

POETRY

Gerald Carl Cielo

Soliloque de ma joie de vivre

Bring to me Mnemosyne –
The remembrance,
In this forgetfulness.
Wrought by the clouding,
Of the light,
By darkness unhinged.

Wash away the waters of Lethe,
And have me drink,
Of your spring:

Be the lamp lit,
In the night,
When the soul awaits Love.

Be the guide that shows,
The path,
To your daughters sired by Zeus.

Have them bring counsel and gifts –
The sweet-sounding lyre,
The books and the scrolls of lore;
The cithara and the aulos,
The sword and the shepherd's crook;
The veil and the plectrum,
 And the compass.

But most of all,
Have her,
be brought to me –
She who is my own.
Let her grace me,
With her fair countenance.
Let her grant me,
 The wish of my heart.
Let her wash me,
 With reminiscence.

She who is,
 The poetry of my flesh.
She who is,
 The song of my soul.
She who is,
 The fount of my spirit.

And when she does arrive,
 I will rejoice and be glad,
As she delights in me as well.

Les étrangers

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?

That we're not,
Of the world,
We think is ours.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?

That we're not,
Of our own choice,
Nor we think otherwise.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?

That we're not,
Of our own time,
Lost in space.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?

But to think so –
The stranger.

Estranged in thought,
In time,
In space,
In this estrangement –

Wrought of our own
Desire,
Wrought of our own
Destiny.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?
This bewitching,
And bewildering world.
We claim,
As if,
Our own making.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?
This beguiling,
And bedazzling existence.
To which pain,
Anguish and fear,
Are oft companions.
Wuthering,
Weathering,
All semblance,
Of life –
Of its grand illusion.

'Tis strange –
Isn't it?

To have
Sought,
Priced possessions,
Obsessions,
Unto the brink,
Of the fall.

To have
Found,
Promise, praise
Grace,
In this bleak,
Unforgiving state.

And to have,
Loved,
All there is,
In this baneful boon –
Blessed be this curse;
Cursed be this blessing.

‘Tis strange –
Isn’t it?

But aren’t we –
Fortunate?
Strange as it might be,
We’re fortunate strangers,
Estranged,
In this estranging world.

For dreaming,
Desiring love.
For defying,
Defeating death.

'Tis strange –
But not so at all.
Isn't it?

Walzer der Liebe

Off to dance, when in love –

Kiss me oh, my maiden.

Sing thy air, soar above,

The night sky, my maiden.

Make thy wish, may'st be true –

That the boon be given.

There is not, to argue –

That the wish be given.

Oh my love, fair and wise –

Dream with me, be with joy.

Pure and kind, Oh my muse,

Cherish me, be not coy.

So!

Off we dance, all in love –

I'll kiss you,

You will sing, we shall move

To the sky,

My maiden!

The heart that peered into stone and found not thine eyes

To where off my fair, bright-eyed lord goes?

And leave me all alone.

He left the shore so long ago,

And a sullen, weathered stone.

He said, if thou art wish'd to peer,

The stone reveals desire –

'Tis heart's deepest, burning dream,

Hidden, cryptic and dire.

Not before long, I sought its gaze –

Of lands, of seas, of skies,

Of groves, of valleys and of hills,

And of my lord's bright eyes.

At first, I saw his countenance,

That face, I yearn with love.

The next, I saw his austere form,

That I ardently rove.

But to where off my bright-eyed lord,

To leave me all alone?

I see you no longer,

In the sullen, weather'd stone.

There are no ships returning to,

The shore where I remain.

Each hour, each day had pass'd,

Hoping it was not in vain.

But to where off my fair-faced lord,

To leave me all alone?

I see you no longer –

Only the sullen, weather'd stone.

Oh my heart that peer'd the stone,

And found not thine bright eyes.

What stands here and lies is but I,

Until last of life dries.

About the Poet

Gerald Carl Cielo is an adjunct instructor from the Polytechnic University of the Philippines. He spends his time writing short poetic pieces from time to time aside from writing articles. He is predominantly inspired by both classical and romantic traditions of literature and philosophy.