

Poetry Series

Izobelle Pulgo
- poems -

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Izobelle Pulgo(October 22,1988)

i'm named after a character in a novel but my life is anything but . at most, it's a messy disarray of uncertainty, outbursts of emotions, heartbreaks, tears, disappointment, rejection, and broken dreams.

bing - that's what my friends call me and i prefer it that way. i'm bing - the emotional drama queen who often writes with a tragic view on life and everything else in between but who always manage to come out cheerful and loud and wild and spontaneous in real life.

yet if only people care to read between the lines, if only they care enough to see beyond the laughs and the jokes - they could see how broken and messed up on the inside i really am. but i don't wanna sound like a whiny bitch coz i'm used to it. i'm used to people not caring and i'm fine with that. i'm just gonna live life one day at a time and take it from there.

so yeah. i may sound like a girl who doesn't know how to appreciate what she has but trust me, i do. i am grateful for everything that i have and have been given but that doesn't mean i don't have any right to be hurt.

and that's the problem. i feel too much, i hurt too much, i love too much, and i always end up too broken and too scarred to ever be the same.

i guess that's what made me so good at pretending to be happy. or maybe i'm just getting better at hiding my feelings.

...

I have let you down
I know
I know without you telling me.

Your eyes say it all
But I saw
I saw without remorse.

That's what you get
For believing.

That's what I get
For trying.

And this is where I ran
To empty out my heart.

But what's there left
To pour
When I already emptied everything
The last time I fell?

I couldn't even make you smile
Even if its the last thing
I could probably do
Before you leave
And I stay.

Because I tried and I failed.
And you knew

but left.

Izobelle Pulgo

A Deeper Shade Of Blue

A deeper shade of blue
In the deepest part of my heart
Of melancholic woe, so true
I am in a deeper shade of blue.

A deeper shade of blue
In which I also knew
Of a heart that thinks of you
I am in a deeper shade of blue.

A deeper shade of blue
A wounded knee, a hurting toe
Of slamming and being broken in two
My, I am in a deeper shade of blue.

A deeper shade of blue
Of a bind I can't let go
Yet time has come for me to do
That which have shivered me to think so and so
To stop being broken by you
And lighten
My deeper shade of blue

Izabelle Pulgo

A Late Embrace To A Shattered Wall

The sea
Beckoned to me
Like a mother
Calling.

I answered
In a voice barely a whisper
Yet in a word,
My dreams spread its wings.

The lavenders and the blues,
The greens in hazy hues,
I saw these through the eyes
The eyes of the sea that cries.

Yet my dreams were too big,
For the sea to hold,
I ran, I shouted, I tried,
All for my dreams,
My dreams,
My dreams that I had.

A cushion to a fall
A late embrace to a shattered wall.

The sea
Beckoned to me
Like a friend
Being a friend.

But I was kite
Not wanting to be tied
Not wanting to be held

Not wanting to hide.

And the lavenders and the blues
And the greeny hues,
Turned pumpkin, grinning, sneering,
Mocking me.

I shut my eyes
Not wanting to see
I shut my dreams
That made me.

But the sea was there,
With it's salty tears,
All weeping for that girl that was lost,
Defeated by her dreams,
Drowned by its cost.

And the sea turned red
Weeping blood.

And the sky turned red
Bleeding blood.

I looked up to watch
The birds fade
Into the lavenders and the blues
The greens in hazy hues,
As it dawned on me,
That's the last time I heard
The sea's call.

And I am left
With a late embrace to a shattered wall.

A Little Box

I yearn to break free
of this bittersweet prison
I call my life

Trapped in a box
Forever in this room
Desiring to be in a chest
Sturdy, dependable
A metaphor of forever

Why am I trapped
In a place like this
Is my destiny mapped
And my dream's just a wish?

Always beside a better me
Always the last thing
People see.

Just a tiny little box
No worthy of praise
And the mask starts to crack
Another scarred face.

Again the tears will fall
And still nobody see
Nobody to listen to my call
To hold my hand, to set me free.

The end will come
For me to let go
Tired of being in the dark
So-called friends who never knew:

I am me
A victim of my destiny
A shadow of my dream
Walking a path, solitary
'till death will set me free.

Izobelle Pulgo

After Death

What do you do
When you know
You are not
Who you are supposed to be?
When you are
Somebody
You don't want to be?
And that nothing
You can do
Can change who
You are meant to be?
Isn't it sad
To be trapped
In a destiny you don't want?
That you are
A prisoner
Of life
And that
The only freedom
You can have
Is when you die?
How can you fulfill
Your heart's desires
If you can't
Even start
The destiny you are fated?
That after the struggle
You will end up
When a dream that you do not dream,
A hope that you do not hope
A success you do not crave.
A life of fulfillment
Yet meaningless,
A life
Only realized
After death?

Izobelle Pulgo

Another Story Ended For A Girl Like Me

Another day, another hope
Another walk down a darkened slope
For a flickering candle of uncertainty,
It's just another starless night like yesterday.

The vast sea and the endless sky
All the possibilities if you only try,
Not with a heart broken, bruised and black
A doomed train on a one-way track.

A hint, a shadow, a trace of a sunshine gone
The lingering scent of a sad goodbye
Collecting fragments of what you had done
Missing pieces of your broken cry.

An empty shell of a torn promise left behind
Footprints of a man who used to hold your hand
He broke you free of a chain you made
He made you see that pain could fade
And that time was but a distant reality.

But the tide ebb as the moon slowly danced
To the song of the wolves, to the howls of the heart
To your loneliness that was tearing you apart,
On a sad night that the moon danced its last.

And to another day, another hope grow
Down a starless slope, you tread slow
For a dying candle of uncertainty,
Another story ended for a girl like me.

Izobelle Pulgo

As The Yellowbells Fall

As the yellowbells fall...

I saw a little boy down the street. He was being bullied by kids much bigger than him. My heart screamed 'stop' but I was the only one who heard it. Yet I just stood there paralyzed, unmoving and watched as the little boy cried.

As the yellowbells fall...

A woman entered the store. Her clothes were shabby yet she tried to keep her cool. The nonchalant gaze she received was much more than she could take, the food she wanted to buy was too much more than she could pay. She walked away with not a package in her hand, I just stood there and watched her walk away.

As the yellowbells fall...

A mother dragged her son. He was no good, she said, and better off gone. My heart broke as the boy pleaded and begged with big, scared eyes. The mother ranted, the boy cried. I just stood there... I just stood there as the boy's hope died.

As the yellowbells fall...

A friend got into a fight. He was risking himself to fight for the girl of his life. What he didn't know and what I couldn't say, his girl was cheating behind his back. As he got a punch and received a blow, I just watched as he tried to stand but failed to do. All for the girl he thought he knew, I just stood there and watched him take another blow.

As the yellowbells fall...

A daughter arrived with a secret to tell. Her parents were proud but she has a secret with her. Her mother fussed, her father asked yet they were silenced when the daughter spoke at last. She's pregnant, she's sixteen, she's sorry for how bad she's been. Her mother wept for the dream lost, her father wept for his little girl gone.

And I just stood there and I cried for all the dreams lost and hopes that died... for all the dreams lost and hopes that died.

Izobelle Pulgo

Because I Do

I don't do fancy writing
I don't even write things
Good enough to be read
But I write what I feel
And I put my heart into it.

More often than not,
I'm disappointed
Over something I thought
Is okay
But I forget about it
I move on
Though how heavy my heart is,
I couldn't say.

I just trudge on
Because this is my dream,
My dream.

Dreams could be shattered,
I know that,
And I could be broken,
I know that too.

BUT if I don't move on
And continue to work hard
For my dream
Even if I'm not destined to succeed,
I would be nothing more
Than an unjustifiable existence,
A burden to the people I care.

And so I will continue writing,
Even if I grow old,
And fail,
For trying is a better option,
Than not having to work for something
At all.

Because You Let Her Go

a lost friend
could very well know
when you failed
she also failed you
but she tries
to be there
when your lies
became a burden to bear
yet with unseeing eyes
you look beyond
hear her sighs
she held her hand
but damn you
caught up in your web
never looked what's in front of you
as the tide of chances ebb,
look again,
and she's gone because you let her go.

Izabelle Pulgo

Best Friends

I talked to my best friend
Told her I like this guy
She had nothing but good words to lend
She didn't even ask why.

The guy I like, I know his name
But never got a chance to talk
I guess for this I am to blame,
Around him, I'm nothing but a silent book.

How I wish I could say
What I really feel inside
Then maybe he could finally see
Everything all this time I've been trying to hide.

I was clueless, I was naive
Nothing but dreams of us together
Sad stories and lost love, I never believe
I only had my heart set on forever.

But fate is cruel
As it plays with the heart
Broken swords in a senseless duel
Is this why they call life an art?

A friend against a friend,
That's what we've become.
When fate decided our friendship has to end,
We became each other's hindrances to overcome.

Why does it have to be
The guy I like didn't fall for me
And of all the girls he could have loved
He fell for my bestfriend.

Izobelle Pulgo

Blessed Are The Little Ones

Children are the luckiest of creature,
Any human being could ever get,
Their happiness is beyond measure
With even the littlest of things we often forget.
They are the reflections of innocence
Adults have left behind;
I admire their childish perseverance,
On things they have set their young minds.
Blessed are these little children
Whom we thought have still too much to learn
For they're the ones who will teach us
Little things but worthy to earn.

Izobelle Pulgo

Blood From My Fingertips

As I write these words tonight

Blood will flow

Trickling

Down

Down

Down.

My finger

Bleeds

My heart

Weeps

The wounds

Cry.

It's all the same

The words will be shadows

Before it sees

The light of dawn

There it will stay

In the dark

Unheard.

Blank pages

Of unwritten truth

Forgotten

Buried

Six feet below.

And as I write these words tonight

And the past seals my lips

Blood will

F

I

o

w

From my fingertips.

Izobelle Pulgo

Broken Hearted Love Story

Time and again
My love story ends
Even before it began
Heartbreaking beginnings
That never passed life's cruel hands.

I would have cried
And I would have cursed
How my love story could be so sad,
Always getting worse,
Broken heart was all I ever had.

Falling has never been more painful
Than when you thought someone's there to break your fall,
But you'll find out too late
He never meant those words at all,
It was just you all along,
You and your shattered wall.

A life of nothing but a fading trail
Of a heart broken into pieces,
Wretched existence of a lonely girl
Sad failures of unheard wishes.

If only... if only I could have a love story that would last
To glue back a heart that's been shattered time and again
Something to make me forget a painful past
Something to shut away the pain.

Then perhaps the smile would become real,
And the wounds would heal,
If only I could have a love story that starts
Not with a broken heart.

Izabelle Pulgo

Broken Teddy

Stars on a red sky
Storms on the way
Teddy, why didn't you try?
I could have helped you flee.

Knowing you had made me see
Broken Teddy, how strong I can be
But you left before I could stand
You let go of my hand.

Broken Teddy, you're my only friend
Won't you come back
I'll help you mend.

Broken Teddy, my only friend
Please come back
In suffering, together let's end.

Izabelle Pulgo

Burnt Cold

I said
I don't want to get burned
So I'm playing it cool
And I just realized,
With what I'm doing,
I'm such a fool.

Play it real
That's what I ought to do
And not just dodge the ball
Though it's for the kill
For I might still get broken
Even if I avoid the fall.

Pretty little girl
With a perfect little world
Lies, lies, lies
All lies
The biggest ever told
She cries.

White as a clean kerchief
Fluid as tears
What beast inside
Angel when they look
Fooling all, she crawl
Only I knew she tried.

She wept
I heard the cries
Silent agony
Alone in a room
Dark with all the shadow
Living could be lonely.

And so the light flickered
Before it finally
Breathed its last
It shivered.

It died.
Wounded & hurt.
Sad.

Izobelle Pulgo

But You Left

...

I have let you down
I know
I know without you telling me.

Your eyes says it all
But I saw
I saw without remorse.

That's what you get
For believing.

That's what I get
For trying.

And this is where I ran
To empty out my heart.

But what's there left
To pour
When I already emptied everything
The last time I fell?

I couldn't even make you smile
Even if its the last thing
I could probably do
Before you leave
And I stay.

Because I tried and I failed.
And you knew

but left.

Izobelle Pulgo

But You'Re Not

to be in the middle,
to be still,
to be undecided,
to be here,
to be in a state where you don't care.
coz you're not happy but you're not sad,
coz you're thankful for what you have and what you had,
coz things are good but you're not,
you wish you are but you're not.

Izobelle Pulgo

Cracks

If only you looked beyond the cracks
You could have seen the broken little pieces I glued just for you,
Then maybe you could have understood,
Why my tears fall for reasons I don't even want to know.

Pain is a friend when everybody left
And the broken heart becomes a valued foe
For in the shattered dreams that I wept
You never wiped the tears that you saw.

Beyond the veils of smiles
I tried to convey a painless me
But a look in your eyes and I fall
The mirrored truths from which I tried to flee.

Please look beyond the tattered edges
See with your eyes and hear my call
All I have is these battered edges
Save me, please break this wall.

And the cracks would be nothing more,
Just shattered little pieces on the floor.

Izabelle Pulgo

Curse The Tears

i curse the tears that never seem to end
wishing that my heart could stop bleeding
at the thought of you
loving someone else.

the pain shut out that little happiness left
but it reminds me of you
reminds me of you and of how you broke my heart
the closest i could come
to the beginning of our love story
that was cut short.

i wish i could look at the past from another way
not with tears in my eyes and a longing
that's too painful to ignore.
if you could only hug me that one last time
before you left,
leaving me dangling
on the edge, hoping that you'd come back
but never did.

you left me falling for you,
you left knowing i'll be waiting for you.
i couldn't let go
coz after all this time,
my heart is broken in two
loving you.

and in the end,
the pain is all i have
to remind me that i was once loved
by the man of my dreams
but that life is unfair,
and in a blink of an eye
the man of my dreams
left me to chase
his own reality,
a reality that does not
include me.

Izobelle Pulgo

Dawn Mumbles

wishing that loving you doesn't hurt
as much as the cold silent loneliness at 4am
when the world is just about to wake up
while i'm still whispering your blasted name.

you didn't play fair
coz you didn't put your heart at stake
yet you played with mine and gambled it away
knowing too well it was all yours to take.

you said 'i love you'
then you said 'goodbye'
you said things you never meant
so how could you,
how could you lie.

there's nothing i could do coz you were never mine
you were just the boy who played with my love's design
tore it, crush it, broke it in two
you were just the boy whom i loved and i still do.

and just as when the sun sets and the darkness creeps in
when the stars blink in the night that is as black as sin,
i should have known, i should have doubt
i should have seen what it was all about -

you were the boy who set out to break my heart
for a game, for a nameless price,
you rolled the dice and begun the lie
for a love story that was destined to die.

for in the aftermath that i cried,
when you are nothing but a dark shadow from whom i couldn't hide,
i wept bitter tears for a boy who was never mine but whom I loved,
i'll be okay, this is my life,
i'll be f*cking fine.

Izobelle Pulgo

Death

Alone in a dark night
I saw death coming near
I shiver in my place with fright
Though there is nothing to fear.

Death is but an escape
From earthly woes to suffer
Yet from this fact I learn
A truth that made me shiver.

Leave does my earthly woes
So does my friends and foes
Never again will I ever see them
Life they are living will still be the same.

Hate to think that I won't see
Ever again the light of day.
And watch will I
From heaven sky,
'Tis but the folly of mortality.

Izobelle Pulgo

Death Is But A Toll Of The Bell

Death is but a toll of the bell
Ringing for the owner to come back home
And the owner
Who had secretly escaped into a dimension
Called life
Would slowly wither
As he hears his mother bell calling
People's tears would rain
People his life had touched
So he will leave
To the people, for a world unknown
Darkness enveloping
Death's covered veil.
Anguished cries of people
Bade farewell to the departed,
And the dead will awake
From a slumber of infinity,
To find out that he has not returned home.

Instead had sailed into the realm
Of no return.
And all is forgotten.
The bell will toll again
Waiting for her lost son
Yet to return.
But never to arrive
For the bell
Is death itself.

Izobelle Pulgo

Die For Me

How I loved to see
That beauty that's not meant to be
See the tears it could shed
Behind the smiles, the pain she hid.

A longing heart
For a man who left
Together yet worlds apart
He'd never seen her wept.

A fish lost at sea
A stranger among her own
Bound to a watery grave
Of tears and fears he'd never known.

Tired of swimming
In a path so conceived
That the only way from a man to a king
Is to live a life unlived.

And a wife unseen
Forgotten in her chain
Always, always a hurting queen
Always and always crying in vain.

Is this the beauty the I've long to see
A forgotten mistress was all i could be
For a husband who's always there but never were
The man who wouldn't die for me.

Izobelle Pulgo

Everything Ends

the person who is the happiest
during a good time
is the saddest
when he is alone.

the loudest laugh,
the sweetest smile,
you'll never know
how much people cry.

the cool facade
of a beautiful face
could very well belie
a pain without a trace.

the silent tears
through the years
could be scars unseen
and wounds unhealed.

happy intervals
of friends' memories
one could laugh the hardest
even for a while, at least.

and then the world turns
and time passes
reality came
and everything was just ashes.

the moment ends
the laughter fades
memories blur
as friends
farewell, they bade.

Izabelle Pulgo

Help Me Flee

I didn't catch the light
That I thought
Would be my salvation
To this eerily lonely world
Where one can only look back
But must walk ahead
To a place unknown
A battleground unforeseen
And the child in one
Goes running
Away
Away
Away
And the adult mind
Is left open
Yet blind
Ignorant, unseeing
Sad it becomes
Sad it will be.
Longing for something
That cannot be.
Longing for the child
To come back.
Help me
Flee.

Izabelle Pulgo

I Died Yesterday

I died yesterday
The day you left my heart bleeding.

I died yesterday
You went away - living.

I died yesterday
You left me alone, crying.

I died yesterday
Yet today I'm still dying.

Izabelle Pulgo

I Don'T Want To Hear Myself Think

tararara.. a butterfly is flying around my laptop i think. or maybe its just me.

yeah, probably its just me.

weird.

probably because i'm also weird.

that's what people have been telling about me

behind my back, behind closed doors.

and i pretend not to listen

though i hear

and i pretend i'm not hurting

though it kills me inside.

and every night i look at my computer

blogging my world

my heart is breaking

always breaking, never healed.

how i long for the day

when i won't care about anything

when i won't get hurt

because of people who don't care

when pain is just a waning

shadow of the moonlit moon.

but still i hear their voices

and i see their lies

i can't help but pretend

to be happy

while my heart dies.

friends

friends lost

when i'm alone

always, always alone

solitary figure

walking on her own.

behind these walls

i built

a dying doll

grasp

grasp the vines

but it's all poison lies

bloody grave

of

heartbreak

death

and

goodbyes.

Izobelle Pulgo

I Fell In Love Once

i fell in love
once
for a boy
i didn't know.

i fell in love
once
didn't take chances
chances i know i blew.

i fell in love
once
watching from afar
hoping he'd look at me too.

i fell in love
once
for this boy who didn't glance
didn't look, didn't know.

i fell in love
once
with unshed tears,
with a broken heart.

i fell in love
once,
i realized fears
for my broken part.

i fell in love
once
for this boy
who made me whole.

i fell in love
once
for this boy
who didn't see me fall.

didn't see me fall,
as i fell in love once.

Izobelle Pulgo

I Love You Still

sometimes, tears fall for no reason at all. a song on the radio, that little bench in the park, those lovely roses in the flowershop at the corner - little remnants of a love story that has gone awry, a love story that ended, a love story that didn't last.

for every tear that falls, the heart becomes a little more cracked, a little more imperfect, a little more fragile. the hurt and the pain will always find a way to hide behind those little nooks and crannies of one's heart and just when you least expect it, that's when sometimes, tears fall for no reason at all. a song on the radio, that little bench in the park, those lovely roses in the flowershop at the corner - little remnants of a love story that has gone awry, a love story that ended, a love story that didn't last.

the hurt and the pain will give way to a searing numbness, blurring everything - the grays, the black, and everything in between. the rainbow fades, the sky dims, and the stars dull just as an utter loneliness slowly creeps in and wraps the heart in its gloomy veil. and when the numbness settles and the silence begins, that's when sometimes, tears fall for no reason at all. a song on the radio, that little bench in the park, those lovely roses in the flowershop at the corner - little remnants of a love story that has gone awry, a love story that ended, a love story that didn't last.

the silence will become deafening and the loneliness - unbearable. the laughs, even pretend, will cease just as you start to become one with your mask that has outlived its worth. those pretty eyes will become a mirror of the murky waters that is now threatening to overflow what was once a beloved well. and when the waters overflow, that's when sometimes, tears fall for no reason at all. a song on the radio, that little bench in the park, those lovely roses in the flowershop at the corner - little remnants of a love story that has gone awry, a love story that ended, a love story that didn't last.

all these for a love story that has gone awry, a love story that ended, a love story that didn't last - for a whisper you've never heard, for a sorry that was too late, for a tear you didn't see. as the tears fall for no reason at all, i love you.

i love you. you love her.

i love you still.

I Was Not The Forever You Seek

The nights were endless when we talked
The stars shined brighter and ever fairer
My eyes twinkled and my heart fluttered for every word you spoke
The promises, the plans that we made together.

I must have been lucky, I must have been blessed
I must have stumbled upon the rainbow's magic chest
For you found me when I was lost and kept me safe and sound
You found me when even I didn't want to be found.

Aimlessly wandering, desperately searching
Like a drifter lost at sea
I walked with my shadows and the emptiness that follows
Until you stopped me from falling into a darkness that was all I could be,
The other end of the red string that kept me from floating away.

But forever was never on our side
And the endless had to end at some point
Because reality is as real as the ebbing tide
Even love, after time, is made to disappoint.

When you wanted to go, I didn't ask you to stay
Maybe I should have put up a fight and have you for one more day.

Maybe I was wrong, maybe I was too weak
But maybe in the end, I was not the forever you seek.
Just a chapter of your book that you have to go through
Just as you have started a chapter in mine that ends with you.

Izabelle Pulgo

I Will Love You Still

a spared glance
for a laughter too loud
secret looks
the love i never had...
i saw beneath
her pretty little lie
but you never even glance
as i slowly die...
withered heart
like fallen little leaves,
as the sun sets forever
on my happily ever after
with you.

i love you still.
i love you still.

Izobelle Pulgo

I'D Rather

I'd rather wait forever
And hope that someone's waiting for me too
Than when the search is over
And I find out that nobody's there for me to go.

I'd rather bear not knowing
And face the what ifs of my life
Than see for my self what the end may bring
And have my heart cut by a knife.

I'd rather go on hoping
And think of what's waiting for me at the end
Than be a victim of what destiny might bring
And have only broken flowers to tend.

And so there goes my nonsense mumblings
Of life unlived by the livings
A poem only a craven could write
Still not seeing the light
Still covered by the night.
Still waiting for forever.

Izabelle Pulgo

If Only We Are One

Cast into the sea of unending gloom
Paddling ashore, longing for home
Swept upstream by currents unseen
Back to where you left
Back to when our story begin.

Blue waters hiding secrets
Vain attempts of discovery
Blurred murky by ethereal droplets
Of rain and tears and endless plea.

Splashing muddy waters along the way
Boots a-stomping, running away
To go, to go, not knowing where
Away, away, no reason to stay.

Prayers unanswered, screams unheard
Tears frozen in an unending cry
Left for dead, you disappeared
I, not knowing why.

And when the seas will calm
The storm will cease
Back to where we're from
A beginning, a release
Of a story not yet ended
Nor has begun,
Now of an eternity,
Of an immortality that we have none
We will fare, we will fare
Forever, need it be,
If only we are one.

Then and only then, our story has begun.

Izabelle Pulgo

It Could Have Been Beautiful

it could have been beautiful
like the rain, like the sun
shadows and rainbows
endless and vast
a green field for a man.

a man shadowed
a glorious past
blinded and couldn't see
through the darkness he cast
clouds to mourn,
for dreams don't last.

tears for tears that fall
and blood for that battered wall
nothingness, just dark and cold
an end that grasps
even a heart so bold.

and closer now, it seemed
what we could have, what we dreamed
and even closer now, it seemed
what we couldn't have,
what we used to dream.

Izobelle Pulgo

It Was Our Mutual Descent

it was our mutual descent
into a diamond gloom
that glitters in the night
but blinding in the light.

a glass rose amidst the thorns
that thirst for blood
of an innocent love
with a passion that burns.

the slow redemption
of the shutters and the lights
cease behind the closed doors
they who never saw the fights
they who only see the pretty sight.

as midnights struck
and fairy tales pave way for reality
the pain, the fury, the disillusionment snuck
all the trace of human frailty.

the frozen smiles
shatter in the air
replaced by truth thru lies
and the wisdom that life is never fair.

a champagne to our mutual descent
for the fleeting bliss of being one
as love away it went,
as love - our love, is gone.

Izobelle Pulgo

Jessica

Eyes searching
For a friendly soul
Looking for someone
To talk, to sing, to call

Everyone had everyone
Yet she had no one
While people go on their way
A girl wants to run

Crying herself to sleep at night
Praying for someone to say
The words she always wanted to hear
Words that she would never hear...

Jessica, I'm sorry
The world could be so cruel
I'm sorry nobody was there listen
Your shouts, your screams, your call

Jessica, maybe someday we could be friends
Maybe that someday is already in the past
Jessica, I'm sorry I was too late
The day you called your last.

Jessica, I hope you're listening
To these words you always wanted to hear
But never did,
Jessica, hope you are listening...

I will never leave you,
We'll be friends forever
Though it's a moment too late
Too late for you to hear:

I will never leave you,
Friends forever, just you and me.
I'll be there to listen to you,
And to say the words you always wanted to hear:

I'm your friend
A moment too late
I'm sorry I wasn't there,
I tried,
I tried,
To go against fate,
But it wouldn't let me
Until it was too late
To say the words you always wanted to hear.

I'm sorry, Jessica.
I'll be leaving you first.

Izobelle Pulgo

Lonely Wind

Howl of the wind
What made you wail?
Is it the lonely hearts you've passed,
Is it the coming rain?

Lovely is the sound you make
Memories of the past you take.
Lonely is the person who hears
Only you as a music to his ears.

Why you weep
Is no reason to do
Guard my sleep
As I sing to you.
Pray that morning
May be bright and sunny
As you leave this lonely path
And go on you solitary way.

Izobelle Pulgo

Lost Friendship

With broken bones, I cry
With broken heart, I wept
A broken friendship because we lied,
A life of promises unkept.

Differences to overcome
Side-by-side we compete
For a subtle win over one
We were nothing but hypocrites.

I wish it didn't turn out this way
Me hating you, you hating me
We were friends, we used to be,
Why can't we heed our hearts' secret plea?

I know I'm sorry,
And perhaps you are too,
But why is it so hard to say,
Even if all we want to do,
Was forget what happened,
And learn to forgive,
That we may be friends again
A broken friendship,
A friendship we mend.

Izabelle Pulgo

Love Eternal

Show me how to love
From the deepest part of my heart
To feel as if from above
Eternal love, impart.

Of lovey-doo, and birdly coo
I feel as if I love
A wedding bell, tarnished blue
Eternal love, I wish I have.

Earthly callings, saintly deeds
All a destined task
A garden left, of seeds and weeds
Eternal love, I ask.

Bleed me red
I know no more
Eternal love has fled,
In my bed I swore.

Izobelle Pulgo

Love Song In Hell

another night
of silent tears
as i listen to songs
of forgotten years

a heart on a nail
all cut up
a painful wail
in an empty cup.

tomorrow is grim
i just want to sleep
bury me in my dream
tomorrow's another day to weep.

i scream
i cried
i scream
i cried

burdened heart
and broken soul
hopeless start
dark like coal.

embers slowly dying
and bloody feet
burnt red and bleeding
hell's heat.

the end is near
he said, i heard
the fear is real
she did,
she did.

Izabelle Pulgo

I wrote your name on a paper
And I wonder
How would it be possible
For you to be aware
That this girl exists,
That somewhere out there
This girl is loving you
From afar.
Years are long
But three have passed
And I'm still
Counting
Until a day will come
When I don't have to
Anymore.
But today, I just
Have to wait,
Just have to hope
That someday you'll know
This girl is out here
Loving you.

Izabelle Pulgo

Never Now, Never This

Vintage pictures scattered on the floor
Serene, quiet, and old
Showered by sunlight through the open door
I remember like it was just yesterday
All those memories they hold.

A glimpse of the past and of days gone by
Remnants of our history we had left behind
The laughters, the tears, the pain that made us cry
Frozen in time like a slow, fading goodbye.

As we grew up and as we grow old
We remember the life we knew back then
Trudgin on, in a darkness so cold
Wishing with every step
That life would be so kind as it had been.

For every memory that we remember
For the laughters taht had become so few
For a heartbreaking past that we still hold dear
For all that we had lost, we had broken, we had let go...

We wish for a little something to hold on to
A semblance of a past that used to be us
Before it made us who we are,
Before we became soldiers of our lonely war,
Fighting a losing battle so seldom won
For love, for life, for a purpose of our own.

So as the setting sun slowly fades,
And the shadows chased the light away
The pictures remained scattered on the floor
Cold, desolate, and gray.

Remnants of a past and of a life before,
They are that and nothing more -
Memories cherished and treasured but fading nonetheless,
They are people and happiness and friendship gone -
Off to a forgotten eternity

That is never now.
Never this.

Izobelle Pulgo

Nothing Is Like Was

a cluttered desk
was all that there was
and nothing else
nothing else
not even a mist
of what used to be
a truth
hovering, slowly creeping
into consciousness
nothing is
like was
and nothing was
like is
truth covering
darkness enveloping
losing edge
losing words
pens breaking
fingers bleeding
and all that's left
is
a cluttered desk:
nothing is like was.
it has all come
to
this.

Izobelle Pulgo

Pain

pain flow like
the rain
leaving trails
of liquid ambiguity,
blood bleeding
and trickling
down
leaving trails
of solid enmity.

a scar
a wound
healed
in mind
unhealed.

to pain
we yield.

Izabelle Pulgo

Poem 101

If a thousand words a picture could paint
If I am but a painter nor an earthly saint
I would have made a picture of beauty, hail
Of nature and man's perfection which my words might fail.

Greens and shadows against an untainted blue
Blend together in perfect hue
And little people down below
Living so unaware of such a striking view.

An amber wall stood out amidst the jades
Playful shadows it cast upon its windowshades
So with it all, a beauty like no other
Of nature and wisdom, living together.

Unfortunate it seems (that beauty) , daily forgotten
By people and little people, passing by so often
Burdened by books, heavily laden
Minds so bright, yet where will it all end?

I see beauty but I feel cold
Of what this illusion might behold
For all the things it seems
It seems not what I had seen in my dreams.

For this is but an edifice
In a picture-perfect place
A place for the learned and wise
But still, a place to stumble thrice.

And so if a picture I could paint
Perhaps (I'd rather) a thousand-word is better spent
For beauty might fade in color and in sight
Yet words will remain words, day or night.

Izabelle Pulgo

Red

night passed by so quickly
robbing me of my sleep
dusk creeping up so slowly
drunkards down under weep.

a lonely dark
of solitude
a journey embarked
light dare intrude.

floating away in a wayward world
i tried to grasp
in my dreams to me Allah told
a letter i failed to clasp.

a letter of secrets
mailed to my door
a letter of secrets
i held no more

for in bloody battles
it has been read
with shouts and screams and dying calls
a messenger of dread

and all we see now is red.

Izobelle Pulgo

Sadness

sadness

my mom doesn't know
i cry each night
my friends don't see
the screams i write.

i'm fighting a battle
i alone have to face
fighting for so little
counting tears and counting days.

shed a blood or two
numb the pain away
no reason to go
no reason to stay.

unanswered calls
and bitter spats
dead-end walls
broken paths.

shooting and murder
run and hide
see and hear
a friend have died.

close my eyes
shut the pain
hear the lies
spare the rain.

and that each night i cry
my mom doesn't know
every scream i write
my friends don't see.

Izobelle Pulgo

Same Girl

i may not be the same girl
who used to hug you when you're down
and promised to be there for you
when you drown,
i may not even be the girl
you thought i was
but if you just cared enough to ask
what was wrong,
and hug me tight,
wipe my tears,
as i fought a losing fight,
i would have been the same girl
who would give even her life
just to see you live
your own.

Izobelle Pulgo

Sigh

Falling down,
You broke my fall.
I could have turned around,
but your eyes says it all.

I asked you once,
You asked me twice,
Do I love you?
I'm sorry but my reasons were lies.

It was a wall
I was trying to break free
My strength was quivering and small
I didn't want you to see.

Standing tall, I walked away
I didn't turn around this time
I didn't listen to what you might say.

I heard you sigh,
I didn't ask why.
I walked away.

Izabelle Pulgo

Smile Like You Mean It

Smile like you mean it.

Smile like never before.

Smile as if the world would end tomorrow.

Smile, after the rain, once more.

Life is a constant struggle

You only know how to live when you are dying,

Watching from above, like an eagle

Don't judge life until the end you are facing.

Remember there is no turning back

Of what ifs and what might have beens

Only a one-way track

That even the sides have fence.

If you are already weary

In this battle called life

Then you are not ready

For death of which is a greater strife.

Better live life as it is

Everything to lose yet everything to beat.

Isn't life such a bliss

If you smile like you mean it.

Izobelle Pulgo

Smile, Little Darling

swallow the sound
fill in the cracks
fake a pretty smile
pretend that this little girl rocks.

forget that you are broken
remember to put on the mask
smile, baby girl
smile big and no one would ask.

no one would bother
no one would see
all the pain that glimmer
and the blood that flows free.

from your wrist to the floor
down the drain as you run to the door
damn the pain, damn the tears
is it too much to ask for more?

the dawn breaks and the shadows subside,
put on your happy face
and let your darkness hide.

let it rest for a while,
you have a new day to fake,
smile, little darling
for no one cares if you break.

Izabelle Pulgo

Sorry Won'T Unbreak Me

sorry won't unbreak the broken,
won't undo what has been destroyed,
won't bring back what has been lost.

sorry won't make things alright so you know, don't bother.

leave things as it is,
give it the space that it needs.
it was your fault, you are to blame
things will never, ever be the same.

when regrets eat you up,
know that it is the broken that bleeds.
when your dreams stop being dreams,
remember that you're the reason i couldn't leave.

does it hurt?
do you cry?
it doesn't matter.
you didn't see me die.

it was the darkness that embraced me,
my demons that kept me afloat
gently reminding that you may be gone
but i have not lost this fight i fought.

for you, for you
who walked away without a glance,
who came back for another chance,
just like that.

take your sorry, take it all
take it away,
it will not break my fall.
it will not unbreak me.
it will not make me whole.

don't bother me with your sorry.
leave me be.

as you have left me all those years ago,
please don't bind me again with my memory of you.

Izobelle Pulgo

Stars Fall

Stars fall
From a white
Pretty wall.

Stars fall
Into a deep
Dark hole.

Izobelle Pulgo

The Footsteps Stopped Coming

Footsteps in the stairs
Used to be a story yet unveiled
Pounding heart, looking forward
To a knock on the door
When once-upon-a-time begins.

Laughters, tears,
Silent talks we had
All these years
Crazy, silly us
Midnight's descent
Just a flurry on the side.

The footsteps stopped coming
The story ended
The talks, the laughs, the secrets
Became a seldom fall
Of water out of a wall.

Crazy, silly
None of them
Remained,
Midnight descended
For good.

As the story started
Once upon a time,
A friendship blossomed
A friendship grew
But as once upon a time ended,
The storybook closed.
Midnight descended
Forever on what could have been
Happily-ever-after
Had the footsteps never stopped..

Izobelle Pulgo

The Life I Lied

this is loneliness at its best. and its worst.

this is loneliness at 3am, all alone, all messed up, and cracked.
that kind of darkness when realizations overflow
and nothing seems brighter than knowing
you're all alone and sad.

it's that nonchalant glance
for a couple, for a friend, for a boy who never loved you back
for that unanswered question
with no answer and no end.

like a blue glass
that reflects the sky
infinite, great, and endless
yet everything comes down to why.

why is everything moving on
to the future from the present and soon gone
the usual scenario of being left behind
looking out to a reality that was never kind.

and now this loneliness that slowly eats me up inside
like a gnawing shadow that magnifies pain
it's at its best and its worst
makes me feel i'm still alive
reality being real,
living the life i lied.

Izabelle Pulgo

The Little Girl

as the world sleeps
and the rain showered the earth

a little girl weeps
as the seeds give birth.

the night has its secrets
whispers of forgotten lore

a little girl crying
as the boat leaves the shore.

each window has a story to tell
broken glasses and an unheard call

a little girl fell
to a man's greatest fall.

and the leaves withered
and the flowers died

a little girl suffered
for a war she didn't side.

and so as the little girl sleeps
in the bosom of the earth

in her heart she weeps
for a hope lost at birth

carrying the burden of secrets
of an unfinished lore

the sound of crying
of a little girl left at shore

to the shadows she'll tell
to the echoes she'll call

and when this little girl fell
it will be man's greatest fall

as her hopes withered
and her dreams died

a little girl had suffered
all these pain inside.

Izobelle Pulgo

The Path That Ended

the horizon seemed within my grasp
and the blinding sun a welcoming embrace

for that moment, i was lost
lost in the warmth that caressed my face.

the birds of far away
all seemed so closer then
i could hear them talk among themselves
about places that i've never been.

oh yes, i have the eyes
to see the beauty despite the lies
to look at the world through the blue of the sky
and listen to the wind sing louder than my weary sigh.

if all could but stop
for a moment or two
for me to hold a little bit longer
what i had to let go.

to stare at the sky
and look for that star
remember the night
when my dream had died
and search for that
broken piece i lost along the way.

when the horizon would seem closest
and the burning sun glares
i never saw the path that ended
as the dark, endless sea
embraced me
in their blank, lifeless stares.

Izobelle Pulgo

The Stars Took My Dreams

Dance with the stars
Let my dreams take flight
Watch from afar
The horizon's finally within my sight.

Veiled with the moon's shadow
I cowered in fright
Yet a hand reached out
And held me tight.

He raised me up
Looked at me in the eye
I sat in his lap
He asked me why.

Hitching my wagon to a star
I never wondered what place headed we are
Hastily, I let my dreams go
Expecting they will return realized, so and so
Alas, what a fool I've been
To watch the stars, never minding the rain.
And with them my dreams they took
Now my life is but an empty book.

Izabelle Pulgo

The World Is Round

The world is round, the world is round
The rain continues, lost in the mist
I couldn't see a thing but the world is round
This I know for certain, like how we kissed.

The last time before you found
A love so profound, something I may have missed
I may have lost, I may have left
A love that crept without a sound.

Was it really love, I do not know
All I saw was how it broke us into two
It stole what we had, it left me here
It ran away with you.

The world is round, I know that for sure
I know that we kissed like never before
What I didn't know and what I didn't see
It would be love that would take you away from me.

Izabelle Pulgo

This Is How I Hate

i hate with a vigor
that cripples
even the sanest thought
from my head.

i hate with an intensity
that shatters walls
leaving broken
remnants bleeding my feet.

i hate, i hate, i hate
with a sudden
heartbeat-stopping,
pounding,
life-ending overflow,
of waves crashing
on stonewalls of
memory-washed,
memory-forgotten
moment of now.

i hate with a passion
that sucks
even the faintest
glimmer of light
into a big
black
miserable hole.

this is how i hate.
this is me that i hate.

Izabelle Pulgo

This Life I Lied

this is loneliness at its best. and its worst.

this is loneliness at 3am, all alone, all messed up, and cracked.
that kind of darkness when realizations overflow
and nothing seems brighter than knowing
you're all alone and sad.

it's that nonchalant glance
for a couple, for a friend, for a boy who never loved you back
for that unanswered question
with no answer and no end.

like a blue glass
that reflects the sky
infinite, great, and endless
yet everything comes down to why.
why is everything moving on
to the future from the present and soon gone
the usual scenario of being left behind
looking out to a reality that was never kind.

and now this loneliness that slowly eats me up inside
like a gnawing shadow that magnifies pain
it's at its best and its worst
makes me feel i'm still alive
reality being real,
living the life i lied.

Izabelle Pulgo

This Little Girl

A little girl used to look up at the sky at night and wonder what was in store for her in the future. Seeing the stars amidst the darkness of the heavens made her think of all the wonderful things life could offer her – all to an end she hoped would be hers – a happily-ever-after.

The little girl grew up to be a wonderful young lady, all full of hope and dreams and good will for everyone. She saw the goodness in people and did not hesitate to trust even if her heart was broken so many times before. She believed that everything was going to be well in the end as long as people never lose hope.

It was a nice little happy bubble she was living in – until the day she lost her only tie to what she considered a happy and wonderful world – the love she always dreamt was the last missing piece of the puzzle to her happily-ever-after.

The young lady met a man who made her heart beat faster than normal, who made her unconsciously glance at the beautiful face responsible for her many sleepless nights, the man she knew was her knight. Indeed, the feeling was mutual. The man couldn't help but stare at the lovely face of the woman who kept secretly glancing at him, the woman who caused him sleepless nights of longing, the woman he knew was his even before he knew her name.

Their love story was perfect, their match was made in heaven. The little girl who yearned to have her happily-ever-after finally had her knight; the man who searched far and long for his love finally had the woman of his dreams.

If only their happily-ever-after ended there.

The human heart was blessed with the power to love so deeply that not even death could part them, that even in sickness and in health, the love would remain strong. But with this gift was also the reality that even love was still human, subject to flaws and faults that people live with everyday.

Their love was no different.

The man who had searched far and long for his lady love woke up one day and felt the yearnings he thought had been fulfilled the moment he had the woman of his dreams. He became restless, trying so hard to ignore that growing discontentment inside him but to no avail. After an inner struggle that had left him more confused than he was before, he acknowledged what was it that was keeping him from being happy with his life even with the fulfillment of his dreams: he fell out of love with the woman he promised forever to, the woman who made a better person out of him, the woman who made him happy. Discontentment was human nature and he was no exception. He was human, after all.

The girl who grew up to be that woman who thought she finally had her happily-ever-after was wrong. Her happily-ever-after ended but her story continued. It was reality and she was human. She was left by the man she loved, she was alone, she gave up – she was human after all.

And that's when her story ended.

Izobelle Pulgo

To A Friend

With broken bones, I cry
With broken heart, I wept
A broken friendship because we lied,
A life of promises unkept.

Differences to overcome
Side-by-side we compete
For a subtle win over one
We were nothing but hypocrites.

I wish it didn't turn out this way
Me hating you, you hating me
We were friends, we used to be,
Why can't we heed our hearts' secret plea?

I know I'm sorry,
And perhaps you are too,
But why is it so hard to say,
Even if all we want to do,
Was forget what happened,
And learn to forgive,
That we may be friends again
A broken friendship,
A friendship we mend.

And this a secret I have kept,
A secret, that's all I have left.: (

Izabelle Pulgo

When I Die

When I die
I want people to remember me
The girl who always smile
The tears they never see.

When I die
I want people to say my name
To know that I tried
Though my efforts were always so lame.

When I die
At least the tears would stop
And I would no longer cry
Finally, I'm done with all the crap.

When I die,
I'm gonna die.

When I die,
What's left to take?

A sorry life
Because of me.

When I die,
I'm already dead.

Izabelle Pulgo

When Love Is Cruel

The blue turned to black
All because you couldn't take back
The piece of my heart that you lost
As I realized you never cared what it cost.

A smile on my lips
A smile on my eyes
Hide bitter tears that I weep
As I crumble in your lies.

In a moment, you were there in her arms
As I stood alone and cry
A blind fool that I am, beguiled by your charms
Only the cold wind to embrace me as I slowly die.

In a fairytale world that you brought me in
I made you my knight but I was never your queen
Trapped as a Juliet, but without a Romeo
Chained to our love story you ended long ago,
Because you were never mine
But I was always yours...

See for the last time how the stars shine
Illuminating your cruel love's design,
And ever so slowly, the blue became black
A love story in a shadow of a goodbye
This time, there is no turning back.

Izabelle Pulgo

When Sadness Is Infinite

when sadness is infinite and loneliness is deep,
when days are dark and at night you weep,
when people ask if you're okay
but walk away, thinking they know what you'll say
'i'm good, i'm fine, i'm okay, '
'i've never been better, you see? '
yet i wish someone would stay behind and ask,
someone who could see beyond my broken mask.
coz when sadness is infinite and loneliness is deep,
how i wish for someone to hold my hand, someone for me to keep
someone to keep the shadows away while i sleep.
for tomorrow is another day and the sun will shine,
tomorrow is another day, perhaps i'll be fine.

Izabelle Pulgo

Where Are Those Dreams Now?

I used to dream of blue skies
And glittery nights
Green trees swaying, as the wind sighs
No tears, no pain, no sad, lonely plights.

I was always eager for the rain
As my little brother lets his paper boat sail
It was joy - pure, simple, and plain
Nothing to lose, nothing to hate, nothing to fail.

Where are those dreams now?
Where did those people go?
Why did the laughters become far and few in between?
What did I do?

Where are those dreams now?
Did I lose them along the way?
Lost them - not knowing when, not knowing how
My dreams that wouldn't have let me astray.

Gone are the blue skies
The birds that used to fly across the horizon, so free
The trees ceased their dance
And glittery nights became this darkness where I couldn't see...

There are tears, there are pain
And then there is my sad, lonely plight
I wish I can say, my demons I have slain
But it was my dreams, and now I'm just a little girl
Who can't even win her fight.

Izobelle Pulgo

You Had My Heart

i have a broken heart you've never seen,
a cold, dark place that you've never been,
for i walk with rainbows in my stride,
you never know how much a girl could hide.

we laughed at life and what it seems,
as you walked ahead while i broke my dreams,
you turned around and you saw me smile,
you didn't even see how i stopped for a while.

you keep walking forward, always looking ahead
you didn't look back, like what you said.
i waited for you to wait for me,
but i couldn't hold you back so i set you free.

and the tears and the stars
and the moon and my scars
all blurred into one
into a sea of broken dreams that couldn't be undone.

so for the times that the sun shone for us,
a fading past of how it was,
please remember that you had my heart,
broken as it is and bruised as it may be,
you had my heart when it was whole,
you had my heart but you chose not to stay.

Izobelle Pulgo