

In recent years, I've found myself writing a lot of poetry. Whenever I found myself feeling a strong emotion, be that happiness, sadness, or anger, I'd write poetry. I've used it to express my feelings and write about fragments of my life that I find important. Along with playing the guitar, writing is one of my favorite things to do. In this collection of poems, I explored themes around isolation, relationships, family, and growing up in the United States as an immigrant.

The poem for nobody in particular

It's so loud,
You can hear the music echoing around in your head,
Bouncing off thoughts and words.
You steady yourself.
They've gone now,
And left you alone.
You glance around,
Not a single soul watching you.
No one would protest if you suddenly disappeared.
You think about slipping into the crowd,
And letting it swallow you whole.
Like how the tide moves forward,
Washing over any failed attempts at a sand castle,
Then retracting, at one with the ocean.
You smooth those thoughts over,
Tucking them away for another day.
And,
You realize something,
You like being alone,
But you hate to be lonely.
So you wait,
For them to come back.
And they do.
Running at you with smiles on their faces.
And you're not lonely anymore.
Maybe you never were.

A stranger in your own home

a child,
born in a country that doesn't claim them.
instead, you are of a tropical island
the Philippines.
you've visited three times in your life,
and
it's far off from the place you call home.
you know little of your country.
you speak the tongue,
you look the part,
you wear your flag with pride.
but if you were to visit,
you'd be a foreigner from America.
not that America wants you either.
just because you live in the land of the free,
doesn't mean it's your land,
and it doesn't mean you're free.
when people hear
of your strange life,
the first question is
"are you illegal?"
you must explain to them patiently,
that the country you've called home for almost all your life,
isn't really yours.
you're thirteen,
and you realize you'll be a stranger wherever you go.

I thought we were forever (How wrong I was)

Sharp thorns that draw blood,

Stinging nettles, whose tiny needles prick your skin,

And,

Salty tears that run down faces,

And,

Soft tissues that dry them.

Words that are shifted around,

And,

Passed through the grapevine,

To listening ears.

Eyes that stalk you,

Like a hunter chasing prey,

And,

Hushed whispers,

That you pretend to ignore.

There is nothing left for you to say,

So you leave.

The opposite of love isn't hate,

It's indifference.

Things will get better (That's what they say, at least)

Frantic phone calls,
And carefully worded texts,
Do nothing to calm nerves.
Sitting on the steps,
Chatting about meaningless things,
Trying to avoid the glaring truth.
There is still hope,
A light at the end of the tunnel,
And they want to reach out.
But you do not.
They are the ones to talk.
You wait outside.
Clutching your arms,
Folding back into yourself.
Someone is left in tears,
And you don't feel anything.
(That's a lie)
You feel everything,
And do nothing.
You see a light at the end of the tunnel,
But you also see a train.

I never say it (Though I love you)

Family is built up by yourself.

By blood,

By love,

By anything, really.

There is a certain warmth,

That is welcoming,

Chaotic,

And overwhelmingly familiar.

Your mother's glasses,

Left by the counter,

For her to stumble across later.

Your father's coffee from yesterday,

Half finished,

Sitting on the table,

That you will eventually place in the sink,

And wash.

The necklaces,

Your best friends gifted you,

Hang in your jewelry box.

Little pieces of home,

Will follow you wherever you go.