'm making my way to the road up ahead
I know I can't stop till I'm finally there
I'm walking around with dreams I need to share

I'm walking around with love in my heart
I can't wait to stop so I can pour it all out
I'm walking around overwhelmed and burning

I'm walking around with songs in my head
.....I'm running.....I'm running.....
.....as.....fast.....as...I.can.....

Sonya Florentino

Second Dance

I'd like to have another dance with you
I'd like to take a second chance
I'd like to make another plan for two
If you will take my hand

They say a second chance can set you free
They say a second chance holds the key
They say a second chance is all you need
I'd like to take it if you will lead me there

Let's make amends
Lead me through a second dance
Surely love will triumph
If we want it to
If you truly want it too
If you want it back
As much as I do

Sonya Florentino

Self-Puzzle

My poems are tiny pieces of me
Tiny jigsaw puzzle pieces of me
A puzzle that never was complete
I puzzle meant for me to finish

My poems are a puzzle
To help me find my self
The puzzle a mirror
To see my fractured self

My poems are telling pieces of me
My life a jigsaw puzzle to complete
Only I can do it right
To choose and identify
The last remaining pieces
To form a true picture
The final true picture of me
Whole, Beautiful, Free

Sonya Florentino

September 11's Falling Men

Nine Eleven

The day I thought the world would end

But it didn't

But something did end

Something did die

And it was at that moment I saw

men

falling

from

the

sky

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Sonya Florentino

Serving Woman (Inspired By 'The Banquet' By A.L. Terego)

No song more beautiful
Than her soft moans of pleasure
No drink as sweet
As a woman steeped in bliss
No taste as exotic
As her smile of contentment
No feast as gratifying as the banquet she is
Laid out there, adorned only with love
Waiting for you to devour her heart

So serve her well, and you will be pleased
Serve her richly and she will give you these

Sonya Florentino

Sleeping Mountain (A Lucid Dream)

It was a mountain
That had been there forever
As far back as any one could remember

It was dark and large
Looming over the landscape
It was the centerpiece
The focal point of the village

It was still and silent
Like any other mountain
If not for its size
It would be taken for granted

Then one day
It heaved

One day it shook

One day right where the mountain stood

A giant elephant rose to its feet
A giant elephant awakened from sleep

Then I too awoke
I too arose
and roared
A volcano
Silent no more

Sonya Florentino

Soul-Kiss

I want to kiss your stubbled chin
I want to kiss your neck
I want to kiss the jagged scar on your chest

I want to kiss your head
I want to kiss your hair
The little of what's remaining there

I want to kiss your cheek
Your ear, your brow
I want to kiss you all over right now

I want to kiss your eyes
I want to kiss your lips
I want to kiss you everywhere you exist

I want to kiss your soul
If I can go that far
You can show me just how
Near the stars
And how much closer
Heaven

Sonya Florentino

Strange Gift

You make me smile
I cannot ask for more
You bring me joy
You make me happy

You make me cry
I didn't ask for that...
But if this is what love brings
If this is how love feels

Then I will take it
And I will keep it
This gift that can't be measured
I'll try my best to treasure
This strange moving gift called love

Sonya Florentino

Surrender

Cut me loose
From these ropes
I'm not running anymore

Pull me out
Of this hole
I'm not hiding anymore

Ask me to
Bare it all
Deepest reaches of my soul

Take me now
Set me free
I am armed and ready

Sonya Florentino

Take 3x Daily (For Life)

It was always the same...
In the evening I dread the night

It was always the same...
In the night I dread the morning

It was always the same...
In the morning I dread facing life

Everyday...of my life
Every day... thrice
I sigh...
I pray...
I try...

Sonya Florentino

The Audition

Hi, how can I help you

"I came here for the audition"

Oh, we're done. We've already filled up the roles.

"It says here auditions are until seven"

Well, we finished early. Sorry.

"I took a 4-hour train to get here. Can you give me a chance anyway, just so I feel like I didn't waste my time? Maybe you can give me some pointers...some guidance"

(Sigh) Okay, but just this once. You can start anytime."

'Thank you SO much. Can I have the script please? '

Script? There is no script.

'No script?

No script. You just have to write it as you go along.

'Oh, okay...may I know what role I'm playing? '

"That is up to you.

'Alright... I guess it's improvisational, right? '

More or less.

'Okay...I think I got the idea. Just tell me the gist of the story.'

That too is up to you. Everything is up to you. The story, the script, the role, the whole shebang. It's all yours.

(A pause, to regain composure)

'Should I just begin? '

You already have. In fact, you're almost at the end of it.

Sonya Florentino

The Connection

How can I forget you
I've connected you to the guitar
So everytime I hear one
You're never that far

How can I forget you
I've connected you to songs
So everytime I hear them
You come back home

How can I forget you
I've connected you to love
So everytime I hear love, see love, read love, think love
I feel you, I miss you

How can I forget you
I've connected you to tears
So everytime I'm lonely
You're here

How can I forget you
You still make me smile
You're still... part of my life
Always by my side

Sonya Florentino

The Drowning

My tears are streaming down
I cannot see
My tears are blinding me

I cannot speak
I cannot breathe
Life is drowning me

I cannot stand
I'm falling down
My tears collecting on the ground

Without a stir, without a sound
I am nowhere to be found

Sonya Florentino

The End

I don't know what I'm waiting for
Was there something that I missed
I don't know what I'm looking for
If it even exists

I don't know why I still look up
When the sky has fallen down
I don't know what I'm doing here
When there's no one else around

Yes I know things have to end
And all that lives shall die
But surely some things live forever
In another place and time

I guess I'm here to wait and see
To find out if it's true
I may be wrong and wait in vain
But what else can I do

It looks to me like it's the end
And time to say goodbye
But I will wait until I reach
That place beyond the skies

Sonya Florentino

The High Seat

It must be comfortable that high seat
Or else there wouldn't be so many
scrambling for it
It must be a plush and soft velvety seat
On account of all the kissing pre-requisite

It must be enjoyable that high seat
Makes you feel so powerful and gigantic
Even though you're puny and small
And without that seat you're nothing at all
But a big inflated ego with delusions of
grandeur, not to mention pre-mature

It must be comfortable that high seat
(HmMMM... I wonder if I should try it?)

Sonya Florentino

The Look

You always looked to me like you were busy
-thinking, scheming, dreaming
That's why I didn't think you'd ever look at me
-see me, notice me

That's why I never really looked you in the eye
Afraid you'd look past me like you were blind
That's why I never even dared to smile
Afraid to be chastised

And yes, because you sort of looked obsessed
I didn't want to disrupt your happiness
And because you seemed to be so in love
That kind of scared me off

But I fell in love with how you looked half-mad
And I so wanted what you had so very bad
But I didn't quite foresee how much that look would get to me
Because you never even once glanced at me
You always looked a little too happy

Sonya Florentino

The Lover/The Stranger

(inspired by the novel and movie 'The Lover' by Marguerite Duras)

... I saw the movie 'The Lover'
based on that wonderful book
I don't know how the writer knew-
The Lover was you...

You never told me that you loved me
I never told you that I did
But we made love to each other
as if both of us agreed:
That words weren't necessary
Or words were not enough
Or maybe somehow we both knew
it wouldn't last

You were stranger than a stranger
and so was I to you
But we learned to touch each other like
true lovers do
We shared English as a language
but we couldn't get it right
We found a truer language in the
dark of night

You showed me I was beautiful
I saw it in your eyes
You knew that when you touched me
I was happy if I cried
You gave me what I needed
at that moment in my life
We've parted ways but you remain
that stranger in disguise

You never told me that you loved me
but I always knew you did
I just hope you knew that I loved you
and in silence we agreed:
Sometimes words aren't necessary

Sometimes words are not enough
Or maybe we both didn't want to
take them back

I never told you that I loved you
But I hope you know I do
And I pray that you will always always
love me... too

Sonya Florentino

The Messenger

You wonder if my life is small
Because I seem to have no friends at all

You wonder if my life is poor
Because I seem to have nothing at all

You wonder why my house is small
I'll explain.... you see I live in Heaven

I'm only here to bring you gifts
I'm only here to give you love
I'm only here to touch your hearts
Then I'll be gone by seven

Sonya Florentino

The Night Salsa Died (A Prose Poem)

I knew there was trouble when she insisted that we go salsa dancing. Salsa? In Portland, Oregon? Me? Dance salsa? No! I quickly shouted. I don't want to go. It's late, we already went out for dinner. Why can't we just relax at home? But she was insistent. You're on vacation. Why stay at home- the night is still young. But I don't like to dance. And I don't know salsa. Whatever gave you such an idea!

But she would not back down. You don't have to dance. You can just watch, have a drink. You and Cedric. He doesn't dance - he has two left feet. I couldn't back out and it didn't help that Cedric my brother-in-law kept mum.

So grudgingly I went, cursing under my breath. Sometimes I hate my sister, sometimes I just hate her! All the while in the car, she was rattling off. About her girlfriends, her voice students, my nieces, the cat. Cedric, as usual, was quiet.

We reach the restaurant in no time. The music was deafening, the atmosphere boisterous. The people were mixed - Latinos and Caucasians. Me and my sister were the only ones who looked Asian.

We ordered our drinks and took our positions in the crowd. Not long after, a short Mexican guy approached my sister who quickly followed him to the far end of the room. For a while I couldn't see them. The floor had become so crowded by then. Two couples had taken the limelight. Trying to best each other. The music was turned up so loud, my skin was throbbing.

Then I spotted her. The stranger. I had never seen her that way before. She was dancing with wild abandon, gyrating her hips, her eyes feverish, lust upon her lips. The man dancing with her was all smiles-like he couldn't believe his eyes. He was short, the other women probably ignored him a lot. My sister, barely 5 feet, was a perfect partner.

Then suddenly I remembered Cedric. Could he have seen her? He was behind me so I didn't know. I didn't want to know. I was feeling sick and it wasn't the alcohol. The dance took forever but finally ended. I watch her approach us and I sigh with relief. But to my dismay she wasn't alone. The guy was trailing her. She had come back to ask me to join them. By this time one of his friends had come forward, asking me to dance with him. I was aghast. I wanted to kill her. She pulled me by the arm. I pulled away violently shaking my head. Cursing her under my breath. Finally she gives up. The two men end up dancing with her.

Now they were right in front of us. There was no way Cedric could not see her. The music was as loud as it could be. The two couples competing were now in an orgasmic frenzy. People were cheering, clapping. Some people were shouting what sounded like obscenities.

By this time there was a clear winner. I force myself to watch the best couple now whipping up a dance storm. The woman might as well have taken off her clothes. The man was sweating buckets like a hog. The music had turned frantic. Everyone's eyes were on them, except for Cedric's, whose eyes were locked on his wife. The tension in the room, sharp as a knife.

Sonya Florentino

The Search

I walked along the shore to find some shells
But found none - they all had sunk
to the bottom of the ocean

I took a walk in search of memories
But they were buried
Deep beneath the sea

I walked along the shore
in search of shells
Instead.. I found a little girl
Who told me it was time we said goodbye
And finally to leave it all behind

I walked along the shore
To find some peace of mind
I found no shells
But I carried home a smile

Sonya Florentino

The Stranger

Looking at the mirror
Hoping to find myself
I find a stranger whom I've never really known

That isn't me
It can't be me
For I see no likeness
Save that we're both angry souls
Staring at each other
Trying to like what we see

Sonya Florentino

The Visit (A Gothic Love Story)

Let me feel your love before it's too late
Let me feel your touch before day breaks
Let me feel your warmth before the sun comes down
Tomorrow I'll be gone

Come and kiss my cheek before it turns cold
Come and hold my hand before it turns to stone
Come and touch my heart before I waste away
They lock the gates at eight - save me from my fate!

Let me know how your own heart aches
Let me know you're not so far away
Promise me I'll see another day
Let me know you are on your way

Let me feel the earth around me break
Let me feel my lifeless heart shake
Let me know my life was not for waste
That love resuscitates, yes, love resuscitates!

Let me feel my heart awake
Make me fall in love once more
Let me feel the earth quake
As it once did before

Let me see the sun rise
Let me feel the grass grow
Let me hear the wind breathe
Let me kiss tomorrow

Surely my love for you was no mistake
Prove to me with love it never is too late
And though we lost each other along the way
Love remains, yes, love remains!

Let me feel your love before darkness falls
Let me know love like I've never known before
Show me how love can become the dawn
Bring me back to life

Bring me back to love
Bring me back my heart... once more

Sonya Florentino

The Writer

I think I am a writer
At least that's what it seems
One day I started writing
And I haven't stopped since

I was not born a writer
I had to find my voice
I guess I am a writer by choice

It took me long to find me
'Bout halfway through my life
It didn't come easy
I was walking around blind

But writing fin'lly found me
And brought me to the light
This simple pen and paper to my right

Yes writing truly frees you
Till you can't write enough
I know cuz I am writing this
So very fast

So here I am a writer
My pen my looking-glass
And most of all
A free woman, at last!

So let me be a writer
It's everything I'm not
It's everything I've got

Sonya Florentino

This Little Madness

My love for you is:

ageless
timeless
endless
boundless

Some say:

mindless
senseless
useless
madness

But without it will be

emptiness
colder than death

So let me suffer

this
Little
Madness

Sonya Florentino

Thornbird Song

Surely I must have heard the thornbird cry
I just don't recognize the place and time
Maybe I heard it in a forgotten dream
But didn't know exactly what it means

Surely I must have heard the thornbird sing
I know the happiness that song can bring
Sometimes I think I've heard the heavens ring
Sometimes I feel I know most everything

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Sonya Florentino

To My Auntie Cely

To my Auntie Cely
Who visits my Uncle Lito every week
Without fail
Brings him flowers, a message, a prayer

To my Auntie Cely
Who visits my uncle every week
For how many years now
I've lost count-seven, eight, nine?
Long after he was gone

Yes, my Uncle Lito
Who in his waning years
Could hardly remember anyone
Or anything, but her
And in some rare days my cousins

Yes, my Uncle Lito
Whom she visits every week
After church, her Sunday ritual
To let him know she has not forgotten
Bringing him stories of their children
And grandchildren

She speaks to him, sometimes softly sings to him
Is he listening? Does he hear?
Does he even... remember?
It doesn't matter
She visits him
She sings
She will always forever love him

Sonya Florentino

Too Much Too Many

Too many people
Not enough trees
Too many impotent
Bureaucracies

Too much food
But not for everybody
Too many still
Starving and hungry

Too many landfills
And mountains to bury
Too much waste
For our earth to carry

Too many TVs DVDs
CDs cellphones
Laptop computers
But not enough homes

Too many toys and
Clothes and things
Too much too many of
Everything

Too much work
Not enough time
Two weeks vacation
What about Life?

Too much credit
Too much debt
Spending money
We haven't earned yet

Too much problems
Too much stress
Mental states and
Bank accounts in distress

Too many people
Sick and dying
Companies profiting
from health and medicine

Too many guns
Lying around
Too many lives
In seconds gone

Too many prisons
Too much drugs
Too many young people
Entering rehab

Too many girls
Becoming moms
When they don't even know
What they want to become

Too many churches
Too many gods
Too many 'holy men'
But where is Love?

Too many soldiers
Too many wars
Too many lives lost
And, what for?

Too many cars
Not enough trees
Soon there'll be no more
Air to breathe

Too many buildings
Climbing too high
Soon there'll be
No more sky

Twin Wish

I wish I had a twin who understood me
I wish I had a twin who'd always stand by me
I wish I had a twin who wouldn't find me strange
Because she and I would be the same

I wish I had a twin who'd never let me down
I wish I had a twin who'd always be around
I wish I had a twin who'd never make me cry
Who wouldn't one day leave without saying goodbye

I wish I had a twin who'd share my hopes and dreams
Who I know I could count on for anything
I wish I had a twin who'd always treat me right
Someone who'd always be by my side
Someone whose love for me would never die
A twin, a twin...
A true friend for life

Sonya Florentino

U R God (The Appointed)

U R God
Don't laugh
U R God
Yes you are
U R God
U R Love
U R my God
My Love

U R God
Don't laugh at me
You just have to
Believe me
U R God
U R my Life
U R my God
U R Mine

U R God
Say your Name
I'm not
Playing games
U R God
Do as I say
You have Work
To do Today

Sonya Florentino

Ufs (Unidentified Flying Subject)

Ah! Love...

You're so delicious...

So precious...

So mysterious...

So spontaneous...

I'm delirious...

STOP!

This is ludicrous!

Love! LOVE!

What ARE you? ! ? ! ? !

Sonya Florentino

Umbilical

I have found my umbilical cord
The one from up high
Among a billion umbilical cords
Hanging from the sky

I have found my umbilical cord
I have attached it to myself
I am once again attached to Heaven

I am once again indebted
I am once again connected
I am once again a child

I am once again directed
I will never again be lost
I have found that place called Love

I have found my umbilical cord
The one from up high
From where I hear the faint
strains of a lullabye

I have found my umbilical cord
From Heaven above
I was always a child of God

Sonya Florentino

Unmasked Angel (For My Father)

An angel has no wings
But she has arms to hold you
An angel cannot fly
But she can catch and carry you

An angel is not immortal
She suffers, she bleeds
She loves, she dreams, she breathes

Look into her eyes
You will recognize her smile
She is the heaven-sent woman by your side

Sonya Florentino

Volcano!

I'm a volcano spewing words
I can't get enough out there
I'm a volcano and it hurts
I'm a volcano about to burst!

I have a fire raging inside
I will explode, I just might!
I'm a volcano giving birth
I'm a volcano birthing words

I'm a volcano scorching hot
I can't burn! burn! burn! enough! ! !

Sonya Florentino

What For Why

What for dreams
If you must shatter them
What for these wings
If I can't use them

What for the light
And then extinguish it
What for love
But then withhold it

What for you
What for me
What for this hunger
Devouring me

What for love
What for life
This lie
What for, why

What for me
Being free
Love is slowly
Killing me

Sonya Florentino

Wind And Sea

I want your hands to undress me
I want your fingers to caress me
I want your touch to tell me
You want me

I want your eyes to seduce me
I want your arms to embrace me
I want your kiss to tell me
You need me

I want your love to overwhelm me
I want your love to overcome me
I want your love to possess me
Engulf me
Like the sea

I need your love deep inside me
I need your love to release me
I need your love to seek
And find me
Ecstasy

I need your love within me
I need your love inside me
I need your love to reach the dark
and deep recesses of me

I need your love to touch me
Enrapt me, rapture me
I need your love to capture me
And free me
Like the wind

Sonya Florentino

Window

Once I was visited
But that was long ago
Now I sit here waiting
By this tiny window

Once the heavens smiled
But that was long ago
Now I look from where I am
But only dark clouds roll

Once I felt sacred
Enveloped in gold
Now I feel naked
To the core

Once I felt blessed
Certain I've been touched
Now I'm not so sure
What it was

Once I felt holy
But not anymore
Not I'm a tortured
Restless soul

But since I've been visited
I can't close the door
In case I'm found
Worthy once more

Sonya Florentino

Youth

Ah, Youth
Everyone loves you
Everyone is envious of you
So, Youth
What do you do?
You do nothing but be you!

For Youth-
It will not last
Alas!
It goes by fast
So, Youth
Take a breath
Leave the others
to do the rest

Yes, Youth
Take your time
Make sure to
Live life
Be wise
Bide your time
You have till
half-past five

Sonya Florentino