

Poetry Series

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos(September 30,1982)

Father: Ireneo S. RAmos

Mother: Nelda T. Ramos

School: CEU manila Pre Dentistry

CSC Catanduanes - Nursing

7,100 Acre Ricefield

Stretching beyond horizon, 7,100 acre ricefield
golden beyond gold in sapphire blue
Plowing gowpen that hobgoblin's deed
Disenfranchise millions who own the field

A locust hubbub wild stunning all confused
Amidst scorching heat, who toils in canescent shirt
For a good harvest of golden hue
Bearing bere all hobglobins feoffed

Beiged by scorching sun
Who politically toil this barren land
Your master lend the golden grain
And yet gave his share in bane

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

A Man As I Am

I built a haven,
between the road less traveled and the road well traveled by man
Who are longing for answers and they found none
All roads are poorly lit
by the moon as it shine
All mortals races for questions
for their infinite plan.
I choose to thrive in between,
and be a friend to man.
Let me live in between the side of the road, and be,
A Man As I Am

Pilgrims followed the light where mizar shine
Some sojourned by faith
on both sides of the road
There are who love and who hate
Some souls sat on scorners seat
at times been cynical
Some speaks wisdom, time traveled noachian
But, I turn not away from their charm
I built a refuge in between the line,
and deemed myself
A Man As I Am

Through the meadows in between
I been a friend to man
Through the realm, where mountains greet the sun
In between the road I dwell,
and those who traveled I know them well
So let me live on road in between,
and be a friend to man
Let me be
A Man As I am

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

An Ordinary Night

Down the labyrinth I stay
An airy silence lures the day
Slimes on the ground of forbidden land
Night unfolding like a loosening sand

The wolf rules the night
of its spirit and vicious sound
The moon constantly shines its light
To view the silhouette sight

Cool breeze sends shiver down the spine
As the moon continuously shine
What brings absolute peace
Aromas of the towering trees

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Because I Love You

If it is not for love that you love me
Then it is not love that is truly love
Freely we choose what to feel innuendo
The time that love is in the air
Sometimes life is, I know but love isn't fair
To feel this I knew
That I did not love you for the sake of loving
If I did, I was not noble to be true
That it isn't the mind that stir in your hue
Ti's feeling in cease is nobler than what is known about love
And what is true, I love the feeling of being in love
I'll take all cliches for it
I was refined by love
In this sense - not for someone
But for everything that encompasses
I did not love you for the sake of loving
And I truly love the feeling
I love you, not as loving for its sake
Then it vanishes all of my hate
That truly love I feel in the air
I did not love you to be of being in love
Because I Love You

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Benighted Soul

T' was C.S.C. that made my mind obscure
Bestowed to me a benighted soul
Almost a quarter score year in her environment
Is a lifetime bitter sentiment

Self - actualized life by life's billow
A polished life in sight
Humane deed, scientia y virtud's heir
Could not stand such scornful air

Pedagogical entities with strife in mind
Members of sophomores alike
Shrug shoulders, hardly speaks maieutic
Easily slanders name in public

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Budding Roses

Do not the stranger's penchant rise
Upon the sift of rose on mortal's hand
The luster of dew on petals swiftly pass unseen
Nary the conspicuous rose watched in clandestine

Nary mortal call it quits
Do not this stranger's fortuitous encounter
On budding rose of May
It's beauty may pass someday

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Coconut Wine (Tuba In Bicol Philippines)

To taste your lips with that coconut wine
I'd cross the mountain from time to time
Though distilled spirits told me, you love me, with all of your heart.
Time and spaces both tears us apart

Enfolded by the canopy of my love,
As warm and as sweet as the cooing dove
Will you tell me not only for this moment you'll cherish me until the end of time
I'm afraid it will vanish in mists of that coconut wine.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Crimson Rays

Behold the light of sun anew

That light the morning, freshened by a morning dew

Some budding flowers bloom with delight

Welcomes the day with gleeful sight

Soon after that morning sun came

A spate of rain wring the flowers trunk

Far - flunged terror of perennial rain

Leaves flooding the river bank

A mighty force deterred the sword of damocles

Ordered the rainbow to flicker its light

Fierce image of night like sky

Soon shrouded by crimson rays

Into the dawn of night there is light

The flowers survived it with might

Albeit weary from the terror partaked

They splurged with the opus of crimson light

Within that chronicle of life behold

Is it a truth doubted by this doubtful mind

Through Deus' unfathomable way does he foretell

The flowers succumb to crimson rays

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Divine Perspective

Who would define the silver linings of the spring
The rushing river that defines peace?
If leaves are golden as it falls from the trees
Who would define this bliss?

Who would define the mountains?
Harboring all species
It gives a nature's music
Who would define it please?

Who would define heaven here on earth
If you don't exist
If you don't exist
Who would define heaven here on earth

Who would define the sea
The majestic clouds that sketch
By the divine architect
Who designed a place called earth

Who would define inner peace
The essence in itself?
Who would be the one,
To define all of these?

If there are no clichés
who would define the norms
All of the yearnings,
we define it in forms.

If he who designs, in his perspective
To see it in your own
He highlighted his stroke of beauty
To let you experience the abstract of his perspective

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Douceur Grave

Shred the rivers out of set of paragon
That found counsel from years
A spell where ravens lurks at silence in dismay
Pinioned with wings of seraphs to fly high asleep
Grave of soul that mortals won' dig deep
In death, tryst of sage years and rubicon
All mortals in grave go
Yet this grave of soul that speaks in rune
Meander on sandy mayhem in lovely loom
In time, not now, maybe in retrospect
Before mortal's dour sleep
Mortals will dig from this grave deep
To find the soul with all of what he gave
Plastinated in douceur grave

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Enslaved By Freedom

Emancipation shouts aloud
From the freedom that enslaved
Seemingly plausible delight
Buries brutally a habitual grave

And when it glides through the air
Our freedom seems bleak
The same freedom that's free
Is the freedom that emancipate me

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Feather Of The Peregrine

I wish, I was a feather gliding in air
Soft as the crystal's flare
And wish to be blown anywhere to take
Journey not by wing hook on peregrine's fleet

Peregrine, sweet mother of sky
This little feather wished to be blown in sigh
The air in way too dear
May lift the feather in air's free will

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Humility

So long I mourn by thy unkindness
Disgraced me thou hath never knew
Though I weep and can never return it
with unkindness
Flairing love frazzle, madness all anew

Humility is strange it seems
Prone to humiliation who knew?
Humility will humiliate you.
Who humiliates he? He humiliates who?
The one who humiliate or the one with humility
who has been humiliated too?

Thy unkindness ages with time
Vengeance unheard is mine
Is it a rage you reap an unkindness you sow?
"Value humility will you!
If you can humiliate thee, thee can humiliate you.
If thee have humility, I do have humility too.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

I Blunder

I blunder down the freeway.
I blunder through the lakes.
Perhaps my greatest blunder.
Is swimming against the stream whatever it takes

I blunder on the mountains
Within its slope I think
I blunder down the valley
Not even the bear can take

I blunder on the sea
With the fishes with delight
I blunder under the trees
Watching the birds and the bees

I love my blunder spree
Down the lane i blunder three
Don't you ever wonder
I won't blunder to tell it maybe

To live out of blunder
I will never be please
I am not afraid to blunder
Blunder is my pace

You may think I am a greatest blunder
You blundered in that case
Don't you think I don't learn lessons
And why my blunder never cease

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

I Have Dreamed Of

I have dreamed of relativity of all philosophies
That follows an absolute law,
but different in each characteristics.
A matter of existence and coexistence
in which the anti - philosophy will be renounced
to prevent the massive bombardment of humanity
into cataclysmic extinction from
philosophical standpoint of indifferences.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Imopectore

Dauntless I'am I have it in for love!
Deemed thy heart calloused when true love confide.
My heart stricken soul amidst cupid's clap
Telling thy heart so shallow wanting instance.
Take counsel from thy impassive, irresistible trap.

Knowing a thing or two, love imp'd with wings
Like grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings
Such graceful prattle doesnt tend to amuse.
Seem tedious for thine love, oh you precieuse!

Lay to heart if thou takest love cast in pearls before swine.
Oh precieuse, swear not to sweet bosom's charm
Thou didst let thy calloused heart reign and act so cynical
Oh swear not, sublime love in time won't intertwine.

Kristoffer Randolph T. Ramos
#24 Rawis Virac Catanduanes
Philippines
krisrandolf@
All Rights Reserved
Copyright 2010

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Irony Of My Existence

Have you ever wonder the way I do?
Why do we have to live, do this and
that from our own point of view.
why do we have to be born, or one to be mourned
Inspite of our struggle to care, we are the one scorned

Does it make sense to love and to give?
in life's journey our need yet havent been conceived
Maybe we are fool by our own delusion.
That the key in our life is the best education.

Take a look at me, the one with humility
Some other think, I live in insanity
Maybe its kinda weird inspite of my humbleness
I was prosecuted by my own tactfulness

I've tried to live my life in irony.
I've followed their heart whole heartedly
But I am the one who suffer in the end.
For the life that I've built and a life so sublime
Now is a dream, I thought would never end...

Kristoffer Randolph T. Ramos
#24 Rawis Virac Catanduanes
Philippines
krisrandolf@
All Rights Reserved
Copyright 2010

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

It Turned To Dust Miss Ennui

Thank you Miss Ennui for your elaborate encomium
And prayers for time you foretell
The demise you prayed for, my enlightenment's well
That within your name lies a character hard to change
But your mystic words could change a sensitive ways

Thank you Miss Ennui for teaching me to hate
Three years in your company nurture is in respect
That nature wont prevail in a nurture's sect
I thank God for this, of what he let me feel

Thanks you Miss Ennui for 1095 days
With you and your company my integrity's disgraced
The day it started is where I fall
The last day it end is where I stand tall

But Miss Ennui, it will always end
With torture and contagion my character bend
That in the boxing match you did set while we are being honed
My virtue really hardly reset

Miss Ennui, Miss Ennui, I must admit
How self actualized I was before we met
The reflection in everyday sojourn
I' am ashamed to tell my goal is for perfection

Miss Ennui, Miss Ennui, I cant forget
You were one on the mob that giggles form labeling I get
Sciencia y Virtud's legacy
A long time building turned to dust Miss Ennui

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Legacy

To roam this earth no more
And lure on that immortals door
Behold thy ultimate life's defeat
As death pulls you over by your feet

The trail of your mortality remains
As you struggle for pain and fame
It wont matter anymore
Twas written in your memoir

Your act of goodness will be remembered
So as your sinister act my friend
For every season in life spent
Are legacy in their head

What is important is how you care
To befriend an enemy you don't just dare
Like my grandfather and grandmother in their quest
Set an example I wont forget/regret

It is true for trees, for daffodils, for you
Things wither I hope you knew
That in time death flings with you
Your life is a living legacy about you.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Lest Not The Night Bereave In Thine Solitude

You sat with your solitude under the plenilune sky
And tell the shore to have a plangent sigh
Who was made by laws invisible to the eye
And be complaisant for you not to cry?

You tell the rain to pour?
To kiss your cheek and hide your tears at all
Do you believe that stars will close the canopy?
To give way to rain accordingly?

Thus your solitude found delight on reflucence of tide?
blurtd sounds with magic must abide?
Tell the moon that there's no ebbs of tide
The song it has you won't believe

Lest not the night bereave with thine solitude
if thy solitude won't compliment the dew
Though the night holds peaceful views
it follows a law, will you believe? Don't you believe it, Do you?

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Midnight Shift

I like to work on a midnight shift
When all patients are asleep
At day I deal with their hysteric stuff
At night, medicine, I give them round the clock
Doctors will visit them at day
At night I could sleep right away
If medicines are all been given
I worry not to sleep until seven

I send to lab some poop
The day the Dr told me to hop
I catch some stale urine
At night, I feel absolutely clean

You know why the reason of what I say
Sometimes I sleep all day
When midnight shift is all I'm in
I'm happy and always been

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Mind's Tongue

Speak, the mind has no tongue
Mind what you think before you speak
Words reveal the real you
Tongue is very difficult to tame
Who would have saved you from shame?

Silence may not mean that you are fool
Either tell you that you are cool
The best way that could save you from shame
Is a tongue well tamed

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Mirror

Mirror, lie to me not
On this age of conquest
This wrinkled face awaits to be told
Time betrays if to be young is a crime
I mustered my strength in time
But flame on candle someday loses spark
I did find a light on the dark

Mirror, tell me what is not
On my teenage years you complimented me much
I have given life to life
And retire with wrinkled face
If death awaits what life will hold?
Is it not death life itself?
Scorned by my own reflection on dawning years
For death, human's were on race
Mirror does not reflect our fate nor destiny.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Mother Earth

The day you were born mirth and wild
Mire is the bosom in yuletide
Her charm lend the chariot and thee enthroned
In clod through autumn, loved thy brethren a hundredfold

In flabby step she lend a pearty hoist,
A shabby cloth in cold
The kernel and wheat she host
She hailed thee in sublime repose

Her veins draws the life line,
Her winks thy rest
Her breath you breathed
Her skin's abode

She's dying in thy arms
Gnawing with goodbyes
As she gasp for air
Vengeance is not her pride

Her life in crescent cycles
Through centuries her pain imbued
pain in subtle yearnings
What love is it from her brood

The kiss of death subdued
Knurl thorned, last kiss on her head
Pierced lived in crimson hue
He who kissed, thyself betrayed

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

My Own Worst Proverbs

The end of a means is goal directed whatever the cost, it will always benefit the one who intended to harm. Any tactics may hold the answer to accomplished goal and no matter how shoddy it is the only way to eradicate a threat is a hidden use of mortar conspicuous to logic...

It is the delusion of glamour that made us think of life without flaws. Sometimes we are vain to look at humor as a direct insult to our esteem, but, if not, otherwise appreciated it is laughter we would not taste, a world without thorns. It is a single scratch that will make us bleed to death. And it is a calloused skin that made me stand the raging heat. - el nino na

Life depends on one's perspective
No matter how we find meaning in it
The answer lies within ourselves -

Humanity has unquenchable thirst for praise
But, it is hard to find one who humanizes

There is a sole reason why man lives
The law of surviving and becoming fit
whatever it takes

The worst doctrine in pedagogy is that
never realizing how noble man is

The greatest philosophers took flesh for us to learn
Did we? - hehehehe

Freedom is priceless

I pay no attention to whatever praise or blame
I simply follow my own feelings

I would rather hear the wisdom within one's music
than to listen in words without wisdom

People are too lame to insist their own way
Knowing that every person has its own perspective

People are good in harsh judgment
Could they even pluck guitar? - --

i would never go on the path on someone's perspective
I never knew the acuity of his sight to trust in him as he leads the way

i will never betray my conviction.
And no one knows what it is
Through the thickness of my mustache, one could not tell my fate nor my past

This time, either you and I overtook this game of life
At the end, the line we would finish equalizes the path and distance we have had
taken
What will matter is how well we spent running
The lap is too short for me to mind someone's business

When we say DEATH, it is in the phrygian mode, spiced up by some mind
bending squeal.

i dont know about the death that all people are preoccupied with

Life is an opportunity to tell that we exist
The moment we were laid to rest comes the reverberation
of our voices to echo through time immemorial

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

My Weird Type Of Empathy (The Taste Of My Own Medicine)

Describe not what empathy is in a not so hard to bear way on my account. I' am churned up in confusion, realizing that in a not so distant future, I will witness how you un utterly misjudge my spirit. My heart is not calloused as you may see it seems. Those pricking pain may prick me not now, but time will find its way to let me know I feel your suffering (words in mind as I see pt in suffering and tacitly find comfort in silence) . I may find comfort in company of those who take pride in easing my pain, and I will find it vexatious to handle those who let my tears flow, for my situation calls for preserving my dignity until my last breathe brings life to my body, and the last dropp of my blood will stop flowing through my veins.

Treat me not like a guinea pig, you may realize that I am still a person and will always be who feels pain, but comfort is not on my side. You may see and feel the beauty of living and eternity in suffering and that life is priceless, for now you may be blinded by the blossom of youthful vigor, Do not the ticking time betrays? , for now time is on your side. Tell me now, whom are you going to trust? , and so time silently betrays.

I am a person slowly disintegrating, long enough, that I have had written my story, you may never mind, but, doing your part to bring comfort as I rot in bed. Treat me accordingly to the dictates of your own wishes. I know in a not so distant future you may wish just like me.

In a not so distant future, I wonder, how you'll describe empathy.
In a not so distant future, you will take your own medicine and that I wonder what taste it could be.

Grief stricken as I see people whom I am caring in the medical ward, I find uttering, this is just the way I'll be suffering when time comes. Do I fear death? not so much, I fear how will I be treated with ease or as a thing of duty by my practitioner. I find it hard to submit to the truth that my life will be at hand of those who will manage my end of life care. I may be weird in this matter but does it make sense? That is sensibly weird but the grim truth of what lies ahead.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Nibs

I love to learn from the ebbs of tide
With seiche of psephites from side to side
Though shrieking sounds in air it had fulfill
I found its music amusingly dear

Through centuries in bout that gaping mulch
Churned by torrent waves no - hold - barred
Bludgeoning surges steadfastly found
Sharp ridges on skerries land

Sea gulls lurks cupidity on school of fish
Spoils the tender sea girted scene
Tempestuously ply flouted like poseurs glim
But nay, nary I find the niflheim silhouette,
heckly obscene

Noetic sun rises and shine
Illuminating the crystal sea
Streaking incognisant to playa's line
Thee savagely splashes murky water
Mine is a wonderful life in time,
Found delight in all things sublime

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

November 21 2009

T'was on the 21st of November's night were cold

Where crickets on the midst of the night

Echoes the music from their voices

The repertoire told to much tale

A music to my ear

The temperate cold leaves my body bend

Under the blanket, half of my story unsaid

The cold wind brightens my mind

Such a gleeful time to refresh memories

Great feeling for my intimate self bind

I find the night so amusing

There is is a beauty in simple thing

The crickets that live in the temperate cold

How would I not survive this cruel world?

If I were to decode the nights repertoire

God will tell me that life is

Living to be happy

If I could wash away this playful thought

A positive view on life is what I hold

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Ode To The Summer Wind (In Hours Before I Sleep)

Gentle sleep, this shiver, a sweet embrace.
Sweet as nectar on budding rose of May.
From a window, a wind as sweet invisibly traced
Though the night is a long road we find
Memory surging, but this night is blind.

Oh Summer Wind! at night you taught us love.
Who must be taught as though you thought us not.
And love unknown proposed as love forgot.
Teach not to doubt, if doubting is all we sense.
Doubt not a love, a love known intense.

Oh Summer Wind, remember us, our recollection
Dig deep into consciousness your known affection
If by remembering, it is ourselves that we remember
This cold wind brings shiver! Oh Summer Wind made me love life still
We break in the past, lying, and mesmerizing in thrill

Oh Summer Wind! , whose soul had kept unseen
Who bowed down not neither to King nor Queen
The trees who held their head up high
Have kissed, and danced with the wind passing by

Oh Summer Wind! , thou art canst make me weep!
Mine is a rhyme, make not a promise to keep!
In hours before I sleep!
I felt your love so deep!
In hours before I sleep!

Copyright 2010 Ramos Kristoffer Randolph

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Parable Of The Dying Creatures

The untimely death of my grandmother is a grief producing tragedy of our family. Every news that regards death in its formidable form, there is no exception. Even in the hierarchy of caste system of human race, death put its name in vain. It vows to no one, from high profile to the poorest among the poor, death strikes its hellish glare without warning, a devastating inference among those who were left behind by its trail.

Death knows no boundaries, offer no clues on whether when to strike and what way would it strike. It is a great representation of eternal sadism. Human race has no way of renouncing its role in embracing fully the grim wrath of death in its unlikely time. Is God sadistic enough to use death as a parable role played by all creatures who took flesh, incomprehensible by human's feckless mind in its highly advanced disposition. Is it God's way of enlightening us that with our education and achievement, still, we do not have ways of knowing the meaning of such sententious event that captivate inquiring minds.

My Grandmother is no exception. Her younger age left us with long lasting memories. We were taught about the equality of the human race, and that no one is above the rest. This egalitarian thinking is an eye opening way to give respect in every creature, great or small deserves to love and be loved, to care and be cared by. God is great to have this be told by my grandmother's death, saving me a lifetime to learn such lesson and qualities. My grandmother lived it by example. These radical characteristics encompasses what her quality entails.

Considering her life as a parable in which lessons were learned upon her death. Our life is a hidden treasure of meanings unfolding day by day. A plot in which all are involved unfolding into the dawn of life itself. The book of truth consumes much life in its making in the expense of death for guidance into mere perfection for the generation in existence. It entails all of the realm of reality in which we are our own author written way back millions upon millions of years ago and the deadline is eternal. What a great loss to a calloused heart to refrain from learning outstanding lessons from a person's life.

Every individual shares the greatest truth. My grandfather have given enough his share through living by example, he graciously bestowed to us his inherent characteristics (morally and mentally upright) . The value of giving without something in return. Through his eyes, this simple act of kindness brings him sublime exhilaration of an unuttered joy. He keep friends for good, Con jubilantly, they reminisce their gleeful journey in life and the nightmarish ordeal

from the battle that almost cost their lives against the invaders who tried to trample the sacred shore of their land, our heirloom. Great value of truth and uprightness is triumphant in his conviction. His path is directed by religious principles towards achieving success with great patience on tolling out of sweat from his aspirations.

The reason that I stay long with my grandfather's company and continuously tries to stay longer is the fulfillment of joy that makes a lasting impact on my life. His remaining years of toiling age which he share in almost all of the time is bound not to be missed. I renounce death in his part for me to realize his great significance. Sapiential mind delivers its teaching that we realize the significance of a person or a thing upon its demise depicted in Michael Jackson's death were people around the world mourn to pay tribute to their fallen hero upon the end of his earthly sojourn, I cannot discredit their lament because MJ's life is of great significance in their lives, what a great parable.

Judging me of my views in life is eccentric, the same peculiar way I judge others view about life. How triumphant I am to realize that other people deemed you strange when the road you are taking is different among the rest and usual norms. As long as you feel happiness in your path, no strange thinking would ever stand your way considering that you are taking the right path, albeit bumpy it seems. In my grandfather's company I found happiness more than leaving this magnificent land to seek abode in the foreign land. I savor the time everyday and that I would like to stay longer in his company.

I value all of the people that is of great significance. My parents, my siblings, my relatives and those who became part of my life unmentioned, who told too much tale in their own parable. If only God would know that from their life, I have learned so much and that their life is far beyond significant. Could God renounce death upon my wish? How indifferent God is? How indifferent, even upon knowing the parable of their life within the course of their lifetime, God is adamant enough to insist his usual way.

Upon my death, be reminded that humans are frail. They could be stubborn at times, but could be amazing depending on the motivation. Their stubbornness is like a tip of an iceberg kept afloat by their inherent intellects, talents and capabilities which persevere to keep floating on the sea of possibilities and greatness. Their emotion is a driving force on whether to succeed or remain indifferent. Attack their emotion and you could bring them down, nurture their emotion and you could have molded a great person. When you treat a person unjustly, it will reverberate during his lifetime but he will find ways to let you know that you cannot change and control the course of his fate.

Death is a parable by God. The life that god that he himself made is a part of the story. Is it hard to comprehend that this existence is meant for more other than this earthly life? For God have existed in his time to let us learn from his parables. This dim phantasm of the time that was continue to reverberate to let us know that God still exist even in our time and continuously brings us millions of parable in a hard to accept way, DEATH. If upon learning lessons in the course of a person's lifetime does not reverse death. I stand corrected and completely mistaken to call death as a parable.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Poor Shadow

Poor shadow,
whose soul unknown,
looming in phantasm
of nights ambiguity.
The world has eyes, whose vision
bend with thy movement.
Stirring its imagination,
prisoner of shapes and light that hit.
Whose mind thinks of concrete illusion
that circumnavigate the soul and shadow in confusion

Poor shadow,
owned by soul hidden,
sneaking against noctilucous light.
The world is oppugnancy, deceived by its
ability to perceive light that flickers, a consciousness.
Who opt to see shadow as reality, and soul as blemish of fantasy,
judging soul by the dimension of thy perception.
Nascent enough to sense, too early to comprehend, and lame to tell,
what you see is what you get.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Pristine Sea

A constant grace I feel to move through boundaries

Through this pristine sea's maze

The horizon may find me wander

A journey on my own pace

As I pass this sea the world may show

I passed through the territory of the same world I know

Vibrant life underneath, tamed by place

Where humans bring disgrace

If art could tell the world immortally

There is no other pristine sea

If God had made the world eternally

I am thankful for this pristine sea

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Red Flower

Red flower that bee cometh
the dew have kissed thy lips
thy sight is peace
a thousand bees didst tamed.

Tame mine hate, if hate is loving
Thy love forget not the hate
hate not before thy love
morning is thy bosom's fate

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Sarcasm

Weep no more on the distant shore
Calm like music and repertoire
Silence is good humility you've craved
wouldnt be stolen and dig it from your grave

Shred your tears from poignant clown in placid
hours endured
Thy sapiential mind in time wont fade
Enface sarcasm never succeed
Soon he'll rise one who bleed

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Serenity In Storm

It turned to gray
With raging cold inferno
Traces of its gloomy haze
Soon the land in contagion
With a dropp as big as grain of corn
The mountain line vanishes
like a loom of endless sleep
Music it is - rain's downpour
The churning vortex, swirl all day
All ingredients serenade the temper
The ambiance turned serene

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Sleep Tight My Child

Sleep tight my child
shroud yourself with blanket of childish innocence
I drunk the cupful of worries
that keeps me awake this late
Sooner or later, the night will serenade
you with unending nostalgia
The sepia brown imprints your dreams
with hopes that you will keep your composure
Fountain of water make endless trail of promises,
I worry for the lament of the sea, that it will saturate
a bond as rivers always find the sea

We bathed you with pure concoction
Engraved your name on marbles
And played viola with every note in it
arranged in lullaby
like the earth from its infancy
had formed the purest of gems.
The laws of physics stays hidden from your eyes
I bet, there is no gold at the end of that rainbow
It leaves golden haze, the mists, as it flickers against the sun.
Keep your eyes from the eclipse.

Sleep tight my child
I have worries that I'm afraid to tell
Soon enough the light of dawn
will break into the night
The mist of dew will soon evaporate
that the peaceful view of this garden will spoil out.
My child. the cold mist of the fog
early in the morning will hug you tight,
will bring you unuttered love.
The scorching heat of the sun,
burn the spirit of your fragile hand
I'm afraid that my worries be over,
the moment the day unfold.
my worries rejuvenate me, not with its unfolding.
The moment you step on that quay
The unending route of travel is in your way.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Soul Within A Dream (Dream Within A Soul)

Near the sea,
I filled the earth with fan leaf tree
To give chirping robins a clasp, and hide
Late the day, one enjoys the ebbs of tide

Someday, one could tell what nature be
a dream that stays with me
All worries, pressure of the day subside
The future of the unborn child

Under which a soul could rest
From crux, a tortured crest
This place hath done whats fair
Epitaph of my sweet ember's care

Dream is noble for the soul
Whose soul dream not
Faint -hearted dream it is without soul
and soul it is that dream, if by dream is soul we ennoble

I dream and filled the earth today
Hoped that dream would always stay
The time will I expire and rest on the ground
My dream will grow, stand, and live this land

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Synaesthesia

Cloaked in white fog
along misty road
lift souls
haven of birds and flies
Soothing music like lullabies

Overlooking the horizon
Treacherous cliff lurks fathom billows
humid and temperate cold rejuvenating mind
Picturesque nature's repertoire playing side by side

Life in misty pause
The flowers closes with mouthful of bees
Alpine like paradise
lift poplars by sexagenarian trees

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Tabularasa

There is no other sponge like the mind
In immutably soak all sequitur in slew
In traverse of rain that pass the lieu
Will always find shoggy sponge tremellose pose
In constant rain's downpour
Trite the nerve down its core
Call it a sponge and it will always be
Whatever it devour came not from its core
That in smite, splatter whatever it devour

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

The Blind

You never complaint on those wandering years
Shrouded by dark unwanted fears
In the event of fortuitous search for light
In the world of pervert saunter as recalcitrant

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

The Cave Man

We ain't no homo sapiens nor the neanderthals
The rocks ain't our tools that shape our world
Adventure is lips that utter, what mountains we should go
We got sticks, a compass which way to go
Echoes from caves confusing, and ambivalent of letting go

This ain't the era of great divide
between rocks and metals.
The fire that catalyze the leaping into modernization
From which our ancestors depended from beasts
struggling from sweat divine, artistry confined

by hook we learn to fish, provided, nourished
Fertile brook, preserved our race
Wave we go, danced a grace
Down you kneel to sing such praise
Ritual that never cease

Paradise ain't from nowhere
we are cave man, the discoverer
Such sensitive stalagmites and stalactites
rejuvenate the countess of time

On the cave, we ain't saints
but saints from which descends
The pressure of stream, culminate the time
From the era of sapiens and neanderthal
The cave have nurtured, and our race is born
into time immemorial

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

The Party

With canes and crutches, blow this last candle on cake
We must celebrate this life's last awake
Life's never been a piece of cake
We have offered a piece of life we baked

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

The Rapture

Whose soul finds no zephyr
The roaring thunder console not
Wondering if the tattle
Helps to find and wont find the light

When the time dilates
The zenith points the flickering light
Souls find the zephyr blows astray
Some wonder what it might

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

This Little Thing

This little thing,
larger than life,
the gracious pursuivant of journey
with quirks on its gait.

This little thing,
which one believes, in doubt
That find no meaning
when no meaning sprout

Which grip a tree
that seek the sun
emaciate on mud,
nurtured on fertile ground.

Leading to somewhere
tell the right way
If in itself is right
your way's recalescent light

It'll tell what's yes or not
The two will lead you through
And will always make you think you're right
Philosophy, so little, I wonder what it might.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Treat Me Nice

Dormant, lying before revolving doors
Between cities and place with candle light
You may wonder where story begins
From this playful scene

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

Way

If there is nothing good comes my way

Still I don't need to utter, no need to say

I have to make my own way

Oh my humility don't leave me anyway

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos

We Are Our Own Masterpiece

Every time a gentle breeze blows at night
Embracing like no other, befriending the rain
Sending shiver through my spine
i am in love with life

Every dropp of rain that chimes the ground
Cherishing every moment with its majestic sound
There will be no other day
Rain echoes love with life in every way

Isn't the sun a constant grace
Life is a promise to fulfill
Sun shines greatest love in eternity
I am in love with life's mystery

The gentle hours that stay with my solitude
Befriending the echoes of nature
through the golden rice field
My memories told me that I was in love with life

Where day and night meet
I am at peace
Breeze eludes confusion
The morning dew is a reason to love life more

The essence of life is life itself
What everything in life there is
We call it life, Having grown old with life
We learn to love life more than hating

Life, who give us pain
We learn to endure life
He, who does suffering
we learn to suffer

Life, is God's ambivalence
We are to portray on this stage
To be broken and to mend
Life is the essence of life left unsaid

To let us endure life
The thorns within
Gaze upon the wisdom that lurks
Life wont betray

As I endure chapter by chapter
Life enlightens
Life is a lesson
Life will make us the master of our own

Life, though art had teaches me
paint thy colors on my brow
And comes the last stroke
Once finished, we are our own masterpiece.

Kristoffer Randolph Ramos