

Poetry Series

Alice Cuenca
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alice Cuenca(june 2008)

a person still searching for her niche...

hHiku

as I step out the door,
the shadow I carry
merges with the night

Alice Cuenca

hHiku}

I watch my steps...
a lone ant finding a way
across its world

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!!!) Growing

stilled as this room
deadened with the constant
loop of season
intended madness to venture
like days chasing the
never ending nights

Now, after the long
silent winter,
outside the window affirming life
is the coyote`s faint cry,

A body folded
in the bed of grass
in hurry to be green
as the growing child within
taming the beast in dreams

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Haiku

a pond
lost in the prairie ~
after the snowfall

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Haiku

at dawn...
the faint cry of coyote
disturbs the silent snowfall

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!!) On My Way

It is not like my sorrow has ended.

The room did not alter
when he came in. Not anymore.
Words loosened,
gone are the invented
phrases.

the islands are silent now.
Sea at rest and
wind is unimposing.
My love is of no use
for him who never was.

not his fault.
My endless journey has
started before him.

Along the way,
he walks back to
his true self.

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Haiku ~

between me and my peony ~
the changing
of seasons

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Folded Hearts

blighting gust
bellowing.
gnawed a bone,
resolved with
a closed window.

distressed with solitude
yet, taking pleasure in
the weathering

the muteness
of walled-spirit
feigns peace,
quietude sans love
is death...

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) ...On Writing

Collage of ideas
moves through space.
Can't be touched
And seen 'til lit.

Things that appeal
to the senses:
scent of flowers,
being a wind

Even love a stone
glazed by wind-driven rain,
yet may overlook the prey
of full-blown tempest.

lofty vocables of nature
in its grandeur
The repeated dream of water.
This poem.

let me ask, why?
where is the essence?

allow me to strip the glaze.
To the bottom
of our intentions.

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) After The Drought

...and the earth
embraces the first rain,
that unlocks the sweet and sour
smell of sod's spore

a steady dribblet
synced with pain
of growing spirit.

eyes bursting in fury
as tracks unfold...

(the unholy residues folded in dreams
are roadblocks to freedom)

in the midst
the rain lingers...
and the earth is left
in its own volition

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Far Off

...surprisingly
it was sunny when
he said goodbye,
I expected rain.
For him, no cords.

his gazed altered
for her still...
He let go of me

from up high,
the islands
are fading
the passing warmth
of an unsettling
sunset was as bright
as a gaping wound

many years had passed.
being dead. But
coming still...

relocating feelings
never.

Gone

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Intoxicating Thoughts

The veils of clouds
gave me
this liberty
of gazing,
without stinting

At mid-noon sky
daringly,
into the strangeness

Of the sun's
incalculable ray
in anytime...
will be darting into
my confusion

That will make
me forget my
name...

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Specter

Nothingness
filled the air-
no rippling of water
where the shadows fall.

As darkness grows
narrowing
the prairie,
the sound descends
to the crevices
of the earth-
A growing silence

All-knowing earthlings
deny the intricacy
of the spirits,
A deep spring
exceeding death

Slowly the waning moon
merges with
the early sun

Sufferers levitate
from the deep
forgetting dreams.

My sleep is shallow.
Father has risen
but to die again
on the cross

tears penetrating
the transitory
darkness...

coming still

(!!!!) Haiku 4

windstorm
drowning my mind ~
your music

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Love Undefined

in search for shadow
of an unlit day,
a sought out intangible
past is here...

a sensual delight rippled
as the masked-beast
plunged into the softness,
and the earth is in luxury
of temporal daylight,
an ill-suited filler

a prey is holding on
to this aching
beauty of madness,
felt a moral supremacy
over her captor

an imperfect sensuality,
a daylight untrue
with the coldness
of their hearts,
a love is unreal...

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Haiku

delicate foliage
falling at the slightest touch ~
silent autumn wind

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Springtime Haiku

early spring morning ~
geese bellowing
ahead of my alarm

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Destiny

With fairy dust
of altered belief
I sprinkled some
powdery sugar
on a worn-out bee
trapped on my side
of the screened-window.

whose spirit is entwined
with your destiny?

My flesh quivers...
Drawn towards the edge
of absolute certainty

In the subterranean depth,
the buzzing sound
grows dimmer.
Death! wielding
over life

A transient passage
into a place
where silence
is gone...

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Just A Thought

...last night
I thought we flew
through a storm
and had been swallowed

I watched both of us
spinning in
between dreams.
athrill with unborn joy,
entranced with
unfelt-touch

I compare
your hazy face
with the picture
on my window...

I grapple with
words swindled with
sighs and ardor

should we fly
to the periphery
of this world
and be racked with
self-reproach?

I wanted more.

But a thought
is just a thought.

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Utterly Unuttered

...finally alone
plunged
on the loveset
at Starbucks.
The conversation
at the next table
drowned out
Paul Simon's
'American tune'

I wish
I've brought
a book...
 somehow,
I've managed
to tune out,
the transparency
 of tones

...easy for them
but not for us
 strangled
with words
 unuttered
freeing us
from guilt
 however...

what we desire kept us in prison

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Haiku

a sudden strong wind,
leaves pile up at neighbor's yard
I stopped the raking

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Quest

we are lovers
Of words
shaping nature
into our names

With wings
to soar
the sky's
farthest corner;
descend the deepest sea,
perceive the beauty
of darkness

And the night sky
may light up
and burn our wings

But we've tried...
unidle and unbored

we have witnessed
the true color
of the rainbow

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Falling

...of the clearing
of the trees
a leaf, sustain
the load of sorrow

silent and penetrating,
he who holds the glass
that bends the sunlight
somewhere...
multifaceted.
turning away
from my direction

the growing hours
of the silent autumn wind
carries the incandescent hues
impressed on a leaf.
a memory. falling.

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Haiku

through a darker cloud
a fading ray of sunset ~
sky blends with shadow

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Spring Haiku 2

drenched in rain
my old bike looks new~
early spring

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) Spring Haiku 3

a sudden snow storm
birds flying in all direction
early in spring

Alice Cuenca

(!!!!) A Haiku

no rustling of leaves
on a windless afternoon,
she starts to whistle

Alice Cuenca

(! ! !) Communing With A God

Through an ant's view
an unhindered eye of a needle;
words are breathing.
An ongoing flow,
yet I am in trance.

But your glazed-over eyes
are oblivious of the wind.
Your words are sharp,
scathing my senses.
If only in silence you can see
the dream that drifts...

Puffed up podiums
are like balloons when pricked.
Together with the dust;
we are minuscules consumed
by the hollow of the earth.

Strands of words
are but tools spiralling
in zigzag course; trapped
in pride.
may the wind take us,
let the time dissolve
in ut an image
we'll blend...

Alice Cuenca

(! ! !) An Intruder

A loon,
glides to and fro
disturbs
the steady
rippling,
sinking its own
shadow.

Lost in
the deep.
Through dark

Water,
fearing death
where rocks
are hostile

Souls,
untouched by
light.

Alice Cuenca

(!!!) *haiku

a blustery wind
surpassing expectation ~
a mid-summer day

Alice Cuenca

(! !) ~ Haiku; Drizzle Of The Rain ~

fleeting small circles
forming into the puddle ~
drizzle of the rain

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku In Free Form: A Sign Of Life

the first fly I saw
is even most welcome ~
early in spring

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Inward

...a stone should be
thrown back to the water
to regain its luster.
And when the sun
dissolves in the rippling,
I'll just close my eyes
to deny the darkness
and submerge to dreams.

The fallacy of words
that both claimed us
leaving indentations
enticing to fill
the vacuum...

I am still sleepless
dreaming of dreams

Alice Cuenca

(! !) A Haiku

from my balcony,
the sun sets on neighbor's roof,
I raised my tripod

Alice Cuenca

(! !) A Haiku; Prostrate

hot summer midday
the sun moves over my head ~
a shadow shrinking

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku: A Filmed-Over Sunlight

after the downpour
glazing over the pebbles~
a hazy sunlight

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; Walking On An Eggshell

freezing in my tracks
keeping our emotions fixed ~
wild rabbit stands still

Alice Cuenca

(! !) His Poetry

...from a high plain,
a poet renders
a flowing stream
of emotions.
Where pleats
of seasons unfold,
responding to
the wave of his hand.

a clock's beatings,
in tune with
the heart's unveiling
of illicit storyline

In silence, an
unfitting artist
is in agony...
with unclear role
she is at hand

a fictitious character
setting her heart
to be a part of...

this true story

Alice Cuenca

(! !) A Haiku; Contemplation

after the shower
emerging out of the mist~
a clean reflection

Alice Cuenca

(! !) A Haiku; Early Spring

trees are still leafless,
the prairie looks wider
early in the spring

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Free-Form Haiku

awakened by storm
 my dream
 drifts...

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku: Color Of Sunset

against the sunset
the mountain is darkening~
stilled-hues in my thoughts

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; ' Showing Off'

an early spring thaw
water rippling in circles~
ducks bobbing their heads

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; ' To See Is To Believe? '

an afternoon walk,
a slimmer version of me ~
my late noon shadow

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; A Witch's Bird

a summer-night sound
even quietens the drunkard ~
nocturnal bird sings

' Many locals in the countryside of the Visayas region still believe that this flying creature lurking at night is a witch's bird'

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; A World On Canvas

stretching two fingers,
measuring the prairie ~
a landscape artist

Alice Cuenca

(! !) Haiku; Upside Down

outside my window,
a man holding on the leash-
the dog walks a man

Alice Cuenca

(!) To You My Friend

...because a stone is glowing
where your heart is carved,
I can outlive the storm in
the alley of darkness

'a stone true to itself
as i am true to you'

I traveled through the rugged
terrain of my innermost being.

Stumbled down the steep hill
of my conscience.

But the heat of judging eyes,
I cannot be seared

In this battlefield, I am left
unwounded...
because of you, I survived death.

Because of you, I shall overcome.

Alice Cuenca

(!) Dusts...

principles fragmented.
whirring in vertigo motion
lust seen, felt
everywhere; inhaling the
fragrance of feathery dusts
weightless in his heart,
love unreal,
unsettling...

'the heavier fragments
are long dead buried
with his love inhumed'

her footsteps are heavy
on further reckoning,
ripped up the transparent
sleets in dismay.
an unweaned doe longs
to commune with spirits.

desperate for a love
to resurrect...

Alice Cuenca

(!) ~ Pleasure ~

□

Pink nipples and
Cow's milk on my table
On my bed
Your pink nakedness
Spread
Dipped
In the grassy coolness
Beneath a gray, open space

I touch your pubic softness
With my jitters
I breathe in the smell
Of your earth
I exhale caress
Like my tongue
Dripping words
In your ears

I lay back
My legs spread
Towards the moon

It is the night of my life
And shall long for you always
I am burdened
But your weight
Shall smash me into
Meteors of my galaxy

And I shall be light

Piercing into your darkness
The darkness
That I now so loved

I am still
I can quiver
To this night of loving
And I must stop
To this undying
It is this
When our bodies
When our two bodies fit
Into the hollowness
Of our solitude

I shall have a soul shaped
Into hands
Putting a red rose
Between your lips
And giving it longer life
I dampen it with
My truths
The painful dryness
Shall be lost in the wells
And the rivers that won't dry

My hands shall map
The secrets paths of your body
Your lines shall melt me
Your touch
Shall cause the rapture
Of my stillness
To an endless space
Of our universe

I ask how
The cruelties of this earth
shall conceal the sweet contours

Of this pleasure
A small world of the
Damp, wet, and gray,
Of the heat, the dripping and
The force and softness
Entwined in the oneness of
Irony and even disbelief
That I that I can make
This world
Through closed space
Yet bursting into
An infinite openness

QUIVERS

Savor, savor, savor the pleasures
Of my small world
Unshared by the multitude
The crowd unthinking
As it is only you
I care
I worship

I kept inside
Unshared by all
My little pleasure
yet encompassing my whole universe

Unfathom, unscaled,
But now totally known
By me
By you alone

And words
Find no space
To justify their existence,

Ahhhhhhh, -

a poem by Ric Bastasa

Alice Cuenca

(!) A Haiku

watching my footsteps,
the priest's sermon in my head ~
ants on the pavement

Alice Cuenca

(!) On Death

A darkening cloud forewarned
of a winter storm advancing.
But even so, oblivious.

'it was a springlike weather
hours ago'.

It's March still. The howling
chill is crystalizing
the thawed snow.

Meters away, is a figure
braving the storm
appears like a blur.

A haze conceals
my undiscerning stare.

What's beyond i disown.
An untimely death
is not a betrayal.

I left my door ajar...

Alice Cuenca

(!) Ang Paghimatngon

daklit nga kadasig
mialisngaw,
sama sa uphag
nga hangin,
gisuyop
ang yamog
sa akong kaugatan

ang kahigwaos
miduslak niini,
nanglimbasog nga moalisbo
ngadto sa lang-at
nga way kinutuban

makalipong
ang pagtuyok
sa kalibutan,
gipangita ko
ang ulo ug punu-an
niini...

way paghimatngon
sa gasa sa adlaw
nga mibukhad na

ang kagahapon
ug ang ugma,
dili ko mahikap...

dinhi sa hataas nga
kapatagan nag inusara,
nangindahay,
nga makit-an ko
ang kinatibuk-an

(!) Haiku

a mid-winter chill~
steam floats up off a hot tea
swiftly vanishing

Alice Cuenca

(!) The Prevailing Truth

A shadow, maybe
in murkiness, I am.
But still grasp the reality
of your conviction.

I may wander blindly
but i am not lost

I may be a slain warrior
but unwounded

A worm gnawing a stone
in looping hunger
is as compelling as the
constant drip of elixir...

Love extended still prevails

Alice Cuenca

(!) ~ A Haiku~

after a party
the moon, the stars and I ~
a sound of silence

Alice Cuenca

(!) A Haiku

sunlight on my back
I, facing my own shadow,
five inches taller

Alice Cuenca

(#) The Blue Moon

a night mantled in silence,
as the veiled-moon
clings to solitude.
the past marred her luster.
contemplating...
his mental faculties
drown out her inner voice.

she cleaves a path
through the thicket,
her sense of propriety
downtrodden by desire

the firmness of her grip
is now tapering off
growing hours of madness
half-ruled with
passion...

Alice Cuenca

(#) A Haiku

tinged by a sunlight,
forming a tune in my head~
untouched old guitar

Alice Cuenca

(#) A Lateral World

A blizzard,
hewing a snow-covered steppe;
wailing from a wind-swept balcony,
my heart pounding steadily...
attuned to its plea.
undetered,
a spectrum of thought,
flickering like a candlelight,
a fervent promise to recover
hope, amidst a blustery weather

kindred spirits,
we each roosts on distinct branch
but of the same tree
our wings cannot be detached
silencing a storm, undaunted when weary
however minuscule,
communing with nature,
from a speck to vast expanse,
the gods within, unearthed-heavens.

Alice Cuenca

(#) Ephemeral

...here comes the wind
nudging her body
at a standstill
that clings to solitude
a blissful wind
but transitory
she took a snapshot
and frame him
in her heart...

Alice Cuenca

(#) Hollow Emotions

...walking
along the shoal,
loosed-wavelets breaking
on her ering,
washing away the dent
of discarded inhibitions.
a malleable heart, inept
of his adulterated ardour.

last night...
the masks were in disarray
caught in the rush of desire.
the conqueror was unrobed
but not his heart.
for to another, it is bound.

Alice Cuenca

(#) On Free Love

...'on both ends
of a stretchable string-
nothing is tied'

gaze transposing. Passion,
in complete abandonment
precariously spreads. But
thinly to every flower.
he, looking back the narrowing
strip of the highway.

an imperfect life. Molding
back to a mother's womb,
laid perfectly for a fetus.

metamorphosed. But
snapped back
to its original form.

Alice Cuenca

(#) A Haiku; Yielding

icicles dripping
in the middle of winter~
gusting chinook wind

Alice Cuenca

(#) Evanescent

A remaining leaf
resisting to fall.
Its vein has the purest
blood. Unruffled
by the freezing weather.

Mark of his scars:
meek as a lamb
cowers like a chicken;
ingurgitates, hungry
as a lion.

She thought,
sequel of past abused,
with her love he'd change.
But the gentlest
leaf is mutable in
a slightest shift.

Sublime poetry
from a distance,
is an unfeasible elixir.
Now, she dreams
of a bitter winter
to kill both their
love and affliction.

Alice Cuenca

(#) Inexact Science

an eye, squinting
through a microscope
bits and pieces unveiling.
almost naked.
an entity suspended
between heaven and earth
by a thread.
(or it could be the observer
forging an image of oneself?)

loving you is like
a sunlight-
heavy on my back,
two hours after the noon,
I, chasing my own shadow.

Alice Cuenca

(#) The 'snow-Eater'

a forceful chinook wind,
fast striding. unminding.
'snow-eater', the Indians say.

along the path, separating
the pond and traffic
her footsteps are heavy.

words of goodbyes
are piercing...
on a moonless night,
dreams are casting no shadows.

the sky is darkening now...
arch-shaped dusky clouds are
like bloody wounds. dripping
through the evergreen leaves.

a warm wind in the mid-winter
can appease but can't unbreak
a heart as you.

Alice Cuenca

(*) The Myth

In his lofty tower,
my body relinquished,
An energy broken,
fighting to the last ounce
of my resistance.
How can this be?
Days of yore, I've fallen
and hit the ground.
Benumbed; I can't have this feeling
An ominous cloud, a blur
vanishing in the boundless expanse.

From the onset of fall,
deluge of verses
muffled me with your warmth
I dream again; an ethereal beauty,
within my grasp it seems, only
A mid-winter wind has awakened me
And truth lacerates my very core;
you can never be mine
oh dream! devour me again
this time, to eternity...

Alice Cuenca

(*) Blizzard

...a voice like
the silent melody of a falling snow
gently brushing my face
unhurriedly,
seeking...
to cleanse the debris of abandoned-hope
to an empty heart,
a smeared spirit swayed by
induced- tenet.
Suddenly the wind is picking up!
a deep-freeze, foisting on my bones,
ephemeral bliss is shattered.
Now, the longing is impossible to bear
I wanted you so much,
shaken by the melody
of waves; a storm in the tropics
subdued by your tenderness.
I wish to go back home...

Alice Cuenca

(* Conformity

A weather,
in its serenity,
unperturbed;
collected inspite of
deranged
astuteness.
Art, skillfully in-sync.
Human soul; a cauldron
for opposing forces:
good & evil
seething...

Alice Cuenca

(**) Aftermath

wild geese speeding up,
the cars creeping up the hill-
after the snow storm

Alice Cuenca

(***) On Quagmire

a mirage in my waking dream,
beneath the sun, a thirsty vagrant,
devouring an offered realm
a wisp of joy of a long-felt want.
malleable as a childlike's mind,
dancing with the tune of nature's band.
Oh! how I wish this dream expands
to touch the tip of someone's hand
clinched-thought when truth sinks in,
could be untruth unraveling.
king of my world, I've refused to defend.
chaos! when he's dead they say
syllabus of teaching in disarray
my feet stood upon a miry ground
a strand of thread, I can't hold on
good and evil in coexistence?
endless woe, a judgement in rem.

Alice Cuenca

(****) Insecurity

battling every second of decay
etched across the contours of this face,
my perception has gone skewed.
I meet them head on
with complete weapons:
an anti-wrinkle cream,
a moisturizer
and
sunscreen,
mixed with self-esteem
sealed in a jar.

Alice Cuenca

(*****) Ashen Grey Horizon

In a cloistered-life,
devouring every drop
of uttered word,
in any moment will dry up
but tears will never be.

Ephemeral cloud,
an almost tangible wraith-
my love is unfettered by truth,
it can only bloom in freedom
A cord to touch, not to bind-
to ruin a domain built with blood.

The author spawns birds to fly,
fish for oceans; mindless
jellyfish obeying instincts.
But man is rooted on earth
who seeks the clouds...

Watching you, in every waking moment,
staring the ashen grey horizon.
The sunbeam's reflection on ice
are your eyes, a warm blanket.
And I have endured...

Alice Cuenca

(*haiku) Change Of Perspective

into the heavens~
a landscape hurriedly shrinks
from a plane's window

Alice Cuenca

(`) A Haiku

it's been dull
until...
the peonies

Alice Cuenca

(a Haiku>

reading outdoor,
the wind flips the pages
of my memory

Alice Cuenca

(a) ...Hope In A Lost Dream

In the hub of foreign tongues,
a hunger hatched a dreamt day
Induced fairy tale left hung,
a child is lost in sublime story

East to west, spent and fated
gained-dough at heavy cost
A gleaming snow whose eyes are smeared
In promised loam, a dream is lost

What now is the present?
when in the past I am in refuge
Both of the worlds reprehend,
with regrets in deluge

Buoyed-up in flimsy deeds,
when undercurrent is unseen
A body will soon submerge
against the flow, to go upstream

Alice Cuenca

(a) ...Wasted In Time

I am encompassing the period
towards the tail and head
of time, in circle
what's the difference?
pacing back and forth,
back and forth...
amalgamating the tenses
except for the now.
I am floating
weightless on the present
anchored in the past and future
to the what ifs and If only I could...

life, exciting at times but
my enthusiasm evaporates
as fast as the mist
in this highly elevated prairie
filled with thin air
that absorbs the blood
through the fissures of my skin

restless and listless
loathing the intertwined nerves
that you've wished it's pierced,
to dissipate
into the vast space of certainty
hours, days and years of wasted time
pondering...
yet lost!

Alice Cuenca

(haiku In Free Form) Spectral

stepping out of the hot shower-
 ...a ghostly
 reflection

Alice Cuenca

(haiku In Free Form) Peril Of Vanity

sunbathing for hours-
her shadow shifts

Alice Cuenca

(haiku In Free Form) Procrastinating

it's autumn now
feeling guilty...
my old rusty bike

Alice Cuenca

(haiku In Free Form) Topsy-Turvy World

a leaf flies
on a submerged sky:
a clear pond

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Duality

a gloomy wintry night
standing between two lamp posts-
my pair of shadows

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Aging

a calm afternoon
sudden wind touching the pond
wrinkling reflection

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Ang Pak-An

gilak sa lim-aw
adlaw'ng misalop; langgam
mubo ug lupad

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) A Chasm In Time

buried in my thoughts-
a leaf sinking deeper and
deeper...in the pond

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) A Surrogate

no sunset today...
I'm redirecting my gaze
to bright autumn leaves

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Dazzled

after few poems...
outside, looking for the stars
lost in city lights

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Haw-Ang

law'm nga hinuktok,
inanay nga naunlod-
dahon sa limaw

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Insouciant

swelling up river
wild ducks wander down the road
vehicles swerving

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Nangatuali

dahong naglupad
sa lusbog nga panganod,
linaw nga sapa

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Spiritual Road Test

a wall of dense fog,
zeroing visuality
the sound of heartbeat

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Topsy Turvy

a lakeside picnic,
bees hovering over food
the flies are nowhere...

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Under The Radar

a glittering pond
bronze reflection of sunset
a geese flying low

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Unrelenting

first September chill;
sound of flip-flops go flip flop
the geese standing still

Alice Cuenca

(haiku) Fading Past

a dog running fast,
fades into the horizon
the prairies flat land

Alice Cuenca

*****haiku*****

spring cleaning ~
my dead father's letters
I want to keep

Alice Cuenca

/a-Haiku/

after working out,
my sweat
finds a cleavage

Alice Cuenca

/haiku/

after working out,
my sweat
finds a cleavage

Alice Cuenca

~ Free Falling ~

a bird sinks down
through the wind,
unmindful of clouds
to cushion its fall

past the snow-
capped mountains,
passing the time that
seemingly freezes

...and the tree that
was just a speck
from miles above,
is now a giant
to a bird that descends
from the heavens

the gods might as well
have clipped its wings,
unfitting of tendered-
grace, utterly unyielding.

unto the bottomless
dept of the earth
has no sounding of horns,
a winged-god deprived
of love has fallen.

Alice Cuenca

~ The Ebb ~

You can't hear
the silent muttering
of the sea everytime
it curls up to
the edge of the land.

From afar,
a fisherman's lamp
is a flickering speck
sporadically concealed
by darkness

As the waves whisper,
a dream sails
with the monsoon wind.

It will take a long stride
through the shoals
to reach a distant sea...

Only, in the twilight
a boat lugs
a fitful bounty,
impassioned with
the salty water's
biting and tender embrace

HUNAS

Walay madungog nga hagawhaw sa dagat
Inig hawok sa bawod sa tiilan sa baybayon.
Sa layo, ang suga sa lampara sa mangingisda
Murag mga gagmayng tuldok nga lamyon
Sa kangitngit matag hunghong
Sa habagat ug mga damgong nangapalid.
Pipila ka lakang pa sad ang lakwon sa hunasan
Kon baktason nimo paingon sa lawod
Apan inig bangon sa adlaw sa sidlakan
Moabot ang lab-as nga bahanding magkisikisi

Diha sa mga barotong gihatod sa naghaguros
Nga taob. Nagdagan, nagdasig paggakos
Sa parat ug tam-is nga baybayon.

Alice Cuenca

~a Haiku~

a stormy cloud clears
over the washed-glass windows -
after the rainfall

Alice Cuenca

1 Haiku

today's footprints
on old snow-
deeper

Alice Cuenca

1. Haiku

today's footprints
on old snow-
deeper

Alice Cuenca

A Haiku

a windy evening,
I hear my stomach grumbling ~
neighbour's barbecue

Alice Cuenca

-a Haiku-

the air fell silent~
every now and then
a coyote howls

Alice Cuenca

Ang Langgikit Sa Alampat

Nabati ko ikaw
sa taliwala sa kasaba...
gisubay ko ang dalan
nga akong naagi-an-
nabihag sa balak nga
kinusot-kusot sa unos
ug nahimong abog...
bisan pa, mipatigbabaw gihapon
ang pagsabot nga wala mabuntog
sa di makatarungano'ng
sugo sa unod ug ang
binilanggo kong pangisip
mipasibo sa utlanan
sa alampat ug handuraw,
nahimong pak-an ang ispiritu,
mikapakapa ngadto sa
way sukod ug way kinutuban...

Alice Cuenca

Ang Mapit'Os Nga Dalan

Mipadal-os ang kahayag
sa taliwala sa langit ug kanawan,
mihikyad ang adlaw nga nahimong
tukod sa unos sa panahong naghagit
ug misala sa utlanan
sa lamukat nga balatian

Ang pluma nagtangtang
sa hinikut nga pulong
nga milihay sa kamatuoran.
Nagtyabaw ang kahilom ngadto sa hangin!
sama sa espongha, misalupsop ug kasakit

Ang kinaadman ba molihok
kung ang panghunahuna binilanggo?
Puga-a ang hangin! aron maluwas
ang sayop nga patik sa alimpatakan

Alang sa kagawasan,
ang walay pagkupas
nga kolor sa balangaw

Alice Cuenca

Ang Mga Bitoon Ni Vincent Van Gogh

salimuang batok sa kangiob
tyabaw'ng agungoy sa idlas
pagbating naghubad sa bulok
panganod sa kumpas miikis

bitoong nakig-indig sa bulan
adlip sa oro sa langit mibakho
lahos sa kalibonan makit-an
urom sa mga mata'ng abyerto

Ang kalikopan way alamag
malinawon sa iyang pagkatulog
kasakit sa salamin gikudlit
debhong sa langit gilalik

iyang kaluhang kinaiyahan
tingob nga halad sa alampat
ang hinapos nga sangputanan
pangindahay, ang kamatayon...

Alice Cuenca

Anup-Op Nga Damgo

Balak, mihulma ug anino
gipas-an sa huyuhoy-
nagpahipi,
halos ko mahakop.

Ang akong kasingkasing miugnat
sama sa lawalawa'ng nagbanay-
mitulay,
ang gilay-on wa nay gahom.

Balak nga miukit ug larawan sa
pulong nga motukob,
milikos sa kangitngit.

katulog, wala bati-a
kay unsay pulos sa kahayag
kung ang panan-aw nababagan
sa handurawan?

dalikyat nga pamilok,
gabonong damgo, way bulok
naaninag ko ang tubig;
sihag, matin-aw, way anino.

Ako ang dahong milutaw sa lim-aw
sa nalubog nga panganod
tan-awa! naglupad ako
sa nagkatualing kalibutan

Alice Cuenca

Be Still...

Sky vis-a -vis the horizon
light creeps in...
a new day unravels before these eyes,
the axis of maelstrom...

Peeved- time winnowing unreality_
my limitations...
an entangled-self

Pen unleashing
words that elude me
screaming in silence to the wind
a spongy body, consuming
...the angst...

Can wisdom function in this walled- thought?
...wring the wind! ...
to unform this image of oneself
...to freedom! ...
an unfading color
of the rainbow...

Alice Cuenca

Can'T Eat Me Away

Something akin
To a termite is troubling me,
It eats its way to my heart

Undermine my mind
But yet heightening
My other senses.

A nightmare foretold
The little critter
Is ravenous like a lion.

Healers fill
The hollowed-out flesh
I scream and turn!

Blinded eyes,
Sooner will heed
My thew must repulse

Alice Cuenca

Doubt

a roadblock
en route
to the finish line

Alice Cuenca

Gabonon...

ang way-dagway nga pagbati
nangadugmok...
mga tipaka nga sa panabot gialig-ig
nahisaag ako sa matuking dalan sa langob
may tipik ba ako sa kahiladman?
ako ang gamot nga naniba
sa nagkahanaw nga dinagayday sa sapa
nagkalayo...

Alice Cuenca

Gukod Sa Kinaiya

Sa pagpatiurok ko
sa kahiladman sa lawod
gipangita ko ang tinalikdan
kong pagbati apan ikaw
ang nasugatan ko,
Sa matag adlaw
ang pader nagkahugno,
ang utlanan miuswag
Ang luya kung kalag
ug hanipis kong lawas
mikatkat sa buntod
aron paglangkub kang bathala
O! kining himaya! dalikyat
nga kabug-osan
nakaplagan ba kita?
nakaplagan ko ba ang akong ispiritu?
tingali kinahanglan ko pa
ang dugang kubkob sa sukaranan...

Alice Cuenca

Hagawhaw

Nagtagbaw ang miawas
nga gabonong linitok
sa hagawhaw'ng dalugdog
sa kahinam

Balak nga mihapuhap,
mikutaw sa hilom nga sapa...

Nikalat ang mansa sa kunsinsya,
buhawi'ng mitabastabas sa yuta
nga sa akong ubod milundag

Ang mga mata naghupot
sa gutlo sa kasayuran...
dili maaninaw ang matin'awng
sihag nga lawas sa yanong panan-aw
sama sa hangin, mabatyagan
apan dili makita

Tinamay, ang akong hagawhaw
sa halawom nga atabay.
Ang tumong nga masayran,
dili alang sa tanan

Alice Cuenca

Haiku

a sun is setting
behind a darkening hill
silhouetting the trees

Alice Cuenca

-haiku-

daybreak~
the skyline adrift
in fog

Alice Cuenca

Haiku}

I watch my steps...
a lone ant finding a way
across its world

Alice Cuenca

Hazy Dreams

Words cast shadows,
the breeze carries it and
lingering almost feeling
your presence...
my heart stretches like gossamer webs,
we bridge over...
distance has no meaning.

Words form an image of you
words that consume...
envelop me like in darkness
sleepless...
its shadows unspoken but felt
what's the use of daylight?
when my eyes are blocked
with the thought of you...

Short sleep- hazy dreams
have no colors.
I envision the water...
transparent, limpid, shadowless

I am a leaf on a pond
the sky submerged
look down! against the sky I am flying
in a topsy-turvy world

To fly
is not an option...
as much as I wanted,

seeing you is not an option...

Alice Cuenca

Hazy Murmur (Unstoppable)

words filled-obscurity
spilling over...
sate the silent thunder
of my yearning,
yet staining guilt
all over me

you are the vortex that gathers
the fragments of the earth,
settled on my core.
a touch...
ripples the stillness of the water
the eyes...
that hold the moment,
ordinary eyes can't see
a transparent body...
like the wind tangible but unseen

my murmur bashed with haziness
flimsy words, esoteric allusions
to be understood...
is not its destiny

Alice Cuenca

Insomnia (The Night After...)

Colors of darkness crumble
heavy eyelids
in constant struggle...
grain of light peeks through the horizon
touching the meadows
a new day has begun
conforming...
to the monotony of daily living
my filled heart cave-in
heavy with emptiness
this space...
besieged between stilly moments
'me' at the center...
with frozen colors
thawed beneath the sun
drifting in liquified hues
as the twilight verge on,
I am consumed again by the night

Alice Cuenca

Insomnyak

bulok sa kagabhi-on nangalumpag
ngadto sa tabon-tabon
nga nakiglimbasog nga mohayat
kay ang lugas sa adlaw
misil-ip na sa kapunawpunawan
ug mibukhad sa balilihan

nahimugso na usab ang bidlisiw
nagsubay sa kasumo sa
inadlaw'ng panginabuhi...

pagbating bug-at, napukan
hago sa kahaw-ang
kining lang-at nga gilikosan
sa walay-timik nga daklit

nataliwala sa batunaw'ng nanibuok
sa nagkalaing-laing kolor
napugdaw sa ilawom sa adlaw;
nagpaanod sa nalanay'ng bulok

ug sa dihang miungaw ang kilumkilom
gilamoy sa usab ako sa kangitngit...

Alice Cuenca

Just A Question...

I wonder...

Is there a possibility of the mind
to keep the purity of love
from the 'source'
when it is corrupted by thought,
the image built,
the 'I', the ambition,
greed, security, fear,
confined intelligence that serves
unintelligent intent
and all these that consume us,
that created the chaos and disharmony
and therefore resist the purity and wholeness of love?

(a question that arise and inspired by
Suzanne Hayasaki's poem on PH ' Be still' which coincidentally has same title of
my poem 'be still')

Alice Cuenca

Lost...

Your unnameable-love
shattered...
fragments I sifted through
reason...
I know nothing
I have looked everywhere
still lost in the maze
Was I there?
I am the rhizome that sips water
from this vanishing stream
slipping away...

Alice Cuenca

May Gamot Ba Ang Kalipay?

Kung pwede lang unta,
igaid ang kalipay
Kung pwede lang unta,
ibutang sa grapa
o di ba himoong pickles para molungtad
asinan ba kaha para magdugay
May langit ba ang ugat sa kalipay?
o sama sab sa kasakit, nagukod sa hangin
nga lumalabay
Kini usa ka ferris wheel
taas nga kalipay,
mubo nga kalipay
bisan unsa kahabog, usab kini mo padulhog
gawi nga wa nay katagbawan
nahimong bato sa kadugayan

(nahimong inspirasyon ang balak ni Cindy Velasquez ang 'kalipay')

Alice Cuenca

Nangausik Nga Panahon(Bisaya Translation Of My Poem 'A Wasted Time')

nangausik nga panahon mikabyon ako sa agay sa panahon
paingon sa ikog ug punu-an
Unsay may kalainan?
pasingadto o pasinganhi?
hala sigi'g lakang! gilangkub ang
punuan ug tumoy, gawas sa
unsa ang karon nga mihikyad na.

sama sa gapas naglutaw
kulang sa kinaadman
nakaankla sa pagbasol sa kagahapon
ug kahinam sa umaabot
parehong di mahikap,
naghingilin sa kamatooran.

hinanali nga kadasig
mialisngaw sama sa yamog
minunot sa uphag nga hangin
sa hataas nga kapatagan,
ugang hangin nga misuyop
lahos sa nanglutak kong panit
nagminghoy ug naghigwaos, dalang kasilag
sa nagbalikos nga mga ugat
nga unta tusaktusakon aron moalisbo
ngadto sa lang-at sa kasiguruan.

mga oras, adlaw ug mga tuig nga
nausik nga panahon
sa pagpamalandong...
apan nahisalaag gihapon!

Alice Cuenca

Nangausik Nga Panahon(Unang Pag Usab Sa Original)

mikabyon ko sa agay sa panahon
sa ikog sa akong kaagi ug
sa ulohan sa akong damlag
ako silang gilangkub
masakmit ko ba ang akong gipangita?
dili ko mahikap...
ang karon mihikyad na
apan nabutaan ang akong panan-aw
kay ang bangka nga akong gisakyan
naka ankla sa kagahapon nga way nay gahom
ug sa akong ugmang hanap nga tinuybo sa
sa milabay nga lawod
aninagon ko una pag ayo
kon unsa ka nga anaa sa akong nataran
nga way sagabal

Alice Cuenca

Nexus To Artistry

Amidst the noise, i hear you!
i retraced my steps...
beguiled but still
grateful for the unsought
words tattered by storm
that turned into dust...
a stilled-heart
captured by poetry
acclimatized, confined
within...
the limits of artistry,
the illusory of the myth
but beyond a jailed-thought,
is compassion
not overridden by the
irrationality
of the flesh
my winged-spirit
fluttering...
to the immeasurable
limitless...

Alice Cuenca

On Loving Me

as i go deeper into the ocean
to find my lost self
i found you...
day by day the wall collapses,
frontiers extend
my soul is weakening...
my self is thinning as
i climb the hills to merge with gods
oh! this bliss; a glimpse of perfection
have i found you?
have i found myself?
i should dig deeper below the ocean floor
to find myself...to lose myself...

Alice Cuenca

Perennial

in the realm of the ocean
in the depthness of the sea
my soul appears-
ephemeral

in the vastness of this earth
a rhizome resides, as it rains
a fragment of eternal drift
sprouting visibly-
ephemeral

dreams in turmoil,
i need god to touch you
the loving orbit of my being
is perennial

Alice Cuenca

Perishable Beauty

valid when young
a token of some men's
self-worth
transient as his
fervor

Alice Cuenca

Revelation Of ' The Starry Night'

a tormented soul against the darkness
unuttered sound of a roaring beast
feelings translate a colored vision
the sky slithers in rhythm of emotion

the stars rivaled the moonlight's intensity
gilt of light laments to the sky
an image seen through shadowy trees
in depthness, a nightmare with open eyes

the atmosphere below in idyllic serenity
sleeping, unaware of the uncertainty
of anguished rendered in golden reflection
painted the sky in lamentation

side by side, a duplicate nature struggles
unbending commitment to artistry
to a final price, death...

Alice Cuenca

The Ebb

'Hunas' by Genica Mijarez
translated by Alice Cuenca

You can't hear
the silent muttering
of the sea everytime
it curls up to
the edge of the land.

From afar,
a fisherman's lamp
is a flickering speck
sporadically concealed
by darkness

As the waves whisper,
a dream sails
with the monsoon wind.

It will take a long stride
through the shoals
to reach a distant sea...

Only, in the twilight
a boat lugs
a fitful bounty,
impassioned with
the salty water's
biting and tender embrace

HUNAS

Walay madungog nga hagawhaw sa dagat
Inig hawok sa bawod sa tiilan sa baybayon.
Sa layo, ang suga sa lampara sa mangingisda
Murag mga gagmayng tuldok nga lamyon
Sa kangitngit matag hunghong
Sa habagat ug mga damgong nangapalid.
Pipila ka lakang pa sad ang lakwon sa hunasan

Kon baktason nimo paingon sa lawod
Apan inig bangon sa adlaw sa sidlakan
Moabot ang lab-as nga bahanding magkisikisi
Diha sa mga barotong gihatod sa naghaguros
Nga taob. Nagdagan, nagdasig paggakos
Sa parat ug tam-is nga baybayon.

Alice Cuenca

To My Mentor

slinking around your shadow
covering tracks and wearing mask
as i continue this journey
i give up part of myself
pain and joy
the price of molting

as truth illuminates,
closeness is established
as we continue to navigate this difficult path
the path travelled less
a difficult path
to truth and freedom

thank you my friend
for sitting down with me
it is indeed a pleasure

Alice Cuenca

Unfragmented...

If only you could...
look at me with eyes untouched
by yesterday...
feel me not
with your skin but with discernment
love me not
because you needed to be loved...
come! let us submerge in this clear water,
unshadowed by muddled memory
let us conquer the impenetrable darkness
of the souls wallowed in ignorance
feel... the drift of this life
let it run like a river
flowing...
without resistance

Alice Cuenca

Upat Ka Haiku

nagdagang iro
nalarag sa kanawan-
sa balilinh

linaw nga sapa
gihapak sa amihan:
hulagway'ng kunot

maputing langgam
sa puti nga panganod:
lubad sa lona

ang tanang bulok
sa gabiing mangiub,
haw-ang nga adlaw

Alice Cuenca

Way Sukod (Immeasurable)

Nagmugna ug ilusyon...
pagtagbaw sa haw'ang
sa atabay nga way kahiladman
handuraw sa dalan nga sayon
paglingkawas sa kamatuoran
nunut sa agos...apan
way kasulbaran

Molded-illusions
hope to fill the void of a
bottomless well...
an easy path to unreality
is escaping reality
conformity is not
an answer...

may kaluwasan ba ang ugma?
kung ang kagahapon way gahom?
ang nangagi way gibug-aton
ang kamatuoran ang karon
buhi nga paghimatngon
ang makahatag ug kalinaw
ikaw lang...ang pultahan sa kamatuoran

Is there freedom?
When past has bounded us?
The truth is now
in the waking of
our consciousness...
self-comtemplation
opens the door to reality

kalipay dili makab-ot
kahadlok sa dagway sa kasakit
tangkal sa atong pangisip
mao ang babag sa tiunay nga gugma
ang gugma nga way sukod...

In jailed-thoughts,
happiness is elusive...
A true love is
unfragmented,
immeasurable...

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku In Free-Form) Outcast

a gaudy crowd
the dandelions face the sun
trampled upon

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Chill Bumps

swift cold autumn wind
startling the migrating geese
goose-flesh on my skin

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Fear Of Flying

through a stormy cloud,
tracing the earth's curvature
i turned religious

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Sunset

flame-hued firmament
wild geese flying in v shape
fleeting autumn wind

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Vain

dried-up riverbed
thinning air of the prairies
my dry, cracking skin...

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Ethereal

a soaring white bird-
disappearing in white clouds
fades on my canvas

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Feign

animated kite
flying against the blue sky
hissing sound of wind

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Funny

an unceasing flush
a toddler waving bye-bye,
to toilet papers

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Global Economy

Globalization
a tilted glass of water
uneven bottom

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Lost

a busy sidewalk
a lone ant is meandering
sweltering midday

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Melancholy

moving dark shadow-
creeps up the hilly meadows
ephemeral cloud

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Paradox Of An Insomniac

Black is the nighttime_
the presence of all colors
day is emptiness

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Past

wild geese flying through,
darkening sky of prairie
diminishing spots

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Springtime

torrential rainfall
dead earthworms on the pavement
slushing sound of wheels

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Waterloo

a heavy downfall
drooping drenched-white peonies
spiritless queen bee

Alice Cuenca

Z(Haiku) Patience

storm nearing its end
a dove perches on the porch
patiently waiting...

Alice Cuenca