

Poetry Series

Gil Gregorio Sr.

- poems -

Publication Date:

August 2008

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Gil Gregorio Sr. on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Gil Gregorio Sr. (June 24,1961)

Gil Lopez Gregorio Sr. is widely known as Geopoet. He was born in June 24,1961 in Naga City to goodly Parents, Antonio Hestre Gregorio who is from Sorsogon, Sorsogon (now Sorsogon City) and Virginia Sarion Lopez from Basud, Camarines Norte.

He is the eldest of eight children, namely: Arnel(Deceased) , Jeaneth, Annie, Vilma, Leny, Norman, and Devid. He is married to Erlina Remoto Celedonio and their children are: Gil Jr. (Deceased) , Jumae Frajalyn, Viktor Solomon and John Christopher. The family is now residing at Talisay, Dolo, San Jose, Camarines Sur, Philippines. He finished his elementary in Bayugan Central Elementary School in Bayugan 1, Agusan Del Sur; he pursued his high school at the Agusan del Sur College in the same place and later transferred to Diatagon Catholic High School in Diatagon, Lianga, Surigao Del Sur and graduated in 1978.

After his high school graduation, his parents decided that it would be better for him to finish college in Naga City. He finished a course in college with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Commerce major in Accounting at the University of Nueva Caceres in Naga City. He pursued his Masters in Management at the Bicol University in Legazpi City, unfortunately, was not able to finish the course because of his resignation with the Philippine Navy.

During his stint with the Philippine Navy he became the Chief Researcher Analyst and Chief of Civilian Affairs based in Legazpi City in the Research Department of the Naval Intelligence. He eventually resigned in 1998. The following year, he taught General Sciences at the Bicol College of Agriculture in San Jose, Camarines Sur for two years.

The author's writing started sometime in 1983 when he became one of the staff writers/reporters of the Nueva Caceres Bulletin, the official publication of the University of Nueva Caceres in Naga City. In the said University, he enjoyed full scholarship as an Administrative Assistant to Dean Perfecto O. Palma, Executive Vice President and Dean of the College of Commerce and Law Department. He also enjoyed half scholarship as one of the Staffers of Nueva Caceres Bulletin which equivalent in money was given in cash that served as his personal support until graduation.

In 1999, he was writing tagalog radio dramas on part-time basis in one of the radio stations of the No.1 Radio Network of the Philippines, Bombo Radyo Philippines, DZNG Bombo Radyo in Naga City for its local drama production. He wrote the serialized drama entitled, 'Sunog na Batas' (Burnt Law) and eventually left drama writing in the later part of 2000.

In 2006, his first poetry book entitled, A VIEW FROM AFAR OFF (A Poetic Legacy From Heaven) , was published by Andrew Byrne of Carpe Diem Publishing Company in South Australia.

At present he is working at the Franknet Internet Cafe' in Goa, Camarines Sur, Philippines. He is also a part-time Computer Instructor at Franknet Foundation Institute, Inc. and Ryden International Technological Institute, Inc both in Goa, Camarines Sur, Philippines. During his spare time, he writes essays and poetry as the inspiration comes.

He is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He translated the Book of Mormon and also presently translating the Doctrine and Covenants from its original language in English to simple Bicol dialect.

Works:

Geopoet's Website which serves as the gateway to his published works through the internet:

<http://www.wanderlustimagination.synthasite.com>

A VIEW FROM AFAR OFF (A POETIC LEGACY FROM HEAVEN) published by Andrew Byrne and his Carpe Diem Publishing Company of Adelaide, Australia.

Several of his poetry writings were published in several poetry anthology series with The Poet Sanctuary like the Muses of the Snow and The Blossoms of Creativity; and in Voices Net Poetry Anthology Series.

He has published his essays about the spectrum of the political events in the Philippines thru his website: <http://thelostfilipino.blogspot.com> and his tagalog short love stories at <http://mgakuwentongpagibig.blogspot.com>.

He completely translated the Book of Mormon into his own native dialect, Bicol, and published the same at <http://anlibronimormon.blogspot.com>.

Deeper Throw

Sojourn from the hedge of destiny
turning off the trail of a lonely road
succumbing to air unspeakable scorch
while walking like a pedgy-hedgy trowl!
Howling was an embark of the travail
afar from the wings of an eagle's hide.
Look not the benches above
the spine of a tree's locker bow.

Yeah...I was flying like a crow
in the air with no wings to trail
the blazing sunset of the day!
Never turning against the wind
of the east as it throw me deeper
into a despicable pit!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Ring Not Her Own But Hers

Bounded by the sense of disbeliefs
amid friendship or any-
the spurs of the moment queried
on the worn glittering gold ring;
The laughter giggles from within
as this my dear friend admitted
that it was not hers! ...
But it was off-handed by a kin or so
whose interest was the spectacle:
By the play of men it suddenly glittered
amid the joyful shouts and merries!
But, who could it be among them
or it just flew out off finger's reach?
It mattered not to who it may be
as the keen eyes shot at the ring
by the courtyard bounded by men.
Now, I see it worn by a naked finger
to her delight the venturer's cry
shut by the eyes of the beholder:
Why? , Ask not to me but hers, Sarah!

***Semi-Finalist in May 2002 International Open Poetry Contest (www.poetry.com)
and published in an anthology entitled, LETTERS FROM THE SOUL (Library of Congress
ISBN-0-7951-5160-8) .

Gil Gregorio Sr.

? YsircopyH?

It's been the mother of pride:
the energizer of stiffneckedness,
a piercing pin of lewdness,
a coagulator of abominations,
a creator of gross destructions!

It's the rust of the soul:
a flaming heat of lasciviousness
that thrills every bone and flesh;
an outpouring of evil from within,
a tumultous agony engraven.

It's a pinch of sensitive skin:
a piercing pain of heart's burn
enabling the rotten wound to nip;
an outburst of hidden anger
cutting through unexpected provocation!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Blue Angel

Beyond every breath of heart
An angel draw a tear;
in her own way of sensing,
she gave the best of things.
She throw more bits of self
to satisfy her home at rest;
She gambled a bit of her own soul
staggered by the whims
of her own solace.
She recalled a covenant to him at best
to settle with her heart at rest.
A friend, yes am I to her from afar
who took her pains to find a peace impart!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Dreamer's Wild Imagination

It was as if a quick withdraw:
A nice fitting, a nice candle glow,
Lighted up a way in darkness shines
Foretold no beginning, nor sparkled lines.

It was as if a quick withdraw:
A bad setting, a subtle candle glow,
Wound up a wind in stormy climes
Danced no signalling, nor wiggled ensigns!

It was as if a quick stroke I ever knew:
Like lines of marching stags cling no view,
Subtlety cracked each nerve on chandelier's eyes
How beauty've drawn a rared blown spice.

It was as if a hundred miles away:
A simple wish, a dream in one lighted view,
I've walked alone in stormy weather casts
All I found is me climbing a mountain last.

I've swam a beating of waters' wonder road,
A mile or two is far-reaching struggle, cramps a load
Twitched in pain, gasping a last breathe anew
Hold no lines, immersing up and down in water's flow.

But stilled as a wind surfing a high frenzied walk
One who's been amazing, clinging a father's talk;
I've woke up refreshed from a dirty water's slay
Now I live anew, a life of fullness, great and happy!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Friend and a Brother

I was groping for a friend
in a net of eyes by the tube;
I was looking for a brother
in a heart of dearness as old;
I am sharing for a life
to a friend not yet known;
I am trusting a brother
at a distance my dreams've shown.
I am talking to a friend
in a net of dearness by the tube;
I am looking at his eyes
seemed like Moses of old.
I am sharing for a life
to a friend now yet called
at a distance shared a promise
for a newfound life yet assured;
for at a distance, a friend
and a brother, now behold;
he's there, I'm here yet embracing
in this little lovely world.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Journey of Everything New

In my childhood,
the journey was a perilous one:
full of hardships, pains and tears.
In my adulthood,
the journey was a generous one:
full of wonders, hardships and pains.
In my manhood,
the journey was a gentle one:
full of smiles, wonders and hardships.
But in me, of years...
all was in wonderful passion
that happened from the beauty
of everything new.
Now, I ask why?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Search for a True Friend

At the highways of woes
a traveller viewed the wind blows,
as he climb up a fearful trail
on top of a mountain or a hill.
He searched unbearable things
that he wouldn't want to know.
He longed for something unknown
that he wouldn't like to see.
He's cleaving for something unusual
that he wouldn't want to feel.
Now, all the things provided
as he searched on the unprovided!
What is it then that you see
in your naked eyes as it slips away?
What is it then that you feel
in your naked skin as it wards away?
Ah, the only way to a true friend
is the heart with gladness,
willingness to share what is it
treasured deep in his own senses!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Searching Beyond the Entanglement

It was sporadically laid upon mountains
as it is so with hills, valleys and more;
It was splendidly crafted by clean hands
as it weirdfully crumble beneath, alone
by choices of searching eyes
and a decision to make
beyond the entanglement
of several downfall!

What could be there
with one who is not
and will not be
within a cramp
or otherwise?

Your search
is within
my cramped
piece...

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Star Shines Upon Yourself

The morning star have shined anew
More brightly like a mountain glow
Unnotice as it were seen well apart
For the eyes of a believer a bond
The lines of precepts made it grand!
You've travelled far to search souls
With God's Love, Mercy, Wisdom caress:
Bring forth a prize in tested avenues
As gospel notes a plentiful stride
Keeping you affront against evil's pride!

God gave you tests to endure to bear on
Never to lose sight against his presence;
For many are called only few are chosen
To take note of your lines by lines open
To the eyes of those who kept unbelieving!
You shall be like a seagull in the snow
Striving hard to walk afar a grinding pit:
For, you teach those who preferred weakness
To make them stronger least above yourself;
For a mission heartily sought, a reward's done!

For a good man out of the good treasure of
His heart brings forth that which is good;
An evil man out of the evil treasure of
His heart brings forth that which is evil:
For the abundance of the heart his mouth speaks!
Don't lose sight upon those remained unseen
By your naked eyes, a wisdom is purely bared;
To teach the weak to be strong and strong weak
Strikes a balance that your inner self find through!

As the wind, you shall carry sleepy souls
And amid your humble stride, lions kneel:
For your wings is beckoned like a prey
In the eyes of believers, great like light,
Home is your crowning days await you back!
But, remember of the sayings of old man prays:
Away with pride for it serves like rotten egg
In your heart keep love and faith a virtue seed;
Fly high like a seagull in the sky of hope
Remember that a tree is found in the ground!

In your reckoning, find faith, hope and love
Though the wonders of a marvelous work of God:
The Book of Books crying out of the dust
Serving like a living spirit in your heart.
The Book of Mormon is a pearl of great price
The doctrine and covenant of man with God!
And a star shines upon your heart.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Subtle Verse

I was groping a wonder thought:
unique, kind, meek and cute.
A name unknown, beauty rehearse,
while an ember of twilight find no curse.
Earth, yes I see in bubble's of sort
missing high above it's lightened view:
A horizon beyond every imagination,
a subtle being whose life carouse
in every creation, where imagination
spell realities to tag its different world.
Poetry, yes, I believe a subtlety of mind,
as visions or images inscribed in words;
it spills a heart out in gentle water's array,
even anchor hangs in sky clouds swiftly,
t'is little ash grounds of solitary course!
Imagination enthralls a pupil's symphony
with an eye single to a glorified sympathy;
no haste nor hazing laid a wantoned way
only a subtle mind can take a long journey.
Oh, light can shave an ambient oracle
of kings and princess dance in ridicule;
soft tyrants, yes, they owe it to their own will,
only a pen can make imagination a dropp of well.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Thousand Smile From You

Everyday
I've walked a long way to field
I can't forget that simple smile
in your face;
Your lovely eyes I can see,
wearing a lonely heart for me.
Sometimes I fear to hold you tight
that tender touch of dreams...
My heart trembles a thousand rocks
where the springs of the mountain care.
Now, I can see you close to me
laughters have changed my fears;
holding your hands in memory
keeping my heart in tears...
Once in a lifetime I have count
that simple smile from you;
I just wanna see you smile
counting a thousand view...
Just stay, and I'll be with you
a friend to hold and cares for you!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

A Tune of a Breaking Heart

Why is the wind timidly blow this day
that flowers are mantled by the clouds?
Why is the sun shines late its normal track
that days'r emptied by dawning light knocks;
For the cacophony of silence tear all walls
that even rocks torned like paper packs?

Why is the storm timidly ran berserk this time
that floods are walled by tiny bits of rains?
Why is the earthquake dance with the moon
that nights'r singing out clouds in gentle breeze;
For the clanging cymbal of woes torned to fore
that even the softest spot of heart burst to core?

How pains'd flow within streams of clattered spots
as joy is rare and happiness deluded every past?
Oh how gentle care is every hand with eyes aglow,
Only dream writes a brittle-dot of sleeping dew,
melting like snow by wind, raining when hiatus grow,
A tune of a breaking heart slides a slip as in tow!

Oh breaks of pain now gently overcome this piece
as this bard draw every scene when dark clouds nix;
With hopes that afflictions wouldn't carry what he felt
to the Woman he loved much more than a snow flakes,
A simple heart that captures in slippery lanes shakes,
Only a miracle can meet us of time when dawn breaks!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Across That Universe

Across that Universe...
Events have logged down the lawn
Of grass as it weirdfully looms;
Beneath the shallow hole in the sky
The rains of a laggard languished
Underneath... skipping...searching archy
As it quivers the snowy mountain top.

Across that Universe...
The zenith of that indigo line across
The sea come out like surprise in the eyes;
As it sparkled through a beam of dust
In the skies of memory that lasts!
Who! ...Who! ..Oh! ? whales of the seas
Tumbled under the seabed of coral benches.

Across that Universe...
The star of Andromeda and the Black Hole
Stuck time and space independently!
Thence, where would the crossing ships go?
Where would the slight twitches seam?
Would it be in the light of bit years
To swallow perfectly the weight beneath?

Ah! ...human frailties still lock their limits!
But, it seems as thoughts... it blinks
As wind of an invisible metamorphosis:
The unchanging paradox is what
God is to himself, Alas!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Ah, Maggots!

...just a freaky observation on termites

Hunted down by unknown tracters
by whims of their own agony
creeping like woodworm sacked...
about to obey shouts outside
while the prey hunters slowly,
gently, crawling the camped slot!
Which one is not belonging
to this lowlied feathers
by the wings of an embicile?
Which one is not searching
to this hallowed fetters
by the shouts of a blind?
Ah...poorly little maggots
shun away by their own pestering
and their own proud heart deludes
from the point of their shyness...
Who am I then to judge
and be judged by the innocents? !
Ah...poorly bigger maggots
fought their own losses.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Andrea

The innocence of your looks
trimmed every inch of sadness
as we envy your freedom
in doing everything without
malice nor limitations.
Your receptability to music
claps every hand around
with voices shouting of
your countenance.
Andrea, you are a little angel
to remind us the curtain
of our childhood;
the very sound of your laughs
do more inspiration in us
to desire even the limitless
wilderness of our thoughts.
Yeah...you are queen of our hearts
a freer change of old age!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Angel From Home

She's sweet as a honey on a bacon
fitted like icings on a cake;
So cloudy, bloomy, and easy
in her own world in calvary.
She seems confused of things can be
like a sunbeam hiding underneath a tree;
You would look at her in gloomy feather
never have gotten to fly on free!

She's sweet as a honey on a bacon
fitted like icings on a cake;
So intriguing, lighting, and melting
in her own world of flying.
She seems downed of things will be
like a skyhawk revving up a sea;
You would see her flirting the storm
never have gotten to land on free!

Oh sweet as it may my angel from home
The whole wide world is yours alone!
Have to carry it last deep in your heart
Your moment of happiness never go fast.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Angelic Light

I'm gone, confused.
Things are now rightly blinded.
It occurred last time.
But,
It seems that things are weary;
Surrendering,
Haunting,
Can't bend over
Nor hold on to it!

I'm gone too, greatly confused.
Many things've changed.
It never occurred before.
But,
It seems now it's lighted;
Omniscient,
Translucent,
I can wear it up.
Well, down if needed.

Smile,
These are your wings.
Come follow me,
We need to fly up
And swing our flaps
Within this omnipotent
Light!

Still confused?

No, not anymore.
I know,
You are near.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Anger

A sweeping evil from an unknown thought
measuring things unwittingly judged;
A candlestick of mistakes from right,
unswerving malady of any particulars
slowly creeping within a silent rage!
A lonely realization of right made wrong
measuring headaches within woeful heart;
A mountainous number of griefs within
to strike not stricken by needs
slowly rotting the flesh sublime!
By counting many errors and mistakes
bursting an immeasurable patience lay;
a yardstick of angels throng will pay
a bridge between right and wrong view
piercing the fearful heart bit slow!
Anger's a malignant and uncharted wing,
to endure against it or otherwise,
may cause a whole wide world destruct
a jittery of flatters left with pride:
a mistake done so far and wide!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Anger?

Corrupted vision under a swaddling blind
to things unable and things hard to find;
impatience is a virtue to its clogging kind
penetrating hearts of stone in boldness clime!
So much is painful in tumultuous cover
where a depiction in eyes is hard to share;
all things but mellow of malicious iniquity
no wonder t'is world has its fullness agony.
A shaky change have its all-time poll
where swaggarts and mighty wolves enbrawl;
vultures feast its long time hunger's fare
even those scattered bones in desert fire.
Or you may hear a shady battlecry from afar
Where brawling muscles smite a bloody howl;
No tempest wave can stop a sweltering blow
Only the noblest shadow hide a warrior show!
The zenith of fame serve a bounty swinger;
Killed a few but pain has its beehive's anger
No love is felt nor a tortuous whims appear,
hideous heart conquers an unwitting snare.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Babylon

The Redemption

By the time the day of the Lord
will clinch its final throb;
Babylon will be enveloped
by her own wickedness;
And the rotten grains layed
on the table will crack you;
Within your veins the impure blood
will swallow your pride of iniquities;
As the curse of blood in your empire
from of all times is levied upon you;
And the souls of every men murdered
will count the days of your throes!
The earth will tremble like a child
with all its fearful pleads and cries;
And all of those that would not belong
the Lord will carry them on-
Into the pit of their own afflictions
their choice is over:
for their faith in God will be late
for their own redemptions!

The Feast

Oh heavens, hear the voice and cries,
their laments of forgiveness is unbounded;
Never would anyone will carry the cross
for the time of forgiveness is gone!
The justice of the Lord is fair and just:
Those who've chosen wickedness
will be on their own head and bond
but those who've chosen life
will be on their final journey heavenward.
Praise be thy name, oh Lord of Hosts
your day has come with dreadful cause!
And in the sky, the fowls go yonder
in feast they celebrate with the vultures:
For the harvest is done wittingly
by the Hands of the Lord indeed.

The Hades of Sorrows

Babylon will be bound to the hades of sorrows
where the painful afflictions crack;
And in the days of the Lord will come
like a fire devouring the stubble!
And in the midst of these eventful years
a dragon's howl will be heard in bound:
'Oh Babylon, why hast thou forsaken me?
Where are those that promised glory? '
As if in imitation, you are plucked with mud

and the rows of spirits lined in your way;
They are crying in your dead songs in blind
and the ground will shake your tempest throes!

The Destiny

Babylon, by the time the day of the Lord
will visit your ground not yours;
The base of your iniquities from the time
of old will be accounted in your days;
The conquered will rise like heat of the sun
and devoured your most holy ground apart;
And your days will not be remembered
anymore than a history and a thought:
'Was this the conqueror of the earth
that holds the world in his hands? '
Oh, destiny unfold the ever-written on the pages
really happened in those days finally
by the reality of the time of life...
everlasting condemnation indeed is done
by the Lord's day of judgment.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Birth Pains (To the Mothers of the World)

Oh happy days, we chide the voluptuous
memories began by youthful inclinations
the gleeful hours not wasted beyond,
easy way nor hard-knocked plays.
The temblor matters not, terribly
shaken by promiscuous advances:
the lust within not abandoned
by whims burst into ventured array!
Ah! It sets out free the weight bounded
on and on, closer than it were old.
On days of labor, she cried the unwilling
song began by moans and censures-
but, it was too late looking back
behind the closed curtains of woes.
The pains never cease at will nor ordered
by the command of nature or so-
thus, the expected cried hard
and embroiled ceasing silence by cant.
Oh, why this beauty of procreation
hound every way of living days beyond!

On days of growth and trimming by
the whims began to show alluring-
the painful days forgotten and faded
another plant cropped in tow...
When will this trade of angels come not
this material world turning and glow?
Even those at odds giving their share
and every thing are tremored disarray!
No wonder, the plentiful harvest drained
no share given nor share to behold.
On days of compunction, we chant by
the hyperbole of songs and praises-
and hysterious hygiene of woes
stalked the hustles and panting prayers...
Thence, the culprit of it all shied away
hostily humming in cheerful quest
and tearing down the torrid walls
with a pinch of dusts blown instead!
No reasons of thoughts can allure
the nature's gallows, a galant stand fall.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Blank Sensation

The tiny dots about the shorelines
paddles a penny bundle that bind;
it's delightful substance creeping to lay
and the bottom was wide like black clay.
The moving sinews wind a clasping
twirled sea-hair white caps blending;
As it flew above the line swirling
it's the beauty of the cloud relaxing.

Oh blank sensation catches the heart
forgetting all the borders as it flows in;
looking at a whitish omniscent view
to the last breathe it fairly show.

The tremulous coagulation deepened
within the lines of inclining hyacinth;
T'was as if a flow engraving within
while the flesh hilt to a hype while singing.
The craddling sinews wind a beaching
hurled sea-hair white caps splicing;
As it ran the roadside in swimming line,
it's perturbed beauty engraved a dime.

Oh blank sensation catches my eyes
As I see that beauty underneath the lies;
It catches worm beyond my fleshy reach
one by one it clutches as I had my pitch!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Broken Light Spin

The tempest land its brutal anger
On the face of thinner squall, a gentle fair
Up above the sky, a revolting air;
Bringing down a wrath of nature
Sprawling like frenzied trees down shore.

Cumber sludge hit a plain spindle ray
The melody was a heated whistle of air strike,
Swing was a lullaby, a bird's song cry;
And carried over a rain, flooding streets alike
Only one wishes faring by a loathsome tremor hike.

What a lovely view a light string draw
Home is heaven, and the land withstood a straw;
It cracks a slit where earthworms swell
Left alone scrolling by its mouth's spin
Sparse was the meaning at eventide's spell.

Now the lofty swing hit a flinching loop
Where ignorance is a tool, a pen is abhorred;
But the only hope of ignorance is rotten supplication,
Bear neither string nor a stronghold attained
Bad is good, and good is a malediction.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Bulrushes

Silent as they've grown in deep water's bed
seeing up above the bottom, down a sledge
their short-sight shoots, its branches zooms
to tame the blue sky as it blooms.
Their delicate roots crawl in softly mud
where tiny fishes gathered as their habitat;
they stand like twigs of those green meadows
a sight-reach pole beneath, in a space windows.
Their bodies when cut, knitly weaved and daubed
will surely serve like a shepherd's swampland hub;
with sticky slime and pitch they merrily glow
Oh yes, they flag in beauty at riverbank's brow.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Change? ...

It is a perilous venture to an unknown
where the living world is limitless
like weeds from a faraway land
dreaming...and hoping...

It is a desert where the woes tremble
like a torch's sparkle at night
and the origin is not known yet
chanting...and lifting...

But, it has wings that can endure
even swallow those that are bigger;
It has eyes that can examine
even those who do not deserve it.

Most of all, it begins everything new!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Chanting Cymbals Of Last Hope

As I walked the way
by the crossroad of woes;
Worrying up a bit
by my wandering toes;
As my tattered sandals
said: I can't go no longer,
My burdened feet slumber
by the endless torment trail.
As my hand moved to crawl
by the crossroad of pains;
Worrying up a little
by my wandering spins;
As my ripped wound
tittled up so as to surrender;
My burdened spirit clumber
by the endless joy trail.
At last, I see a silhoutted light
by the glance of my flattened eyes;
As the woes pained in a scoop,
here the chanting cymbals of last hope!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Choked Breath in Peace

As I ran miles of unbreathable sleep
Carrying on shoulder a horrible load;
While the wind comforted my weary,
Little that it took to breath a mercy.
The skinny pathway looped a tear
Cracked by little passage a way out;
The smell was terribly demured
And the trees surrendered and vowed;
As the ground slipped a goaky flip.

As I winch frightful pain underneath
My lungs hurdled a garbled air out;
My skin eloped a swirling muse of mess
And the sticky fungus gush out a split.
Amazingly I wonder a careful thought:
Is it an eternal way to pierce swaddling piece
As if a mirtle comes to perforate a seize?
Though weary as I shouldn't be,
A choked breathe woke me up in peace.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Clock Tick, Clock Tick

Clock tick! ...Clock tick!
It's 6: 30 in the morning:
Have to go through descent bath
Have to change every bit of me
Have water rinse me everyway!
Clock tick! ...Clock tick!
It's 7: 00 in the morning:
Have to go the kitchen
Have to cook every breakfast then
Have the food full me every when!
Clock tick! ...Clock tick!
It's 4: 00 in the afternoon:
Have to sift all papers on my table
Have them file in my drawers hall
Have me relax my day's call.
Clock tick! ...Clock tick!
It's 9: 00 in the evening:
Have to settle my bed like a serf
Have the burden of the day off
Have me win my goodnight sleep!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Comfort of Heart

How come every night, sleep is hard to find
Your voice's memory seems haunting me behind;
Your giggling smiles and laughters is so fine and fair
T'is old young heart imagining each moment we share.
I wish to conquer the biting scorch of sunlight,
in the midst of pain and weary close my sight;
I travelled the darkness among the wolves
while thistles were dugged in my feet's sholves.
So, tenuous was the pain that invades a heart
So, tremendous was the back load from a start;
No matter what it may become a consequence of sort
I always prefer a comfort of heart, a last recourse!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Confusing As I Was...

I've had plenty of misses,
one down the other in wishes;
It tumbled down like races,
showing nothing but carelessness.
I've been in a web of clouts,
one down the other in floats;
It dribbled down like moths
in play of lamps with doubts.
Confusing as I was in a play,
listening out with no sounds
like a caravan of little gypsy.
It runs like a river under snow,
grounds have trembled high and low!
I've never wanted a material wealths,
and even in a dream surely quilts;
but in a ransom soon it silts,
like a river bank of snows' guilt!
Really confusing as I was felt.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Confusing Chat

I found a girl who's 32
who chat with me and said hello;
She recited to me Desiderata
with a few lines I forgot
she caught me speckled by her chat!
I wondered a lot of themes from her
She caught me stumbled
a brokenhearted peer...
She talked with painful feeling
caught my heart's struggling pain.
She asked me things I don't know,
I left her crying her own tears upflow!
I told her, you need to rest
from your streaming tears on the net.
But it seems that she loved it though
as I stood up and say bye bye babycoo.
So I stood up and left her staying
on a chat room which I think is hers.
She asked more of my opinion
But I can't tell her own oblivion!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Crack Up A Track to Point a Nowhere

Oh this cool lonely road to nowhere
heave a trapping underneath my skin
it shooves no wrinkle upon rocky thorns
like bluish armament in subtle aims.

Oh this cool lonely trail to nowhere
brings up my feet in tracking still
my feet have anchored so much pain
in place of anger over the chain.

Oh this cool lonely path to nowhere
I see better than a sublime walk upon it
neither the hallowed ground can make a trail
to a lonely man like me walking in ambush keel.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Cunning Doubts

Quite as it beams from the winds
allured by a sattire of agony;
It quivers from a slim sinew
while hyping up a garbled mum
slowly wiggling off a trail hop.
Yeah the walks are light
but never easy as it shines:
Your countenance is viewed deeply
by the eyes of your cunning feat.
Doubts is fear and death
to the heart that is truly set.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Dark Light

So dark is the world, light is abomination
Cleave hard to a rock, forget imagination
Walk in faith don't slumber, slide comprehension
You'll see angels whine, sparkles like circled clime.

So wide is the world, space is consternation
Trumpets sound a triumph, hear no confirmation
Walk in unity no breather, pile charge, confusion
Feel rumbles in vain air, smells hard in fission.

So uncontainable is dark, light is a grieve miracle
The space is undivided, no need of imagination
But fear is insurmountable, no fountain nor oracle
You touch its water, reality is no configuration.

When will this battle end, good and evil barely mend
No planets, stars, nor galaxies of sort by far to land
No humans, no plants, no trees nor movement at hand
On this dying world, yes, surely a curtain bend!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Dog of Prey

Switching up a hyacinth of refinery before
I twiddle the fangs of debauchery!
I swindle a bait to win a throng of lashes,
Sighing was all I can now unleash.
Confused was I, just let go off my feet
To travel the highway back in my rest;
Looking back around with no regard of wit
Shouting like a lion with no sounds of haste.
All was I in the shadow stay, no sparkles
Nor a blink of light to shine a breath;
I live within my own licking means of heat
And dodge around in the dark as others raced.
My fate never ended up a horizon of woe
As my cradle wont a surrender from toe to toe;
I barked endlessly with my swaddling voice,
Ended up a cry in the hands of my hunter's choice!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Dreams, Love, and Feeling

Dreams

are passions untamed and free
in the closing hours of every day;
by looking at the threshold at bar
means nothing for the searcher's prey.

But,

It seems as though a delight
For certain looks abound beyond flight,
Naught by the own whims and desires
And within hurdles, it braves wide.
No wonder, no pain, nor fame
To fade and hide!

Love

Is a desire in passion, chained and freed
In the closing days of every hour;
By waiting at the crest and threshold
Means everything for lover's delight.

But,

It deems as though a mantle
For certain looks, wild and free!
Naught to the whims nor caprices
And within bundles, it thrives wide.
Not easy nor vainful, of felt in chide and hide!

Feelings

Are expressed by actions
In the tremulous days of every dream;
Closer to hold, near to reach but far
By the fate of a material world.

But,

It would pin the foe, win their delight
At the garden of love's rendezvous;
No matter what the spectators told anew
To the bards and the desert crow.
For actions spoken hard far more but few!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Eternal Heart

Perfect beauty reveals its sound
imposing a willed comfort by lines;
no taint of affliction there may be found
only a beat of life that plainly shines.

T'is free space huddled many ultimates
as inclined fittings to make each shifts,
it succumbs to wind blowing in tiny pins,
it touches a ground in hallowed dens.

Its trim fling through long river beds,
glittering like bits of cascades in summer leads;
a season brandishing its own array,
kneeling for a time of comfort in pray.

Its fluctuate of tune's a hidden piece,
binds mortality in a florid ray;
flippant as it may to nail its trace,
silently by sleep in a day of rest.

Now, I know why t'is lasting peace flow,
it's a prized treasure in heaven that angel's glow!
Immortality enflames an everlasting hail,
Eternal heart is plain which surely never fail.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Every Day Meaning of Time

I wish to find the meaning of time
to work back the beginning of age;
I wish to find the meaning of creation
to work forward the beginning of life:
As man travelled from the dust
of this earth to unravel new wonders!
Isn't it rightfully right to ask,
or isn't it wrongfully wrong to decline
finding new meaning of time at last?
For time begins from the first
awakening light out of darkness,
when the galaxies of lights
in heavens spread the poetic
symphony song of the heart
as it gently express the goodness
of its harmonic spell of limits
to feel the beat of time
in new meaning in every day of life...
Ah, time indeed is the essence
of spirit, the beginning of moment!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Everybody sees plain Ignorance of his own

Everybody sees entertaining wisdom,
pleasures of the heart, pain
and destruction!
Everybody sees entertaining values,
modern technology, efficiency,
death and catastrophe!
Everybody sees climbing cost of
living, modern society, treasure
gathering, greed and anger!
Everybody sees growth of knowledge,
men and children, fancy, ecstasy,
deceits, and turmoils!
Everybody sees ingenuity of fantasies,
husbands and wives, lusts, wickedness,
selfishness, and idols!
Everybody sees ravages of war, beauty
of peace, families, excitements,
lessons and history!
Everybody sees it passively, unwittingly
or plain ignorance that of his own! ?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Eyemoon

Alluring eye of the universe
silhouetting the reflection
of divine certainty.
The shoreline of the sea
silently sing in harmony
while the vulnerable rocks
at its feet, danced the melody.

The bluish sky in cirrus clouds
kissed the eye of wonders:
The moon at its best reflection
scroll the gentle stars
the day's calling the night.

There and then,
the eye of the moon
smiles at me...
Is it?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Eye's Rendezvous

Here an instance be still to sense,
Feel the throb of a heart's content;
An innocent look of eyes in faith,
Comes now the sincerest love's manifest.
A fiery look cankers the softness of steel,
As it perforates the impenetrable,
Walls unveiled;
No doubt, so many years of longing
A past in snare,
An end come, an embrace last the fear.

Those subtle eyes so innocent a look,
Bears an insatiable chariot run taste in hook;
This stony plume many months have died,
Now started scribbling a stormy symphony
of delight.
Oh, how wonders human eyes can be:
So simple thoughts in mind to spear,
The Lord omnipotent've share his solace see
Like me in wonder asked: What could it be?
He said: To settle your fears, now you know
Be still not weary, God's your eye's rendezvous!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Fair Garland In The Air

..for Jolene Michou

Inflamed by racing canopy
of life's plenty stroke
came a bud wondrously
simple and cunning.
As she wore that smile
by its sweetest glide
all is well and easy to scribe.
By the wind, she anchors
with such beauty's band:
Simply a morass of loner's song
snuff by its lovely spring-
mellow by wind's gentle toss,
so precious like crystal
fair garland in the air
off by my hand!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Fear

A soothing pain
within a tremulous agony;
A limping act
that conquers the heart!
It makes anger
a way out of laughter;
It makes impatience
a luster of profanity;
It makes iniquity
a virtue of evil.
Thus,
Fear never brings out
the joy of heart
from heaven's well.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Finger Turning Thorn

Way up in the skyline
a star swarmed its unending tow;
as a finger point above it
roots were anchored beneath.
muddy earth's braze a citadel
joyfully crumbles its leaf,
while branches of a tree
line their way up in glide;
the air's willfully cling a shy
unto its awkward trance.
Pulled by its untamed bushes
ensnared the dance bit by bit;
now I know the sky immerse
by a kiss on the ground;
the melody's forgotten song
try to wiggle the ring
on a finger turning thorn...
but the pain is laid in still
comforting the loner's will
by and by, all's gone dry.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Foolish Imagination Cankers

A subtle mind can swim beyond the clouds
Where foolish imagination can crawl;
As the fingers played with the tuning ember
Luck was a play of words.

I swim beyond every air in the space
Holding the bountiful harvest lay;
Swinging my strength in each blow
Until I finally reach at hand a lace.

I just wondered how chances play
When a symphony is sung among lines;
And the wind will court a flimsy stag
Run out of direction where bird slay!

So foolish am I, yes, I was
Seeking something out of nothing;
Opening every door in sheltered agony
Closing one of the lucky chances pass.

Ah, foolish imagination yes, it is...
What others can't see, I do hold in bay
Carefully crafting a single blow towards aim
As I kneel in pain and curling up my knees.

Is man a subtle being in immutation?
Or is it like a clasped hand, a clay formed
By the mark of its own choices bloom
So far of its chartered journey in perdition?

I ask my own, and found my own fooled view
No seeking is needed nor finding every find;
So profusely I have clad my own iniquities
As my subtle being reminiscing a painful blow!

Foolish whims always canker purity
Catching the heart in disarray;
Adjulating one in every inch I seek
It turned out to be worthless impropriety.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Gift Wonders of the Spirit

I had a good night sleep
full of wonderful dreams,
one layer to one another
larks like a wayward bird.
So sweet was the symphony
carrying with it the heart;
flesh trembles like thunder
body come amusing to an end!
I had a wonderful sleep
full of dreams snoring,
it never failed to share
one heap to one another
harks like a nightingale.
So beautiful was the scenes
emerging with it the heart;
flesh bountiful like stars
body come amusing the leap!

Ah! ...the gift wonders
of the spirit!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

God Is Where You Will Be

A heart sweeter than sweet
in the eyes of many calling
from out of the deep:
A voice heard from the abyss
of mysteries revealed...
You're one of those called
that answered for something
unknown and now known in you:
Christ's a mystery and always be...
The hands nailed for something
much higher than what men
have thought, Bigger than the
biggest of them all, just a least...
For never have heard voice of sweet
a love that is unknown and now is YOU.
Yours will be a sweet dream
unknown from the wilderness of your wait:
God Himself is where you will be.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

God of My Soul, Lord of My Heart

Oh Lord, Jesus, my Saviour:
As you redeemed me of my soul,
I have strive to be one like You;
I have searched your presence
in every pages of my heart;
I have searched your power
in every pages of my spirit;
And all I have is You
in the deepest anchor of my own.
Oh Lord, Jesus, my Redeemer:
As you saved me from my sins,
I have strive to be one of your angels;
I have searched your voice
in every pages of my soul;
I have searched your loving heart
in every pages of my person;
And all I have is Faith
in the deepest anchor of my self.
Lord Jesus Christ:
God of my soul, Lord of my heart.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

God's Greatest Find

See beyond walls, go over each line,
Reach out every hand, keep your mind,
Hug ti's tight, loosen from rich mine,
Great treasure when shared, ends entwine:
Wash your heart of foolish dirts and bind,
Search your wind, hedge out your hind
Tho' pain is felt, just make it rhyme,
A heart's known suffering
is God's greatest find!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Haggard

A friend's eyes
is clouded with the wits
of his own thoughts.

A friend's wish
is willed by the efforts
of his own labor.

A friend's action
is benighted by the slam
of his own door.

Only one remains...
His dream and afflictions.
Haggard as he may be
But, the work starts
here!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Hidden Agendum: Filth?

Harsh as it may be within
a plain agony reach a toll
no hidden agendum were done
but filth on silky wind
that clothe the bind.

Source could rustle whole
that when it proliferates,
a filthy mind is filthy as did;
worried feeling endures not
secrets unveiled to evil's deed.

Oh filthy mind set ruins a plain
when simple arts revealed unseen
those squawls in sea pure in sin:
a heart of wickedness demures
but loved those iniquities still.

Now, I figured what an evil man is
when the heart's not pure in love
nor plain in simple creeds;
No unknown valleys can kept it unwind
when the intention is wrongly bind.

Ah filthy mind set as I am
now climbing within the course
of my own pit like a swine:
My heart trembles of sinly doom
on a man I trusted with hidden agendum!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

I Am A Bird Overwhelmed But Underway

All things were their impossibility
But only one can make it free.
I was bounded to an array of trials
Where my fingers stroll the keys;
It seems as though all are possible
Overwhelmed as I am underway!

It is as if I was shooting in the air
Where the birds fly like jets in the sky;
Nothing to worry about underneath
But the beauty of the views to see.
I was then bounded by a unique array
Where my wings can fly high in a stroll;
It seems as though all are impossible
Overwhelmed as I am underway!

Hush and hush and hush and hush...
My flying is not a climb nor a push;
Flush and flush and flush and flush...
Birds like me can endure the cruise!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

I Am A Citizen Of The World

I am a citizen of the world
and my home is my abode:
Rivers, lakes and valleys
are my sources of life;
Trees, birds and mountains
are my pride!
I am a citizen of the world
and my home is my abode:
Seas, fishes and oceans
are my sources of hope;
Shorelines, rocks and beaches
are my cliches!
I am a citizen of the world
and my peace is your company:
My children, relatives and friends
are my sources of strength;
Their love, care and tender touch
are my tabernacles.
I am a citizen of mankind
and the whole world is my abode.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

I and the Tiny Bird

As I walk along the beach of sorrow
a tiny bird flew above my morrow,
the only thing's left and done
a lone footstep marked on the ground.
As I see the sunlight drew it limits
a tiny bird sang above its own zenith,
the only thing's left and shown
a lone footstep she marked on the ground.
Ah, this tiny bird hark like an eagle,
she blew a gagged horn unscored;
it wiggled her feathers unfurled
she spread out her even wings cold.
Now, I have only one thing to reckon,
in my own lovely world of imagination,
the only thing's left for me is gone
inside a heart's hidden comprehension!
Now, I see no more than world's frictions,
my mind travels above certain wanderings
as the desert of woes called illusions
forgone's well in my own confusions!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

I Do As I Am To Do Naturally

I live as I am to live
I lit as I am to lit
I sit as I am to sit
I kiss as I am to kiss!
I walk as I am to walk
I smile as I am to smile
I work as I am to work
I rest as I am to rest!
I wake up as I am to wake up
I stand up as I am to stand up
I lie down as I am to lie down
I sleep as I am to sleep!
I write as I am to write
I read as I am to read
I think as I am to think
I see as I am to see!
I run as I am to run
I race as I am to race
I ride as I am to ride
I win as I am to win!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

If Only to Read the Sparkles of the Stars

Astounding as it may be a morphic canopy
of either ecstasy or fantasy:
A perfected symbol of pendolized words
though imperfect in meaning
of its reality, a free meaning still
hanging clouds of doubts?
What is there hidden in the skyward
that men seem to entangle
but by its own meaning or clout?
Why is there hidden at heaven's ward
that men remained at birth
by its own meaning of life or death?
The dearth canopy must be opened
for the wandering scribe to write;
And the sages to give meaning
the voluminous messages of lights!
If only to read the sparkles of the stars
in the ocean of heaven's delight:
Indeed, a perfected symbol of might!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Illusion or Reality?

As I glanced at the moonlit shadow
by the river, a silhouette dance
like a theater show;
It soothed within my nerves
and fed by, no wonder as they grow!
I felt the coldly blowing wind
as the moon cleave to dark clouds
hiding like a child in fear
while glistening at a fair.
As I stood back and took a glimpse,
it never have wrought nor clinched;
as the flow of waters crash like singing,
it called for the archers for its limbs.
Ah, a wondrous sight amid darkness
where the sparkles was like lynch,
it hits the shadow where I pen
this lovely little wondering again!
Illusion or reality, as I chose
no matter what it was
or what it should...?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Illusions

Subtle as it is to be
amidst a chorus of litany
something unusual haunting
like a carousel of joy but fainting
within a careless hype:
The desire is never before known
neither yet to be known
but the experience is so unique,
rarely held but surely cleaved.
None of it was reality
but it conquers the heart
to sudden death!
What it may be at odds
the ebbs tried to falter like a melody
but the song remained unsung
by those that do not sing
but uttered by those who sung.
Illusion as it may be known
but not to an extent beyond
the imagination of what is reality!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

In the Eyes of a Jeweller

Naked as before...
Illuminating a freedom of choice
by the agency of free will
wrapping around like vine grows.
It glitters from sunlight
inviting inner desire to wear.
It throbs as first delight of heart
graining an edge to endure.
The hole needs watery plasm
to keep it deep and bound!
When raising it skyline,
an eye turned to night,
but when you wear it through,
it sparkles like rain passing by
through a screen of snow.
Unique as before few can find
is nothing but painful delight...
forever is a promiscuous promise.
A poet asked, what beauty has
this ring in the eyes of a jeweller?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

James, My Friend...

James...

Spare not the strong winds to endure:
as your wings struggle to fly,
the light of day: For about the wind
You will see no dust, as you felt it
cleanse your feathers with tiny rains
showered from heavens above
as you thank God for it.

James...

The dawn of light in the east shines upon you:
as you fly the wind of uncertainty.
For the breaking light you brought there
is marvelously treasured like a deep-sea
pearl - only those with a pure heart
can share the glory of your brightness
above the air of small things believing!

James...

Spread your wings like an eagle of the jungle:
spare not the strong winds to endure
For above the hills and mountains
your voice will be heard - to pierce
through the towers of doubts!
Only when your heart of light
sprinkles the saving rains of grace.

James...

Fly high and see the islands of the seas:
rightly fulfilling Isaiah's dreams of old!
For the Lord your God will be like water
in the waiting cup to quench your thirst
for the goodness of your heart.
Remember, the Wisdom of God lay to every
seeker as you are one who sought it hard!

James...

You are the light of the spirits of the seas:
where the pearl of the orient lays in bed
as you dream your days to come
forget not the teachings of Jesus
written in your heart: Away with pride
for the scepter is home!

Why? ...Ask me not, James my friend...
For the fulfilling moment is in your hands
Choose the right, it shall be yours in deed.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Lavender

Scrolling from the midst of a triumph
craved by the doom of an angel blow:
the torrents crown the beam of
of splashing lights to play the squawl
while above the indigo sea, it drifted.
I've seen great lifts from above
creeping down in unison from the clouds
while the sea is crowned by white caps
swaying, dancing the eastern wind;
it is there sprawling a lavender hide.
Who could win the startled lonely sea?
Who could cry happily with such whims?
When in deep a citadel hope for pain
wearying the burning clouds of rain?
Ah, raving beauty loves more than filth
becomes a staunch paradox
of a lavender pique.
Who then is worthy or who're not?
The answer is laid in your heart.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Light-shattered Vision

This woman
wander, teasing
the tree,
the wind,
the dawn light...

illumined her shade,
tipped oft by a stick.

Her eyes were shrunk,
heavy, laden,
whitened.

Her hands
were ragged by mud on;
last day's rainfalls
swarmed
her day.

She vied
her way out
with silent steps emanating,
thence,
left her marks
a wobbled footsteps
buried with her
light-shattered
vision.

But, why
life is so cruel
on others
who'd need her most?

I'll say no evil,
yet the dawn's
turning
her darkest
rest!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Like A Candle Lit In The Dark

There are times that I'm lost from you,
There are times that I hold you,
feel you deep in my heart,
you're an empty light,
deep in my soul you're the one I see
shining like a morning star
like a candle lit in the dark.
There are times that I'm called for you,
There are times that I refuse you,
deny you deep in my heart,
you're an empty space,
deep in my soul you're the one I see
rising like a morning star
like a candle lit in the dark.
Feel the Lord in your heart,
I lost him once, but I found one
in his place,
Like a candle lit in the dark.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Listen As You Glistened The Bad Show!

Chatting amid the way off the line,
in a round table huckled by wild vine;
searhing eyes tumbled a glassy glance,
as it willfully shout around in wine.
As I listened to the crafting lynch
of wild words and pinches in defense;
the chatter awkwardly taken aback
to the bank of wild laughters rack!
And the sounds around have grown big
as near to clatter the bounded leg;
the laughter have launched a gig,
and whittled down a blank hunch peg.
In anyway, the sounds boom like a saw
cutting the edges of a crippled blow;
benched the crunching nut in tow
now blown like a wind in the windy hue!
Ah, this hunky punky show moved me
as I settled in a racking chair slowly;
The wind in a blower hurled a wild blow
as I weirdfully glance the bad show!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Lonely Eyes

The first time I saw your gentle eyes
I was amazed by the content of strength;
how you endured it, how you borne the pain
is a big awesome wonder that I have seen.

I felt that you have a lot of remorse to shade
a lone journey that your life have lived;
I could never have drawn the vigor of your test
Least I saw you crying underneath your silent rest.

And now, I see the lonely nights you've spent
with the naked pillows and bed sheet to embrace;
now my darling, get on and keep up your face
tomorrow is another day to endure in this space.

I am here to provide you comfort and laughter
that you have forgotten even in your lonely spare;
Nevertheless, you have endured and share
the beauty of your heart what a venture to bear.

This heart of mine is no longer open to you
but a tiny beat of love have come in your lonely glow;
I don't know that things would be wrong, it hurts by far
to my lonely shadow I hope I'll find where you are!

But hurdles clung in one walled lullaby
as I went on dancing in the wind, a childly try.
The voice was husky yet alluringly soft to mend
and seems the whole sky was looking my lonely pend;
For no matter how treks went on hindering my pen
just as long as my love is here for a beautiful end.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Lord, Send Me Like Your Angel

There are times in the life of man,
You'll never know when God calls you;
And when you heard his voice,
You don't know if it's time of late.
There are times when our God calls you,
For the message of his love and grace;
And when you heard his voice,
You don't know if it's time of late.
Oh Lord, send me like your angel,
Showing me the way in your grace;
Yes Lord, hold me like your angel,
Shining like a star in your heart.
There are times in the life of man,
You'll never know when God kisses you;
And when you feel his lips,
You don't know if it's time or late.
There are times when our God needs you,
You'll never know when to refuse;
And when you call his name,
You don't know if its time or late.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Lord, Take Me To Your Arms Of Rest

Lord, take me to your sweet dreams
Count one for nothing in your arms;
In rest, I shall stay believing love
And in your heart make me your beat.
Count one for nothing in your love
My spirit be mingled in your universe;
Make me a star to stand with you
Side by side walking in the dark.
Count ten for nothing in eternity
By your spirit let me be me;
And in my sweet songs, a harp's sweet
In my sleep of dust is your rest.
Count twenty for nothing in value
For bitter is my pain and sweet with you;
In my lonely place where one love grows
A seed for nothing for a fruit anew!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Love

Love is one of the of the wonderful
Ingredients of life:
The color is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like crystal.
It is never ending nor had beginning;
It is like the Divine, so true
So Enduring...

Love is one of the designed
Ingredients of life:
The stroke is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like gold.
It is never rough nor had refining;
It is like the Pure Water, so clear
So alluring...

Love is one of the sweetest
Afflictions of life:
The malady is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like silver.
It is never darkened nor shining;
It is like the breath of earth, so stormy
Sometimes so calm...

Love is one of the splendored
Devotions of life:
The consequence is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously anchored like abyss.
It is never measured nor infinite;
It is like the morphic cocoon, so unpredictable
So unpretentious.

Love is never understood
By perfection of the will:
The bits of it is You.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Love Me A Bit

Love me a bit
Like candy's sweet
Hold me a bit
Like candle's lit
Tear me a bit
Like lullaby's meet
Tease me a bit
Like a smile's beat.

Choose me a bit
Like grandma's kit
Kiss me a bit
Like my baby's pet
Demure no more
of my childish tit!
Now
Love me a bit
please...

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Man Unknown...A Question of Who?

He sees clear vision beyond
by the limits of reality,
reminiscing...
He knows his sporadic thoughts
was cunning in more wonders,
reflecting...
He was convinced by his own
wisdom of ideas in limits
curling like curls upon his head
unknowing of its superficiality...
He believes clear wisdom beyond
by the courses of reality,
remembering...
He thaws concepts and ideas
with uniqueness rare to find,
absorbing...
His wisdom is a paragon of visions
instilling core judgment of imagery
of ventures outside reality but true
knowing by his own difference.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Man, I'm Asking Why?

Why...

to the explicit, the verses speak
for themselves;

to the implicit, the feelings
remained doubtful;

to the cynics, the inquisition
is impossibly true, but why?

to the reader, ah, figment of
imagination, but how was it?

to the views of many, generally
unacceptable, but can we dot it?

why?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

My Deep Sleep In The Beginning

So plain it was the Universe
When the Spirit allured
The whole concourses of angels;
Songs were like the hymns
Of an infinite origin...
So soothing, so simple and so sweet.

So plain it was the Universe
When the stars allured
The whole concourses of angels;
Where the constellations of firmament
Wear the light of their own...
So magnifying, so delightful and true.

So plain it was the Universe
When in one stroke an angel cheated
The divine streams of systems;
Where the whole wide expanse
Well organized of their own orbits...
So clear, so crystallize and real.

Now my Lord God tell me then
How it was before me,
And He plainly say:

In the Beginning, I was nothing
But a voice of my own, Words of my own
Without form but empty.

I made a sound out of my voice
I heard myself, and letters
Form my senses - Letters of my own,
But it was from nothing but from me
A womb of my own.

I said, Light! ... and everything begin
From it! I formed those without forms
Including myself in an array of forms;
From darkness, I clothed it with light;
And from my own light,
I clothed the dark...It was the beginning!

My Son...
I must be incomplete,
So that Man will be complete;
I must be perfect,
So that Man will be imperfect...
It was as it was
And will be as it was...

With a single tap on my face
He leaned on me in my deep sleep.

My dream brought me out
From my own reality:
That my flesh is the tabernacle
Of my own spirit.
It was as it was
And will be as was in me!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

My Lust Within Hooked Net

The wave was tumultous dizzy
as a conqueror roar over white caps
A net laid open while the eagle
shun away like sparkles of sort
No wandering, but an innocent lust...

Amid the seemingly gentle wave
a canary swim like a duck
No worry neither weary over waves
the prey swim high it looses boundlessly...
No asking nor a will to deny the opportunity!

As the boat turned into seagoing ships
the tremor of thunders whamp amidship
As the Captain realized, it was a hook
but he felt to continue...surfing the deluge
and anchored at confusions of sinful views!

Ah! This wordly cucumber swam like pigs
as it withered into an oblivious disbeliefs
As the pain within grew like the waves
lightnings shun away crying, no weeping
but the all in a hook nobody can deny...

My lust within was hooked by the net! ,
the Captain said, oh dear...what a pity
Awooooooh...the dogs howl like tigers
No, like lions within a cage of disbelief...
I was within it and now out...

When will it get started?
Don't ask me Tammy...I know you know.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Nustrum Constitutum

I was taught to speak freedom
Abducted with self contempt
And benediction by the rules!
I prophesied contentment and oppression
Hovered with slaughtered words of conviction
While they turned back at me...

I wrote on papers with doubts and troubles;
I conceived the rules by time
With veracity in its contention!
But, I was within two blocking spurs
Of heaven's judgment:
One's by the rules of humanity
And others by the rules of inhumanity!

Truth though it stands as the shining armour
Of wisdom and power
Is like words sometimes sealed
At the foot of divine ones;
But, my words were made not
Of empty praises
So simple as they were uttered in grief.

Words content shall ever wear twilights
Visiting the nook of my sun:
My voice was shattered
By the gleaming gestures of cheerful youth
Wearing the throne for new generations...
Darkness was seen by my eyes
Exalted and half-buried under
The splendid ground of the sun.

I shall say no evil nor will upon my glory
Though seabirds were my songs in solitaire:
My boat have anchored with inflamed
Resemblance by the sea;
Promises never shall I live afterwards
In my wickedness.
But, even if my complexion's dimmed
My senses are lighted;
My bones are weakened
But my tongue remains in my sun.
So distinct were the rules conceived:
Both the evil and the good are one!

Shalom! They shall never wear the crown
In greatness nor shall I again...

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Oh! That Soft Old Music

Soft Old Music has its own spirit:
It penetrates the cell of the flesh!

Just like water...

it blends to the very soul;
it comforts the dying of pain;
it thrills loneliness and grief.

It transforms sharpness of the sword,
turning down the blade into softer fang.
It softly injects the venom of rest.

Like a grass, it dances softly
to the swing of the wind in surety...
it never burnt out nor hug the dust!

Oh! That soft old music
can never rest.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Old Pathways

It was an array of darkness
And a weary soul paints destiny
Of its own striving to walk a path
Where thorns and thistles lay:
It bequeath the benighted infamy
Of a frenzied life.
The influx of thoughts was plain
To reach out the endless light.
But, as I walk near, it goes off
Far from where I stand.
And as I took a back step, I saw
The pathway comes near so bright.

What is it that I flinch?

Questions were uncertain
For answers
nor the meaning so tied
By the curling of my tongue:
My mouth spoke
My senses tensed
And in my awesome amazement
I found myself walking
Back at my old pathways.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Old Writings, Old Scrapbook, Old Play

Old writings script like weeds cut a shaped show,
hefting wind's course in a flowery shot 'neath ship;
it whittled down a snug picture in a fine array,
oldman's smile glow like fling of a sunlight ray.
T'is old scrapbook won every heart's sorrow and joy
in a reader's mind, a keenly stride, a swunged bouy:
where memory's blurred like thinly clouds match
even more amusing is its skin-wound rared patch.
Oh finely writings showed a twinly delight nitch,
with one little lad happened to reach out a hitch;
One arm stretch out a skyward palm's colored ink,
drops of drizzled air've finally send it to a sink.
"Oh, why? , said the lad, my granny's scrapbook
was made into a paper fly, a kite, and a queeny cook..."
he mustered all the pages, match a writing in the air,
"Oh please no! that's my granny's scrapbook, please sir! "
Was his last cry out from his disdainful love and heart,
Tears're seemed like a river flow over his eyes and brow;
Only one sigh is paid by the man in its all keenly musing:
A last laugh's heard from afar like dropped dew's sewing!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Paint Out A Hatred Within

A day of visiting
a friend I know...
He was sitting by a rock
in two-way waterflow...
He smiled, waved a hand
a smile long gone...
wore his wrinkled face
tired and done.
An hour of visiting
a friend I saw...
He was pinning a clothesline
toe on toe...
He was short as I am
bit on bit...
With his willing heart
full of anger now caressed.
I painted him a happy song
that's long been sang...
lyrics I have forgotten
painting out hatred deep within.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Peace That Never Was Peace

Man was created with the perfection
of the flesh, as moved by the spirit;
Innocence was his peace until
the perfection of the lust;
That perfection of wisdom is of God
but perfection of destruction is of evil
that nothing more than choices between!
Man was created with the perfection
of judgment, as inspired by the spirit;
Ignorance was his peace until
the perfection of knowledge;
that iniquity of wisdom is of God
but perfection of catastrophe is of evil
that nothing more than changes between!
For knowledge is for ignorance,
Judgment is for transgression,
Perfection is for imperfection,
Ingenuity is for anonymity;
For peace that never was peace
without oppositions at war!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Poetry is the Faculty of God

Oh, how I live the intricate wisdom
of the Lord's poetic death in darkness,
with a sweet embrace, I felt
the cunning warmth of caress
as though a brother needs affection,
whispering the swiftness of the soul
in a tender passion of compassionate.
Oh, how I wander the intricate
wisdom of the Spirit's poetic light,
with a cunning nurture of his wings,
I felt the dusty pique of time
as though a lost soul needs affection,
sweetly whispering like a pixie
in a tender express of expression.
For God loves the poetry of his own
creation, the fulness of his charity
with no point of beginning not it ends!
Certainly, God himself is a poet
to the fulness meaning of his words,
Poetry then is the faculty of God!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Poetry...?

Poetry...?

It's the universe of celestial beauty
and the song of the spirit...

It's the infinite wisdom
hidden within by every verse:
A confounded passion of the self.

It's one of the splendors of creativity
relishing the universe within...
It's the offspring of the person unknown,
the human personality within itself.

It's chimerical avenue of pain and joy
and the outward expression of both...
The finite and infinite character
of things felt, seen or unseen by eyes.

It's a universe in itself - a myth
of the stars and the planets...
The milky way of the unfounded truths,
the joy of galaxies of uncolored thoughts!

A breathe of air in an empty watercup.
Poetry then is who you are...is it?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Pride

Pride is primordial element of the world
revving all men into sudden anger.
It never restoreth beauty of the heart,
but leadeth destruction of whole being!
It never loveth hardships and heartaches
but bringeth forth them to sustain.
It never exalteth the spirit of the soul
but leadeth failures of the whole person!
Pride never endureth pain forever,
but sustains to live with the wind.
It serveth like a dust of rustings
breaking off the bones with doubts!
It is fearful, doubtful, easily tamed
by worldly realities, sees all but little.
It leadeth men to fearful, doubtful steps
unsurely measuring one to another!
It never recognize sacrifice and patience
but bringeth forth them unrighteousness!
Like pain it is soothing for open wounds
easily rusted by command of sea breeze!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Procrastination

Procrastination is a profused malady of the spirit:

A downfall of the industrious
A seaming pain of the heart
A temptation of the flesh
A put off things for today's work
And leave it for tomorrow...

Procrastination is simple work not done today:

A lazy choice
A failure
A painful culprit!

It is never will be productive
But a slanderous work of pride
Where all afflictions soar up to the hilt
Uncontrollable by no turning back.

It is affliction and pain
The ultimate of unbelieving
And disobedience

=====

***This poem was published in The Poet Sanctuary anthology entitled: MUSES OF THE SNOW, page 98.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Prodigal Sequel: A Sensation of the Flesh

See, within a carousel of fleshy bellows
The spirit within pounds a thousand heart:
Forgetting the established principles learned
Just to satisfy an ember of curiosity;
As many things was just of earrings reach
In the gallows of pureness and serendipity.
The sensations was so subtle but erratic
While the conscience requires to quit the desire
The flesh commands a strong urge to push through.
And the course wind up something so unpalatable
Within the perforation of somewhat elegant sense
As the fleshy urge creep up above the limitations!
And deep within this insurmountable desires
Everything in me was overwhelmed by its enticings.
It was never before an event, much of flirtations
Neither was it a clogged eloquent banterings
As the sensation enveloped me into a pit
Which I know was largely dark and fiery.
All that I can utter was sorry...
And repentance was neither a gift
Nor a freely bargain after committing a sin.
And I know that punishment is about to gain
A rudely pain of my own wickedness...
A lonely walk back to the long path of return
To expect an unwavering amnesty from the Lord above.
A long road that tersely invite a wave of lonely hand
Waiting a hug from those who were caring
For I now know the price of curiosity begets pain
And everything of it kills the worthiness
Of long ago...but now a base of iniquities.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Purple Clover in Canvass!

My mind was blank at the wall by chance
where a hanging canvass caught my glance;
I listened to little whispers in my ears
as this drawn canvass made a stance.
I stood up as my eyes pin a purple clover
wondering behind the painter's mind;
I cleaved to my glass as I stood by
to a wonderful thought a painter's try!
As others wondered with their whims aroused,
I went near the canvass share it out loud.
As they tried say something close as near
to a closer heart faraway but dear!
How lonely would it be as it hang
to a loner's mind it seems a long song;
Neither would it be a clover or of short,
it clings to my wandering mind's report.
Oh friend and lovely daughter faraway
retained an everlasting chill a heart stay;
it wouldn't be close or near at home
laid by own the orchid's inspiration!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Queer Thoughts It Is!

Inept as it is
nowhere to hold...
a beauty so cleansed
beneath a soured notes
wishing just like the wind
to host a great wallow
unfaced
in a bellicose bow!

What is it when ask
the letter's not enough
by which to commune?
we toggle
within a crowded place
walking like beggar
hugging a jar.

Oh why we seem to bother
the foolishness of our own?
Oh why we seem to blister
the wound caused by own.
No matter what it might be
so weird as it is
seems to be queer thoughts
indeed!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Saddened Sadness by Pain

Oh, pain by the splash of a taboo
creeping like a sad rendezvous;
it showed no whittle by sobbing
in a lonely theatrical show;
It pained me deep by the heart
as tearful eyes begun to flow;
it showed no teasing like a child
in her little lovely view.
Ah, she cried and sobbed too hard
getting a lonely attention show;
but the mother kept on smiling
as the little girl strive a blow!
She shouldn't have done it,
no better, no not yet...
but the persistent teaser
spilled a bit, no wonder
no better, no not yet...
As the mother steered up a sobbing
crying out loud like a hades pit:
She was saddened sadness by pain to rest!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Slit of Light

Beyond every canopy of darkness
At every pace of insurmountable pain;
Dodging at even culpable twiddle
Towards a sunlit beam at a window:
A sparkle is worth a hope, a blinker muse.

As you train your mind, skin feel its blush
Lifting every inch of strength, walk a past
Hold on every myrtle, flouncing a winged lust
Oozing a reddened water from off the flesh,
Pain was just a touch of rain in the face.

Walk that little light you see in between
Be brave and temperate, patient and meek
As others lost their own twinkle of light
Just walk on in faith, run when you may
But measure your retained emblem of energy.

Insist when required, say it in simple terms
Smile as you talk, keep your heart in love,
For the world in trouble is full of iniquities
Climb every mountain of despair, rest a pint
Hope the spent endow, a life is a bounty of renew.

For the slit of light passing through a small window
Is much greater in value than the darkness' bow!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Soldier

The bearing of your uniform
is the symbol of your Country;
the looks in your eyes
are honors of your loved ones;
the hold of arms is law on justice:
Do not kill without a cause.
The hope of your Country
is training new generations;
whatever you have fought in war or in peace,
is mission for mankind.
Remember, the law of justice educates
lessons in your inheritance.
The midst of your trials
are lessons of your fears;
overcome it or otherwise
the muddy battlefields keep you unsung.
Bear these remnants in faith and honor:
the banner of bravery, integrity, loyalty,
and love of Country is people's riches.
You are unique and has destiny...

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Squirmed

What a soothing breeze
In a morning dew
Wind kisses your cheek
While trees watching by.
Birds sing out of their cadence
Their tune mingled at
The morning light...
I was rushing home a flight!

Sleepy heads, sleepy tune
Caress the innermost fumes.
As like a swarming bees,
A buzz hike the plain:
Simple sight allures
And the wind tamed
The sizzle.
Let no hook thistled a zoom
Beyond the warming glade of fumes.
And my plume rode a highway
In my plane paper and words were ecstasy!
I hanged out my silence squirming
As I was bound pesting the haze...
I fall down in a long journey of flying
And was victimized by my own dream.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Ant

He searched unbearable things,
drawn it though in boundless
streams of pathways.
Like the harmony of the song,
the wonder was so immensed.
Within a gentle crack,
he played the reflection
of our own image.

=====

***This poem was published in The Poet Sanctuary anthology series entitled: MUSES
OF THE SNOW, page 24.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Declaration of Truth

We must remember the time unknown...
When the whole universe was dark
and our spirits was in fortune dwell
in the womb of heavenly mansion;
When the heavenly Spirit strive
to be born amidst the swell of darkness
and sought the eternity of nature
within the womb of infinite fashion;
When the spirits begotten shouted
for joy was the heavenly parlance
that uttered the merciful silence
within the depth of intelligence;
When the voice was the source
void for its unwitting wake
and the spirits around touched
the span of unknown measures;
And light was the unwitting glow
of bubbling utterance from deep sleep
as the Divine Love of Heavenly God
glitters from the truth of Himself!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Heart

The heart's the revelator of all that is hidden;
It speaks of things' beyond
the discernment of thoughts;
It's the fulfiller of the those unfulfilled truths:
The center of eccentricities...
It never falters from all truths
but brings out the truth in plainness
of the whole meaning!

Foremost
It's the great plantation of God
Where the promises of the fathers
was made for all generations;
It's the vineyard of the Lord
Where the gospel is wealth for all
While the Holy Ghosts reveals
against all contentions!

It's the softness of all spots within
A weakened part of the whole person
Where the Spirit dwells in glory
in an eternal round of the soul.

It's the center isle of the universe
Where the celestial Gods lives in heaven
Where righteousness is flower for eternity
While the priesthood retained
the fulness of times.

The heart's Heavenly Father's celestial gift
For all his creations where life lives
It's the ultimate communication line
a man possess
Installed for a divine purpose of times.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Lighthouse

Stormy wind and stormy nights
blending the days destroying amber;
Hurting every bit of squawls
squeezing every swirling waves
as the sea mounted an advance
this simple light beyond
invites my stead to go near hand.
I swing every strength
courted every minute's swell
maneuvering every splurting water
above and even underneath
as I swam to a tiny lead I see.
Oh inspiration swell in desperation
as I hang out from a blowing twirl
my last breathe cut off temporarily
going beyond it till a hand clasp's felt,
caught me off my deep blue sea.
Oh lighthouse, yes, it's you I remember!
Your light have swam a million miles
reaching out a berthing of life;
Your hands cling a respite, my last breath,
as you gave me life beyond
my desperate swirling deathly reach.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Maze

Hark from the pain
of destiny he sang;
the place was for kings
neither queens to implore;
the rod of lashes paws gently
and mercy is song...
the maze was a gentle thought
just up to anyone;
the answer is left behind
the catalysts of life...
skeptics are the debators
of truth and just...
cynics left behind shunning
so must come adoring...
who is he that makes the line
streaming the lakes...?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Needle's Eye

There are questions for every life
Lord, please give us your light;
We wander the world by your heavenly spell
Now we found nothing at all;
It's you at last we see vision of dreams.
We've planted in faith the seed of love,
Storing up treasures with pain;
Many thieves broke in and stole them all
Now, we have nothing at all;
It's you at last we see vision of hope.
Lord, How can we fit in your needle's eye
when no one will guide us to pass?
How can we fit in your kingdom of love
where blessings in grace grow still?
There are questions for every life
God, please give us your love
We wander the world with your kingly words
War exist and peace is a dream,
It's you at last we feel everlasting care!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Old and New

(To My Grandfather, Jovito Moreno Lopez)

I could not see how the old
die younger for reasons deprive it;
I could not see how it makes the old
cry for the truth demur it.
The roots ream a vision though
it went through a labyrinth:
it wheeled, went and gone by...
but each has its own choice,
hope, and rest.
I don't want to see more how the old
die older or the youth younger,
for reasons I refuse to know.
'Why? ...'
Please, don't ask me, Grandpa...

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Poor Among The Rich

In the desert of woes
lies the siltation
of the heart:
Where the incorruptible
corrupted by the well-known
innocent!
The unknown be known
by the ingenuity
of the dumb!
And the riches of them
all is the poor
among the rich:
By reciprocity,
we can see the poorness
of the rich,
while we may felt
the richness of the poor!
Ah, such a catastrophic
tremor of the truth indeed.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Prized Pendulum

The prized pendulum swing like
fair-cornered wings of the wind;
Penitent and perfidiously switching
in the querulous graves-
crowing a litany bit by bit.
But, as time wrenches a ringing
in the round portals of halts and swing,
while the swampy views the tide ebbing,
a new day stayed on bright and tight!
The hoarse shouting at a distance
echoed and shuddered the cant;
But, the perfecity of it all remained
within the limits of unlimited-
the chanting voice's been chained!
They swing up and down bottomless,
swaying like mantle of a small sky;
and the beams had burrows to a try
incredulously counting the catch cry-
crooked as it were like abyss die!

***Semi-Finalist in May 2002 International Open Poetry Contest (www.poetry.com)
and published in an anthology entitled, LETTERS FROM THE SOUL (Library of Congress
ISBN-0-7951-5160-8) .

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Swing of Damocles

The shredding sound of the thunder
cuts through a suppled-bone bit,
of a fighter's howling swing
a holied sword pierces
thrills the victorious stance
of the brave crawling wind zooming...
There was only one heap of slaughters
stalling all the fences of a defense;
The rehearsed agony of a coward
binding, pinning his own malady;
And the question asked worriedly
was: What will be the next plight?
His doldrums wear those who've downed
and those who've remained lighted!
Lo! ...was the cursing view of battles
resented the smell of the dying piece?
Or, were the vanguards of peace retold
their ventures at the foot of a queen?
Kingdoms failed to anchor a treasured behest
while legends bestowed upon the epics!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Tentacles of Unbelieving

Spreading far and wide,
Great perdition by the hue!
By the mouth of deceits,
Deceived greater than had;
By the plunderous work of hand,
Plundered even more;
By the lust of flesh and beauty,
Corrupted and rottened;
When evil deeds end,
Everything's gone and perished!
What is there to unite,
When nothing is spread?
What is there to collect and enjoy,
When none is given or shared?
What is there to read and tinker,
When scribes refused to write or shied?
Everybody loves believing
When nothing is unbelieving;
For in the course evenmore wanting
Lay tentacles of unbelieving.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Trinity

My Lord, My Father and My Creator
of my own; I was the Beginning of light
formed out of your Nothingness;
the reality of your Words;
Conception of your senses;
Mystery of your beginnings;
Perception of your own;
Writings of your words;
distinct Spirit of your own;
Catenary of your veins;
Wisdom of your senses;
Pupil of your eyes;
Light of every creation that you see;
Air of your breath that incensed
your deepest sleep; Rest that I rested
from; the Beginning of your wake;
and the Awakening of your Spirit;
Sevenfold of ones, hundreds, thousands,
millionths and more of it
that all begins in your Self!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Unknown Ranger

He wore unwittingly bloodshot eyes,
His face was alluring to fish,
a friend envied his fortune:
mountains, rivers, and lakes.
Adrift his sorrows though
anguish was temporary but still...
Looking up the rainbow:
The clouds made choices!
He stood like a gypsy in the rain
while trekking alone
his madly imaginings:
thinking unfortunate
than paupers or blinds.
He walled his pains with
the menu of understanding:
he saw his unfounded fear;
He smiled and walked away
from me racing the doldrums
while asking, 'Where am I to go? '

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Weak Skin Flies

In my days of younger years
when innocence was my conscience
with simple thoughts and ideas
intermingled with pain and suffering
of the wounds that are opened
as caused by itching and scubbing...
I remember those days in the past
when the zooming creatures landed
on my feet where they sipped
the moisted wound in open air
no malice, no shame, no subterfuge
flew and landed in open space
clasping or washing both hands
and feet as they steer awfully agaped
at a man who'd have that feast!
If I were a fly who'd feasted
the opened feasting wound of feet,
I would curse the day I first tasted
that sapping pain of flesh...
weak skin indeed suffers its own!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

The Windowless Shop

As we drove way to the market place,
a great number of buyers and vendors
offered, counter-offered their goods
in a row: It was the site of
a windowless shop.

We were just curious spectators
of a scene where business was different,
the air was decadent, morning breath
to demure.

Each choice was unscented more
than just a morass of flowers.
Unaware of its intricacies,
the shop was bounded by its limit
of life.

Tomorrow, begins a new day
again to see it beautifully.

The writer will write a melody
of a song remembered awhile,
then feel it through the eyes
in the heart of an artist.

***Semi-finalist in April 2002 International Open Poetry Contest. It was published in
an anthology entitled, LETTERS FROM THE SOUL (Library of Congress
ISBN-0-7951-5160-8.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

To Peg: What A Woman She Is

Here in the world of pain
A woman stood up in plain
Simply she took the lane
A sacrifice of love she attain.

I could not hold a tear
to hide behind my own fear
I could not make through a way
To offer her my heart's hallway!

Oh Peg my dear how you feel
That moment seeing your mother's hurt
I could see in your eyes a feeling unique
Inspire me and you to scribe the part.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Trimmed Hair Cut Like Waterflow

T'was morning near the dawn breaks
as my lazy feet stabbed the clay woods;
While crickets rested their chanting,
the hoppers glowed a windful trick;
And the hallowed wind swallowed
the taps and borne the giggle;
The stead from afar whistled a time,
and my ears began to grow bare
And the ground trembles like a switch;
like a dream it fizzled a twitch -
grinding and searching the line,
and the form culled a trimmed hair;
Awhile gravitated the pull from a top:
There! A new ground discovered from afar
and t'is beauty will never fade forever,
why would nature cut it through?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Uniqueness In You

Rare heart oftentimes hidden
put in one corner thence bitten;
It'll survive just keep on digging
you'll find a gold mine under the pain.
It seems so hard to find a woman
with a heart sublime, to her so fine;
So elusive it seems that rainbow fall
to a one so distant on a lonely shore.
To build new beginning to a life content
I could be with her an eternal saint;
but life has its own purpose for her I know,
My God will show her to me
before t'is life sleeps for her endow.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Valiant Sons of New Jerusalem

The Origin

Lehi was a prophet of old Jerusalem
having had four sons, namely:
Laman, Nephi, Lemuel and Sam.
His wife was named Sariah,
the mother of New Jerusalem.
It was then first year of reign
of Zedekiah, King of Judah;
Six hundred years of long ago
the Lord commanded Lehi to go:
Come out of Jerusalem's beehive
and soon search the presence of God
by the wilderness of your afflictions.
Nephi was Lehi's faithful son
in all his ways; as he was loving
as his father, the faithful one;
Nephi said I will go and do
things of the Lord;
For his commandments has a way
to accomplish his desires as it may.

The Breakout and Contentions

Nephi taught his brethren about the Lord
keeping updat his will and commandments,
until Lehi died in his golden days
that Nephi was chosen as to lead.
Laman and Lemuel rebelled to destroy;
Nephi their brother or even pervert
Sam's mind to their own evil faith;
But Nephi withstood his faith
in God who remindeth him saying:
It must needs be that there was
opposition so that man should act
for himself-as wisdom is precious gift!
God ministered to Nephi that people
of Laman be the scourge of his people
to always remind them of their life's
everlasting commandment as well.
And wars have stricken in every pages
of the lives of Nephites and Lamanites;
And prophets have to strive to settle
these never-ending contentions and strifes!

The Practice of Faith

Jacob followed the preaching of Nephi
with Joseph, son of Lehi of his old age,
a dear brother born in the wilderness.
The people of Lehi became Nephites,
Jacobites, Josephites, Zoramites,

Lamanites, Lemuelites, and Ishamaelites.
For Jacob and Joseph were consecrated
to become priests and teachers
by the hands of Nephi, thus, they lead
thinking of certain responsibility hence:
We answer the sins of the people upon
our heads if we do not teach them
the Word of God with all diligence.
For they teach the people to think
of their brethren like unto themselves,
be familiar with all and free
with their substance, that they maybe
rich like unto them; but before seeking
for riches, seek for the Kingdom of God.
For Jacob glorified God in all his days.

The Olive Tree Allegory

Behold, great and marvelous are the works
of the Lord-unsearchable are the depths
of his mysteries, for no man knew his ways
save it be revealed unto thee.
For God loved all there is in mankind
even those of scattered pagans and
gentiles of hope, when they despise
the handiwork of their own hands.
For the vineyard of the Lord is designed
to the benefits of those who are sublimed
by the Words of his Only Begotten Son.
For the olive tree of his chosen faith
was grafted both with natural and wild,
for the branches of their own flowered
with good and evil fruits combined
in the face of the Lord of the vineyard.
But the Lord kept the good natural branches
of both, and grafted them to the mother
tree of righteousness of old!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Voice of the Lord

The voice of the Lord is sweet
more than the sweetness
of the world can give;
It pierces through the heart
like cold wind
and clothe my whole being
the love more than parents
can give or brethren's embrace.
It's light of the spirit,
a lamp of the body
much more a crystal
or even greater than liquid
water flow or even the sky above.
It redeemed my soul, bit by bit
and lifted up my spirit into
third heaven of celestial glory.
The voice of the Lord is sweet,
simply sweet more than
the cunning sweetness of the devil.
The voice of the Lord is true!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

What

(For Grandpa and Grandma)

Stifled light illumined
the dying days, as it
weirdfully grumbled, grappling
the sagging delight...

Within...
an amorphous bench
fizzled a cavalry
of galantrous imagery
of the night.

I just sat there and wondered:
where was the last day
gone by?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

What is Love?

Love is the gift within a heart
that frills the unwanted be wanted;
It is neither a sacrifice
nor a blessing
but a divine right to practice.
Love is never something material
that thrills the givers to give;
It is neither a behest
nor an heir to feast
but a divine privilege to share.
Love is not something to be hidden
that tricks the self to envy;
It is neither a conceit
nor a self-longing pit
but a divine righteousness to keep.

***Selected to be published for the Quarterly Publication with VoicesNet Anthology 7
International Poetry Competition,2003.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

What is of Love?

Love is one of the wonderful
Ingredients of life:
The color is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like crystal.
It is never ending nor had beginning;
It is like the Divine, so true
So enduring...

Love is one of the designed
Ingredients of life:
The stroke is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like gold.
It is never rough nor had refining;
It is like the Pure Water, so clear
So alluring...

Love is one of the sweetest
Afflictions of life too:
The malady is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously treasured like silver.
It is never darkened nor shining;
It is like the breath of earth, so stormy
Sometimes so calm...

Love is one of the splendored
Devotions of life:
The consequence is the whole world.

It is something we held deep
Preciously anchored like abyss.
It is never measured nor infinite;
It is like the morphic cocoon, so unpredictable
So unpretentious.

Love is never understood
By perfection of the will.
But, the best of it is You.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

What Is There? ...

What is there to be good to deserve
the goodness of things supreme?
Is it by knowing the self shine
like the brightness of the sun?
Or by a muddled words stamped
like weeds growing on in dried land?
What is it then to be reasonable
to deserve the goodness of wisdom?
Is it by empirical world of senses
like fluid of space and time?
Or by command of greatness sway
like profligates of kings and rulers?
What is there of desires to deserve
the beauty of this perilous world?
Is it by venture of sins forgiven
like the innocence of birth?
Or is it by the bounds of nature
like the metamorphosis of decay?

Why? ...What is there after all?

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Where Are The Promises Go?

I have but one wish to be fulfilled:
A question out of my own oblivion!

Amidst the triumph of the valiants
Where are the promises go?
Ah, my questions are like parodies
Where benigned words steal the hook
And the seaming gesture conquered
The splicing answers to the heart!

Amidst the triumph of the weak
Where are the promises go?
Ah, my questions are like piques
Where moaned swashes of angered piece
Enleavened the hosts awesomely quirked
The splicing answers to the ears!

Admist the triumph of the strong
Where are the promises go?
Ah, my questions are like benedictions
Where the strength of the weak hungered
The splicing places of the kings!

Where are the promises go?
Yes...it is in you that eloquence
leaves no doubting within your world.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Who You Could Be?

I just want to live and see you smile
I just couldn't let the dark falls;
And now I'm coming home like sunlight,
living like a wind in your heart grows.
I want to live and see the stars shine
I just couldn't let them go on crying,
And now I'm filling up the bridges
to let the wind feel your heart throbs.
Sometimes, it troubles me
they cry out in the dark;
But making things right,
that's all I can be part
Tell me, who you could be?
I want to live and see the sun shines,
I just wouldn't let the stars fall;
And now I'm searhing out the pages,
to let the wind read your heart calls.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Why? ...

My nerve raked of sorrowless pain
as I thought an extreme maze,
while mountains, plains and valleys
gone berserk, the rivers stream
its ways to the sea.
My head is cracked by vainless pain
as I bothered down in tears.
And my eyes needed it through
but my dills all gone by;
my hands trembled, at last:
of pretentious agony and fear-
As I carry down a dustful cloth,
the body shaken of repentance
for I must know why I should hide
in this world of imaginations:
I longed for understanding through
the eyes of the child...
Now I asked, 'Why? '

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Wish Of Goodness

I wish
that man will be saved:
by the goodness of his works,
by contents of his heart,
by words of his lips,
by utterances of his tongue,
by doings of his hands,
by steps of his feet,
by strength of his faith.

I wish
that woman will be saved:
by design of her works,
by wishful love of her heart,
by art of her lips,
by ingenuity of her tongue,
by craftiness of her hands,
by leap of her feet,
by purity of her faith.

I wish
that everyone is of God.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Wishing Upon Lonely Hurdles

The field was full of empty spears
as I walk along a lonely path;
The trimmings of the air gasp my breath
as I climb a wall of lonely treks.
It seems that the path is long and weary
and the night stars gloom like fairy;
I know that a story told a night's overcast
as we meet as lovers in a happy voice at last.

I wish to hold her in my arms tight and cherry,
kissing her cheek in gentle affectionate way;
But hurdles clung in one walled lullaby
as I went on dancing in the wind, a childly try.
The voice was husky yet alluringly soft to mend
and seems the whole sky was looking my lonely pend;
For no matter how treks went on hindering my pen
just as long as my love is here for a beautiful end.

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Words Not Meant To Be

Is it what we felt that is more
meaningful that what is done?
Is it among the storied fallacies
shared by those in bed, left or gone?
Is it what it meant to be as said
or those written, read, thence fade?
All things left undone and carried
bound by the weight responsively;
In the course of conversed intellect,
material as it may be lobbed or dared;
All what is found baseless, like wind,
it withered by the force of nature's lay!
Words may meant something yet to be;
But, nonetheless it possesses more
than what is left said and done with envy!

Gil Gregorio Sr.

Writing Fingers Of The Heart

How lovely it is
that thoughts are scribbled
by the choice of allegory;
How lovely it is
to think that past
are memories of the future;
How lovely it is
to write by your choice:
Whatsoever it may be
expressed by melancholic view
the heart speaks by erelong dew.
How wonderful it is
that thoughts are scribbled
by the choice of allegory;
How awesome and sweet it is
to think that pasts
are retained memories of the future:
To write your divine choices
by the fingers of the heart's pure.

Gil Gregorio Sr.