

Poetry Series

**Rommel Mark Dominguez
Marchan
- poems -**

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Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan(Pilipinas)

never mind this mind.....

I pause and think
slowly pushing the pen
or pressing clattered typing

though my written verses
mostly crooked and broken

never mind
reader friend

it is a mind bursting

ABpolsci
MPA

dubai

*

Dubai..... Book Foreword

FOREWORD

This book of poems
expresses my life's journey
in an attempt to
find myself.....

and to all who were
my critics
and still are

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Dubai.....Ff-7 Reflex Room Reflection

Dead nails are unafraid
of the boiling reflex water

like the FF-7 calibre nerves
unafraid
unshaken
unwavering
against rapid turbulent
clients booking

next..... you have 90 minutes shiatsu
please.....japanese...
(japs are not good tippers nor they haven't include yet in
their vocabulary the word tip)

a frustrating and
deafening call-to-be
since by nature man will avoid to do pain
rather in general is a pleasure seeker

but it is not
for the FF-7 few
it is a call of duty
a sign of another attack
another hitting and missing tips
hunting behind recept's view

after grinding client's eternal pain-body
in a semi-slaughtered stroke in a
stress-relieving quilt (bed)

pambehera
subra subra buking

hahahahahaha

move on na dong

see me again
wait u outside sir

for what?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Today - The

Yesterday Of Tomorrow

today is the yesterday
of tomorrow
today is also the tomorrow
of yesterday

yesterday was the today
of the then tomorrow

tomorrow which is the now today
is the tomorrow of yesterday

what is yesterday's yesterday?
what is the today of today?

what will be the tomorrow of tomorrow?

yesterday made today
today is creating tomorrow
the now today will be the
yesterday of the incoming tomorrow
and that tomorrow will become today

but tomorrow is yet unknown

for there is no today without yesterday
and no yesterday without today

but tomorrow will be unknown

from wired thoughts

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Embrace

Creation Reject Evolution Theory

1

Everything has beginning and end
as well as cause and effect
how on earth that life exist
without omnipotent Hands insists

2

Embrace divine creation theory
reject Darwinism evolution' scheme
the survival among the fittest
and man came from ancestral ape

3

Gaze up the azure sky
look beyond the planetary orbit
How come they evolve and hang up around
with no single magnetic friction abound

4

Is it a law of nature' drive?
Yes, it is.. a cryptic law by invisible pen
written by the ultimate author above
with omnipresence love

5

Only fool would say
There's no God, the creator of heaven and earth
only insane mind couldn't appreciate
The wisdom of His unfathomable purposes

6

And why there is Creation?
why from invisible creator?
why Creator creates creation?
Is it to make creature's mind confuse?

7

We need to realize something old
God simply puts up these all
In His "absence", we are expected to look after
as good steward of His creation

(For my sis Kristille in the Philippines)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Not A Cloud

I wander lonely not like
a cloud
as the cloud wanders
overlooking scenery ground
the wild bushes, the wide seas abound

I wander lonely beneath
that wandering cloud
that blocks my vision's way
where sunlit is behind

I gaze sharply up the cloud
then it stares back at me
and we've realized where both lonely
transforming with each other
into self-exchange shock absorber

eventually tears have been pouring
down hitting my cheeks
not from my teary eye but from the
solitary cloudy sky

and my sweat is evaporating up
to the nowhere sky

Is that downpour tears from the cloud of
loneliness
or that drizzling rain is a prize
to wash my dusty-loaded feet
as reward of being its sole comforter?

How's my sweat being evaporated to the nowhere
Is the cloud concern enough to wipe my 'tears'?
A rain of mine drenching my
entire lonely-planet self.....

*

Dubai.....

**Am I A Writer? I Am Asking Myself To
Ask You.....Am I A Writer?**

Are you a writer?
(Are you asking me?)
I am asking you
Are you a writer?

I am not a writer
I am not the one you think of
Though my thoughts are put down
into words
It doesn't make me a writer
Though I can think of the way
how the writer thinks
I am not a writer

I have paragraphs but loose
I have ideas but ambiguous
I have syntax, clusters, sentences
if not all run-off; obscure and vague

I am, therefore, not a writer

though I can write literally the way
how the writer writes
with wads of paper, pointed pens
clattering keypads

I am still not a writer
even to say that I am not yet a writer
nor a promising writing
nor to be created
and even if my name will park
in the guild of fame
I would proclaim selfishly
I am not a writer

why am I writing?

I write simply to vomit my ruining mind
my wild thoughts, my weird ideas
my shattered dreams, my burren memories
and gather into a voluminous pages of words
that could
move reader's heart
and make them think

what do you think?

Am I NOW a writer?

written at dubai mall, uae
9/8/11

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Mourner

Is man only the mourner
of climate change because he is
the blamed destroyer?
Could he live without
abusing the earth little by little?
Could he want progress and development
without harassment?
Could he invent without
exploiting the nature?
Does he has nothing to accuse
except himself?

Am I just thrown these queries
excluding my guilt?
How about you? Didn't you mourn
because you're numb and no care at all?
Or simply act too late to save the earth?
Or simply dumb because you're now
suffering the consequences.....

written a day after devastating earthquake
hitted Chile

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Patience Is Virtue

From a first time DAD and MOM to their first born child SEAN

Patience is a virtue
I read this line from
Benjamin Franklin's autobiography
a decade ago

I t was only yesterday
I had applied the patience applicability
in a practicable way

Being a first time Dad
Patience is indeed a virtue
Patience teaches me
to hold temper
when my first born cries
breaking the silent dawn

Patience draws sacrifices
when i prepare formula (nan h.w. one) milk
before waking -up morn

and it is through patience
my wife was be able to deliver
our first born via natural birth
12/22/09 @davao doctor's hospital

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Davao, Philippines

In Davao, Philippines
small entrepreneurs grow
as their lending
investments
the condo making
mall propagating
construction projects
development
agri-business booming
and tourism industry hits a blow

the davawenos hospitality
the durian display
and the infamous ironical imagery
the fresh dead with riddled bullets
bath with own blood lying on the streets

summary killings attract peace
but reject victim's justice

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Hospitality

one Swiss national says:
Pihilippine is a great country
with an overwhelming hospitality

land of magnificent scenery
with rich cultural heritage
growing economy

and the only jarring note
is the warn sign inside
bus terminal station

beware of pick pocketers
enjoy your trip

a terrifying welcome greetings

only in the Philippines

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Another Try

roll back the time
recapture old enthusiasm
examine what turned you crank
flame of passion is gone

but the burning vision remains
for another attempt

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Pacifier Argument

I used the pacifier
without any knowledge from my wife first
until she had found it
accidentally buried in sofa cushions
one morning

she expectedly nagged at me

do you know that statistically
90 percent of the babies around the world
have pouted mouths (with mouth-pouting act)
and crooked teeth at the age of 5
because of this germ sucker plastic nipple?

I retorted
do you think he could reach at such age
if i won't jam this peace maker stuff
and seal his mouth from crying?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Wildhearted

Marchanism 2010

for my long flight away from home for almost a decade now

He is alone, unhearted
self-exploring, self-discovering
self-searching, near to the frontier
range of aged time

Hi is young by mind
wildhearted, self-motivating
near to the farthest
corner of the city wilderness

He is ' I ', he is ' me '
he has crossed continent beyond
edges of ' my ' inner space

He has unlocked the chain
fettering on his flesh
being self-prisoned by self-convicted
guilt of a crime beyond arraignment
of not knowing oneself

He is refreshing with full humiliation
from the wildhearted disposition

He is now reconciling with himself
myself
for a dramatic flight back home
soon

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

And Marxian Logic

COMMUNISM LEFTOVER AND MARXIAN LOGIC

Communism today
a mere leftover of
yesterday's red dead ideology

Maoist red armies were
designed for revolution

Today's guerillas are mere
combatant mountaineers,
a mountain dwellers
fighting no more for Utopian aims
struggling for own survivality
by reaping taxes from fruits
of free men's sweat and brows

where is now the communal justice movement
they are fighting for as revolution to the left

where is now the society to where each ones
works, not to extort, according to his ability
and gets according to his needs

where is now the Das Kapital logic
the once movement bible
to bring about classless society is to wait
patiently untill capitalists dig their own graves

where is now the faith of materialism forces
manisfested in Communist manifesto
a force to let economic revolution do its work
not to push it

Right, Karl Marx was right
he had lived long enough not
a Marxian

he was impatient
fulfilled not the classless struggle concepts

yes, yesterday's red fighters absorbed
the above logic
eventually they collapsed by themselves

yet, today's red mountaineers
ignore those logic
fanatically fight, revolt, adhere
the wrong communal ownership concepts
a leftover of the dead ideology.
ironically it creates terror
for livelihood sake

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Politicos And Voters

Greed

because politics by
nature is greedy
voters conclude
election must be based
on greediness

when election is based on
greediness
politicos and voters are
both happy
becoming more greedy

politicos buy
voter's suffrage rights

voters sell their rights
to cast wise votes

when both parties
the politicians and voters
are busy in buying and selling
the sacredness and sanctity of the votes

then Philippine politics is
ever evil and dirty

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Promotion

Old army officers
command young troops
to war

young soldiers
die
for their commanders
promotion

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Weak Nation And

Strong Warlordism

Weak nation is
the sole architect
of strong warlordism

warlordism becomes
the leaning wall
for the weak nation's
elected pillars

weak nation's pillars
spoil warlordism tentacles
to retain the popular's
political avarice
position, power and prowess

warlordism remains strong
and private goons, guns, glory
proliferates
crippling state democraacy
trampling justice system
by cuddling top politikos
and politikos protect
warlordism wickedness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Baby Pacifier - The

Mouth Peace Maker

when my baby sean
cries,
he's wet, hungry,
irritable, humidity

i put his peace maker staff
the little rubber-plastic nipple
the germ-friendly pacifier

name other staff on earth
has the power to control
and stop the tears of my sean
temporarily while i am cooling
his hot-boiled bottle milk

the world needs pacifier too
to stop tears of violence
to cool down the hot-tempered
conflicting dogmatic views

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Habagat Wind @

Patafcla Beach

Palilan, Jimenez, Misamis Occidental
circa 1996

here
sit on this shore
watch the silver tips
of the rumbling waves
pushed by the wind
who do not hold back
their wings
and forever bidding goodbyes
and forever abandoning my old blues
and are probably concerned

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Half-Naked Darkness

in memory of the lost stolen sandal and eventually swallowed by the sea, on this
damn sea @ camotes island, cebu circa 2001

for bro jevee advincula aka aga

Gold coin gliding down
from the fading sky

eaten by the swigged mouth
of half-naked darkness

while my childish spectator
solicit the shameful silver coin

hiding yet at the
back of half-baked night

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Opportunity And Ability

I was in Osmena Park
one sharp noon

Two twilight-aged folks
were talking while playing
chess board game

one said to his opponent

my son has the ability
but my son has no opportunity

and the other said

my son has opportunity
but my son lacks ability

I had learned

luck comes when opportunity and
ability meet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Slips From Pen

slips from the lid
of my pen
born instinct poems
without any clothes on
it frees inexplicable pain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Presidential Government

And Poor Voters

Elites flock to EDSA shrine
in times of political turmoil
cursing any incumbent President to quit
thru unpopular candle lit.

The poor marching down to Malacanang
via Mendiolla backdoor
accusing Presidential government
too weak too slow
to solve all poor problems
poor agrarian reforms
poor economic misdistribution
poor jobs opportunities.

Presidential government is not intended
to solve poor poor problems
Presidential government is an agency
to where the poor problems of the poor
are being submitted
Presidential government oblige to lend
their dumb ears to the poor outcry
the majority votes holder

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Wondering Wanderer

I wander
and i wonder

I wonder
as I wander

and no wonder
why I wonder
as I wander

I AM
A WONDERING WANDERER

repeat?

now wonder
if why not

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Amazing Time Race

I'm racing
toward
my own
life's
tracking line

no one
I ever
compete
except
unstoppable
time

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Bullet Proof Head

He's wondering
if he'll ever
has a dawn

He's been
locked up
in a doom

no ray of
hope leading
up ahead

but deadly bullet
pointing on his
head

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Scrutinize The Wind

catch the gust
scrutinize the wind
as if the wind
that hisses change

what direction holds
in guiding head ahead
when the wind to lead
is your mind to mislead

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Vote-Buying Election

Aftermath

the vote-buyer politicians
once elected
become the typhoon's eye
overseeing beyond public welfare
with whirlpool wind of administrative catastrophe
in controlling public opinion
in manipulating public offices of distrust
thru political storm of avarice

when poor voters sell poor votes
to the vote-buyer exploiting politicians;
poor voters are bargaining
the supreme rights of suffrage
then voters curtail the rights to stand back
against vote-buyer politicians' graft practices

when the vote sellers - the poor voters
stand back against vote-buyer politicians' malpractices
and wickedness in between terms;
poor voters simply abridge the buy and sell contract
thus, it creates chaos, imbalance, disorder

poor voters expect more odd angles
of corruptions and grafts.
vote-buying politicians simply pooling back
the elections costs
simply eyeing the election ROI and its
speedy recovery of its damages,
simply extending the tentacles of power
for racketeering profits inside
the Philippine own political dynasty

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Equal Equals Equal

Men and women
are created
equal

including
equal rights
and the right
of be equal

it's up to the
created-equalled man
and created-equalled woman
to equal
the equality
concept of
creation
that men and women
are created
equal

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Founders And Foundations

Some foundations today
exist not for the welfare
of the founded foundation
but for the welfare
of the funded founders

Founders should
collect funds
for founded foundation's
programs and beneficiaries
not to fund
for the founder's selfish
interest

no wonder why
foundations sprouting
today
like mushrooms from
the wet field of calamities
disasters, emergencies
and the founders expand
like a rubberized philanthropists

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Some Prof And Most Grad

Academic university professors are
more in idealism, less in realism
more in words, less in deeds
more in suggestions, less in applications
more in books, read and quotes
less in acts, applicable talks
more in banal minds and hackneyed
classroom phrases;
for the sake of arguments
for the academic purposes
for the art of discussion
for compliance of teaching

no wonder why
almost if not all university grads
full of thoughts, theories and wits
less in practicability, applicability bits
more in employment naught
seem an abandoned nerds
from once academic secluded nook

want some proof?
ask your stereotype, typical, favortism prof

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Political Parties

All political parties
are politician's parties

wise voters vote leaders
not politicians

wise voters looking
forward at parties
organized by leaders
not by politicians

what wise voters
want are leaders parties
not political parties

then modern leaders
organize a
leaders parties not political parties

unfortunately
they lose

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Political Vs Personal

Can we detach
political from personal
or
personal from political

what is political
is personal
what is not personal
is not political

to detach from
political to personal
and to detach from
personal to political

is simply campaigning
without plataporma de gobierno
nor with political program
without innovated speakers

simply fooling
ourselves

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Nobody Nobody To Somebody

anybody
can be somebody

by making
to be somebody
and topping down
everybody
at all cause
at all times

that somebody
is a nobody
on the eye
of everybody

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Radicals? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Who are the radicals?

" intellectual students ' want to be tagged as radicals
rallyist-for -hire, they don't mind

this is the students mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the idealists? activists? freedom fighters? constituionalists? unionists?
propagandists? liberalits? catalysts? labor organizers who march on the streets,
scream to fight freedom, to resurrect democracy from scratch speeches?

this is a leftist and rightist mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the reformists? socialists? personalists? collectivists? communists? extrimists?
fundamentalists? Maexistis? imperialists? revolutionists?

this is an ideologists mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the teargas fearless? the guerilla armless fighters? the terrorists?
the suicide bombers? BOMB!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Political Science Students' Half

Truth

Political science students
connote negative connotations
Political Science Students
impress as rude, rough, radicals
ideologists, theorists
standing out mind set.
Political Science students
have discipline
but according to Mussolini's word
Political Science Students
have social justice thoughts
but conception from Marx and Proudhon
Political Science Students
have sense of nationalism
but with Mao hammer and sickle
Political Science Students
have sound principles
but if not leftist; extreme rightist
Political Science Students
are not studying order out of chaos
Political Science Students
are studying chaos out of order

When I was once a
Political Science student
I had disproved o the above
assumptions were all
HALF-TRUTH
and I was HALF-TRUTH

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Anti-Colonialism Philippine Setting

If it weren't for Magellan
we're all pure Malayan race
typical Pinoy faces
no mestizo blood running
in our veins

and we would oblige
to understand that Rizal
is simply a travelling poet
writing trivial things
in killing his leisure moments

and we call him
' He's deep, he's deep, he's so damp deep',
like an ordinary poet
longing when will his books
be published
even after his death

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* **Forbidden To Be One (No Inhibition,
Can'T Reciprocate)**

His young heart
captured by tigress purse
from not so wild green hills land

Her purse seemed to burst
depleting groaning nerves
like ferocious fire
in a closed burning flesh

Personal cage engulfing HIM vanished
while the world around HER dissolved

Melted kisses then outbursting
in the sin bed of fragility

HIS unspoken love arising
throbbing beyond death
HE used to say her I love you
but HE shouldn't

SHE refused to reciprocate
towards HIS withheld arms
albeit against HER will, though remained uninhibited

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Lust Wounds

The lust wounds
the flesh kills
deceit of temptation appeals

what shield hides
if weakness reveals?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

The Lost Art

poetry
the lost
art

poets
the lost
artists

why spend
time
in
the poem hunter web

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Mayon Volcano Thru Plane Window

Sitting in a plane window side
childish curiosity abides
engulfing my innocent mind

why are you so angry?
and your mouth keep on bubbling
a red dragon fire?

are you drunk?
vomiting earthy blood?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Father And Son

for Sean Leigh Mark

I am the author
you are the words

by my pen
you are lid

together we connect
thru bloodline of life

I am the Father
you are the Son

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Liquid Mirror

Up to the liquid mirror
I step

a blank face
glides over the
reflected sunset

sinking only
the superficial dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Social Networking And Racketeering

Profi

Social networking system
is a racketeering system
It is racketeering system
because it is a
communication system.
In communication system
there is a racketeering profit.
Nobody, nobody
wants to be isolated
all need to be ' touch '

therefore, social networking
business proliferates.

click the web and
link the world easily
as easy as
social networking system
pools profits collectively

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Haiti 01/10 Earthquake

If only the earth
is a single metal ball

he'd lean not to bounce and
bump and dance
with collision, with commotions
with frictions with crashing gravel
in the cores

If only the inhabitants
are vigilants ahead
for the earth catastrophic dribble

Haitian engineers wouldn't build homes
with only powder cement, sand and stone

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Poor Poet

Is there anyone
who could possibly be worse
than being a poet
in this high -end world?

a talent that has nothing
to do but
to think damn deep
grow old beggar
in the streets

with nothing....
empty....
only full mind wit

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Grief News From Mr. Intrams

to Joney Caudor, Paranaque 2010

I had asked you
where is Carl
our batch mate

you sliced your throat
through finger
symbolizing death

Carl was already dead
from a self-inflicted blade
slashing his pulse, i think

Life is short, we know
but we're not in position
to make it more shorter
even in a justifiable suicide

Life is a candle light
flaming brief
and see-
the melting wax
won't kill its
burning flesh
even groaning
in heat

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Tears In Stratosphere

It rained all day in his eyes
beside the plane window shield
with loads of inevitable pain
stirred within his jetlag head

It rained all day in his eyes
beside the emergency exit door
after accusation stoned before him
as alleged man of lies, deceit and fraud

It added the flight weight much burden
pulling down emotional gravity
causes more drizzle in his eyes
across thick clouds of regret

but the sting-dew of conscience
oozing no stratospheric guilt

and he woke up upon arrival
noticed right he had wiped
empty dry tears

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Laboring Mother, Laboring Wife

at Delivery Room, Davao Doctor Hospital

in the shadow of death
you are thrown

i am helpless
but to sympathize your groaning face

yet as I glance at
nursery room

our new born
cries
i hear
easing our pain
and sacrifices

thanks to Dr. Salvador

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Nothing To Think

Turning to the distant
whirling veil
unseen particles sprinkling
revealing beyond
whirlpool point
fooling uncontrollable torrent

unfolding such whirling veil
unseen message revealing
conveying beyond thoughts
fooling mind reading

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Synchronizer

You come to me
and your coming is more

so gentle so soft

licking good
in my toes

we dance crazy
in the floating floor

with synchronizing penetration

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Wind And I

Wind - the hackneyed word
in my verses

coupled with
pronoun ' I ' -
an overused

I 'd like to evade
those two
but find
i am frail
to do

Wind and I
always
trap inside my mind

but nothing
prevail

vanity

in soaring high
across stormy Wind
of life

with head wind
as my eye

so agile as ' I '

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Politicians And The Deceiving Voters

Politicians are greedy
to all poor votes of the
poor voters.
since poor voters are
not wise voters as elites
politicians remain loyal to
the poor
to exploit poor expectations.
poor voters can pour
landslide poor votes
pouring rich victory
to the greedy politicians.

politicians greediness
become richer and richer

the rich politicians make all
poor voters poorer and poorer

when the poor voters
become poorer
poor voters vote more
to the rich politicians
with endless rich promises
to alleviate poor dreams
poor minds, poor expectations
of all poor voters

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* **Death Is Birth, Written After 1109**
Unexpected Memories

death
is
not
the end
itself

it
is
just
the
beginning
for
an
endless
settlement
in
heaven

death here is to forget
the unexpected opposite breathing

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Job Fair And Unfair Job Pooling

Job fair is economic
exposure.
when there is economic
exposure
there is job vacancies
when there is
job vacancies
there is a window of
opportunities for
jobless flocks who flock
to find employment luck.
Few find flock's luck
Majority flock's lucks
are locked up.

Job fair is unfair
exposing economy is growing
expanding, hiring
intended for the few
selected from the vast
manpower pooling

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Artificial Development Seen Thru Mrt

From Shaw to Taft Avenue
1/13/10. Noon and the interval coaches
zooming along EDSA spine
like a remote control serpent
fetching up waiting preys

Overtaking the phalanx of buses
above the track, beside the trail
beneath the torrent passing mobiles
trill across pedestrian lanes

Thick clouds veiling
distant aura of magnificent skyscrapers
like avalanche of smog
in frozen shade of high-end forests

Down from MMDAurinal posts
to iron-wield footbridges, prone for passing voyagers
Promdi commuters rushing in
catching this loaded train

Employment rate winds up
still proliferating to bloat capitalist's belly
thru sweat and brow of this working class populace

Passing thru smooth-brain-washing ADZ
Political, commercial, personal
carving fantasy, deceiving consumer's eyes
a psycho panacea to heal one's craving
branded item desire

Gigantic billboards with neon lights
euthanasia for some stricken-deprived mindset
like sexy adz flirting on the wall
softly kills minor visions
a harassment in disguise

Passing thru the booming Makati
a mere reflection of the artificial development

a cover up of the nearby homeless
concave mirror of imbalance economy

Those thoughts draw inside me
are same in the mind for those in a hurry
in chasing the damn city wind for survivality
in catching the trends of artificial modernity
in toiling more for arrogant capitalist's bloated belly
in lieu of a meager salary

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*

Surf cyber net
Browse up high
Click mouse face
Touch Microsoft eye

Back, delete
Away virus deep
Forth, scan
Halt hacker's steep
Shuddering keypad's pick

Hot web, world wide site
Hunt eager pen pushers might
Monitoring creative sights

Down here meet
Artists from nowhere
Melting blind minds
Talking how the sun is dying
Touching rainbows, painting skies
Diving beneath figurative seas

Gathering imaginary flowers
Waking up legendary writers
dead or alive
Connecting artistic breath and rhymes
to the fresh pen pusher's heart
Transforming patriotic pasts
Inspiring next fold path

By sowing young millennial poets
to germinate modern poetic seeds
Touching passer-by readers
Spread over cyber net on earth

Trap now inside
POEMHUNTER'S web

* **Mental Inferiority**

I write and sit / Pushing slowly the pen /
I am a nobody's nothing / but I make you think.....
.....excerpt from MARCHAN'S " PEN PUSHER POEM "

AB Political Science,
Masters in Public Administration MPA (Phils.) on going and
earned some units in Journalism and
Evangelical Ministry, Diliman, Quezon City

with DIPLOMA
Academy of Successful Achievement
Columbia, South Carolina, USA

FOUNDER-Chairman: Polscians League For Solidarity Inc.(PLFS) 2002-
2005, SEC Reg.

Director-elect: Christian Brotherhood International (CBI) 2003 CEBU
WEST DISTRICT

Favorite writers: Karl Marx, Adolf Hitler, Fredreich Engels,

rommel mark marchan a.k.a Jetfellow or Marchanism

P-9 (treasury INC)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* **Nobody Nobody Is Somebody**

Anybody
can be somebody

by aiming to be
somebody
who will be on
the top
to everybody
at all cause
at all times

that somebody
is a nobody
on the eye
of everybody

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Birth Control Logic

Birth control is not anti-self-indulgence
not even depriving the
supreme gift of pleasure

Yes God allows people
to multiply on earth
Yet same God instructs
same people to subdue
and take control the multiplied population

Human needs need controllership
to take control is not merely
to control, to rule over populace.
to take control is taking control
the ultimate birth-making pleasure
to subdue perilous ballooning population

Birth control therefore is not
anti-self-indulgence
rather a noble submission
to the Creator who need no more
creation multiplacation

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* **Life Is Too Short, Death Is Too Long**

Life
is
too
short

and

death
is
too
long.....

just
wait
patiently

for what?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Political Essay..... Distrust Of Government

Why is distrust of government a serious a problem of public administration?

ans:

It is an indispensable truth that distrust of government is considered as a serious problem for public administration because firstly, in my own point of view, public administrator is duty bound to administer the public, the people. They lead the citizenry with morale, values, honesty and trust. Bearing the hackneyed constitutional line, ' Public office is a public trust '. People individually cannot obtain goals for himself. They created an agency - the government through which their collective will is submitted. Public administration mediates this intuitive atmosphere between the people and the government. Trust must be the SPINE SOUL along this cleavage. Therefore, it is imperative to say that if the people have no trust, lost their trust or never trust anymore the government to whom their will is submitted then eventually the function of public administration is totally futile and inutile.

It is a serious problem, it can cut off the mutual flow and symbiotic relationship between the government that people themselves had created and the people to whom the government existence must could probably clog down administrator's rules.

How about the government itself has distrust to the public administration?

would this be consider as serious problem by the people?

or the government again has distrust to the public because the people themselves

want anarchism - a nation without government to rule?

Well, back to the distrust of government, I have one or more particular examples to ponder this topic.

During 'HELLO GARCI' tape expose, no doubt that incumbent President Arroyo's popularity was sinking down rapidly after that bombastic political scandal. People began to question her legitimacy as president. It was a sign of massive distrust. Rallies, petitions, redress of grievances crowding here and there believing that they were cheated and taking back of what they had believed that Arroyo had taken from them - the clean and honest election.

Another distrustful example is the endless agony of the frustrating and dying house of representatives, the Kamara and the Pres. Macapal, i mean Macapagal Arroyo's allies, the tentacles of congress as i would elaborate, for their untimely endorsing CHACHA, the charter change. How sure are they that it is for economic upliftment without inserting watergate-like conspiracy for power retentions just to sustain their political ambitions and greediness? They should not fool the Filipino anymore. They should not use that old tricks for the old dogs like us.

That only add more reasons to distrust the no single public administrator, i believe, with sound mind and non-partisan conscience would say that Macapagala-Arroyo administration is needed to be trusted everytime that First Gentleman Padrino Mike Arroyo is being involved again and again in a countless ZTE- DEAL like scandals.

To answer the last question on how to heighten popular confidence in government is tantamount to answer this peculiar question, when can we elect a leader who can gain popular trust tossed by the majority, a leader who is not a politician?

Rebuilding people's trust must synchronize in cleansing massively in and out all anomalies in government. All tentacles of graft and traditional politikos that hamper rapid progress. Gaining back the trust of the people must work simultaneously, the people and the government, pertaining to the authority and administrators.

Because, I for one, believe that I cannot put back my trust to someone whom he is still breaching my expectations from him. Government must change its negative connotation first. Elected leaders must possess a character that is truthfully to be trusted even without pleasing a single citizen to trust them. I don't mean i want them to build a utopian society nor a classless community

which is free from exploitation, chaos and power greediness. My point is only for a little bit of change, a nation that people are proud of to say that Philippines is the great country. Leaders are we, the people will wholeheartedly supports every objectives of our government bearing no single doubt that we are subject only of being corrupted.

I believe that all public administrators, government officials and employees,

ordinary citizens would agree with me that to gain back the losing trust and confidence of the people towards the government must begin within ourselves.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*- Husband And Wife

for Argee Atienza

I am the bow
you are the arrow

by my arm
you are the sling

together we aim
ideal home of life

I am the Husband
you are the Wife

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Self-Philosophical Advice (Intro-To-Read Wisdom, For Me From Me)

Reading requires time
Time needs patience
without reading there is no way
to acquire knowledge
Without knowledge
there is no chance
to know positively yourself
your definite goal in life
your society where you exist

If you are a procrastinate person
you accomplish nothing
If you are impulsive
you are run out of reasons
as the furios fire of emotions
blazing up your entire human nature

The times is managed by reasons
Petty people are those who are
left behind by the precious time

What benefit will you get
to live in a mere mediocre life?
How painful to be captured by
your own ignorance
eventually exploited by the external forces
of opportunistic social classes

Look back the footsteps of the wise
the pinnacle of fame for those
who have reached it

Motivate with their endowed wisdom
Eliminate sll sour-graping reasons
of unrealistic contentment
Cultivate your God-given faculty
Seek knowledge by reading widely

Detach from inherited ignorance

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Broken Ambitions

Here where I built my name
My success my failure my pain

In an island where my dreams were built and perished

Pre-law studies public admin masteral
Collegiate debates amateur mountaineering
Freelance photography Christian brotherhood
Constitutional advocates neutral ideologist
impulsive emotions and human lust

Painful to look back
The idealism the struggle
The hunger and the lust

The lust that slaved my flesh
With horrible love
An erotic love
From suicidal woman's heart

I can still hear her scream
Longing to captive my brain
To capture my name

I escaped empty
Goodbye beautiful queen city
Of the south

Goodbye dreams and pride
Now I keep on swallowing temporary defeats

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Impression On Political Party

Multi political party Philippine system
from administration to opposition
via independent parties
merging alas to lament
nation's death

they're better off individual butterfly
by the flowerside
all have nothing learned
but sipping voter's nectars

Fragrant and foul
are their flapping wings
nesting here and there
sighting majority fluids
sadden most sovereign expectations

overloaded promises
across term to term
leap and bound bicameral chairs
appropriated by bills for
political motivation and interest

When will it ever end?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Control Demon's Fate

Be extremely patience
even to the point of
" exploding anger"

Be extremely cool
even to the point of
" insane temper"

Thereby
you can be
a full educated man

a ruler of
a demon's fate

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Detach From Ignorance

Reading requires time
Time needs patience
without reading there is no way
to acquire knowledge
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there is no chance
to know positively yourself
your definite goal in life
your society where you exist

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Seek knowledge by reading widely
Detach from inherited ignorance

* Double - Thinker Reader

Women expose breasts
seen in public jeeps
in wet-dry markets
not censored pornographic expose'
for humanitarian milk-feeding child
2 yrs. old and below...

Curved hips, shadow pelvic bones
painted butts, brushed by fine artists
a naked obscene exhibit
for sale for art sake...

Psychologists discuss erotica
orgasm and its glory, the sex educ
private parts hygiene
technical heterosexual shows
deem morally upright....

Commercial porno materials
kamasutra websites, queuing sex hopefuls
yoga postures lustful desire
youth surfing fantasy
dirty scandals, voyeurs cam to cam
in you-tube stealing romance
inside PC flat square face
legal only for 18 yrs. old and beyond
deem for educational purposes.....

Cable medias flash back
sex crimes in the city
gang rapes, incestuous infidelity
sexual-congress intercourse
pirated xxx DVD sets, playboy mags
TV sitcom airing green jokes bits
viewed 24/7 in public...

Shop at malls, display of sex toys
vibrators free to handle with care
flying tarps and billboard adz

of lewd endorser lass indecently
proposing clientele attempt
for product attentions, womanizing genre
consumer's bait and consumption...

Summer open beaches and in hotel diving pool
skin-toned, two-piece thin wear
exposing unshaven sneaky hair
not drawn to allure eyesight into
a polygamous instinct desire
not even censored as porno scene
even with innocent child at diving site abide....

How about the unintentional rape scenarios
inside disco club inferno
the touch by touch with consent or not
the skin to skin between opposites
dancing with fire and friction
commotion hot libido un-border
tightly close, crawling fingers caress with malice
strange flesh blushing -
an indirect sexual harassment
a crime should be against chastity
considering they are dancing without sensual-sweet
music played on air
sounds here justify felonious circumstances....

How's the kissing scene in conservative public park
the dating underneath trees, rolling down briefs and panties
the dilemmas of now surprising increase in number
of motels and cheap lodging inn in all corners
seducing short-time happy goers, illicit affairs
these are public crimes should be conclusively
it ruins minor innocent wants
corrupting children childish minds

now it is my turn, rate this porno revelation of mine
from A to GP to R-18 to x to XXX
and here it goes-

Lie down in bed darling sweet
eject transiently my shaft of your ownership

open literally adjacent femurs
hung up twin legs
lubricants sweeping down to gist
thru micro tube apparatus lens eager to
explore physiological world of womb
tracing from fallopian lips
and dirty stick not your dirty mind and tactics
injecting now featuring invisible fetus
through this scheduled ultrasound exam
fore played by delicate hand of your
respective OB-gynecologist

don't be scared, you're not under harassed
your so safe with my convenient arm
holding clinical result
preggy exam: negative
don't be dismayed, better luck next time for
another X-rating execution lab test

Good luck, sperm less guy who admit cleverly
that this is not at all the time
so better delet now your pornographic green mind
rate me please triple A, so critics circle won't censored
this expose'
as for adults story

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*** Hisssssssssssssss**

I

run

fast

chasing

the

wind

searching

of

cherished

dreams!

hisss

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Mentor, Molder, Educator

dedicated to all teachers by profession

as Mentor

let the mentor give an advice
full of concern with values likewise
shows counsel as a noblest teacher
who design youth's future
full of love valor and vigor

as Molder

let the teacher mold children's wit
making him an instrument in harnessing intellect
developing the innocent with word of respect
motivating and molding future's best
on gaining knowledge kit

as Educator

an educator, the teacher is
who heals ignorance which people faced
in his hands lie great opportunities
of ambitious youth heading
towards dreamway

no brilliant lawyer without a patient teacher
nor comes a great doctor
without an intelligent educator

let us honor and exalt such effort then
let us pray God shall bless all of them

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Modern Twister

modern poets in
this modern world
are free verse
thinkers
mysteriously unknowable
so expressive
twisting
trend's
fate

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Passage Way

I am awfully sorry
legendary Shakespeare
I can't seat beside at your throne

I am so sorry
famous Edgar Allan Poe
I can't toss and drink
the wine of your fame

and to national hero
Dr. Jose Rizal, an apology
I can't follow your heroic path
by your sword - the mighty blade
of pen and ink
you freed our countrymen
you saved the native land
from Spaniard's octupos hand
for over 300 years colony

I can't be like the world famous poets
like Phunter top one from time and beyond
nor to be an icon writer has ever lived

I am a meager creature
who express freely anything
painstaking explosive from my
narrow mind

I am only patching my idle time
cultivating my given passion
settling puzzled emotions
recording self-bio history
from secluded nook to the vast open seas
never expect much getting into publish
nor getting applausng votes
cent prizes in return

I am just bridging the exit passage way
for my instinct humane burdens

crashing the walls and borders
for my intuitive earthly sufferings to flee
and writing for me
seems an extended pleas for my
Divine Creator in lieu
from my religious tongue
misses to say

please hearken this apology

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Pen Pusher.....

Words attempt me
Whisper from within
Softly pushing
Metallic pen ball ink

Scrolling pages thin
Scars of letter remain
Print in open papers
Criticized by countless men

I write and sit
Pushing slowly the pen
I am a nobody's nothing
But make you think!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Wind In Mountain Dusk

It couldn't whistle
as nature's wind
whirling shadowed dust
for breathing and disappearing

It couldn't be
as proverbial evil wind
straying fickle-minded
faith believers

It couldn't hiss
the leaves of the pines;
pushing oceans waves
into storms

Confusing, now, but it's not
to chase the wind
in mountain dusk
here in biographical track
transforming wind into dreams
dark and lights.....

Narrating my self-alternating pasts.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 1 On 1 Hand And Air

My hand is almost
tired
in field
of writing
seems the case
of my running table
where invisible ink
is striking
as if
i am chasing the words
from space or
being chased
by unprinted letters
from down deep

i can't quit
i can't retreat
i can't hold my breath
yes
it has reason
i am obliged
to follow.....

thy well be done

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 1986 Paper Kite Story

I was a grade one boy
April wind whistling from Palilan river
when mama was coming home from remote
elementary school in Sinacaban Barrio as
proud public teacher
her hands filled up with chalk powder as she
tenderly gave me calendar paper for kite making
a dream for every child in every summer

she folded half and cut twice, pasted two broomsticks
as vertical brace
I then made the paper tail
It was my first kite ever

I ran for a dry run at our own ricefield yard
with fishing nylon string
mama pulled the kite, finally
it flew above Jimenez town
unshaken against Misamis wind
until the summer sun hid at Mt. Malindang's back

The paper calendar kite was flying overnight
till the following day
the string remained down the hay
loosen in the ground

jet, my son, nothing is gone
mama clarified

just look at the sky, there where
your dream kite flies.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 21st Century Poets Justice.....

To all poets

self-acclaimed amateur
famous dead alive
promising
frustrated
trying hard
name it
poem hunter web
has it

we are like pets
with extrasensory flesh
sucking artificial earth's face
mask of mystery
ordinary folks
fail to see

we are pets
we have high sense
of smell
taste
sensitive furs

we can howl
scream
bellowing for serious attention
respect
understanding, love
for being an
extra ordinary human creatures
neglected by time
counter interest of
modern era
the economic sabotage
the modern tech enthusiasm

yes we are pets
feeding foods to nourish

frustrated materialism intellect

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 21st Century Poets Uniting Globe, Come And Join

We have met thru minds
poets among poets
strangers yet among faces
sharing modern thoughts
from free verses out of
this metaphorical world
of ours
incidentally traversing sniper's web
loading enter twined experiences

Keypads have been our companion
like a raindropp of words
poured down from opulent
vocabulary of the
inquisitive clouds
of emotions

Our website provides warmth
an extension to our unrestrained hand
We exchange views and critiques
overwhelming and hurts as expected

Because of the trend of modern tech
nothing we have to thank
but to complement more.....
share our website to our love ones
spread poemhunter's wings
like a soft gentle touch
on Microsoft eye

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 6 A.M Manila Harbor Impression

upon entering the harbor mouth

it's not fog

it's smog

smoke and fog

blanketing the capital city

an artificial canopy

green house blanket

warming the globe

acid rain huge net

salty bay turning murky

wastes floating to-and-fro

assorted oil spills

dilapidated junkyard wall

dividing the shore

countless carcass

too foul to smell

greasy porter

greasy pier

naked street children diving

i throw peso coin for their lunch

they jump with overwhelmed happiness

and foolish about it

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 7e-337 Thoughts In Train

I must not mind the blue collar conductor after issuing ticket
from Calamba to España

I must keep on standing in last coach door 7E-337 where I could
see selfishly the railroad lanscape to feed my curiosed mind
in train ride

I must not mind the left-to-right swing and shaky motions
minding not too the crowded old town,
the disposable water containers, the day-old tabloids
freshed garbage loittering in rusty railroad station

I must not mind the thundering siren of gigantic locomotive
shocking motorists along cross road intersections
in Biñan, in San Pablo, in Sta. Mesa, in Pasay
I keep on catching down motorists hassled faces

I must not mind the over speeding, the wooden fenceless bridges
above murky rivulets, stock-up canals, the irritating swipes
of nearby twigs, the innumerable squatter's narrow channel
a danger zone for a throwing debris thrown by notorious gang war
fraternity conflicts, I never mind the half -full ice water cellophane
smashed like stones hitting coach floor to where
i am standing now and alarming as sipping above
Pasig river stinking breeze as stinky as the smoky steam
barge patrolling against the tide of floating garbage

I must not mind this weary train ride story
this is just a fulfillment of my dream
then
I step down in España and look back the railroad again!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* 911 Rescue Rushing After Sun Rises Killer Reflection

Mountain walks over
the river
underneath
is the wheels steering into the
glittering jewel-road
while the sun is rising up
with its
killer reflections

bump! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

turtle twist
bump again into the
trees which just meet
face to face
the mirrored water

emergency 911
rushing in.....

wang! wang! wang!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* A Critics Chisel And Hammer

to all Poemhunter's critics circle

More welcome notes
to the thrilling replies
As you criticized my
poems true and defined
Relate more my sorrows and pain
as well as breath
my joy happiness wing

Creative response I read
artists morale up lift
inspires circle critics

Let your impartial pen
undyingly share
word rhymes
besets streams like
prose in metamorphical pin

Like you striking critics
chasing crystallized air
reclining in marbled corner
I am your chisel
You are my hammer

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Ah1n1 Vs. Philippine Constituent Assembly

Fear not
the slow-moving foreign virus
the AH1N1 flu
they just scare the world
into panic
but not enough
to bury us dead
down deep

Fear the tricky tactics
of our elected representatives
in formulating constituent assembly
whose virus spreads out near election period
whose no delicadeza bacteria merely
to change fundamental law drastically
whose evil aim is to extend political throne
to grab more power
that limbs the true to life drama of democracy

A VIRUS that merely kills people's freedom
and no vaccine yet can ever save
the threatening bacterias crawling literally
in the congress carpet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Chasing The Wind

I travel far
Started not from home

Walking along the frontier
Shadow of time
With unexplainable courage
Triggers inside my veins
As strength

I often move one place
To another
Almost closed enough
To the roof of the sky
To gather clouds
Build up extended home

I've been in every kind of
Darkness
Alone

Empty

As a cold wind drumming
At the trees

Empty as me

Years swift fast
Bright future is still far

I don't know
But long I know

I run fast chasing the wind
Searching of cherished dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Crash Site Mountaineer

come climb with me to Mt. Manunggal Phils.
commemorating the 45th death anniversary of Pres. Ramon Magsaysay in his
crash site, Balamban, Cebu, March 17,2002

I escaped from the lowland
and returned to the wilderness
to the mountains, to the high world,
brightened by a wind-blown sun,
excitement replenished
enthusiasm regained!

Each heavy step offered me
hollow gasps and a throbbing heart
each weary track gave me
pain and strain on a serpentine path
but I saw through a curtain of
summer dust
investment of youthful strength
is indeed a must!

Soon, the sun hid freely behind
scattered clouds
while Mt. Kanlaon poked its jealous
head from afar
as darkness submitted itself to the
clamor night
leaving my frail hands frozen by
the wild windy air,
then the chilly breeze drowned me
in slumber
inside the tent where my life
took a road's bend!

Awakened at dawn by the moist of dew
relieved of a heavy load, I made ready to go
I drank the early wafts of mountain air
communed with the wilderness' soft whisper
brightened up again by a wind-blown sun,
this apex of earth which I regained my enthusiasm!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Flesh Prisoner

I am the prisoner of my flesh which I have thoughtlessly
Inherited from the genes of nowhere
I am convicted of a mysterious crime
Nobody wants

I am the prisoner of weaknesses
Shackles my limbs, shrinks my nerves
Shrouds my mind to act perfectly in
The world of mistakes

Flesh is the jail where I am imprisoned
Wicked strengths are the metal chains fettered me
Eyes of the folks are the guards of my faults

Their tongues are like guns
Firing my head un-blood

Justice? I pervert not justice
Divine Judge
Justice is within me
I have no suspicious offender but my flesh

I beg one Divine Judge
A day of chance to pardon my life-long sentence

I confess

I am waiting now for that miracle

Please hearken my plea!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Friendship In The Falling Rain

As i was writing
you a letter
there's a heavy downpour
outside
and as I listened to
the drops drenching by
I remembered you
and our friendship
pouring words of thanks
for me
in believing in you

your friendship is
as sustaining
as refreshing
and as revivifying
as the falling rain.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Honest Liar

wow

what a signature shirt
advertising himself as liar
is an honest
admission of mistake

would it be an abused
alibi
for a recidivist?

and to be a liar
one need to admit that
he is honest at all times
and never fails to utter lies

(written at TESDA, Korea - Phils.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* I Need Poem Translators (In Another Tounge)

Fellow poets around the world,

It's my pleasure to inform you all that at last I have found a kind-hearted publisher and as part of our project, he suggested me that if possible some of my hits poems should be translated into another foreign languages or tribal dialects. Would you might to translate one of my original poems preferably of your own choice?

With your consent, I truthfully include your respective name and your painstakingly translated poem in my ever-dream book of poetry.

(December this year is our target month for the book launching)

We believe as a poets that not only temperament and a common anguish unite writers but also a PARTICULAR PLACE, A PARTICULAR TOUNGE!

Sincerely yours,

RMD Marchan, Philippines

email me thru: marchanjet@

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Monsters At The Congress Cage - Phils. Setting

We see roaring monsters
both in bicameral chamber cage
of the Philippine congress

they are fighting on cam
surviving
setting down, killing hours
lifting each other crony's thumb
poisoning intruders

as the ghost like
medieval magistrates
as the ancient philosophers
full of political wisdom, unselfish thoughts
but they are undisputedly opposite
except for the exempted few

see them live on cam
in almost cage's angles
in every detail scene in their 'aid of legislation' case
a showdown moment for their vital indie films
pogi points, FAMAS -OSCAR combo awardees
in front of cinematic -motion picture -taker cams
an AVR for their upcoming 2010 theatrical election

Eat your voice!
all monstrous political figures
that project too much humility to deceive
popular poor voters

Back off!
political - dragon tongues
that snatch the voice of the youth
from beneath the unborn uncorrupted yet mind

Wake up!
all surviving fellow victims
my colleagues, my co - republican inhabitants
don't be misled with all

their politically-inclined puff promises
that strike like a shrapnelled knives
penetrating your heart
paralyzing your conscience
that would comatose the essence of true democracy
that propelled by their tricky tentacles
above a howling powerless
underneath the still corrupt agency - the government
that need to be quarantined
to be freed from the shackles of epedemic graft viruses

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Mother-Son Unbroken Cord

for my mother

I am clueless how brave you are
while conceiving me as mysterious infinitesimal cell at first
floating inside your excruciating underwater womb
waiting patiently the approaching 12th day of December 1979
and the upcoming fearful twin of all birth -
the tragic death

I can't imagine the motherly sacrifice
the pain upon laboring me
as your first-born child,
mixed with excitement and worries
grasping in your nerves when you're about to wean
my breathing away from your lungs
by letting me to breath independently
striving on my own

Then you hear my baby cry
with initial innocent tears
welcoming the dramatic weeping years ahead
as if a loud scream of cowardice
as if a pre-visualization the encumbrance of
well-manifested, approach-avoidance mundane journey
the unavoidable path of all mortals
and it all begin in disperate home
our inherent home
eventually becomes my self-evaluated penitence home
where once you lived seemingly alone

Your sacrifices become mine
as we begin to conjoin the sorrows
the springboard of our pensive tears
of sufferings of hardships
forcibly push me up prematurely to combat
against hard-to-bear emotional upheavals

I never complain that I should be aborted while
clinging obliviously in an umbilical cord

nor aspiring to be a murdered fetus thru
unintentional justifiable miscarriage

I never grief about my placental fate
as i regret not that you are my mother

This is my existence

I believe in creation as pro-life advocate
no need to question Creator's omnipotent hand
the oxygen-provider, the life giver
the wisdom bestower so I can conciously recognize
the emergence of my peculiar individuality
to fathom the mother and son, son and mother tandems
the most awesome and inspiring bonds
of all human lifelong relationships
firmly links and stands together
since time immemorial

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Nuclear War 3

The world today
underthreatened by
nuclear weaponry

kind of suffocating
I feel within
evoking fear
for the incoming
gruesome world war 3

North Korea!
North Korea!

when will you
dock in the shoreline
of camaraderie among nations

when will you cease
your rocketing crave
for mindless nuclear tests!

childrens love toy missiles
but never the adult!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Orgasm Pre-Requisite

She opens herself
the way her private
feminine wash absorber
does

She is slippery
ready to swallow
brawny masculine
dominant personality

throbbing
pulsing
stroking
soaking
sipping
rubbing
hugging
watering
feeding
nourishing
screwing
pumping
in and out
in the heart of Eden
the garden of clitoral fruit
flashing
blooming
taking
splashing

like a wet tounge
in love with death kisses

like a loose centered finger
pointing in the arrow of no turning back

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Seen From Airplane Window

When I look down
from the airplane window

I see a map

the biggest map on earth

that i haven't seen before

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Somali Pirates Beast At The Numb Seas

Beasts in Panama delta strike again
wrecking slumber blood of sailing vessels
wild voltrons on their gun's nozzle
like desert vampires sipping economic fuel

The loaded ships now punching bullets
riddled with powder of death
over Somalia choppy waves
on board trembling anchored knees

They're monsters in an open laizze faire sea
halting golden streams of economic progress
UN Navies feed them into the darkness
in a cursed unbridled salt waters

Mariners crew panic, sharpnels strike on the air
turning down head, hold as captives
isolated terror, now globally threatening
ransom demands of immortality

Modern pirates, the Lucifer at sea
as evil ogres craving the floating grave
in the numb field of the ocean
in the dark center of the world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* Tribute: Michael Jackson

Planet earth hangs thick
celestial trillion bodies
bend at gloomy galaxy

airs are wet
from long tenous flight
and
the world
the racial guests
mourning

King of Pop is dead!

the king hearts trap forever
in the lost fog of death

as eagle's flight
might reach the top on the planet
but the calling of death
brings everyone equal
the poor and the famous
are all converted into a dust
a mass incremation as the end of earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

* War Is A Formalin Business

The war is a business
and the conflicts are the
business plan

when they pull the triggers
bang! bang!
bullets spoil
gun powders would be evaporated
fuels are wasted

how could you find
on earth that these things are free?

casualties rush up to E.R.
dead bodies retrieve here and there
funeral parlors are in great feasts
for their high talent fees

how could you find
on earth that formalin is free?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**** 2009 Global Economic Melt Down**

Who's afraid of economic melt down?
In this year's peak global crisis
the 3rd world prime commodities
the 1st and 2nd world countries lifestyles'
costs are as neck price high.
World traders are just closed
Redundant employees force to resign
Supply and demand, inflation rates
abnormally trembling
Genius bankers are in state of great depression
Real estate brokers, companies sinking in debts
Economists, stock holders. capitalists
bagging their head desperately
in stock market bell
ringing and blaming once-high-caliber intellect
seem now futile and inutile
in failing of putting precautionary measures
for this year economic handicapped

Cause suicides even by many middle classes
killing siblings, clans due to starvation
and family famine
strayed shooters, mental deprivation
affected by media news economic drought
nation's beggars, unemployment proliferates

Who's afraid of this tumultous economic crisis?
the rich? the middle class citizens?
the ballooning poor populations?
You? Me?
I? I don't think so that I am devastatingly hitted
I've been living in poverty ever since
immune enough to hear noise garage
against wages, LPG, gasoline increases
fare hike rates, howl of job seekers
food hunters, appalling scavengers and
other endless economic protests
and awful hunger strikers and all real
scenes of direct bloodless hit casualties

even before the rise of 2009
global economic recession

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Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**** 3 Red Cross Volunteers Kidnapped By Abu Sayaff Terrorist**

dedicated to the 3 International Commission on the Red Cross (ICRC) volunteers. Mary Jean Lacaba, a Filipina, the Italian and the Swiss

Switch on TV
Nothing is fresh
Rampant cruelty
News channel hits

3 ICRC volunteers
with one Filipina, my landlord's sis
From Toril Davao Philippines hails
Captived by infamous kidnappers

Arousing repeated horror
Beheading attempt if demand fails
for greedy ransom affairs
Easy millions, freed or spoil

Philippine Marines guns pointing
Far-flung Jolo, Sulu is threatening
Same innocent victims
Civilians, young boys and girls running
Safety first than school and pen

Red Cross volunteers are neutralists
Traited not as inhumaned by notorious bandits
An act provoking Abu Sayaff themselves
As cruel international terrorists

How do we escape
from this routine evil threat?
How do we preserve
Mindanao's tag - land of promise?

Time now to re-evaluate
the grass root of all conflicts

Poverty? Dogmas? Culture?
Ideology? Political? or Greedy interest?

Wait not for
another war and victims
Enough that my landlord's sister
is kidnapped by them

(may this voluntary poem can humanize the war against terror)

written a week before Mary Jean 'nene' Lacaba was released unharmed by the bandits leaving the two kidnapped foreigners and still promoting a 'no ransom policy' by the government and the Red Cross.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**** Cigarette- Slow Suicide For The 6 Ft. Ground**

Smokers

listen, I am an oral person
just like you
but i can create air
full of stories even without smoke and fire
unlike you -
smoke and fire fill up the air

Your hand fingers shackled with killer sticks
cremate lungs
incinerate hearts prematurely
lips form a dark opening hole
unseen symbolic skull of nicotine-caused death
swallowing blaze of fury
sucking slow suicide for the 6 ft. grave

Listen again

I am an oral person
I haven't seen healthy tips
from "cool" flavor of cigar -
even for status symbol
nor state of belongingness
but it's a demon bluff with tricky filter
menthol bait, suave along nostril passage so smooth
savour as the chain smoker
fills up the air with cool – high stories
and speaks fallacies, pre-echoes of last will and testament
yes he utters it even before releasing passive smoke

Listen again

my friendly smokers

save life, save the air
save your remaining counted days

a clandestine message from an oral person
and that's all my concern

*** When I Look Into Your Eyes

I see a woman who accept
All sides of me
Longing when will I fulfill
My commitment first
Written in the wind

I see into your eyes
Of what you want
A home for the future
A comfort zone when you're down
A pace to be loved with
Unselfish heart

Relationships develop so fast
Push – no time for tomorrow
Feel each warmth today
But wait
Please read my mind
Slowly
I can't hold my pen
It is running

I steal your name
And read this all over again

A R G E E

A – ARG, in you I see
 The strength of my weakness
R – remember without you
 I would survive but in midst of loneliness
G - Glad to be a full-grown man
 Wrapped in your arms
E - Every new day from the start
 Is our pleasant memory
E – Enough that you bind now
 With love
 What more could I want?

You are ever with me

I smell your smell
Touch your touch
Two hearts have met
Souls have melted
Into one

You keep me alive
And you even change my tears into wine
A wine of joy
We both drink for a lifetime

My childish act
Vanish away
Replace with adulthood
And responsibility
I have nothing to worry;
You're here with me
To face my shadowy future
Without fear but a manly heart

Thank you for sharing me
Ample chances
(despite of what am I)
To look into your eyes
So I can see
Where I have been
And where I am going

When I look Into Your Eyes
Is a poem of acceptance, contentment,
Patience, decision, fear and love
For my friend, my lover and
My wife

my "yours" Argee

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**** Global Warming Warning The Earth

☺ ☺ Cloud - broker
rain - fixer
ground - shocker
wind whirling
acid water
salt wind
humid air
extreme summer
scorching la nino
overflowing la nina
pandemic swine flu
swollen limbs
incurable HIV
not isolated case

world is in peril
nobody can escape
breath sooty smoke
lungs premature
resting peace
universal genocide effects

suspect:
ferocious earth

principal:
unconscience dwellers

conspiracy:
intentional negligence

sentence:
modern period and one day to catastrophic end

casualties:
living and non-living things
present era and the limb future

amnesty:

don't burn tires, recycle non-bio matters
massive tree planting
share this poem to all concerns

it's not too late
to save our earth domain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**** Mother Weeps On Net Cafe

My heart feels sorrow
for all young children and teen-age adults
losing much time excessively
in computer games
snatched from shallow joys
inside highly -commercial gaining
internet cafe

I extend pity for their losing future
as they escape from school laurel activities
and stolen by things that
give transient pleasure
molding brains into warriors
absorbed from war-like game heroes
and aggressive immortal foes
and addicting idolized fancy characters
far beyond to the real world
that they are heading to

Then, at no surprise
a mother with teary eyes
bringing graduation gifts and
circlet of flowers and decorative garlands
knocking at game station
net cafe's door
weeping and looking for her son
who miss the distinctive secondary
commencement exercise march.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***** Catching The Dawn From The Island Of Abandon

I've been existing in the island beyond my grasp
either to live more or to abandon.....

and while doing self-search for the " inner - me "
while finding walls even for an ephemeral happiness
while seeking for an arm to whom I can caress
and looking for a pillar to where I can build up self-erected confidence

unmindful, the more I've been longing for something in significance
I blindly left behind my chief definite aim, my visions, my dreams

I 've learned in the island since birth that every mortal will perish
the neglected and those with inherited prosperity
the oppressed and those with promising youthful years ahead
the deserted and those who dies in prestige

I've confirmed, everybody will go on the same stream
in the so - called passage way of life
Birth, Life, Death
except those aborted fetus, the miscarriage one
lucky enough to escape the mundane universal struggle

These are all perishable materialism revelations
the point of this poem is out there
beyond the earthly scares that eventually vanish forever
beyond the shattered realms where distress of emptiness
incites no more in seeking mind
beyond the silent forest where teary eyes no longer weep
at the terrible coldness of the night
beyond the ferocious winds in the jungle of wilderness
that swift my feet from place to place
beyond the tragic island of this cursed mankind
gradually I am about to abandon.....

while catching the immortal life
from the nearly descending dawn of salvation

Creator, please, secure me more
security of my soul!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***** Earth In Figurative Atmosphere

The earth is a poem
dust of word from soil
comma of rustling river
moving like sentences
over hills below grains

the earth is a poem
the endless way of invisible wind
like writer's ink
encircling spiral earth
narrates methaphorical senses

the earth is a poem
beholding singular strength
a verb from greeney scene
all birds fly across simile lane
above appositive mountains

the earth is a poem
the haiku tune of nature's keen
like rhyming notes on ear
drill sentences of joy and pain
read by conscious dwellers

the earth is a poem
and a poem is an earth
where earthly books sojourn
sheltered with apostrophe of love
and hyphen of greatness by God
the Ultimate Author from above

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***** Footprints In The Sand

High tide
rushes in
erases my old footprints

leaving nothing
except fresh fine sand
for next foot printing

My journey
is like a shoreline sand

when trials come in
new high tide
rushes in

covering up
all wounded footprints

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***** Lonesome Passion, Economic Desire (For Cris Mendoza Caguintuan, Dubai)

I had supposed to
publish this piece a week ago
but my dark mood and miserable thoughts
ate up my time until today.....

I am alone and lonely
but I am not lonely
of being alone

lonely in thinking of
lonesome memories
lonely
in thinking of that too much
idealism becomes you weak
and leads in the path of stupidity
beyond reality

verse makers are born beggars
golden verses uttered from their golden minds
are nothing but a poor supplement
for economic turmoil

therefore, what benefits to have
a brilliant minds
whose ideas is as wide as the open seas
but his life is ruined by economic misery

learn how to work and toil
my friend
myself
even if it is not our burning desire

but be cautious
mostly our heart in doing
rebels to our hand in moving

an inner struggle of mine

i find hardly to resist

till when?

I do not know

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

**Masbate- Visions Of Mewith
Dondon Jimenez Now In Dubai With Me, See Our
Visions Before How It Was Gone**

(for my Polscians League for Solidarity comrades with Dondon Jimenez)

December 2002

I was there

Free ticket free accommodation
Free to embrace the warmest hospitality
Of the Jimenez family

Sharing with the vibrations of
Our dreams
(Dondon wanted to be a lawyer so he took up law
And I attended master in public admin.)

We talked goals and visions of our school based organization
We're braved to be a ruler of nation
We're greedy to capture power and influence
To serve the suppressed, the neglected, the poor

But deep inside I was saddened because of tomorrow
Our prestigious organization will vanish away
And be replaced with fatherhood responsibility
It's too bad we'll have to face about
Corruption and graft

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*****aking Pakikibaka (My Struggle)

Once more beneath my struggling feet
the world turns -
and doomed atmosphere strikes
in a blinder flare.....

Hot summer ' 87, my mother created a calendar kite
for me and it flew above our azure sky
facing against the furious wind
and there i had learned how to reach a dream

I knew the pressure of certain eldest son
as looking down with my four siblings so theatrical
under a shaky pillar of the basic unit of constitutional society
beneath a single roof of instability

Often I read books on how to enter the world of achievers
by following mentally of those steps who have reached it
but a cancer cells of anxiety drowning in
the deepest sole of my feet that standing once
with too much expectations had drown near tumultous catastrophe

To be a Navy, to serve ones country, was my fragile priority
Influenced by naval cinematic features in encyclopedic photography
and that ghostly images turned into an attorney-at-law
a child-like impression when my youthful brain talked loosely
like a medieval sophies and taking up Journalism course
was a gamble pre-requisite into that turning-doom unsolicited
disposition

The smoky mind of curiosity was bloming
shifting gear to the realm of new fresh desire
where interest in political theorist, government structural studies
intertwined like playing games in debates, speeches and the like
the springboard for my salivary glands of eagerness

Nobody can stop the rapid brain explosions at that time
even the critics wine of all wisdom bestowers of mine
until the stupid dreamer started to howl, conceiving the bitter ending
though in the middle yet of defeating waves

my visions became blurry and gradually blinding

It was the worst fall in my historical existence however
it was the best pondering moment to recall when spiritual calling
mingling over my heart, a Divine intervention directly from
omnipotent hand from above, I felt to be an obedient sheep
and no single complain while heading inside evangelical ministry

Almost 3 years quarantine-like dormitory experiences
in preparing of in all aspects for soul-saving upcoming duties
A great total surrender including my mundane pleasure, my instinct pain

However for a long time of sacrificing for that Godly task
I felt unsayable concrete burden weighting inside my whole being
without fear nor to express out of sour-graping alibis

In combating my day to day battle expenses
I had unexpected shortage in figurative fuels aid
I pressured not the obligation of my underpledged supporters
greatly ruined by the sudden global economic handicapped

I didn't blame them that they hurtily affect my Godly calling
and tragically cutting down bit by bit
until I lost the last full grip, painstakingly carried away
by an anonymous current that swifited me to nowhere

Forlorn idealist I became momentarily
deceptive ideological utopia i had learned
leading back to my struggling feet to where I had been spinning
in the jungle not to where subversive guerillas sprouting
but in main city streets, armless, groaning human rights justice
shouting to revive democracy, marching to resurrect decaying society
as freedom pro-constitutionalist fighter against
EDSA 2 elite minority revolutionists in a de facto Phils. government

The aggressive- grown man reminiscing the burning desire
completely finished AB Political Science
as a consistent academic scholar while secretively
organizing the once SEC Polscians League For Solidarity Inc.
by the founder-prime minister, the self-proclaimed parliamentary
obsessed, by the self-proposed by-laws, by the 'me',
the ' I ' with broken puzzled wings forcibly to fly

I had penned down various socio-political commentaries
in free-verse poetry style and published by local, national
and worldwide web circulations
patching up my unmet needs, by stomach and by pocket
then my aching desirable mind, my burren temperament,
my critics heart circle, merging at last!

I am no longer a mediocre fellow as many think of
that once they thought as empty head tiresome talkative

Poverty pushed me to explore the other side of the world
as I smell the dollar-earning job longing landward
a time to eject my false-hope idealism dogmas
Abandon poverty! Abandon hunger! suck the trend western
aroma economy by winking magical TESDA training skills
I was armored then with swedish massage and automotive servicing

Hitting abroad, seeking green pastures my top priority
ignoring my pride my theoretical head capability
but misfortune whirled against my shifting destiny
for almost 5 years in waiting, I had been longing already for nothing
the sweet Hongkong, Japan, Dubai agency, and the last for Europe
yes I had touched them down, no placement fees in global map
Goodbye future OFW hero to be
Goodbye wet and dry kisses for the falling snow in the cold country

My newly-wed wife now personally interferes me with disgust
along my tropical winding road in life
For the sake of our incoming baby's birth future
for the every kick response of our fetus inside her womb
that really reminds me at all, ' Papa, don't wait sudden luck,
waiting your luck is simply waiting your death.'

Mine eyes are opened wide today
as the arm institution with collegiate arcades
welcoming back my transcript of records i keep
for a Social Arts professor to be - a late bloomer's goal
disguising indispensably with God's grace definitely
a gift for me from now on and beyond

O countless hindrances and seems endless hardships

where shattered dreamer Like me scanning first
Nothing is to be worried, nothing is in vain
every step that I take intuitively
the failed pasts, the lonesome moments
they're packed now in one voluminous pages of my
inspiring anthology
sooner or later, this will be in the public hands
read by struggling intellectuals and book lovers around

I've learned then that in reaching out chief definite goal in life
is a lifetime journey
the doomed atmosphere that strikes along your way is nothing
as the ordinary living dusts whirling around your corner

Never quit to dream, never cease to struggle
in achieving your plans that you believe you can.....

Inculcate this line:

The modern great civilizations today are the mere visions
of our ancient crank dreamers of yesterdays!

- by rommel mark jetfellow dominguez marchan
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title inspired by ADOLF HITLER, his book THE MEIN KAPHF
(my struggle)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*****saddam Hussein In New Iraq

He was the dictator
in the old Iraq
the once fertile
the abandoned garden
of Eden rushed

It was always his
first word as the final and executory
handed down from
holocaust- master the
Austrian blood Hitler
in infamous Nazi era

and Saddam tragic death sentence
provoked his old Iraq was beaten

and democracy is running down
in new Iraq alas!

million patriots cheer!
their hearts pound firm
resurrecting freedom
in new Iraq at last!

but I am saddened
with too much grief

children's laughter today
will turn into blues
someday somehow as they grow
they will learn
their new Iraq acquired freedom
is under US Marines GI Joes custody

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***nation Of Servants? "

A foreign joke
bleeds Filipino's heart
when Chip Tsao H.K. Columnist
spits out of his own description
among Filipina maids as servants of
Hongkong nation
and the same mail-order brides
ordered jokingly by American actor Alec Baldwin

in either racist angle or not
either in bad taste or not
this are not a mere jokes
and expect no joking reaction

open your eyes
and be not the servants
of undenial by evading the reality
from me

this is real
yes, hongkong is our maids OFW masters
at least our modern heroes not traited as slaves
and same with our foreign-dollar-grooms Pinay hunters
as part of cybertech modern trends

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*.....Sail On.....Unsinkable Ofw

@ Dubai - our stop over

like a ship
docking momentarily
in the oil-rich wharf

like an empty vessel
cast-off from the island - lost sea
smashed by the economic - recession tide

we're here reloading
refueling before heading back
towards our hometown sovereign shore

years of labor, backing up with
undying patience against
undeniable discrimination
culture shock, mental torture
emotional stress
nostalgic feelings

however, the dignity of our well- motivated skills
as Filipino workers
anchored in the mind of the foreign lords
the visa endower for our indispensable courage

we're voyagers
in a turbulent seas
colliding even among colleagues
as we propell against the ill-fated
windows of opportunity

and each day
countless ships arriving queuing
here in a wharf of uncertainties

from a countless emptied vessels
ready to depart from our desperate homeland
and bound to the desert shore

as acclaimed by many -
the land of proliferating prosperity

but unknown by them; by their longing kins
some vessels here are unretrievable
sunk yet in the gulf of misfortune

though few could return back at home -
if not veiled with debts;
sealed in the steel coffin of heroism

and for " the unsinkable OFW"
Sail on..... Sail on.....
for our country's economic upliftment
for our love one's unshuttered dreams

von voyage

written at Greece, International City, UAE
06 November 2010

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*a Minute After Suicide Bomber Sweeps Twin Towers

The modern enemies of the state
is invisible until they explode themselves

While the storm of bomb fume
sunk down to ground zero

clouds of dust thick and strong

innocent torso damp down in their unexpected graveyard

in the middle of the modern once safety world

swept by the evil radicals, the anti- democracy
whose blood starving for catastrophe

by mid-hour the shuddering winds were up
the debris of sorrow swept the entire
world of mourning

longing for the pieces of justice
scattered everywhere
like the multitude of unretrieved yet
bodies of innocents

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***aborted Fetus / Unborn Voices I Hear**

I hear their unborn voices
echoing in the vocabulary of silence
blazing beside their premature grave
from the aborted breath

Glints over the shadow of death
their souls longing justice
blazing beside their cold tomb
from the aborted womb

i mind their voices are alive
the unborn unsayable cries
longing for speedy due process
blazing beside intrinsic law
in the aborted judgment

I know I am imagining
this condolence is like an air
a puff eventually disappear
into a nook of aborted nothingness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*ashes And The Rain

Rain is to the widow
ashes is to the mourners

but yours
is the utmost joy
of having the loved one
of your life breathing yet at your side

hugging with your blood
loaded with your love
full of life

make use of that time

yet by tomorrow, second or soon

rain and ashes will be showering on you

i am saddened
you can hardly move on the pain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*at The Foot Of The Sun

At the foot of the sun
at the edge of the light
few drops of darkness
veiling over the just-born night

sprouting over my sight
like a fragile shadow
of the flourescent lamp -

the sole writer's life

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*banana -The Fruit Of Life

to SUMIFRU M.I.S dept., Agot Bamboa, Edlyn Englis, Rodge Mendoza, Sir Paul and Sir Dave, and the SEGATOKA Fighters, Sir Cobra, Likoy, Bigboy etc..in APOLAN, and Ernesto Depamallo and Pepay, Geofrey and Long -long. The REMEDIOS FARM TRACTOR, Romeo Atienza proprietor and Junryl Atienza chief operator and to my wife Argee who once lived with this fruit of life as MIS Com Engr. / rt and the toiling hand of all.....
I dedicate

While working in a vast banana plantation
For the first time, I do nothing
Except watching, seeing, following
The life story of banana from
roots, buds, leaves, hands, wild fingers;
The banana becomes for me
The mankind rooted on earth.

Its seedlings are the races
For generation to next,
its bundles are the clusters of
families, clans, species.

some offsprings have already fallen
some are freshly cut
tortured, buried, swept away
victims of mindless barbaric act;
some are exported, wrapped elegantly
those are the proud, everyone specie's dream, the elites
lucky enough to reach 1st world
apple - bearer country.

some trunks bend down under,
loaded heavily with the burden of fruits
its childish torso, slender leaves prematurely
send back to earth

The tortured race catches my attention most
Those defenselessly slaughtered
By the nearby mob

The alleged terminated mob who knows policy
Prettily but not set in heart;
The nearby human per se
Whose starving flesh had been nourished
since a long long time by their once productive salvaged species.
How pity are they who know not to show indebtedness!

they become fool thru naked eyes of mine
As I passed by the countless agonizing youngs,
they had just cut down, and murdered devastatingly,
Too fresh yet to be taken to their grave.

Who give them permission to salvage
The fruit of life
The literal economic blower of our surviving 3rd world nation?
The practical means to raze out unemployment rate
So rampant in this `land of promise`?

Human conflict – yes undisputedly there is
The long-time-gap between
Bourgeois and the proletariat
The rulers and the workers

but its illogical to gain justice
thru slaughtering the defenseless species
the innocent race that I consider now
belongs to mankind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***blood Shakes, Howling Justice**

Bloods shake in the wind
staining the invisibility of the air
spraying spectator's sight
of awareness
not to tolerate
salvage-convict
alleged criminals

found hog-tied seen in public
chop-chop bodies
with random bullets
bathe with own red grease

howling justice
begging conscience

only nightmares appear!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***bomb Threat!**

The presence of terrorism in our passageways, the threat of fearful attack,
maiming, peace damaging, a prediction into the unknown.

Bomb!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*bullet Mind

My mind is
on parade

marching like
a rapid bullet

firing back
my head

my mind now
is on stage

acting like
live performer

applauded by
infant cheerers

waiting for
trigger-ready

fresh infant bullet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***bunch Of Hope**

When the sun's shrapnel
piercing my heart
a new bunch of hope
won't ever depart

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***chicks Boobs Butts Etc... What?**

What would chicks figure
without her mountain top boobs
her curving hilly hips
her blooming sprouting butts
her blessed seductive thighs
her secret feminine wash?

What would men do
without the latter?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*chocolate Hills First Impression

(summer 2001 Carmen, Bohol)

In a row
Mushrooms without stems
Scattered
Not really mushrooms
But bells
Without ropes
Kissing on a giant sand table

Like a chocolate but not
Like a green strawberry

I can't describe fully what are they
It's up to the tourist's eyes
Either
For t-shirt souvenir
Or mailing post card
And for the blind
They are breasts of our mother earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***contrary Variations**

Trees growing
seem touching infinite sky

Leaves falling
kissing the humble ground

Why do they aspire
differently opposite?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*existentialism

Have you ever decided to leave your home for years and followed your wild steps to wander at the remote places for your pen and paper?

Have you ever board in a wooden ship across fury waves and heard nothing except the wail of disaster?

Have you ever trek along mountain ranges without thinking any risk after a false single step?

Have you ever experienced a shaky train ride and passed fenceless bridges?

Have you ever slept even a single night beside the man – made dump site mountain and ignored the foul odor?

Have you ever taken a weary nap under EDSA fly over during political crisis?

Have you ever ran among the rallyist and lost your sandal and knapsack because of the sprayed teargas and police dispersal unit?

Have you ever alarmed and chased by airport fire track while motorbiking along run way and hid beneath sapling trees before silver plane taxi down?

Have you ever visited presidential tomb beyond visiting hour?

Have you ever traveled in a mileage zigzag road and wrapped by fog even in a perfect noon?

Have you ever appreciated God's masterpiece – the landscape of the world because you were at the cloudless sky?

Have you ever met strangers who offered free 4 days accommodation with winsome hospitality because you were once a good conversationalist?

Have you ever asked myself why I am restless and wanderer?

If ever you raised that personal question

I am glad to say

I had been there before and I still go somewhere

I am existed to explore.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***find Your Way Home**

Let the water
find its easement way

Let the climates
change as they may

Let the fools
talk directly to the moon

Let the poets
write free unrhyme songs

Let the children
act childishly

even the minute insects
find their way home

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*football Field Gem

(Grand Evangelical Mission, 10th of May 2009, Agro Football Field, Davao City, commemorating the 123rd birth anniversary of Ka Felix Y. Manalo, God's last messenger)

Throngs of believers and non-believers
assembled together into one herd
to cheer not up spectacular soccer game
but to listen the Church of Christ
evangelical expose' aim

Caravans of jeeps, boats, buses alike
faithful followers, marching with streamers
peace-governing authority with shimmering light
of overwhelming joy and unifying gratitude
in celebrating God's last messenger
123rd birthday

Celebration's highlights unlike pagan feasts
nor mix with worldly dance, pleasure and flesh
but by grace of imparting God's messages
in these last days
spreading plain biblical doctrines and prophecies
the gospel of truth for those
who are willing to be saved

Literal thunderstorms
and season rains are showering
but they never defeats nor shakes
even by little drip of attempt
for the brethrens with stronghold aim
rain or shine
Grand Evangelical Mission begins

As the ball of faith
starts rolling
echoing beyond soccer goal team
innumerable blind-folded souls
have been awaken

* around 60,000 people attended this historical GEM
as reported by the local TV network (ABS-CBN Davao)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***glass Of Optimism**

My plan hangs thick
and few vision of realism
flows down the shore of my
eyeballs

a hope for my little
business industry
as window opening
hanging with curtains of courage
with glass of optimism

welcoming positive dew
in every dawn of the day

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*glinting Memories Of Earth

Great civilizations
today
are the mere visions
of our once crank
visionary ancient ancestors
but they never think
the earth would be ruined
by modern tech
the nature would be exploited
by greedy money makers

they never thought
that cybertech would kill
their dreams a dream simply to ease our living
not to short-cut the span of life

If the ancient visions
wouldn't be refreshed

we all have been awakened later
that the earth where we dwell in
glinting only in golden memories

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*global Warming Conviction

☺ ☺ Cloud - broker
rain - fixer
ground - shocker
wind whirling
acid water
salt wind
humid air
extreme summer
scorching la nino
overflowing la nina
pandemic swine flu
swollen limbs
incurable HIV
not isolated case

world is in peril
nobody can escape
breath sooty smoke
lungs premature
resting peace
universal genocide effects

suspect:
ferocious earth

principal:
unconscience dwellers

conspiracy:
intentional negligence

sentence:
modern period and one day to catastrophic end

casualties:
living and non-living things
present era and the limb future

amnesty:

don't burn tires, recycle non-bio matters
massive tree planting
share this poem to all concerns

it's not too late
to save our earth domain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*great Wall In China

I have seen the brick wall
face to face
the ancient hollowblocks sprawled
against an embankment
with roof blown open
for enemies watchful rivalry eye
for paid spectator's sight seeing

your dynasty dividing the world
into half literally
a concrete - walled serpent
cutting the outer crust margin

wherever I look at your spine
I see you are wrapped in old centuries
fashion cloth
dressed with moss and chinese
character algae medicines

cunning and boastful
you shield your grandfather
warrior's glorious times
preserving against evil invaders
with your symbolic incense in your unfold shoulders
with fun shui ritual in your rooted feet
your face remains as calendar cover
with 12 month full pages hanging in the wall
as great as the entire 2009th year

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***holding Back Tears**

Come all spiritual searchers
witness the true worshippers
inside the Iglesia Ni Cristo
church services

observe the solemnity
of the faithful brethrens inside
the magnificent churches

the inspiring hymns
rendered by the choir

the plain gospel
preached by the ministers

the well-organized
settings

the satisfactory answers
feed to all spiritual-truth seekers

the concrete biblical doctrines

the heartwarming sincere prayers

that one could hardly
hold back tears!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***if Air Is Visible**

for the sake of imagination
what is earth would be
if we can see the air flesh to flesh
as we breath

the atmosphere is veiled with
whirling dust, a blanket of fog
a silhoutte of ebon smog
enmeshed in the air per se

the rays of the sun deeply wounded
to penetrate the earth

if the air is visible thru naked eye
the beautifully-designed landscape
would be the art of invisibility

even the salt-sea proof visions
of all oceanic creatures
would be totally blinded

a tension that brings
imaginative impossibility

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***in Darkness I See The Light**

dedicated to Osmond Crisostomo, my supportive friend in Dubai UAE

Thru darkness
I've seen the light
the dark shadow of my life
the weakness
my black strength
that slave my sinful flesh
ever since

Thru darkness
I've raised my torch
flaming from the doubts
from the law of hindrances
stuck in unfulfilled dreams

Thru darkness
I've learned where did
I go wrong
in making of short-term decisions
in reaching out
long-term goals

Thru darkness
I need to be shone
to erect out in the dark
to lit the lighting
candle
guiding and sparkling

now in the dark
I can see the light

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***inspired By Journey: Open Arms**

for the Filipino vocalist Arnel Penida

I can do nothing
but sing about it
and so am I relieved
from the pain

It is the Journey music
caressing my burdened shoulders
as a heavy bomb
threatening my inner breathing lungs

Lying beside
the Journey's Open Arms
exiting now from the dark

Softly whispering
biting the tounge of happiness
as total inspiration
a soul-surrendering
thru an open song
touching rugged heart

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*jose Rizal Statue - Body Bleaching

My hero
oh my hero

I propose to you a body bleached, a body
which would be cleansed
its external surface

You remain standing
for countless years

seen by intriguing tourist-eyes

all weeds species
crawling from your feet

and little moss
sucking your face

rainshower is your
noon blanket
scorching sun rays
drying your lips

circlet of flowers
banquet of orchids
flashes of photographers
PMA guards trait
you as living VIP

you seem untouchable to me
then
how could I bleach your concrete cemented body?

(LUNETTA PARK SETTING)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***journey With Thousand Miles**

A journey to the thousand miles
begins in the first single step

step by step
pace by pace
inch by inch
pant by pant

until man loses breath
and consciousness in the middle
of the race

why not aiming
a half-mile journey or even less
for a fire-sure-goal hits
before losing distant -running breath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*k- 9 Dogs

they are untagged heroes
inside malls
open bus stations
airport lounge
populated road corners
check-point zone
they are heroes in all occasions

They are auxiliary CIAs
policeman extended arms
a guerilla counter combatant
the mortal foes
of all self-inflicting bombers
flying in the air
in the vessel
in the land among innocents

K-9 cold flat nose
sensitive tiny sensory
deciphering terror tactics
to scumble the white fog of peace

and in the room where one unfamiliar bag
above alleged drugs
pillbox-panic crowds
expect K9 heroes sipping nostril apparatus
to close the unclosed yet
bomb mystery

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*landslide Revenge

Earth is swallowing
her own soil
eating her own skin dust
biting tress
fence posts
running cars
silent houses

Earth is burying
her own face
inflicting herself into death
a suicide threat
against illegal log cutters

* for the landslide calamities around the pelago
that curtail many lives and properties and a lot more await

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*lips Of The Tent

I set up tent
to shelter the night
of coldness
it covers
like transient home
cuddling tamed adventurous creatures

mountain storms
trembling the whole forest night

by early dawn
only the lips of the tent
is left dancing

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*loaf Of Friendship

I stand in the
rain headbare

waiting for
a teary clouds
cease crying

a friendly passer-by
shares her solo umbrella

a loaf of unexpected frienship
born

after the drizzling rain.....

i have forgotten to ask her name

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*mental Chemistry

Pledging not to witness anylonger
the street crimes
convicted rapists
shackled suspects
threatening terror
nerve-shaking disasters

and to drip mine eyes
not to see anymore
dejected
gloomy faces
sorrowful hearts
near and far

is unescapable and loosened promises
beyond my grasp

those tragic scenes around our corner and beyond
are re-appearing across my bare sight
vertime i do a proper avoidance

I couldn't oppose
the timely curse of this wicked world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*mirror Of The Youth

We are the echo of the future
on the door of uncertainty

We are striving today
so we can survive tomorrow

Bury now the past
and its twin sorrow

Bring back only
the golden times

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Communism**

It makes one trap
inside proletariat cell
adjoining classless table of ownership
under tight moonlit roof
of communal primitive - like
production
almost a utopia,
dying alone

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Democracy**

Hear the echo of mountain top
the cry of a mute chipmunk
the breeze of the wide-open seas
the blade of unwanted grasses
all have rights to breath, born to be free

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Feudalism**

Tilling master's land
offering pleasant reaps
in return
like tiny ferns hail
in great canyons
the solid rocks posted as immovable protectors

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Imperialism**

Like hurricane clouds deepen dead silent nights
like an eagle's eye hooking down the innocent preys
nobody can escape
even the furious terrorist fires
easily swept away blindly
by the
might of the known imperialist wings
striking from the west

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Liberalism**

Smoothed and mutually-dusted clothe
of laissy faire atmosphere
of free trade sillhoutte industry
nested beneath inter-open countries
exchanging caravans of camaraderie

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Nationalism**

The low sun lulls the bay of sovereignty
a modern patriots liff back
the blooded heroic history
preserving native ground
for today's pride
future's integrity

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***modern Ideology, Poetically Modified.....Socialism**

Trace the wind
of state economy
in shftless way.....
the wealth
is shared thru fair
rivulets
in a well-engineered easement of equality

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*muslim Acquaintance

For the expectation of the many
North Cotabato as a whole or a part is isolated
Civilization is miles back away
anti-tourism, anti – economic industry
tribal wars are rampant
killing here and there, land of conflict
land of cruelty, injustice etc.....etc.....
and Christians have no room to roam around
and see the vast cornfield valley
the largest corn grower as I've seen
statistically from mine eyes only -
very critical in general to conclude

I had swallowed too that old-aged expectation
until I came to work here for awhile and spent nomadic
style of living in the upper part of Banisilan, Cotabato
and learned how to mingle with Iranon
whom they believe the most brave Muslim's tribe
and the friendly Maguindanaon who offered roof under
heavy rain from a long muddy trail after abandoning the troubled
Ford 6600 farm tractor

I had begun to eliminate that worst expectation
while eating pastel, Muslim's delicacy
while taking quick bath and discharging "nature's call" just to comply
their toilet habit every late evening in Busaon river bank;
while gazing down Marandugao river, believed by them a crocodile haven,
while hunting and chasing wild monkeys and took souvenir shots
with armalite, garan, RPG, and carbin rifles;
while motoring along limestone road from Banisilan proper, to lokal
Thailand, to Pantar, to Busaon, to Tinimbacam where I had met in flesh
for the first time a boy around 12 yrs old carrying garan rifle whom i asked
with tensed and nervous where the 2 tractors, the Ford and Massey were going
and surprisingly he threw generous reply

I had realized then after my mild motor crushed experienced with Dr. Koche and
had 1st degree burn in my lower right limb and left scar of remembrance
that this part of autonomous region is just the same place that I've ever visited
on earth -

with the same atmosphere of hospitality (if you're hospitable too and remember I was a guest not a host, so I should pay due respect with their culture and vernacular)
with the same climate of respect for an individual spiritual believer
though they worship Allah and Mohammad is their Prophet
and I believe in one God the Father alone and Jesus Christ is a man and redeemer
the Son of God
with the same fertile land, bright eastern sun, friendly rain and sky
sheltering all crops to bear fruits of prosperity
with the same fog, breeze, dew and wind blowing peace and freedom
for all mankind rooted on earth -
a mankind longing for collective democracy and progress

I had known then
the trusting camaraderie
the love that watered all
the dreams to unite and fulfill the vision
of the land of promise – the land of Mindanao
the appearing clear-cut between Muslims and Christians
the blooded story of the past
the yes for peace
and the no for war
promoting North Cotabato current rich imagery
by unanimously twisting historical conflict as nothing as lies.

dedicated to the Moro International and National Liberation Front
whom they believe are pro war and anti-christianity but not.....
With Junryl Atienza, Veejay Atienza and uncle Rey, in memory of FORD TRACTOR
6600

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***my Fetus Oh My Child**

(for my 3 weeks fetus inside my wife's womb, thanks for the ultra sound)

I have seen you clinging inside
I have reminisced the path of our life - one blood line in other time
I have stood by you as you kicked your haven your expanding womb
I have heard the beat of your heart, pumping and exciting
I have brushed your mama's hair of your connectivity
I have blown your mama's skin of your attachment
I have scraped your mama's fingernails of your genetics
I have kissed your mama's lips of your breath
I have clothed you both to keep us warmth
I have prayed health embrace thru the little ribs of your body
I have cleared up the path for your incoming birth
I have practiced my face for the greatest smile on earth
I have prepared the church aisle for a Divine bless.

written while your mama under training in TESDA Methodology
15-May-2009

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*news Toppings

Good life
spoiled by
evild desire

nature
exploited by
gain-makers

minor child
sexualized by
addict gangsters

these are all
news toppings

in my late evening TV meal

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***obama From Washington Applause And To Any Point In The World**

He is the new leader in an old US states
he eats up new expectations against
the old war conventions
the tiresome terror situations
the economic recession

He talks like a concentrated sunshine
breaking racism
fusing into one blood

His exciting gesture
well-toned voice
deep thoughts
and every inch of him
stirs up dramatic emotions
pushing promising leap in
american history

and it is today
the very day of his speech
as newly elected President

CNN live as frontal amusement
with thunderous applause
tuned with standing ovaton
in the wave of promising new earthly heaven
welcoming new America drizzling economy

all are tied up with wishes, prayers
including the tiny Philippines
embracing the blessed shower of hopes
with Obama's emphatic visions

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***organ Bargaining..... A Death Installment**

Out of reeking poverty cells
in a 3rd world suffering country
everything has its price
in lieu of draining meals
melting-drought stomach
and every second of the clock
is a tick for survival

Let all these pains
the purest justification
the measure for their means
in executing the bargaining ends

O their chop-chop bodies are drained
little by little from purity
in exchange of splintered hope
to meet the needs of the flesh
unknowing how they have enkindled
the risk for themselves
their body-life into an installment death

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*outlet Pen

When the too-many words
of my writings become naught
and the arts
would be nothing
when dying economy would be
its counterpart

when I go facing
the real world
breathing alone in
an empty kitchen

when my home is loneliness
filled with shattering dreams

slowly I leap back
into the outlet pen

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***poetry Myself**

I like to write poetry almost every hour of the day
because I am a poem myself

I cannot restrain my pen
when the ink falls
on the right hand and on
the plain paper or scratch
and on the chattering keypad

and I cannot hold them back

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*politician's Obsessions 2010 Phils. Setting

He runs for the poor
his hearts bleeding for the people
he wants to serve for nation's interests

Election is approaching
landslide voters
rushing in nearby precincts

a poor voters
flying voters
the sick
the homeless the jobless
the streetchildren's weeping mothers
the grand-sons and grand-daughters of
all seasons in electon-economic-miracle-change
hopefuls

then another election periods
another sample ballots
another flying voters
another unfulfilled sweet promises
another vote buyings and political party butterflies
another landslide random counting
another protest for recounts
another new gain freinds and new fake enemies
another permanent vested interest
another propagandas and platforms
another cheaters and rampant electioneering
another politician's obsessions

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*scan Poemhunter

Come touch web
Scan poemhunter
Taste weird minds
Mate with poet pals

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*scars Cleansing

I want to rewind back
my days of yore
and connect the missing link
I've missed
and save all wasted hours
but the scars of wounded years
remain

how could I cleanse
them all?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*science And Technology Unchange The World

The rule on earth science
is a simple circuit:

the first comers
are always the oldest of all
like the new cities were born before
now known as old great civilizations
like the new born innocent child before
now known as our hero, our legend, our icon

New discoveries come and go
new inventions interlapping
in the old and the new era arisen

as the past and the future sciences
undergo same path travelling along
high-end world

everyday is a modern day
differs only in numbering calendar days
and the savour trend of
style-upgrading technology

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***see The World Free, Come Join With Me**

I explored the Pacific Ocean at the age of twenty
met the bubbling ' ring of fire ' beneath

I visited Spratly Island somewhere in South China sea
to extend sovereign territorial integrity

A climb to Mt. Everest meant a lot to me
slept with glacier bears seen in discovery TV

I voyaged to Panama canal encountered Somali pirates
felt with trembling guns in a dark numb sea

I took camel ride at Sahara desert
conquered oasis of excitement upon touching down abundant oil spring

I moved to Mexico and fear not the swine virus would revenge back on me
I loved to eat their siblings, its holy grails and pork barbecue

On the heart of Mandalay Bay, I cheered up as boxing fan
Manny! Pacman! Bax! Fight for our country's pride

So my youth was spent above my quilt pillow
I always dreamed to move as I learned to grow

And gazing at the star, sight-seeing with the sky
My first journey step to explore the world free!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***slippery Mindset**

I stumble down
many times
along slippery mind

falling many times
in the pointless view
of decision making

now
i am a coward
thinking again
and afraid still to fall into
the endlessness somewhere

I need Omnipotent arms
occupying me as my Mighty strenghts

i am now a complete human being

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***stone That Leaps Into The Water**

A stone that leaps
into the water

stretching ego-
boast down fall

aspiring to overlap
running stream

as human pride leaps
and bounds

and dissolves into nothing
as he dies.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*tanzan Medalist

Tanzan internationally known as bottle cap

bottle cap medal
not learned in class
even recognized
by trillion heroes passed

this valor and pride pendant
bought not out of fame
dedicated solely and nothing more
from my life appointed moral adviser
(maj. joe neils rojo, title of this poem is
truly inspired by him)

bottle cap medal
a rust free iron cast
engraved by invisible hand of honor
worn by visible toiling hand

this is not for tossing up flaming name
nor for prestige status upliftment

the bottle cap medal
is for everybody
a man who strive day by day battle
full of humility
as humble as the TANZAN

* tanzan should be treasured too
as it seals tightly the bottle to prevent early expiration
just to quench thirsty throat
same in the battle field of life, the labor hand
the blue collar jobs, the farmers
that most of us taken for granted
nevertheless, they are the true
backbone of our economy

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***tasting The Fog**

Tasting the fog
in the hazy peak
between sleep and waking

an adventure of mine
a cool hobby
to touch sensitive life

I wake up with the fog
sweeping the mists
before going back to bed

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***terrorists Rage**

Yesterday's suicide bomber attacked reminds us how perilous the world is, how unsafe to mingle with the crowds.
Terrorism is ever on the rage.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

*the Testament

At the end of my road
where the glory of sun
shines no more
on my solitary bending path
of life
way back home
and the wind
I've chased in mountain dusk
that carries my dream
already far beyond
my grasp
loosen from my sight
invisible, and fading

and too weary to walk straight ahead
to keep on moving

and too hard to stand firmly
with my feet
too keep back fighting

too blurry to flash
mine eyes
just to retain seeing

but one thing
is so sure
in twilight zone of my life

as long as I can think
I will keep writing poems

God is good indeed for
He created POET

Glory be to Him
for being His humble pen

*time Murder, A Guilty Confession

Imprisoned me to death
or a double-life unbailable sentence

I am pleading guilty
I have murdered the precious times
eversince

I am a needless slumberer
an hour waster
a clock watcher
a frivolous talker
employed in irrelevant employments
a day squanderer
a false-hope wisher
a luck seeker for a job abroad
a jack in few trade collector

I have acquired trial and error skills
a hit and miss casual careers

I am loitering as self-acclaimed explorer
and keep writing impossible to publish anthology

I am shifting various courses
moving one place to place

I am spilling out all crystal fountain of my youth

I am spoiling much of them

Still at this very moment
I am regretting
I keep on wishing
how could I live
them once again
without time-wasting?

Those precious moments
that meant to be spent

wisely but once -

I am now voicing out my
guilty feelings within
under oath!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***were We Just Born Too Late?**

Who destroy the wilderness
of the wild?

who mourn the denuding
wilderness?
we, the descendants

Do we blame our exploiting ancestors?

Do we start reviving the wilderness?

Were we just born too late?

we, the last of all, should be the wilderness savers!

***** wriiten after the tragic flashflood in Tugbok district, Davao City,
Philipines that curtailed many lives and properties,30 June 2009.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***what Can Make The Mind Think?**

Think of skies of beauty
instead of shanty slam cities

Think how to be cooled
with someone

Think of something
postively new

What can make the mind think
if it is not continuously being utilized?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***when My Tears Change Into Wine?**

I once wrote a poem
in my sinking moment
of life
depression filled up all corners
anxiety stroke as
scorching sun
marked permanent emotional scars
corrupting my youthful heart

bitter, sometimes, pain
intertwined

I kept on fighting
within the walls in my mind
with unwavering faith-

Longing when will the tears
of mine
change into wine
A wine of joy
I'll drink for a lifetime!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

***wild Competitions Cheered By Time-Killers**

Mingling in the wild
realm
of human jungleness
in the ongoing
competitions
of human race
among the daily survivors
in the urban
in the rural
in the remote wilderness

LIfe is a bet
a gamble of chances

the world is the sole stage
we are the performers
competing each one another

cheered by the idle watchers
the countless time-killers

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fresh Dawn Exercise

A fresh dawn writing
is an exercise for the brain
it stretches mind muscles
in writing awesome poems

A fresh dawn writing
is the moment to ponder
refreshing one's goal ahead
a truly fresh start indeed

A fresh dawn writing
is the time to listen the nature
the crow of cocks like clock alarms
leaving world burden nights unharm

A fresh dawn writing
like an early morning walk
like our pledge dedicated prayer
to our God for His unconditional care

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Casket Of The Feet

I want this poem
to be completed
and to be read
base on what i suppose to be projected
and
I can watch the throbbing heartbeat
of the aspiring readers
who internalize
the hidden thoughts
and these wishes we'll be granted
if i can completely
gather thoughts and emotions
to complete this piece

but now literally trap
in the casket of my feet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Crashing Waves At The Empty Sea

The sound of the crashing waves
reminded me
of my childhood innocence
returning back my thoughts
into the broken
beaches

The waves I heard today
is the smashing sound
on my empty oldest sea

and they are moving
closing to me now.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Desert Safari Stopover

wind untraceable footprints
furnishing
the face of the sand
like waves
snaking
by patient time

here I am resting
laying back on sand
head above my hands
contemplating how desert is
so luminous so radiant

here is nothing
tourism is naught
without winds blown
hither and thither

tracing a surface above
orange dune
though definitely changing
in a patience of time
its face remain
unfading

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Facing Burj Khalifa - Dubai: Tallest Tower On Earth

dancing fountain adoring
your feet
synchronised with arabic-pop-west
music

digital cams flashing
you become the star on
every pc wall pics

you are the second Babel tower
but uniting cosmopolitan vernacular -
a tongue of adoration

Oh Burj Khalifa! (sucessor)
until when you are towering the earth?

until when your spectators' obsession quench?

until when your dancing fountain
swing its last waltz?

until when your spire breath in the
thin air of Emirates sky?

until this once booming desert dies.....

I

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Untyped Word; I Am Talking With You

The laptop is overheated
keypad is burning
I cannot type you strange ' words'
I cannot save you anymore
My mind is in peril
Later you will be out on the screen
as a losing memories
dies in natural death

I have no pencil
to pen you down either

You are now in danger

delete

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Wait Patiently In Silence

There's a rainbow
at the end of the storm

There's a hope for
every sincere heartfelt prayer

and a purple fruits smiling
from behind the clinging vines

There's a clear pathway
for those who patiently wait
while nimbus clouds
lazily clog along the skyline

There's a beautiful song
ready to ease the blues

There's the chatter of birds
as they leap from tree to tree

There's a beam of love
a sweet tender heart
a watchful eye

dwelling within
your tiring life

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

. Worms Revolution

Poverty
stirs up the nerves
once
over the hungry stomach

it leaves no single coin
for my survival meals

the worms inside
revolting against me

the tense of boredom
cuts off the hopeful mind

losing job
losing opportunity

leaving academic certificates
the cannot-be-eaten wealth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

... Dust In The Dusty World

beware of the dusts
whirling around
they kill the purity
of your sight

you have no reason
to be hurt

they are just passer-by
melted, gone and evaporated

Like you and I
the rest of us

we are only a living dust
above this dusty world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

..... Menstruation Period

I heard
it is a cry
with shedding red
sticky tears
of frustrated uterus

it is the depressed fetus
committed suicide
cutting himself
into cellular debris
inside bleeding jail

which is which

it is the cleansing habit
of global warming
affected mother nature
best preparation
for upcoming
planting rice season

however

the menstrual red flag here
is not
a pro-war
but an anti-battle
enforcing dangerous sign:

no trespassing yet

in a dog fight free zone

period

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

..... Making Love

Lying above the quilt
after love making
exhausted
resting while stretched muscles
bump along the nerves

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

..... Banana Split Congress

While working in a vast banana plantation
For the first time, I do nothing
Except watching, seeing, following
The life story of banana from
roots, buds, leaves, hands, wild fingers;
The banana becomes for me
The mankind rooted on earth.

Its seedlings are the races
For generation to next,
its bundles are the clusters of
families, clans, species.

some offsprings have already fallen
some are freshly cut
tortured, buried, swept away
victims of mindless barbaric act;
some are exported, wrapped elegantly
those are the proud, everyone specie's dream, the elites
lucky enough to reach 1st world
apple - bearer country.

some trunks bend down under,
loaded heavily with the burden of fruits
its childish torso, slender leaves prematurely
send back to earth

The tortured race catches my attention most
Those defenselessly slaughtered
By the nearby mob
The alleged terminated mob who knows policy
Prettily but not set in heart;
The nearby human per se
Whose starving flesh had been nourished
since a long long time by their once productive salvaged species.
How pity are they who know not to show indebtedness!

they become fool thru naked eyes of mine
As I passed by the countless agonizing youngs,

they had just cut down, and murdered devastatingly,
Too fresh yet to be taken to their grave.

Who give them permission to salvage
The fruit of life
The literal economic blower of our surviving 3rd world nation?
The practical means to raze out unemployment rate
So rampant in this `land of promise`?

Human conflict – yes undisputedly there is
The long-time-gap between
Bourgeois and the proletariat
The rulers and the workers

but its illogical to gain justice
thru slaughtering the defenseless species
the innocent race that I consider now
belongs to mankind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.....Lonesome Passion (As Inspired By My Colleague Crisanto Mendoza Caguintuan, Dubai)

I am alone and lonely
but I am not lonely
of being alone

lonely in thinking of
lonesome memories
lonely
in thinking of that too much
idealism becomes you weak
and leads in the path of stupidity
beyond real schemes

verse makers are born beggars
golden verses uttered from their golden minds
are nothing but a poor supplement
for economic turmoil

therefore, what benefits to have
a brilliant minds
whose ideas is as wide as the open seas
but his life is ruined by economic misery

learn how to work and toil
my friend
myself
even if it is not our burning desire

but be cautious
mostly our heart in doing
rebels to our hand in moving

an inner struggle of mine
it is hard to resist

till when?
I do not know

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.....Never Mind This Mind

never mind this mind.....

I pause and think
pushing slowly the pen;
pressing un-clattered typing

though my written verses
mostly crooked and broken

never mind
reader friend

these are all
but nothing

like mind bursting

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.barber Shop Justice

Alcohol that mingle on the
barber's hand
sharp scissor that trim split ends
and cut unwanted hairs
inside a cool-airconed room
in front of the truth-teller mirror

I return back there
a month later
and find out
my in-demand barber is shot dead

I shave my head
a hairless head
a sign of sympathy, begging sooted justice

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.bed 01

Bed 01 r00m 205 dorm 3
Milton hills subdivision

My body is aching
Eyes are tired
Hands get cold
Feet are weary
Need someone to care

Sheltered from the light
A romantic flame of light
Embowered with a sweet-pleased song
Lubricates to my soul
So soft so smooth
Stretches my toes
Urging my unrest back
To lay down on my bed numbered zero one

My transient home
Spend all silent sleep
Above my quilt
Buried memories of woes and sadness
Within my pillow
Absorbed the tears of sorrows
Replace happiness scent
A warmth welcome dew
For a thrilling tomorrow

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.bem's Dormitory

(bachelor of evangelical ministry student's dormitory)

Here gathered young
eminent brave men,
raised from somewhere
crossed the miles, away from home

How happy they are
even though far
from their parent's embrace
even strangers to the pain of
struggling years
and melancholic nights,
they fix their eyes unto the Lord
begging for help, kneeling for mercy
shedding tears.....
for the triumph only God can give.

But, like the growing seeds
and climbing vines
reaching up to towering aims.....
winds cross their way
rushing them
trying to vanish away

What mournful truth gives aching heart
some offspring here
no longer living
they were carried away
by the evil wind.....

here valiant men only can stay longer
with brave heart and soul
will be trained.....
combating the tempest and obstacles
to measure-up to well-built aims

Such mighty armors
worn by these men

weapons of hope
chained with faith are their
main heavenly force.....strenght from above

Then.....time goes on
soon they will leave
into the realm they would go
not to make nation's roads
but to save souls
spreading the gospel of Truth!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.beyond Philippine Military Academy

You bring me up here
At the top of greensummerville
Somewhere in bakakeng north hill

Down
Lights are on parade
Homes of elegant
Poverty is not shown

I feel young here
A place of endless imagination

Never mind
What lies beyond
Phil. Military Academy
Camp John Hay `s horizon
Somewhere in the dark

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.cavendish Bananas

Blooming in upland
Sprouting exporting bunches
For Japan - apple barter trade

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.crocodile Park Encounter

It is as if the park
we walk on,
this New year day 2009
is the park of wild beasts
tranferred from jungle forest
compress into single jail
beautifully landscaped and designed

Entrance fees
not for ransoms nor bails
for creatures' release
for not-to-be expected freedom

They are exploited
like the just-born baby crocs
couldn't taste yet the
aroma of wild river
their supposed grandeur habitat
away from human touch
radiation of digital cam
harmful sights of guests
teasing their squared limited haven
so heart breaking
while their teary eyes
gaze up the native birds and buzzing bees
flying freely in infinite sky
grasping full justice and freedom
chanting all day long over the
extra judicial prisoners' animals
not so lucky enough to be a localized- common
creatures that unshackles spectator's curiosity
unfeters commercial animal tours

may this poem unlocks the
croc's inmates aching fate

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.dont Be Anxious About Tomorrow

Don't be anxious about tomorrow
live one day at a time
read gospels writtten in Matthew
treasure life as golden dew

Each second we breath
God's truly gift
best moment to greet
loved ones we meet

Look not mournfully the future
nor aspire exist perishable things
worship God and adore Him
for soul salvation's gain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.dragon Fruits

No flaming mouth
Sprinkling tiny ppeppermint
Too expensive, can't afford to taste

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.dubai Tax Free... Irony

why expats are
here?

tax free

what is tax?

tax is a limitation
on liberty

then dubai wages are tax free

therefore expats are here

tax free

where is the irony?

tax limits liberty

and there is free-tax in Dubai
in an absolute monarchy

and

why Filipinos
work here?

escape from Philippine tax fees

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.galaxy Journey

shout now in universe
thru un-carved senses
touch
the void
vacuous space
for my atomic mind
about to explode
ASAP
beyond untouchable
milky way beyond galactic horizon
where deserted sun
refuses to shine

i want undefined danger
no deep lung breathing
no damp still air
i stretch rocketed arm
with piloted ink
continue writing
cosmic imagination
all start from pen ball point

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.grapes

Green mestizos
Planted on native ground
Like foreign visa from snow land

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.hour Of Silence

There's no such time
 as silent hour
seems echoes
 from hills
sibilant voices
 from deep
whisper from
 secluded corner
a private spa
 for weary minds

Imaginary atoms are not colliding
 even a single strayed ion
in the mind
neither a bubbling nerves
 tightly bonds in frontalis regions
but creative ideas
 smoothly glide
in the very hour of.....
.....silence

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.insects Holocaust

A bearded cockroach suffered
severe comatose
cat-size rats paralyzed before
their last supper
domestic insects frozen
inside sewage tunnel
flushing cancerous
excrements
waterproof army of ants
sneakingly cut out depression
the timid spider's gossamer

airborne mosquitoes crashed
after an exhibition took off
and suffocated inside sooty
killer bag of smoke

the just widowed sexy fly
alone left from the 2009
pandemic household attack

in synchronized of the
swine flu from mexico
after my neighbor's death
on heart cancer

naive worms escaped gracefully
heading into their pagan like
vigil festivity

* thanks to the month-old cobwebs
and the friendly insects in squatting
the house nook. It really inspired a lot
in writing this piece

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.jbi Seed '96

Once he was the seed
a young and innocent seed
not the cream of the craft
but one of great dreamers, tagged as crank
for his quick - out-of-the-box reasoning
early sprouted in Bethelian seed bed -
a sectarian soil anchored his roots
Firmly hold with dreams and hopes.

Above the said fertile bed
blinding dust
most of the times whirling around
his paling leaves
Entangled within weeds
vines and dirt
That most thought I wouldn't grow without aid

Learnings are his rain
Knowledge is his stem nourishment
Imparted from gardeners' wisdom
books and lessons are still his my shelter.

The then seed had grown up
with now a promising twigs
and healthy buds had sprouted
facing of tragic winds

The seed no more but a sapling tree
its branches bending humbly
unbreakable like bamboo shoots
despite criticisms and storms

now hes is a tree
whose gigantic trunk can be
leaned on by anybody
but remain by heart as a seed
sowing inspiring deeds

a deep gratitude

to all my noble mentors
by calling
who nurtured me unselfishly
who once accepted my crank thoughts
and seemed unorthodox radical visionary

as inspired by the then Jimenez Bethel Institute principal Sir D. Vale, Sr.,
4th yr - section narra, our garden and history instructor;
my then high school mentors, Ms M. Banque, english subject,
Ms. L. Tilao, social science and Ms. L. Vale-Sabacahan in biology,
now the JBI principal

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.life Is Meant To Be Lived But Once

Don't ever boast of
material wealth you've got
just keep in mind
What man possess
in this world
when he leaves
he can bring them not

Don't ever flaunt of
academic intellect you've had
Man leaves everything
and he is bound to pass away
including the pain and the trouble
the deception and the drudgery

Life is meant to be lived but once
so we need to enhance
what really God's purpose and plan

We are designed to worship Him
abide His laws truthfully
spiritual maturity grows
day after day

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.lonesome Seas

might by chance
Recall all colorful cities
All up-down hills
All historical streets
All placid atmosphere
Of any local village

I might recall all the
Clustered challenges
Of human race
Really
As long as I can cross
Any lonesome seas
On earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.marang

Whitening fleshy fruits
As condensed-evaporated milk
Sticky, yummy, banned to hotel guests

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.marijuana

Poor man's ecstasy
Over rushing adrenalin glands
Like endless windtalker

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.mind Is On Parade

When I push my pen
from left to right margin end
words are written unfade
from my mind is on parade

I talk verbally indeed
uttered heartwarming praises
I feel what my heart has dictated
thru my mind is on parade

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.mountain Of Memories

It has
been
a long
long
time
ago

but

still
lingering
in
my
mind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.oblivion

07102K ANNEX BLDG.
New Era St.

One sharp noon
Alone
In the pace of imaginary darkness
No spirit of light
No sound of music
No law of nature
No slavery of temptation
No code of rules
No pain of misery
No phobia of everything
No tragedy of life
No force of gravity
No survival of species
No philosophy of man
No rivalry
No power mystery
No question of doubts
No future history
spotless
 empty
 void
no memory

delete

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.ocean Of Imagination

I stare
nothing but the sea
mind of mine
screaming
flying
around ocean aura
diving beneath
murmuring propeller
that pushes the glide

I can't imagine
how my mind put
risk
with this stolen ship
for selfish
exploration
to acquiant
living ogres
underneath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.pineapple Can

Encircling populated eyes

Biting tounge tidbits

Overflowing on juicy tender cans

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.rambutan

Kid's marble seeds

Penetrating sweet to the bones

Like death - row diabetic convict

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.sacrifice

Too much sacrifice
marks brain damage
but
without single sacrifice
creates no brain
at all

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.sail On.....Young Overseas Workers

@ Dubai - our stop over

like a ship
docking momentarily
in the oil-rich wharf

like an empty vessel
cast-off from the island - lost sea
smashed by the economic - recession tide

we're here reloading
refueling before heading back
towards our hometown sovereign shore

years of labor, backing up with
undying patience against
undeniable discrimination
culture shock, mental torture
emotional stress
nostalgic feelings

however, the dignity of our well- motivated skills
as Filipino workers
anchored in the mind of the foreign lords
the visa endower for our indispensable courage

we're voyagers
in a turbulent seas
colliding even among colleagues
as we propell against the ill-fated
windows of opportunity

and each day
countless ships arriving queuing
here in a wharf of uncertainties

from a countless emptied vessels
ready to depart from our desperate homeland
and bound to the desert shore

as acclaimed by many -
the land of proliferating prosperity

but unknown by them; by their longing kins
some vessels here are unretrievable
sunk yet in the gulf of misfortune

though few could return back at home -
if not veiled with debts;
sealed in the steel coffin of heroism

and for " the unsinkable OFW"
Sail on..... Sail on.....
for our country's economic upliftment
for our love one's unshuttered dreams

von voyage

written at Greece, International City, UAE
06 November 2010

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.sea Of Tranquility

Sun bidding
goodbye

hissing wind
disappearing

I watch them
evaporating
among waves

too late to hear
my whisper
to far to
mutter it back
again

now is another
wink
shouting across
moonless night

caressing the
tranquil sea
of meditation

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.sea Yoga

I
might
recall
all cluster
of experiences

really

as
long as
i can
cross any
lonesome seas
on earth!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.sex Scandal

Women expose breasts
seen in public jeeps
in wet-dry markets
not censored pornographic expose'
for humanitarian milk-feeding child
2 yrs. old and below...

Curved hips, shadow pelvic bones
painted butts, brushed by fine artists
a naked obscene exhibit
for sale for art sake...

Psychologists discuss erotica
orgasm and its glory, the sex educ
private parts hygiene
technical heterosexual shows
deem morally upright....

Commercial porno materials
kamasutra websites, queuing sex hopefuls
yoga postures lustful desire
youth surfing fantasy
dirty scandals, voyeurs cam to cam
in you-tube stealing romance
inside PC flat square face
legal only for 18 yrs. old and beyond
deem for educational purposes.....

Cable medias flash back
sex crimes in the city
gang rapes, incestuous infidelity
sexual-congress intercourse
pirated xxx DVD sets, playboy mags
TV sitcom airing green jokes bits
viewed 24/7 in public...

Shop at malls, display of sex toys
vibrators free to handle with care
flying tarps and billboard adz

of lewd endorser lass indecently
proposing clientele attempt
for product attentions, womanizing genre
consumer's bait and consumption...

Summer open beaches and in hotel diving pool
skin-toned, two-piece thin wear
exposing unshaven sneaky hair
not drawn to allure eyesight into
a polygamous instinct desire
not even censored as porno scene
even with innocent child at diving site abide....

How about the unintentional rape scenarios
inside disco club inferno
the touch by touch with consent or not
the skin to skin between opposites
dancing with fire and friction
commotion hot libido un-border
tightly close, crawling fingers caress with malice
strange flesh blushing -
an indirect sexual harassment
a crime should be against chastity
considering they are dancing without sensual-sweet
music played on air
sounds here justify felonious circumstances....

How's the kissing scene in conservative public park
the dating underneath trees, rolling down briefs and panties
the dilemmas of now surprising increase in number
of motels and cheap lodging inn in all corners
seducing short-time happy goers, illicit affairs
these are public crimes should be conclusively
it ruins minor innocent wants
corrupting children childish minds

now it is my turn, rate this porno revelation of mine
from A to GP to R-18 to x to XXX
and here it goes-

Lie down in bed darling sweet
eject transiently my shaft of your ownership

open literally adjacent femurs
hung up twin legs
lubricants sweeping down to gist
thru micro tube apparatus lens eager to
explore physiological world of womb
tracing from fallopian lips
and dirty stick not your dirty mind and tactics
injecting now featuring invisible fetus
through this scheduled ultrasound exam
fore played by delicate hand of your
respective OB-gynecologist

don't be scared, you're not under harassed
your so safe with my convenient arm
holding clinical result
preggy exam: negative
don't be dismayed, better luck next time for
another X-rating execution lab test

Good luck, sperm less guy who admit cleverly
that this is not at all the time
so better delet now your pornographic green mind
rate me please triple A, so critics circle won't censored
this expose'
as for adults story

inspired by FHM magazine, thanks to Major Nils Rojo, my friend and life
consultant,
for sharing with me his treasured magz collection

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.starless Zodiac

Fingerprints of light-year-distant stars
fixed and scattered
hunging a part in the mirrored hole
in cavernous darkness
sparkling in hollow dust
of infinity
the geography of ancient
warriors
the landmark zone of
old-stoner nomads
an extended geography
even before civilization was born
and created

the gemini, the sagittarius
the pisces
and all their siblings
puzzling human brain
in modern times

look up overhead and
match up with your reading tabloid
your daily zodiac portion
a life -guide path for stargazing believers
prophecising hit and miss
day by day encounters of all beings
and avid readers the make believe
become crazy about it
as if committing suicide
in counting the starships
overhead by hitting foolishly
the universe undefinable dead end

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.tarsier Screams

He's not from Bohol Philippines
He's from Mt. Malindang virgin forest
Misamis Occidental topmost

He's nocturnal
His pupil is wide-opened at night
He's screaming to watch the
upcoming morning sun

It's his last scream
almost I hear it tonight
seems
He's old enough to breath for tomorrow
still I feel the loud cry around me
I know what he feels
being old and aching is not
but being away from home forest
being fettered by civilized human
He feels more than the tensed of a hand-cupped
criminal sentence to death by tomorrow

He holds his breath
better to die for himself
than to scream hopelessly when will
the morning sun shines directly on him
radiates impossible rays of freedom

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.the Working Man As First Time Overseas Filipino Worker

Cathay plane touching its landing gears
dispatching me in the port of nowhere
no one welcomes me yet
except dull, oppressing sun-heat

Time leaps 4 hours in advance
adrenalin amalgamating within
as I collect my luggage and for passport marking
in a long queue of mostly foreign

biological clock skipping my traditional meals
culture shock making me dumb and frozen
racism is anticipated and foreseen
(only my impression)

4/25.....Today is my V-day, a green pasture is awaiting
model car, dream house are "reachable"
no longer a toy of fantasy and a sheet blue print

chocolates is all but an end-greeting reminder
and expected- long -distance call thru roaming text
from kin and newly-proclaimed friends proliferating

self-esteem is veiling at me
clothe with respect as unsung hero as my government says
with unseen crown beyond kingly glory

no more tracing back the track of despair
the childhood, the 3rd world, the lost career

Facebook tagging me now as one
of the countless dollar-earned Kababayans
tourist landmarks as most hits backdrafts
hiding nostalgic feelings behind

I now learn to collect branded items for LBC box
and send across miles
lifting homeland relatives ' unsatisfied smile

I am proud to be then my new country's pride
helping economy moves for awhile
western union, bdo, tax remittances all worthwhile
from un-drained thirst in making of night a day
toiling for my son's future
despite a bleeding hand

Now I am a working man
an Overseas Filipino Worker
among reputable manpower in demand
across the entire foreign land

Now I am a working man
not mourning the fate of
being a homesick father
and a lonely husband

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.twin Virus Face To Face

PE 4 swimming lesson Amoranto, Cubao

I dive at the pool
swim freestyle
underwater
I open my eyes
Minute bacteria facing
face to face

drifting beneath
in chlorinated pool
bubbling
multiplying the germs

I step up
looking back universal solvent
I mirror myself
my face is floating
facing back to me
and boomerang single identity
macro germs contaminate
floating my unclaimed twin
since birth
accidentally we meet
today spreading viruses
in this mask-wearing world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.watch Out! Pen Is Running

Watch out!

I can't control
my mind

I can't stop
my pen

all are running wild.....

Watch out again!

I can control
now my mind

I can stop
now my pen

this is it!

all are well-written

read these lines
all over again

and conceive
what I mean!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.weakness I Smy Strength

I am expected to
act perfectly

in the world
full of mistakes

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.wildlife Dusk

at wildlife nature park

delirious imagination
unmindful
digging up wild past
casting away home
like wild beasts

like wild mind
loosing the cage
unblocked freedom

unaware
in this dusk
wild creatures
feel asleep
they don't know
i know
they don't know
where my wild mind goes
have pity to them

beware wild readers!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

.zoo Over My Body

There's a lion inside me
roaring loud withing my belly

and the stallion on my feet
kicking out my tarantula fingernails

There's a Thai elephant over my head
and the arwana in my eyes
circling around my forehead bowl

There's a chimpanzee in my phalanges
gripping like a hatch ostrich
pasting like a lacoste in chest
a giraffe in neck
a shark atacking my heart

There's a serpentine sneakingly my ventral butt
and obsolete dinosaur freed
from my jurassic breath

like a ghost of Philippine eagle
endangering -

almost gone in numbers
like my my jungle mind fading
while exploiting wild
the commercialized species privacy

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Maj. Joe Neils Rojo, Pnpa, My Life Consultant

for a man of integrity
who greatly influenced me

You thought me once as mediocre fellow
'cause I talked too much as empty head
Till you dug up the roots of my inner thoughts
Buried yet in neglected abandoned moments

You have been amazed with me I guess
Since you revealed my last hidden ace
Sparked in your mind beyond disguised

Yes, yesterdays seemed I was a nobody's nothing
Wearing self-mask for survival mystery
Too shallow for an egoistic pride, it should be done
Pending yet as eased my dreams and plans

The best time about being with you
As my respective client and my life-track consultant
When you moved my shaken thoughts being corrected
Bestowing wisdom, pouring knowledge kit, a must indeed

You have shaped me too as masculine macho
No malice desire as FHM porno
Inspiring me as a young seeker-father to be
Aiming for a treasured blessed child, come what may

Physical lab bore positive son at last
Nils as I will call with consent in stealing your name
A million rainbows from heaven cheering up
Our friendship, our blood merging alas!

You frame me back as life-real fighter
Advocate of love, of moral responsibility
Molded by time, influenced by integrity
Like you Sir, I'm now a full-grown man intellectually equip.

5/13/09

/ Tornado - My License To Kill

A roar of tornado
is coming near
I can't tell you from where
whirling back sad refrain
I hate so well

I hid before in nowhere
away from golden shore
living life full of darkness
missing hopeful sun rise
every day was storm
tears were my twin nightmares
singing sad refrain

until i stuck here forever
escaping away from that abandoned pier
playing a new fresh refrain

then now
roaring tornado
coming back again
I can't tell yet from where
rehearsing my heart-aching song
a lonesome music
I hate so well

If ever you get me
the license to kill
I'll cock one bullet
hitting fatal head
of that unknown stage performer
who whirls back
my hated refrain
so I can tell you now
from where

*written while listening, 'leader of the band'
performed by nobody 05/06/09

/ Comb Your Mind

Comb your mind

.....every moment

.....as you brush

.....your hair

.....ruined by the wind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Charging With Sunshine In A Sanctuary By The Sea

Hiking eastward to the sunrise zone
Facing slowly the gnawing rays
for when slight purplish-red arising
Fresh hope and courage would be awaken

Waiting hushly along wave-breaking bay
eagerly watch the sun uprising
Flashing virgin smile at me
Wondering why I gaze full of curiosity

Crossed-leg now sitting beneath a young bent tree
newly shielded from glowing morning sun
Charging new surge of universal energy provider
as fuel for physical strength and perseverance

Sun-caressed, shine and gleam
while meditating above powdered sand, I have learned
In sanctuary margin by the sea
meet mind calmness, rest and tranquility

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Comic ***** Breaking Glass

My mother was awakened from her deep sleep when my younger sister sang a distressful song in front of the life-size mirror.

' Aize, would you please shut up your annoying voice! ' Mama scolded her.

My sis explained cleverly, 'I was trying to prove how powerful the voice is if i can break the mirror upon reaching the highest tenor pitch.'

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Airplane Phlegm Tragedy

The airline ticket officer asks
to the lady passenger,
' what seat are you comfortable to bulk with? '
The lady replies wiseacrely, '
' I have a cough for a couple of weeks,
bulk me please at the window side
either at the right or left
so I can spit out easily the phlegm '
Then the airline employee replies surprisingly,
" Oh my God, this is not a Public Utility Vehicle, Maa'm '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Art Of War

The book, the Art of War by Sun Zsu, had inspired a lot with my aunt especially when she came acrossed the highlighted points of the book, 'ferocious as the fire, silent as the forest, immovable as the mountain, fast as the wind.'

She implanted those thoughts on her son for his everyday real battle in life but it went in different direction:

Fire: her son became a hot-tempered fellow

Forest: he loved messy things and untidy

Mountain: yes immovable as the laziest guy on earth

Wind: full of airy thoughts son and with empty head

My aunt was totally disappointed. She thought her son would be like Napoleon Bonaparte, Mao Zedung, Adolf Hitler and others who once treasured the book, the Art of War.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Book Lover

A book lover in our town is permanently banned by the local bookstore. Warning (with his photo) : Beware of this guy, don't allow him to enter in any of our bookstore premises, he corrupts all stock knowledge files in a row without buying or purchasing a book '.

It's quite hard to feed the addiction of being a book lover, even a free reading is strictly payable now per minute.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Boring Speaker

A boring speaker during our graduate school orientation for transferees and freshmen arousing incidentally the collapsing audience eagerness to listen her long chilly speeches until she highlighted much this line, ' In the Philippines, the higher the educational degree, the higher the tuition fees '. Then thunderous ovation applauded.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Climax

There is a profound indifference
between the love for sexual desire
and the lust for obsession,
however, they would certainly meet in common;
the climactic ejection.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Cool Politician

A politician again draws sweet promises in the presence of his multitude voters, ' If I will be elected as your next town mayor I will build bridges '. A concern citizen raises his uncontrollable reaction, ' Honorable, our town geography is plain, no rivers nor mountains! '.
.....' my dear constituent, you don't need to worry I will create first rivers and brooks just to fulfill my promises '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Flying Kite

My mother created a paper kite for me. It flew overnight. In the following morning, it was gone only the loose string laid down on the ground. Mama said, "Look up in the sky there where your dream kite flies."

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Grade One Pupil

An elementary teacher asks her grade one pupil, " Juan, who is Jose Rizal? (the Philippine national hero) . Juan hesitantly stands and apologetically replies, ' Maa'm, I am so sorry, I'm a transferee, maybe he is on the other section '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Guest Speaker

A guest speaker from the United States of America appreciates truthfully about the nutritious foods in the Philippines that he misses so much. He says on his speech, ' It's nice to stay here in this country where malunggay, the green leafy vegetable, is freshly eaten unlike in the states, but I 'll still go back there by tomorrow. '

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor *** Half Truth**

Our guest speaker emphasizes, ' A half truth is a whole lie.' One audience raises his voices unconsciously, ' Mr. Speaker, how about a half lie? '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Journalist

Journalist: What triggers you to run in the office of the district representative?

Politician: Excuse me, I am running for a congressman not a representative...

Journalist: They're just the same, well, anyway, goodluck to your voters!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Judge The Suspect

A rape victim is being interrogated by the prosecutor, when she details anything about the rapist, all spectators are eyeing suspiciously to the presiding judge. Seems all descriptions attribute perfectly tot the jury's physical features, gestures, mole and facial aura. Hopefully, this is only a mistaken identity or simply a person's similarity.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Law Students

It's wondering why freshmen law students are proud of in bringing gigantic voluminous hard bound law books and viewed rampantly in the university public lounge. Senior class are with scrolled notes seem carrying no books at all. While those newly grads heading to the capital city for a month-long bar exam preparations, they impulsively alibis that they have something to settle down there or to seek a greener pasture.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Lovers Moon In A Prohibited Park

A tardy moon
rushing down the park
Pair of lovers
await

kissing among slight darkness
above the risks of grass bites
blushing out flesh to flesh
under late comer
moon lit

Lovers moon
Lovers moon

Quickly ascending now

the farther it goes up
the deeper.....
the lover's intimacy

and the roving lady
guard steps closer
issuing tickets for their penalties

' this park prohibits
lewd dating and stealing romances '

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor *** Marco Polo**

My brother-in-law invited me to visit him at his executive suite room 801, Marco Polo Davao. It was my first time to roam around this 5 star hotel in the city. Without any question nor asking the receptionist, I went up excitedly through a huge elevator. I had noticed that the push button number was only up to the 4th floor. I realized later I was inside the janitor's entrance-exit elevator, full of mops and brooms.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Mistaken Carolling

One gift for our church member birthday celebrant is to offer him a surprise carolling at the very dawn of his special day.

One morning while chanting religiously with blended voices and rhythmic guitar, a nuisance voice breaking the chorus, ' You're ruining our couple's intimacy, your brother was transferred last night to the frontier door! '. We move sneakingly, repeat the songs eventhough the first ray of the sun is already shining. We only find out then that angry voice whom we had done a mistaken carolling is the landlady's daughter, a newly-wed.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Panty No More

A newly-wed couple having their first night, the wife whispers to her husband, 'honey, i have no underwear'. The husband replies, 'ok don't worry myloves, we will buy a dozen tomorrow.'

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Philosophy Grads

An A.B. Philosophy graduate applying for a fire fighting job in a Bureau of Fire Protection agency. A fire marshall questions the relevance of his degree course to the job he is aspiring for. Th e applicant voices out, " In my Philosophy course there is logic subject, the correct thinking and good reasoning, so if I see the fire, I won't touch it of course.'

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Prince Maker

The happiest moments about being a child for me were being sick or pretending to have family brought fruits, chocolates, fresh milk that hadn't been a priority when I was in good sympathizing nurses and doctor's extra cares seemed molding me as little prince in the fantasy books or a celebrity kid with avid fans cheered up around my bed. But aren't all kids allowed to be a prince at least once in their lives? Truthfully yes, expect my upcoming son would do the same, however, I'll be his ward watcher, a tyrant king.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Sole Facial

As my Ph. D. grandma posted this health nuggets in the wall, 'The tree starts to dry from its root and a man starts to get old from his feet.' My younger teen-age sister started her sole facial seesion yesterday and she had a planned to do it 3x a week regularly.

No wonder why.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Sweet Alarm

A room mate of mine who slept so soundly that an alarm clock failed to wake him. A boarder next room was irritated, he slammed disgustedly the shanty wall. In the next evening, I intentionally pulled out the clock battery. The once irritated board mate had a sound slept too as expected and in fact he didn't catch up his cruiser ship final job interview that he took a month in preparation.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Temperature

While gurgling a glass of water with my anti-mumps virus infection in a local pharmacy, a naive woman, around 30 yrs. old asks harshly the neophyte pharmacist, ' Can I buy here TEMPERATURE? '. The witty attendant smilingly replies, ' I guess you're looking for a thermometer '.

The lady with loaded embarrassment defending her ego, ' Whatever as long it can detect my swine flu fever '. I laugh childishly until I am burping in front of them. " Excuse me '. Out of shame I walk away and have forgotten to pay my taken medicine.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Humor ***** Wedding Period

Two days before our wedding ceremony,
my fiancée' and I had a little argument
whether to move one week our wedding date
or not

My wife-to-be had just visited her
monthly regular period.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Cattle Raiser

When the cattle raiser read the nutritionist book of wisdom, 'The nearer to the bone, the sweeter is the meat.' He raised eventually his cattles in the rocky river bank.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Earthquake Prevention**

The best way to prevent earthquake isolated cases that occur mostly in a depressed shanty houses is to TURN ON intentionally the light so the living couple would cease temporarily from their shaky carnal execution.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Face Your Problem**

You don't need to face your problem because the problem is your face.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Graft And Corrupt**

The world looks for ideal leaders, but the people vote and elect the corrupt and graft practitioners.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Honesty**

To be an honest person, one must admit himself that he lies some other times.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Medical Law Comedy

Our professor in medical law subject asked one male student to draw on the black board a female organ and its hymen as part of our chastity crime topic. The appointed student refused to do the the task and he justified, ' I couldn't draw its perfect detail yet, unless you give me a live female model '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Million Years Nuggets

My nature-concerned mother advised my elementary grade sister not to use anymore any plastic bags when she does shopping or buying in grocery. Mama emphasized to her, ' It takes million years to decompose non-biodegradable matters, please help save our earth'.Her confused daughter reacted childishly, ' Do you think I am still alive up to million years from now? '

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Narrow-Minded Driver**

Everytime the hot-tempered driver reveals his instinct peculiar attitude, his wisdom - bestower boss always imparts him a temperance and moderation nuggets of advice, ' Take the middle of the road, relax and you won't fall '. The driver takes it literally. In the following long-distant trip, he doesn't fall beside the precipice but he has encountered vehicular accident resulting to multiple injuries and damage of properties. H e blames his boss for his criminal liabilities.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Ocean Species

The marine biologist had confirmed recently in a science magazine that there are approximately 2 million undiscovered species in the vast ocean floor; how did they count the undiscovered yet creatures?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Pastor Visit**

When our church pastor visited the typhoon affected residential area, he concluded, ' This is a severe curse from heaven, people here are no longer obedient to the Lord's commandments.' When he reached the adjacent pastoral house also ruined by super typhoon, he implied, 'my beloved brethren, this is only a trial, God tests our faith on Him.'

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Run Errand Accident

My neighbor, a father, commanded his 4 year old son to buy a bottle of vinegar. Few minutes later, a policeman came and reported him that his son was accidentally hit and ran by unidentified vehicle while he was crossing the intersection road. The father was shocked, 'Oh my God! How's the vinegar bottle, did the car spoil it too? '

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Star Witness

The lawyer interrogated the star witness, ' How many meters from where you were discharging your urine to the crime scene? '. The witness replied, ' Attorney, I never bring any tape measure everytime I urinate.'

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter ***** Street Child

When my aunt said, ' It will make tears in mine eyes when I see children running in the street without clothes'. Coincidentally, a child half-cloth knocking at the car tainted window begging money to buy some food, she refused.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Laughter *** Toilet Overflow**

One day I complain my neighbor, who rent next door, about the unpleasant odor coming from his apartment room. We go to barangay court for a proper legal complain and confrontation. It just happen that one of the councilors is our landlord whom I don't know yet before, he pays eventually the penalties of his apartment's odorous toilet overflow.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

/ Story ***** Honeymoon With The Volcano

While holidaying on Mt. Taal in Tagaytay, Philippines, my wife decided she wouldn't go home yet until she could see the huff and puff of the volcano. I said, ' Okay, look around and all you see are the cotton clouds like a dragon puff from the hot crater's mouth but they are not. That volcano is dead million of years ago'.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

About The Author

RMDMARCHAN aka Jetfellow Marchanism was born in Mindanao, Philippines last December 12,1979. He finished AB Political Science UV-Cebu 2003 as academic studied Bachelor of Evangelical Ministry NEU-Diliman 1997-2000 and attended Masters in Public Administration UM 2009-2010. He earned DIPLOMA from the Academy of Successful Achievement Columbia, USA 2008.

He founded Polscians League for Solidarity Inc. PLFS 2001-2003.

He already published various poems here and abroad.

He is married to Argee Atienza to whom with son, Sean Leigh Mark.

He had worked already in various company from an insurance industry to a trucking business, from food court attendant to an academe.Ironically, now he is a professional therapist based in Dubai UAE for economic reason and for this self-published book.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To my wife
Argee

To my son
Sean Leigh Mark

To my mother
Elvie (Ed.D - 2)

and to every man who still keeps on
struggling for his own disposition

and to every man who has never find
himself until he has lost his all

and to all who were my critics
and still are.....

I DEDICATE

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Silver Feet In Luzon Avenue

for my former housemates who are now in their chosen fields,
ka roland barce, michael, gary, ka noel plaza, ka jerry ablon, ka joel salas, ka
elmer dongdong falcon, ka reverend romulo villanon, ka jun batto amd bonsing
(deceased)

Stillness made peculiar in this avenue
vehicles were frozen
meters away
heading to my tenement

I didn't know yet the cause
I knew the effect - heavy traffic

a couple of minutes

what an unfamiliar objects had been
chasing before me
like an emergency 911 ambulance
from disastrous accident
and chasing before me
like a hungry vampire too greedy
to suck my blood for revenge
and proliferate in numbers

they worn silver feet
marching slantwisely
not by platoons but by companies
not by companies but by battalions

I ran as a freed cheetah
catching antelope for heavy dinner
until I was saved beneath the left
rusty roof on my rented home
exhausted as I placed the plastic
tab pointing the ceiling pipe nozzle

now the silver feet are accumulated inside
the huge rain container
ready to wash my muddy shoes

and stained white shirt

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Cotabato Runway Motobiking ' 95 A.D.

Awang airport, Dec.19195, for BJ, Ian, Vna-van, Den-den, Joan, Uncle Vano
Aunt Bebung Dominguez

We were motorbiking
across dangerous runway
driving jubilantly after- before flag carrier
PAL, Grand Air, Cebu Pacific, Air Phils
C-130, private baby plane taxi down
and took off

we were hiding at nearby twigs and
cogon grasses
to witness iron birds at near sight
while prolonged siren of an
emergency fire track
clearing off urgently the run way
I t warned us how deadly our
juvenile trip crossing
danger line
however
we were not shaken by that
pierced alarm

until the cotton -ball cloudy sky
sliced into pieces
after piloted silver bird
crossed from nowhere
overtook the giant roars seemed
flashing ahead of the jet

we're so glad then to witness
the huge landing gears
watching too close for the first time
and we were foolish about it

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Discovery Hills Moongazing

(with 33 TV eskwela students, with mentor stage and TV Director Doti Aznar and Freeman Newspaper writer Eleanor Valeros,2002, Cebu, Philippines)

A quarter past eleven
on an April 30 evening
the hills are lightened up
by the glow of one moon rising
She ascends on a silver screen
tears the sky with hands a-burning
scrapes the sticky tail of clouds
cheers the earth with her millennial gold
paints the earth's cheek
with so much brightness

Clouds crawl and scatter
drawing up a curtain stars
Luna is pasted once more
on a night sky!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Eagle's Eye View

downtown Davao City seen from upper Toril
Mt. Talomo's foothills, Tungkalan

Bind your eyes with mine all curious Dabawenyos
all nature-keen lovers, all city spectators
Bind your visions with me
as mine eyes move down from this mountain hills
where my cold feet anchor to witness spectacular place
and never mind all jests thrown by some innocent guests

Witness now with me the Asia's most promising city
See it now at that distant southern most downhill
like an ancient civilized world touching the
warm belly of the tragic Davao gulf

So excited as the king eagle gazing down the prey
flying above the floating verdant Samal garden
smacked by the erotic kisses of the waves
fleeing from far-flung Celebes sea

No smoke rises from deadly chimney of industrialization
No more echoes from aggressive shouts of militants
seeking justice for extrajudicial killings and etc.....
No more media showing rampant criminality
false commercial advertisement, too much showbiz publicity
No more cry I've witnessed for global recession,
employment redundancy, endless poverty

I suppose this is a perfect adventure
however quickly gone
For the city I'm longing to be an ideal
as exotic as fruit's durian.

And bind with me for this inescapable fact
I won't be here for a lifetime
Later I'll step down hill (my wife is waiting for my 'home coming')
and look back this hill for another story to share

Adventure ***** Hours In Elliptical Road

moment to moment
roaring machines
there
bumper to bumper
no twist
no swerve
no U turn
i look
i watch
i listen
i can't control
irritating
friction
on my sight
while witnessing
the noislessness
of carbon monoxide
killers
cause traffic
in my air breathing
lungs

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** January Feet

2001 January trains my feet
as wild gypsy rover
scant vagabond
vagrant
wandere
to be nomad
without back pack of tent
homeless in the mind and
phsycical shield and shelter
roaming around
Philippine city capital
along the highway of nothingness
it is in great contrast
blind people think
that i am roaming around
like scavenger collecting
empty cans
i wander to pick up
loiterring friends
retrieving promotional agencies
for minimum wage
for summer job survival

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** La Mesa Dam Hiking

Escaping from
city polluted air
i am here
hiking
with back pack
full of books

hunting stillness air
above Caloocan
mountain heights

i see then
nearby hills
away from asphalt frozen heat
too innocent yet
as the trees
ready to cut
by DPWH for road widening

the loud cry of chainsaw
awakening my presence

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Manny Pacquiao Boxing Ground

I'm visiting the best pund-for-pound boxer today in the whole world
not to square him but to intrigue General Santos dusty- ground-turn-to-wet.

Rain is murmuring on the roof
to the ground
seldom happen in this city of sand
and dust I percept
Rain is waking the vicinity up
and the nearby municipalities

Rain is scratching on the walls
striking pointlessly
busy writing on the streets
avenues, up to highways

I can't read its messages
and no one has desired to conceive

I think the clouds get drunk
too much
with hang over
It has urinating for almost 24 hours
celebrating
the boxing icon victory for defeating
the 3 Mexican legends
Barrera, Morales, Marquez
in the ring of death

written prior to Diaz and dela Hoya
mishap
now is for east and west battle
Hatton and the pacman

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Naive Explorer

I am as
an explorer

compare me not
to Polo Marco
and
Columbus Christopher
who conquered
ancient world
and expanded
nation's road

I am just
a naive
explorer
my home is
on my pack

destiny lies
along the way.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Open Yard Revelation

luzon ave., quezon city, phils, asia, earth
written 5 yrs ago before tenement project constructed on this site
2005-2000 backward

macopa tree macopa leaves cailito sticks
cockcrow mossy gravels ruined cement
single-hand dumb bell dilapidated wall
assorted hanging garments plastic dustpan
scattered broonstick lichen flower
slab bench sludgy canal lair branches
intrimmed fortune botany rusty-roof tri-cab
non-bio garbage can public sandals
frail gate post un-filed sylvan
zephyr refulgen rays
dulcet music of vicinity
wad of scratch paper
empty rice cooker
many more
etc..
hungry hunger writer
literal rice shortage
stomach mindset
understandable

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Roller Coaster Ride

Perhaps boredom
Pushes me to wander
Near the sky
Rolling
Twisting
Diving above the earth
Under the sun
Breathtaking ride
Shout!
Another lap
Another roll another twist
Another dive
Chest in
Hold breath
And lol!
Heaven can't paint
This temporary excitement
Zoooooooooooooooooom

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** San Francisco Locale

All strangers brethren
greet me
here
and send strange vibration
with seem round-up question
in their mind
i can't read
what is inside in their head
but delighted window
of soul
i notice
blinking parental
cautious and alarm

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Adventure ***** Standing On Mactan Bridge 2

for uncle nestor and auntie helen marchan-alindajao and family
Mandaue City 2002

sight touches bountiful scenes
360 degrees of exquisite modernity
seen above concrete bar
connecting Lapu-lapu and Mandaue
across Mactan channel

dreamy eyes where vision lies
sailing besides giant ferries
global containers, importer tankers
along concrete banks
mammoth depots
and the sweet-to-ride supercat
water jet from tantalizing distant
dearly pass below

coastguard tugboat bumping
the walls of cruiser lines
and then
the red ghost of sunset
bidding adieu
to the silvery foams
gliding with Cebuano breeze

the entire city turns into alive disco inferno
dancing lights glittering
nuisance PUJ crawling up
by leap and bound
fetching commuters picking hour
bound for reclamation government site
a collection of solid garbage
extending the isles
anti-corals and anti-reefs

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Appreciating Free Style Poetry, From The Loose Poet

for EVO e.i.c and his staff

poetic seeds germinate
above the 5 poetical quilts:
mood, imagery, thought
melody, rhythm

regardless of twigs sprouting -
matured poet reaps twists and surprises
immatured one duplicates

poetry is not a sole reflection of man's
damn imagination thru rhyme and metrical phrases

poetry is not a tone of
monotonous lines of ala-classical tongues of greatness
and hackneyed syllables, homonymous end-words

poetry is but a variation of
mute voices from artistic loose mind
puzzling emotions spill out in any wad of papers
in unlyrical odes, or sober sonnets
in rhyme or wild verses

then what makes my poetry
when read
to make my critics weep

they feed to every reader's mind
as they know -

my poetry has magic
most of us keep so well hidden
sometimes narrow
sometimes deep

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Contrary Variations

Trees growing
seem touching infinite sky

Leaves falling
kissing the humble ground

Why do they aspire
differently opposite?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Artist's Confession

this is written probably
not to boost wealth of the wealthy
not to uplift depressed living of the poor
not to twist promises into sweet reality
but simply to change your heart
your thoughts of traditional understanding

It's a shame that
industrial race
modern gadgets
economic competitions
capitalism sabotage
narrowly shuddering the
arts on the naked artists
paints on the poor painters
poems on the frustrated poets

we are never lost
we have only been mislaid

got to excel on
got to explore more
never expect
material prize
in return!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Backdrop For All Wild Readers

Local jaunts I use of
as avid traveler
leap and bound
criss-crossing borders
extending personal aura
vividly exotic and
tantalizingly dangerous
a journey by one
a solo flight soothing for
my prolific mystery feet
floating in taut atmosphere
and brilliant whodunit
end up with complex twists
or grand dame, very sophisticated
ingenously weaved by time
the genre in movable experience
a collective proctivity
pop out from my mind shelves
and readers in thrall
willing to be sucked into
the backdropp I recreated

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Cuddle Of The Mind

I can't build up phrases
that make children's rhymes

I can't put up notes
that make stars do sing

I can't write verses
that sweet lovers cheer

I write simply
to cuddle your mind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Dead Writers Are Dying

Some writer spends whole life
jotting down in journals
filing up diaries
expanding self-made library
getting-old looking for publisher
some are kept writing notes
on fastfood napkins
on scratch of newspapers
stuck on brown envelopes
rottened by time
meals for book worms
haven for sleepy thunder dust storm

some writers are dying
some are dead and gone
not around to enjoy reading
his own stories
editing his own mistakes
reflecting genuinity of his piece
in unison with the current critics

dead writers are not dead
they are dying for their royalty rights
and benefits
we believe that are intended for them
instead

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Instinct Dawn Of Poet

And in times
when tantalizing
lights
flashing in
sight
and I the writing pad and ink
wondrous and tight
closing the sealed dome
of night
of undreamed flight
and craving the first
cool mists of dawn
and the abrupt
glimmer of sudden vision
absorb reader's
might as storm

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Kent Photography

for kent's camera that covered my wedding day

kent clicks cinematic photos
flicking smooth scheming
finger licking touch while
tracking shutter speed
of longitudinal omnipresence lens

hostaging asset angles
of magical transitions
details by details
no corrupt single moment
in all dramas and occasions
in life modernity celebrations

like the momentous peak in
2 opposite being
merging into one soul
the kissing scene
the wine tossing
the blessed vows
arranged on earth
tied up from heaven
inside ecclesiastical sacrament

between
the pre-destined honeymooners
and filmscripts rolling becomes hired
witness in this emotional motions

trapping gist the package of 2 in 1 lives
and the smiles that projects and capture
the ones in a lifetime series
for leaping another chapter
captived now by the serial venomous eyelids
pasted in highpower lenses under the consent
of lights immortality
and soon
predictably as cannon raptures

and vanishes by time and trend
of next level of technology
but one thing is for sure
the details of eternity
lingering viewers picturesque
memories
now and forever

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Mature Poet Steal, Others Thought-Buying

in the Sacred Wood of
T.S. Elliot - immature poets immitate
mature poet steal -

but they can't ever duplicate my mind
a nobody's nothing as
the fools think of
like a hazy mist
peering in vain
as critiques frolicking
in gaiety rain

they can't ever plagiarized mine
my thoughts are extremely unfamiliar
a wispy proclivity
like gossamer threads
twisting your mind

blurry are all my manuscript words
striking subtle private experiences
against the world, against inner self

then how can they immitate and steal mine
my deep words of personal encounter

not unless i bargain these for
narrow-thought-buying

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Mummy Returns Sm Cinema 5

then the thirstless curtain
in theatrical stage
turns into desert

sandstorms
waving Egypt hills
down
to river Nile

by the sword
of reincarnated
scorpio warriors
bracelet of scorpion king
spear of osiris
frightened movie goers
echoing roun
digital wall

then the movie
becomes
mummy the cartoons

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Naked Flesh

naked truth
naked lies

naked eye
naked mind

naked dust
we come first

naked dust too
we end up to

naked transitional flesh exposure

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Notice What This Poem Is Doing

Like naked poets, I live
gathering flowers not yet blooming
gazing up rainbows
not yet raining
counting leaves
not yet sprouting
listening how they fall
on earth
beating like a lyre

Like them, I draw
painting invisible landscape
a practicing surgeon
diagnosing emotional aches
through panacea of poetical verses

Like them, I am mortal
living in denuding society
where literature spirit is decaying
in 3rd world face
where literal foods
are their main aspiration alone
neglecting figurative sustenance for
soul enlightenment
for fulfilling heart through
granular scripts of thoughts
as the staple food supplement for our
dying spirit
against all adversities
political
social economical
turmoil

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Pigmented Life

my teen-age poem

Life is colorful
wonderful
to see

full of challenges
everyone needs
to play
the entwined
of mystery
of joy and
sweet
memory

life is
what we breath
makes us feel
on how gorgeous life
it would be!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Portrait Dead Canvass

Lifeless trees
Motionless wind
captured by the
stagnant atmosphere
clouds dried up
zero ground clinically dead
lights are in their grave

Critics blame the painter
his brush, his oil

where is the sparkling sun
cloudless skies

only the fragile wall questing lights
need breathable air
begging heart

o poor
o dull
o lifeless painting on the wall
i mock too
the luxurious price tagging you
and your deny-to- death -oaf artist

invisible here
in this mall tour exhibit

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Art ***** Table Talk

Table per se is my best company
we've met everywhere
everyplace, I swear

I lie down here my hand
my empty crawling finger
on top of her hair
the table cloth

everyone is staring at me
and my crawling finger
typing empty word
above table face

every table is better off
than any furniture crafts

I know there must be
one good reason
for inventing this

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

At The Top (Burj Khalifa)

Once I only gazed...
now it seems levelling my feet

It's the Burj Khalifa
the tower of my dreams
a lording icon
and symbol that awaken
the glimpse of the ineffable
and impress
the thousand thoughts
of the unutterable

This is the tower of my dreams
a starting point of my vision
as I expand my sight
across unlimited horizon

Here at the top
I have learned nothing
but how to be firmed
against the unforeseen fate
dipping along the untouchable swaying sky.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

At The Top (Burj Khalifa)

Once I only gazed...
now it seems levelling my feet

It's the Burj Khalifa
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I have learned nothing
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against the unforeseen fate
dipping along the untouchable swaying sky.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Boomerang For Night Owl Sniper

I meet sniper canadian poetess
I meet banglad translator poet
I meet norwegian, american, arab
russian, german and from caribbean
I see the haiku, the free verse
the rhyme monsters
I meet the world - a poem waiting to be written
I meet the poem - a world waiting to be explored

I learn to be humbled with them
with their stories almost everyday
no overwhelming pyrotechnics
no foisting of ecclesiastical truths
and they do seem good enough to me

I see some of pasted faces
in high pixel size
in confidence with national flag
of their own
a perfect tandem with posted name
waving in honest pride
worth noting for
down in our almanac of
magical transition

I read their lines
as night owl critic
put comments and votes

to a great surprise
it is already mine!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Business Letter To All Publishers

this is not poetry outside
but inside

Good day!

Can I borrow your brain for awhile and take time to ponder this epistle of mine?

I am an author of 3 unpublished yet books of poetry,
WIND IN MOUNTAIN DUSK
PEN PUSHER
A CRISTICS CHISEL AND HAMMER

it's all about socio - political - economical - global issues,
the positive outlook OF nature,
the human life adventures of love, grief and happiness
that most of us keep so well hidden.

I am currently top 7 philippine poem hunter society and
roughly top 150 in the world poemhunter poet's statistics
among 25,000 members and million readers and critics
around the world.

I am looking forward for a kind-hearted publisher to publish
my most voted poems into books. Including my first 100 published
pieces in various national and international publication (aside from
my 300 plus amazing poems) .

Though books industry here in the Philippines is not always
on top due to economic priority but if this would be given a chance
and much attention this would be of great help to lift up Filipino substandard of
living as rice as staple food for the hungry stomachs
and good books should be for the empty brains.

It could inspire our soul, an eye-opener then to know why Filipinos
despite of our vast natural resources, brainy leaders and politicians
we are always left behind by our neighbouring countries.

Our market potentials are unlimited. Aside from launching in various
colleges and universities essentials for the coed book enthusiasts,
anthology collectors, professor's reference, we can also market through our

leading National Bookstore (we are connected with them already provided we can distribute to all NBS outlet) , the Rex Bookstore, the Goodwill Bookstore and other nearby school supply booksales for consignments.

The quotation for the book publication depends upon the publisher choice and this would discuss farther.

The sponsor's name, the publishers, would be included in the book page as part of the royalty rights and profit sharing.

Copyright and ISBN is now on the process.

Therefore, I would consider it an honor to be part of your benevolent heart in supporting and giving opportunity

the young seed poet's dreams and visions to germinate...

May I meet you in person to talk more about for this project, I am available to meet you.

Please email me thru marchanjet@.

' it won't moves mountains but it changes your mind '

RESUME:

Chief Definite Aim:

to publish books that would enligten reader's heart'
to be a socio-political professor

Education:

AB Political Science Graduate UV - Cebu, Phils.

Personal Data

Age: 29

Wife: Argee Atienza - Computer Engineer

Mother: Elvira Marchan - Doctor of Education-2

Religion: Iglesia ni Cristo

Country: Davao City, Philippines

Leadership / Organizations:

Founder-Prime Minister

Polscians League for Solidarity Inc 2002-2004
Director-elect, Christian Brotherhood International 2003
Cebu South District
President, Alliance Of leaders Among The Youth 2002
Pres. Gloria Macapagal -Arroyo non-partisan orgs.
UV-Cebu

Awards / Recognitions:

Best Debater / Best rebuttallist
Intercollegiate debate Cebu City
runner up Orator of the Year
Inter -University Open Speech Contest, Cebu 2003

Character Reference:

Major Nils Rojo, PNPA
Police Chief

I confirmed that the above informations are true and correct

.

RMD MARCHAN

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Existed To Explore

Have you ever decided to leave your home for years and followed your wild steps to wander at the remote places for your pen and paper?

Have you ever board in a wooden ship across fury waves and heard nothing except the wail of disaster?

Have you ever trek along mountain ranges without thinking any risk after a false single step?

Have you ever experienced a shaky train ride and passed fenceless bridges?

Have you ever slept even a single night beside the man – made dump site mountain and ignored the foul odor?

Have you ever taken a weary nap under EDSA fly over during political crisis?

Have you ever ran among the rallyist and lost your sandal and knapsack because of the sprayed teargas and police dispersal unit?

Have you ever alarmed and chased by airport fire track while motorbiking along run way and hid beneath sapling trees before silver plane taxi down?

Have you ever visited presidential tomb beyond visiting hour?

Have you ever traveled in a mileage zigzag road and wrapped by fog even in a perfect noon?

Have you ever appreciated God's masterpiece – the landscape of the world because you were at the cloudless sky?

Have you ever met strangers who offered free 4 days accommodation with winsome hospitality because you were once a good conversationalist?

Have you ever asked myself why I am restless and wanderer?

If ever you raised that personal question

I am glad to say

I had been there before and I still go somewhere

I am existed to explore.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Experience - The Oxygen Of My Life

I may survive without
the essence of nature
I may survive without
the aid of strange people
I may survive without
the presence of civilization
but I may not survive without
experiences
the oxygen of my life

experience is my
life's breath
as what somebody knows

gained from mother's womb
end up to my imaginary tomb

experience is the architect
of my shadowy future
it teaches courage
everytime I fall
makes me laugh during victorious
days i have won under the sun
makes me cry in every
mistake i have done

treasured most all
my experiences
not as an escape goat
of human sufferings
but an indebtedness
being a part of my existence

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Fear Me Not, Oh Please, Fear Not Me

I am not the poem
you read in hunter's web
i am not the simile
you read in rhythmic melody
i am not the methapor
nor personification nor hyperbole

eventhough my tounge can speak
literary language's soul
and my mind can blink
mystery of endless imagination
still i am not what you are thinking

yes my hand writes
romantic tone
from veins run the
blood of pen
to spell in solemn way

I AM A POET

with young strength of joy and pain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Inside Scraparium

Everytime I read books
in secluded nook
I touch the leaves
scan treasured thoughts

I skip not the frontal cover
down to marginal back page
I sit and refreshall gathered-molded thoughts
Patiently jotting down in empty note-
mystery, suspense
adventures, drama, fictions
trivias
humorous
i pack as food for thoughts thru
poetical verses digested by gluttonous readers

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Late Preface

mostly poems of mine
written in
singular form 'I'
sometimes 'ME' and 'MY'
entwined

when I speak of 'I'
I really mean 'YOU'
whose life story is
published in an open book
as mine
whose struggle to hit
chief definite aim
in life
still track in line
whose visions
are still far
but reachable.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Replica - His Quadruplets

A man's book is his replica
a connective diary where he prints himself
out of stigmatic curiosity

A man and his book travel together by fate
a blue print of his own geography of hope
a humble story from his passing wild world
a painting wall where he is able to brush
his artistic blues himself

His book reveals his unsayable mind cover to cover
his pages glow a replica of his identical quadruplets
they are ME, MY, MINE and ' I ' is the eldest offspring

this is who really ' I ' am from birth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Stolen Biography

...i write and sit / pushing slowly the pen /
i am a nobody's nothing / but make you think...

Excerpt from Marchan's anthology PEN PUSHER titled poem. The author is considered as the promising 21st century poet, he writes with special power of sensory impressions refined with finest imagery that they are carried vividly into the reader's mind. He has thought and tone, perhaps a series of changing mood and style pushing conclusions into a twist end.

He is like a photographer, makes pictures of people, places and awesome sceneries by using pen and words rather than film and digital cam

Poetry for him can stir up our emotions, gives expressions, inspirations, courage to concerns so many of us feel.

His write ups is the voice of a nature lover, adventurer, religious fellow, and an optimist son

beautifully crafted feelings straight from the heart that most of us keep so well hidden.

He graduated AB POLITICAL SCIENCE, UV-Cebu Phils.

Founder, Polscian League for Solidarity Inc. PLFS

Married with Argee Atienza, ComEng, NC-11

and his mother, Elvira Dominguez, MA, Ed.D-2

He is busy now as Swedish holistic therapy certified instructor.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** We Are Born As Writers By Birth

Who exclaim
writers are profound thinkers
Rich in vocabulary supplies
a walking dictionary
like abundant river
that never run dry

Like cruiser poetic chef
European cuisine mastery
full of seasonings and spices

Like an ironman wordsmith
engraving metallic language sheaths
like communication art architects
building up bridges
to link caliber conversationalists

Writers are not lexicon
doctorate degree holders
not even bona fide
world class excursionists

not even a tounge-twister
ideomatic linguists
can speak thru magic of pen
the countless vernacular tounes
and translate effortlessly
secluded tribal dialects
like the known noble poet
the legendary Jose Rizal
who launched Noli and Fili
books of patriotism and nationalism
our idol gifted guest

Writers are just like you
a simple ordinary fellow
like me, like us
like anybody else
who can portrait old memories

can express mind emotions
can divert wholesome nuggets
thoughts of wisdom into
golden printed words
either written in plain
lay man's term
so susceptible vividly
suing across the masses heart

We are born as writers by birth
we have been writing voluminous pages
of anything, everything under the sun

written freely by expressions
habitually by art sake
naturally by communications
forcibly by pain

sadly, almost if not all
taken it just for granted
only seldom have treasured it

hopefully, we are counted on
the latter few

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Biography ***** Words Printed In Mind

At first
I wrote
and not getting much
into publish
until my crafts
trapped
up to the point of
no turning back
and became
captive forever inside:

Malindang's Tribune
Misamis Weekly
Freeman Newspaper -Cebu
the Visayanian
Polscian's Tribune
Trailblazer
Preface - L.A.
Hudyat - Diliman, Q.C.
Mindanao Enquirer
Toyuzo - Davao
Voicesnet - USA
POEMHUNTER

and though the paper pages
will be tear down into pieces
and rottened by time -
not
the distinctive laurels
crowning in
every piece of
my heartbeat
written in words
now printed in your mind

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bleeding Emirates Sky

Watching the slow drizzling rain
slanting with the middle east wind
at first it seems all are fallen
from dilapidated A/C ceiling
it's not but from Emirates sky bleeding
from a wound of scorching summer scream

Shocking astonishing
flashing on my curious presence
how local by-standers yell into the rain
thirsty palms as their hollowed basin

Drizzle rains as I've learned
for Gulf dwellers, these are mere 'strange'
a whistle blower denoting winter comes'; summer ends

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Womb Talker

Son,
will you grow up
to be like me?

I hope not

I want you to be fearless
in facing of doubts and worries

I want you to be
an early bloomer

but I won't pressure
you my fetus child
as your mama
patiently wait
to give you
birth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Exploring Laparatomy And The Guilt

for sis IC after her appendicitis operation ca.1996

Wasn't it at St. Therese Hospital papa drove you first with our once-owned elf baby truck? then half an hour later, we transferred you in Oroquieta Provincial Hospital for a resident surgeon of yours for unexplored operational surgery

I recalled, you were wailing with undetected yet pain
you were too young as pre-schooler child innocent yet
in meeting fearful hospital paraphernalias
melted with x-ray radiation, CPR, blood letting needles
too young yet to be pumped by oxygen breathing aid
you were groaning and untouchable
mama's kiss turned into grief

what was your Dr. Uy say?
he will explore your laparatomy

it was a nightmare experience looking for blood donor
and everything to save your life
i couldn't hold tears rolled in cheeks while reading your name
in blue board listed as next patient to be taken inside
cavernous door in operating room

my heart was too chicken- hearted
to wait for your thrilling recovery
since i had aborted my kuya's responsibilities by heading on
for untimely Cebu vacation

i had feeling of guilt as I escaped that very evening
and it grown more when i went back home
i saw how strong you were, gaining childish strength again

i don't want to know every now and then the missing days of my presence during
your full recovery periods
it just adds feeling of guilt

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Fishing On Palilan Tabo-O White Sand Trenches

in memory of the late Carlos carling Caminos, our fisherman, and to my
biological Papa Romy
at Brgy. Palilan and Tabo0o, Jimenez, Misamis Occidental,
Mindanao, Philippines

Nearly summer
March night of 1995
crest of waves took off
beneath the escaping-out Pacific
typhoon eye
hitting upper most Philippine
archipelago

A perfect night for
my childish fishing adventure
at Misamis sea
after Papa permitted me to
join Carling in GOODBYE type
fishing

I threw then a fishing net as we
had approached the fishing bay
above coral reefs to trap
passer-by seasonal school of fish
locally known as the matam-baka
carried by low tide current
along trenches

we had a good 'catch' ever
until the last thrown and
the fishing net was trapped
along reefs

we simply bid goodbye
same as that fishing type was being called
goodbye to the nylon net
goodbye to the just caught fishes

too hard to pull it back
into our customized pump boat
the current was so strong
unpredicted
only the fisher's kerosene lamp
was left as we went back
shore
I lighted on
until now flaming in the
school of my memories

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Kristille

You are Kristille
we call you IC at home
a name tagging the tragic past
never mind that story

you are the youngest sis

you seem to grow without me
Kuya's comfort as your eldest bro
are the thing intended for you
but I couldn't ever shared

I've lost many miles behind us
something that I share with
the other people

It's unfair
I am unfair
I can't grow old with you
or the rest of our siblings

my fatherhood responsibility
is coming near

I am saddened that
my fair for going home
is not enough even for my wife
cesarean operation

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Kysia

You are my sister by blood
we call you Prell-prell

we have no concrete memories
in the growing stages in life
only the failing dreams
I had promised

I trapped before
in the realm of fantasy

my loaded idealism perished away
and nothing can lie
the real scene in the real world
where we live in

I am facing now the real truth in adulthood
a parenthood responsibility
just like yours

someday
our kids will meet each other
somewhere
it would be wonderful even if the
encounter is a moment

I want to see the blushing blood
of connectivity oozing
along their facial nerves.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Lyric To My Bro And His Guitar

Strum

Strum the strings
Of your brown guitar
Brings with me
To the music star
Lively as you are

Far in the awful nights
In the hour of silence
Plays me a song
With ease and delight

Plays no more
A sad song
Let the people hear
A refrain
Of imperial tune

Strum....

Strum the strings
Of your brown guitar
Brings the world
To the music star
Lively as you are

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Marchan Beach

to papa romeo and to his 8 remaining siblings, uncle berto, ramon, gondino, jun-taks, adit, alexander, auntie helen and sergio marchan

here there's tree house
of course tossed up by the tree
the talisay tree
a parola like posting
over the marchan beach
well-ventilated
sorrounded by native cottages
overlooking Panguil bay
embracing Iligan breeze
slashing Ozamiz waves
against Maigo charcoaled shores

below are talisay leaves scattered
everywhere
like my biological papa's siblings
living here and there
as the fallen leaves
spread out and re-united
after sweeping sandy ground
not for burning fire
but for Marchan grand reunion time

some leaves are fallen too and
swept down to unite
like Bungkawel clan hails
from other nearby -tree branches

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Marco Polo Hotel Davao

Atienza family welcoming 2009

I've taken a home January 02
at Marco Polo Davao
spending the night
into a first family reunion - my wife's side
tatay remy, nanay remedios, junryl,
eryl, taling, an-an, nole, ka josue, nicole
argee my wife

Argee planned this before new year's eve
and had swiped credit card for a less

Surprised prettily for the
whole family

lying inside the cold room 401
bathing hot and cold jakose
swimming at the outdoor pool
taking unlimited photos
and for you-tube videos
capturing five star hotel in and out
filled up with love and memories

It seems to welcome the entire
2009
the best year for us

Glory be to God!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Meridian Kinship Retrieval

thanks to Robinson Uyamot, Sarita and Titing Marchan and the Marchan clan in
Davao to Siquijor via Maigo and Ozamiz

And in the roomful of networkers
Meridian life, cryptomonadales algae
hails as the amazing food
in 21st century
claimed by experts can heal diabetes
and dreaded diseases

I was there for registration renewal
for product repurchasing
for updating my uplines and downlines
and a remarkable fellow Robin approached
me and shared a seat seemed to entertain
as walk-in client
ready for an ambush-special-table seminar
I kept on silence
we're both stranged, thinking I was new
and vice versa since I hadn't visited there for a year
but my aura had spoken already
within my veins that there was something
hidden and to be retrieved by chance
until such I presented my SSS ID
coincidentally my proud-to-bear-foreign-like
family name Marchan is also his wife
middle maiden name

and truly that was a great retrieval
bridging blood lines of kinship

and the rest was Marchan clan
reunion invitations
in Maa in Saypon Toril
then Mommy Marchan birthday
New years day and to come.....

and in Davao,
after 3 and half years

I conclude
I'm no longer alone

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Mother From Son

this is the first poem i've written to my mama

she is my mother
from earth up to next
she is the one, no other
to whom my difficulties i share

love is the place in mama's heart
full of compassionate care
warm kisses play on tender lips
with love from motherly embrace

in midst of misfortune and pain
inspiring words she uses to explain

my pensive life is awaken
to reach my golden dream

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Mother's Day Tandem

Whether spinning backward
circling steadily on time
moving rapidly into the future
still there is no other
most sentimental and
sensational tandem
of human life long relationship
than mother-son bonding

and this awesome epistle
share on this mother's day attachment
continuity
through emotional verses
though written in different stroke and form
unlike ordinary letter
from another tongue
another shadow
from darkest moment
and unstinting sunshine of courage
still this epistle manifests
awesome human life long tandem
the mother and son
son and mother ties
beyond compare

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Mother-Son Mental Conversation

I write. You read
I talk. You listen
I build up dreams. You teach me how to fulfill
I have illness. You are my physician
I am wearied. You give me courage
I stumble down. You stretch your arms and hold me up
I merge in a wrong lane. You pull me back to walk straight ahead
I am in the eye of evil storm. You are my earthly shield
I feel oftentimes life's burden. You carry my emotional struggle too
I travel away from home searching my missing disposition. You still wait me even
for so long
I have nothing to ask you more. You are my mother

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Mother-Son Unwrapped Gift

(my childhood poem)

How sweet
you are
my mother dear

Your love
your care
beyond compare

The breath
of life
I gain on earth

The greatest
gift you've
shared from birth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** My Birth Home Sinacaban, .

assumed written by my mother for her beautiful birthplace, written in an old-style context, by letting her borrowing my brain just for this moment

Oh! beautiful Sinacaban
Misamis sky shading on me
cheers from Panguil bay
reflects from Malindang hills
awesome breeze I love to inhale

Oh! bountiful Sinacaban
I am proud to hear your name
so radiance around shore of ears
with prime humility remains
forever springs of strength and blessings

Oh! beloved town of mine
a birth home of my own
known by crowning hospitality
well-embraced by excited guests
bring back nostalgic feelings

Oh! Sinacaban, my adorable Sinacaban
let dwellers always be your guide
through fervent love to have long life
amidst success and unavoidable defeats
peace breath at your side

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Bloodline ***** Ormoc Ticket Booth For Cebu

(summer '99 with bro BJ)

I am as the traveler
My home is own my pack
I have more pier to cross
As the captain of life

And just like you young bro
Sail on!
In your entire wandering hour
and
When clouds envelop your path
Be a fearless life navigator
Though our family
Leads us astray
Never be dismay
Cause we are young explorers
Destiny is on our way

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

China

@ china cluster, international city

a flat I call my comfort zone
as shield as ancient wall

the nostalgic dust
swift no more
against curtain-lock room

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Critics ***** Welcome Criticism

Who provokes
my english usage
are thoughtless
crook
meaningless

don't worry
my writing points
strictly not for genius critics
universal grammarians

i am penning down poems
following the lay man's trend
of my mind
expecting not
unexpectedly highly intellectual readers

enough that my low cost fellowmen
can cuddle my priceless thoughts!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Culture Shock Thru Auto-Flash Toilet

culture shock
basically not from
shocking culture

for there is no
culture which is
literally shocking

it is just peculiar
unfit to ones
foreign test

this "shocking" thoughts
has popped up
before leaving
the censored auto-flash toilet

that's really shocking
leaving the waste unnoticed

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Cut Too Much Materialism

Cut the root of envy
and envious root dies

too much materialism
scary and insane

learn to be contented
satisfied

you're lacking not
in everything

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Cybertech ***** As I Look Into Our Web

When I look
into my own
web site
I read myself
struggling
to be

unaware of the number
of poems I've written

unaware of how many
lives in all walks
in every corner
I've been touched and inspired

unaware of how much
joy and happiness
I've shared among
the dying hearts

I only realize
by now

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Cybertech ***** Lights In The City

There are lights
Glimmering at my sights
Stilted lights
Neon lights
The city life at night

They dance in the building wall
Gleam beneath heaven's floor
Break cavernous darkness
From dusk till dawn space

They cheat juvenile's heart
Mislead gal's decent living art
Tempt people's felicity
But they never deceit me

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Cybertech ***** Mouse Attack Virus Carrier

I sit by one
in high-end world
considering the artificial
agility of the mouse
who leaves arrow feet
tail-wired trail
connecting chattering keypads
extending cat brand CPU
and his life is
relying on human click

the other mouse
tail - less, wireless
who possesses extra level sensory
hooking up in a hole of PC drive
baiting over hacker's curiosity
oozing USB contamination
with viral minute flu
shutting down the bridge
the net

the mouse positively accused as primer
virus carrier

now he is in quarantine
under thermal heat reformat
or advise for CDR-King replacement

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Cybertech ***** Rehab The Inter Net Addict

I am an addict of inter net
my butt is nailed down, I sit
in prolong excessive bio-writing
thru keypad chattering death

I'm surfing as if no tomorrow
my 'yours' feels now in sorrows
by wasting much of time
spending hour, unclear to define

Discipline me, please, self-control
as fingertips type and crawl
hypnotized by flat screen face
inside oozing data base

I'm growing adult and empty
still writing stories and lonely
I'm bowing down my head on ground
seeking labor, sweat I found

I'm retrieving holistic massage skill
promising Europe, I'll sign big deal
if that great job will come to happen
I'll use no vain in web again

As long by now I keep on longing
Net cafe would yet be my friend
by upgrading Swedish therapy techniques
thru yahoo, google, you tube picks

Now I conceive why I am an addict
in facing of excessive inter net
Here I patiently learn how to wait
(for cruiser ship job as prof therapist)
and send worldwide hidden poems I keep

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Disaster ***** Dangerous Curved Line

motoring Kidapawan city to Kabacan USM, with ate joan for our nearly crashed to death experience. I lose control in driving, I didn't know until.....
for ate den-den, ivan, ate bebe and uncle vano dominguez

motoring down to Matalam highway
riding crypto Yamaha
60 km per hour
i focused on the
newly- plowed corn field
spectacular greenery scene
so tricky
corrupted my concentration as neophyte
rider
along semi-rough concrete road
accidentally
we were down at shouldering lane
of limestone and fine gravel
almost lost of control

Life traveler is like that
we should be aware
of an awesome scenarios
at first beautifully landscape
but a bluff
lead near to death
to tragedy

yes they are not connected
but following one after another

now I must focus more on
down untravelled road of life
but i should be aware
be concious of the tricky views
travelling besides me
and connecting my mind
like a dangerous-curved yellow line

Disaster ***** Darkness At October Noon

in loving memory of my neighbor's sudden death
A6 Anonas St., Diliman, Quezon City ca.1999

buzzing sound
roars from miles

wind sweeps
October sky

placidity rushes up

nimbus clouds rim dips

thunder crashes

lightning strikes its blinding flare

violent storm hurls to the ground

last ray of the sun looms no more

throngs unnervingly frighten

sympathizing the agony
of the sudden death of the noon

may this poem brings her rest in peace

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Disaster ***** El Niño Begging Rain

Summer soil
thirsty no doubt
craving for some
laurel moist
drizzling on erstwhile
loamy ground

Hungry as
am I
of your gentlest visit
yielding caress
to save life
a pro life sensation
for new hopes
for fresh- sprouting visions
to rise up from
cursed earth

Then a single drop
drenching by
sustaining
refreshing
revivifying
only in my summer dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Disaster ***** M/Y Katrina In Midst Of Storm

(Cebu to Palompon with my 13 Dominguez relatives after
Aunt Chat wedding, Dec.1994)

Pwera bisita, pwera bisita
An hour later

Wang wang wang
Emergency signal
Red lights twisting
Giant ferries went back from origin
Mactan channel got angry
Waves smashed high
Slapping Cebu shipyard zone

M/Y Katrina dancing with fear
Nearby lights turned to gray
Captain's alarmed were freezed
And were waiting
But braved enough to ignore
December storm
And we arrived at palompon pier
At noon

We saw the angry seas
For a brief moment
We understood

The captain must be the captain
Of Katrina's fate till death

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Disaster ***** Typhoon Spikes The Ground

Cry of pain
I heard
from heaven

In the dead
of the night

Lightning's rod
crosses infinite
lane

God's thunder
is roaring

I heard it all
over again

then
moaning
groaning
lamenting
echoing in the dark

suddenly
squall
violently
spikes! ! !

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Disaster ***** World's Catastrophic End

At times
when our dwelling earth
itself is burdened
as if the roof of
the sky is collapsing
and the weight
of tumultuous clouds
are too weighty to bear

and at times
all unchosen dwellers
herein-
can escape no more

and their treasured wealth
the prestige they all keep
are in vain,
the famous and the least
become equally the same -
moaning, groaning, lamenting
in verge of the world's
catastrophic end!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Dream ***** The Dream Walker

I wake up
i don't know whether
i am still dreaming
or with conscious in
writing

walking dreamer

i seek nothing
under the full darkness
of bright noon sun

void spot is
in my sight
disappearing before
this ink dries up

i am afraid
void spot
will disappear
before
this written ink dries up

i now blame
the dried-up ink
for that lose void
spot

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Dreams ***** Reverie Oh My Reverie

It's started on my bed

I close my eyes
begin to dream
dreaming dreaming
in wonderland
i would live
someday somehow

I meet no one
but torment wind
beyond the reach
of this
fantastic scene

I soar my wings
fly up high
flying flying
above the moor
thence i have seen
the perfect place
to scratch all pain

i float like sky
empty azure sky
weightless
disburden

I feel like
blonde new-born child
unguilt
innocent of worldly
things

I have dream
within this dream
dreaming dreaming
but mine eyes is
slightly open

wishing that this reverie
will not end
but it doesn't
this dream is just a dream
a magical dream
if
i wake up
this will pass as fleeing wind

I have realized
then
If i open mine eyes
wide and staring
I could see my dream
the real dream
a scene of life
full of sacrifice

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Dual Interest

leaders run government post
for public interest

politicians occupy those seats
with interest the public

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Dry Tears Mourners

Cry me
not
tears dropp
are in vain
wipe the pain
weep no more

i have no pity
you all concerns

look not
so mournful the past
it returns
no more
bygone is bygone
tears are in naught
i lost now pity
you all concerns

noboy i blame
if i fall upon
the thorns of life
again and again

your tears are in vain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Golden Age

for poem's sniper
criss-crossing poemhunter's web

your golden age
you often wait
a dream
of yours
but not too late
to pursue with
noble faith

that age where you wear
crown of golden crown
in your head
of fulfillment
lead not you down

and dwell in
life
from grandest part
i pray
this poem
strikes your heart

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Innocent Marchan Boy Perception

gather ye the flowers
while still blooming

beneath the sky
where the birds are flying

over the seas
hear the sound of the waves

touch invisible wind
fleeing place to place

songs of nature
you wanna hear

like falling leaves
beating like lyres

fresh air, tall trees
under them I play

oh! how beautiful
the world it would be

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Life - My Childhood Concept

Life is colorful
wonderful to see
full of challenges
you and I play
the joy and mystery
the sweet and misery

Life is
what we breath
makes us feel
how beautiful
life it would be!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Magic Dimple

and smile

I see simplicity of smile

where dimple shows worthwhile

and laugh

enjoy youthful heart

with dimple's jest won't apart

and cry

shed tears affectionate pain

dimples wipe cheek plain

and be thankful

dimple can't be bought

nor to be sold

adore even by a fool

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Native Air

(my childhood poem)

Native air is mighty
mightier than the sea
he contents my breath
from nature's life
brings comfort
in twice delight

I hear murmuring leaves
from tress, the shade-giver
fresh fume and scent they offer
showered by native air

days of life
will pass away
even how we use to care
in ephemeral moments
live happily
breath native air

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Package Of Everything

Some things are invisible
but we believe they exist
like the air we breath

some things are untouchable
but we can see them
like the rainbow under heaven

some things seem useless
but they offer scents
like flowers in wilderness

some places seem lifeless
but special nook for some species
like oceans and seas

some days seem worthless
but well-stored in memories
like the past gloomy days

some other times life is such
less of joy; full of pain
but be moderate young friend

our lives are just the same

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Pretty Butterfly

my childhood poem

there is a pretty butterfly
merrily waits the sun to shine
with purple wings she uses to fly
over the wind, a passer-by

this pretty butterfly
flying low and high
beneath cloudless blue sky
above flowers show un-shy

when i cry, mine eyes would dry
as I stare the pretty butterfly

If I have wings i use to fly
she never leave me and says goodbye

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** September Poem

My hand is running as magic pen
when i write, September Poem
my heart is beating like a lyre
when I read each poem's line

The grasses are growing green
when I write, September Poem
hymn of birds singing with glee
Humming the written verse at tree

The soothing wind is coming from plain
when I write, September Poem
It blows softly 'round my ears
gives colors of the days

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** The Sniper

Who is your sniper?

she hits my poems secrecy

what sort of secrets?

everything my autobio 's play

what do you feel?

i'm overwhelmed as a reborn poet

how would you pay?

i write more as it may

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** The Talking Birds And The Late Child Of Mine

why are the birds so noisy
somewhat they're singing at me?

they're enjoyed in carolling
perching above guyabano tree

why do the birds chirp lively
like calling my name with glee?

they wake me up from dreamless night
chirping, It's another day!

why do they stare sharply at me
after I wake up and pray?

they want to greet something
hello and write me poem a day

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days ***** Tricky Eyes

An eye beholders can't see
how expressive their soul window should be
only the naked eyes of others
conceive about their best

the crystal blue eyes
a key to open the sky

the calm blue color
glance everything adorable

the red witchery eyes
spot of nightmare's sly

the brown-coated one
a coolest to anyone

the mysterious pigmented yellow
cleanse all life's blue

the black-charcoaled eyes
like an Asian secret spy

I can surely distinguish
their fictional differences
thru lighted-window of mine
my tricky poetical eye

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Early Days *****secret Anthology

I have a secret

my anthology knows

I keep this with them

from long long time ago

I will try my best

the secret to keep

though i know soon

world reads what my secret is!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Earth ***** Global Warming Conviction

Cloud - broker
rain - fixer
ground - shocker
wind whirling
acid rain
salt wind
humid air
extreme summer
untimely cold
overflowing la niña
scorching la niño
pandemic swine flu
swollen limbs
incurable HIV
not isolated case

world is now in danger
nobody can escape
breath sooty air
lungs prematurely
resting in peace
universal genocide effects

suspect:
killer earth

conspiracy:
dweller's negligence

casualties:
living and non-living

sentence:
one day to endless catastrophic end

lesson learned:
don't burn tires, recycle non-biodegradable materials
massive tree planting
pass this message to all concerns

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Earth ***** Time For Earth

Dear mother earth
I know you are sad enough
The brutal ache that nature's told
Distress and beastly cough

Several years had passed by
Modern dwellers taken for granted
The tears, the burden of your eyes
Seems already forgotten

I first surmise your future's life
Needs concerned hand to build
To achieve your dream, I plant trees
And to live like green yesterdays

I hope you know how to wait
This will take time mother earth
I will convince all human races
To restore evergreen forest

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Earth ***** When The Earth Is Burdened By The Weight Of The Clouds

However strong the earth is
It is not strong enough
When the weight of the clouds gives up

And with every dropp of rain
Not taken by summer
Read this poem all over again
To warn, you're in verged in dead end

Some planet, glinting as powerful as the sun
Same as few men, think how mighty are their hands
Seem immortal to exploit other rights and freedom
They had forgotten, the earth, the clouds, all we'll be gone

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

England

my bed is empty
not even a scent remains
once it was blended with fumes
beneath imaginary blanket
caressing my toiling limbs

now the bed is occupied
books, pen and lamp

sole passion of mine
cannot be stolen

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fantasy ***** Diamond Heart Infatuation

Adolescent crushes
puberty blushes
I've got it all
and falling in love for
the very first time
with a teen-age crazy cool lass
and her name couldn't be
dictated in my loosing memory
only her cascading charcoaled hair
an ebony of her virginity
her tantalizing eyes sparkling
in my mind
her red macopa lips
kissable to kiss
her well-chiselled nose
every boy dreams to embrace
her hackneyed apple cheeks
her mona lisa's smile
trace with feminine nerves
a girl i have been praying for
wondering where she is

what make us fall apart?
she is a girl with a diamond heart

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fantasy ***** Ghost - Hunting White Lady

Descends from wilderness of the stars
traversing in the dark
earthly soil

Looking back
I see that lady in over all white
loosen like
human post of the light
over the wooden turning of
the weeds in the shadow
of death
of fear
of horror
of terrible run away
from weeds jerking

bamboo's hair in
my flesh rising up
like a tamed coy percupine

and the white soul
reverbarating
untouchable as Diana's face
as virgin as Mona Lisa's smile
flows round the night of
sexualizing modern vampire

ascending back into the
wilderness of the stars

twisting among mortal minds
vibrating to believe
the lucrative story
of my ghost fantasy

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fantasy ***** Mermaid In Biliran Sunset

for my cum laude bro Giovanni Amador and family who opened door and let me
in in the island of Biliran

my adrenaline glands rushing down my feet
to see in flesh the real mermaid before sunset

it is real
really an invitation from my bro that fired me
to stretch naval to almeria shore
to touch in flesh their little mermaid story
but the crimson sun
hiding down with shame
defeating my selfish intentions
he is now hypnotizing my weaknesses
as he gleaming deep down
inserting red rays in pockets
from mantling shore
reflects again dual sunset

the entire horizon now become
a single molten bay
sky turning red
sea now like a flaming fire

seems plagiarizing my real poem
caught in manila bay double sunset

like low tide coral reef painted as gold

and later i know that quarter moon will
surely ashamed to appear

for tricking my utmost interest to see
natures rather than fooling my mind
in hunting sexy mermaid fantasy

i hope my bro can relate this poetical apology

Fantasy ***** Muntinlupa Alamid Martial Arts

Alamid - the silent creature
Yes, he is
whose unfeircing spirit spies
against unlawful aggressor
like his infernal contender - the venomous snake

He ignores deadly assault
thru twisting strikes with tremendous
speed from nowhere
in instinctable sequences

And see -
The world where we live
a haven of infernal beast
whose murderous hands greedy to harm
innocents in all unpredictable moments
Learn how to contemn dangers
learn the Alamid defensive
elastic art movements.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fantasy ***** Nursing Fantasy

The lady next door
is entertaining again
wearing her white
nursing uniform
she is so
fresh
as she goes
to university

I hear her
feminine voice
down stair
asking
store attendant
for her appealing
vices
cigarette and
booze

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fantasy ***** Textmate Fanatics

Don't tell anyone we're texting tonight
softly press keypad
silent message tone
while sending
heart-warming lines
our perfect countenance
across distant miles

we're crazy
mind talking
tounge is our finger tips
brings wild pleasure
veils our private parts
a lustful disposition
secretly seduce
fooling our selves intimacy
facing LCD screen

send me more romantic phrases
capture me tonight
acquire my ownership
before loads and our cel
batteries are deleted
by desire

may the Smart wind carries
this weird Global affair of love
sex and fantasy

charging.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fetuschild ***** Ultra Sound 101

I've seen you in uterus
as gestational sac-like
ciddling within the
endometrical cavity
with no visible fetal pole
nor yolk sac yet

You're breathing with endometrium
a hyper-echoic
compatible with secretory like
phase of menstrual cycle
and no abnormalities
as your twind side bed
in right and left ovary

out of excitement
I assume now as your attending
doctor and be considerate with
my medical technical terms
considering that your mama
is my ever first patient
who suffer early intrauterin pregnancy

recommended for re-scanning after 2 weeks
to see you more closer -

don't rush baby child to see the world
grow in the process of your own
5-2-9 davao doctor's hospital

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Fetuschild ***** Ultrasound 202

I've seen you more closer
within of course your mama's uterus
as regular decidualized fetus
with gestational sac
containing a single fetal pole
with cardiac activity

no subchorionic hemorrhage

your heart pumping now
in the rate of 124 B per minute

I believe now in science
I appreciate high-end technology
It's God who bless us all

You are now a single hearted being
Alive!

11: 11: 50 am 5-16-9
OB/GYN dept

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

For The Death Of My Integrity

Now

i am demoralized by
my own irresistible flesh

buy me not
deep down
in a revengeful
conscience

but in a memory
of acceptance

that i am human

weakness is my strength

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Friendship ***** Gems Of Friendship

Oh! Friendship
what a priceless gem
both of wear
a seed
needs deep soil
a plant
needs plenty of water

Oh! Friendship
what a priceless gem
both of you take
a wine of life
a flavor of soul
a fruit of life
a leaf of pain!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Geography Of Hope (Book 1 Title)

There seems to be
a peculiar courage
oozing down
my veins
starting today

as I catch the dawn

glowing
beaming
shimmering from the dark -

tracing down
the geography of hope

as I ponder.....

for a brief moment

i understand

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Greece

here lies my bed
a sanctuary
comforting deep nostalgia

near window of lose sunlight
fronting the man-made
overflowing lagoon -
the oasis of homesickness
watering above
the building-occupied desert

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Haiku..... Green Jokes

Green jokes in my mind
Illustrating arousal
under parental guidance

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Haiku..... Cellphone

cellphone is ringing
touching modern affairs
connected by a sim

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Haiku....5 X 7 X 5; Levi's Jacket

old leathered jacket
hugging softly to shield me
so i miss it much

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Hilot

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand
the panacea of all illness

SWEDISH

Feel the soft touch like heaven
Soothing to your wants
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down
To your ached muscle tissues
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves
Petrissage kneads nodules of mortality

SHIATSU

The ball-ended weight of finger press
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping
Sequences of finger tips
Along meridian trigger points
Striking like a slow-motion bullets
BANG! BANG! BANG!
Hitting, targeting, shooting
All impurities of stressful flesh

REFLEXOLOGY

By the frontier tip of the sole
Corresponding physiological order
By the cliff of scientific manipulations
By the well-matched zoning techniques
By the channel system of fainted glands
There
Anchored the waves of reflex
Normalizing all fragile, weak
Vulnerable mortal being

STRETCHING

Lift me up high
As high as the mind relax as the sky
Bend down my wearied knees
Crack all stressed joints
Gently, please, gently

And
The numb soul is dancing now
With the flow of rhythmic
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only
no extra services
God is watching us!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

History ***** Spartans

At your times
you were honored
among your gods
as greatest warriors
at all ancient centuries

you swept as sparrow winds
and ferocious as the holocaust fire
against the multitude
heartless foes

Bringing always the banner of glory
and that was all for the GREECE

Death were invisible
by yours

Now, you are numbered
among the legendary dusts

the makers of history

The book never miss you all
You are still the living warriors

fading away

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Hongkong Take-Off 4/25/10

At window side

clouds broken into pieces
while iron wings slashing the sky
while mocking gravitational high

Gliding zest
above mortal earth
routing towards desert zone
the greener seeker home

8 hours skyline contemplation
before hydroulic round soles
smoothly kiss the ground
taxing down
cuddling all loosened breath

while welcoming Dubai

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Humor ***** Gensan Poet Who Laughed Upon Reading Panty No More

I bear your laughter too
in my ached mindset
like panacea of
comatosed thoughts

You deliver and send forth
wave of untouchable commotion
with sharp crest of immeasurable joy

You smile at the bay of void freedom
flight some words of senses
oozing down the nerves of awareness
in arousing humorous sexual blood comedy
as lessoned learn
when feminine veil drips
into a maximum unlimited uncover

male the opposite should be alert
should be in full battle gear positioning
45 degress salutation
3 o'clock hottest babe angle
with a triggered-ready-to - shoot white glue
explosion

then expect another new blithe fetus is form

God said: go to the world and multiply
then SUBDUE it
meaning take control over it

please do pass this pro-population control poem

help save the burdened pregnant earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Humor ***** Psycho Exam

While taking up a long psychological college entrance exam, the bell rang. One examinee shouted desperately, ' Yes, saved by the bell! ', that called up all our attention.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Humor ***** Nearer Bone - Sweeter Meat

Ignore grammar rule
while eating bony flesh
as nutritionist recommends
" the nearer the bone -
the sweeter the meat '
overheard by
clever shepherd
and eventually he pastures the sheeps
somewhere down
rocky bank of the brooks

grass abstinence 24/7
undernourish dieting

then the butcher
with cash is coming
as scheduled

the slim slender ribs
major bones and skinny thighs
of the sheeps
greet him as learned evidence

truthfully
the butcher have acquired
from witty shepherd thoughts

the nearer the bone
the sweeter the meat

as he tags in the meat shop
market site

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Humor ***** Headache

My mother had a severe toothache, she requested my 6-yr. old sister to buy pain reliever. When she went home from that errand, she brought a paracetamol for a headache. My mother scolded her. My younger sis argued, ' Mama, is your teeth not part of your head? '.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Hypermind At Dubai Mall

what pops up from my mind
not all from my mind
subconscious mind
unconscious mind
paranoid mind
narcissistic mind

never mind this mind

as long as my mind think
my mind thinking is on parade

don't dare to block along the mind
passage way

otherwise

stampede

let me think let me loose let me unveil let me out
from my prison cell mind
let me unfettered
let me unshackled
let me out in the dark
let me in in the light

let me move forward
let me undressed negative mood
let me firm against destructive criticism

let me think that your better is better than my better

let me think i am
the ' am ' who is no longer excellent in everything he think of

let me be down to the earth
to act perfectly in the realm of unconscious wrong deeds

let me repent but not a recidivist

let me read books from cover to cover
let bookworm voracious appetite to eat voluminous book's leave
be transformed in my reading instinct

let all my possessions if i have be seized by any other envied reasons
but let not my books - my passion
for I have no passion but one - my books

let me see the sun and let the sun sees me
so we cannot both see our shadows nor our dark sides

let me think more of what to think

let my mind freeze, numb, and still

let my mind rest in a fleeting placidity
in a transient peace

let now your mind be captured with the mind of this page

we are now both in stalemate state of mind

and so a man thinketh, so is he!

(TO ALL BEINGS WHO CAN TRULY RELATE ME,
MY MIND IN PARTICULAR/ China, IC, UAE)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Idealism ***** Ancient Wars Are Current Terror

Old wars were glorious
had justifiable noble purposed
necessary, understandable
tagged with humanitarian
heroic reasons
for survival sake
weapon's hit of curiosity
discovery and experiments
no business deals
territorial identical crisis
fought for freedom
vengeance and integrity
against empire explorations
with dynasty's cultures, traditions
religions, art's differences sparked
frictions among unripened nations
from ancient Sparta in Greece
via Genghis Khan attacked
back to Holy land crusade
via American civil war
back to French Revolution
up to 1st and 2nd world wars

Today's war is unconventional
diplomatic failures
business weaponry transactions
undesirable violence
imperialistic approach
self-inflicted-to-death terrorists
unnatural destructions
wreaking, terrorizing, slaughtering
innocent victims
war enemies are mingling among
peace loving crowd dwellers
living transiently as mutual civilians
but a trick
affronting ideology, racism, culture
religion differences permit for cruelty
covering up real evil threat

greedy intent
extortions, ransoms and criminalities

Today's war is not like
as the ancient wars
nations against nations
kingdom versus empires
but modern war is against suicidal
threat of terror
shaking the world into catastrophic
end

and humanizing the war solely
not the rapid deadly bullets
million-dollar bombs
highly -customized war fares
can top glorious victory

then history after all
never repeat itself

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Idealism ***** Columbus Vs Historian Vs I And Me

Christopher Columbus says to the historian
that outside world is not to be feared but explored

It's a half truth and a half lie

here in life adventure
an outside world from my barrio address

I have no single shadow of fear while
exploring, searching, meager peso enough
for monthly tenement house,
for spiritual divine obligations,
for daily allowances
for jeepney fare transpo
for cellphone load
for street food snacks
for a cool cigar imitation
for booze moderately
for anti-stress
for quarterly haircut budget
for laundry soap for my rugged old jeans
for tshirts bargain sale ukay-ukay
for poor boy tawas hygiene
for shoe shine and repair
for medical, NBI, police, barangay clearances
for CEDULA, XEROX copies
for resume or biodata
for 2X2 ID pics and passport size
for new short brown envelope
for employment credentials above
for next casual local employment
for another outside world job hunting

Historian replies to the explorer Columbus
and I am listening secretively
Yes, you fear not the outside world
because here in Marchan's city life adventure
the outside world of him has a fear into himself
fear for being unskilled and incompetent and

lacking college units credentials
while exploring outside world of unemployment

HR job interview result: i will call your number
within a couple of weeks or just wait for my call
or just wait for any vacancy

an indirect overused approach
for a fear to embarrass naive applicant like me
that i am not directly hired.
reject!

(summer of 2000, Manila. before i took up AB POLSCI, Cebu 2001, Philippines)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Idealism ***** Headline Witness

your Honor

I was there
for National interfaith prayer
rally in Manila
there with phalanx of
militant aggressive group
in Quiapo
there for union protest
in Philcoa

i was there
for Alay lakad from
Commonwealth ave.
to Luneta
there when Payatas victims
shout justice in
front at QC hall
after LRT Rizal day bombing
Makati bombing

I was there for 2nd episode
of EDSA drama
to oust Erap
there again for Edsa 3
revenge
for Gloria labandera scheme
there in Mendiolla
dispersal where I lost
my knapsack
and breathed with tear gas

I was there
to witness
how local and international
photojournalists painstakingly
captured these
historical events

Idealism ***** Old Balara, University Of The Philippines

My aunt house
an extended relative not by blood
but by province-neighborhood
kababayan vernacularly known

i use to visit here
monthly end
excluding today
for an emergency

I pace unfamiliar streets again
with still unfamiliar faces

pure-native dogs
barking impulsively
loitering in front of
master's right-titled yard corner

I walk sneakingly
along narrow strait
a single path for slender built
like me

still i am timid
to approach
my kababayan aunt
because of her undying
unconditional kindness
in sharing of
wholehearted amount
for my another
rush research paper
projects

learn to reject pride
swallow the ego
prepare the deadline battle for

tomorrow

i take a deep breath

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Idealism ***** Soliloquy By Pre-Law Student

seen thru University of the Visayas rm.342 before my 'intro to law' subject
seeing the oldest street in entire archipelago by world history

If I could recall all busy shoppers
passing by along gaisano main mall
in exit-entrance door, recalling grocery items
they had just bought
after their window shopping or for amusement
before waiting jeeps enroute to Inayawan, pardo,
lahug, ayala, urgelio, talamban, SM route
near pedestrian intersection corner jakosalem
beneath rosita es rose pharmacy
wandering people along plaza fair
to gems lhullier to colonade mall to metro gaisano
to downtown cebu

if i could remember all there busy faces
it should be kept and printed thru all the years
the smile features, fashions style
the how many times they come and go here and there
with wine of wandering unconsciously watched and
observed by freelance spectator here at room 342
it is me, seen by me
unknowing how tired the traffic post flashing
monotonous red yellow green, the silent rhyme stop look and listen
unknowing of the bolante vendors
the snatchers, the hold uppers
fratmen TAU and AKRHO notorious rivalry
the leftist recruiters sneaking secretively to indoctrinate
fresh nerd students

If i could recall these crowded scenes all over again
i probably not here alone idly waiting for nothing
watching un-program scenario just to cheer up my boring hours
in waiting to my boring law professor who will
surely discuss later about latin maxim-
reviving dead language for law bar benefits

Idealism ***** Unsung Untitled Song

in rm.211 dorm 3 as newly transfer, for my new 11 roomates who still remain

here i sudden came
and sudden fled away
in this momentary night
reminiscing solely
the overwhelmed hospitality
that made us one
and well-united
that my pen feels rejoice
to write a song of joy
straight from the heart

let the world knows we are one
let the earth knows we are rejoicing
not just coincidence nor for a while
and dwell in fading minds of memories

we are one through this
song
waiting to be sung!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Idealism ***** Up Vanguard Combat Field

Bass drum calls all ravenous cadets

700 military hours passed
we were yet at Commonwealth Ave.
from Central to the barracks of
nationalism-reservist team corps

double-time, 1st class officer commanded
a pressured call for NS12 ROTC
bravo 1st platoon
privately ran in cadence
hitting the throbbing distant drum

exhausted
50x pushed up
sir, yes, sir!
tiring squatrass
5 minutes facing the sun
mud crawling heading to rifle
barracks
wearing threadbare GOA uniform
with demerits paraphernalias
faded greenberet I just borrowed
unshine buckle
worn-out combat shoes
unprepared trainees like me
from the night
of psychosomatic bed of illnesses
an overused excused
for anti- ROTC cadet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

In Loving Memory Of My Self

Now i am breathless
swept by the wind of mortality

never dig a hole
lies on earth

bury me deep down
in the very core of your heart

where love and memories
lingering forever.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

In The Foreign Land

it would be easier
to work in a foreign land
than live at home
with an embrace from my son

though his laughter
ease my toil

it can't practically
lift up
the economic turmoil

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Indian Is The Client's Race

</>1

I have a client (in massage)
Pana (indian) is his race
Studied "daw" in London
and talk with shaking face

His armpit like a camel
smell "no washing" feet

smell no washing feet
smell no washing feet

11

We have a client
Pana is their race
Having business now in Dubai
despite dirhamscrisis

they're going to establish
Like Philippine 5 - 6

Like Philippine 5-6
Like Philippine 5 - 6

111

We have a client
Spring from Pana race
Having same -same faces
From Mumbai Populace

They book daily at FEET FIRST
But mostly no good tips

Mostly no good tips
mostly no good tips

Xi Tao (Chinese therapist) don't reflex
Kai Gue refused their feet

break down

repeat all stanzas

shukran

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Boxing Pacmania Fury For Comatosed-In-A-Mins. Hatton

let's get ready to ramble

Lightning jabs cock from nowhere
rapid strikes like explosive 1-2-3 bullets
deadly upper cut
like bombshells landed
on broken face
killer left hook for funeral
referee's cut the fight
from south paw manny pacquiao
phils hero
hails from gen san city
knocking out acclaimed-known
ring champs
from mexico to nevada garden
down to entire world
blow-by-blow boxing arena

crimes on the streets
click zero rate
while cheering
the battle between
east and west
recent and the rest

crowd seemingly united
chanting pacmania
victorious historic moments
and carried out with
his breathtaking venomous blows
the pound-for-pound king
can offer

a poor boy from the beginning
now a million dollar-
pay-per-view collector

as he squares on defensive
canvas
as he is on top
for division belt raising
ceremony

critics again would say
he is not yet the
king of gloves again
unless he could bet another
deadly line-up champs
and contenders

what an endless
tale of tape round
for pacman

obsess fans always
looking forward
for infinite rambles
to end up his life

retire now
legendary idol
you have nothing to prove
more unto yourself

grand salute
national icon pacman

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Danger Gives Me Courage

Now I'm not bored
at moving
step by step
slow, down the path

each pause

the dangerous curve

brings me courage

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Dawn Brand New

dreams of yesterdays
hopes of today
futures won't fade away
starts in glowing dawn each day

at dawn, mysterious dew
spring out in weathered window
incessant wind sweeps all blues
replace with dawn brand new

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Enough Worldly Poems

Puff of wind
passing shadows
as mundane sorrows

Endless happiness
awaits after
today's sacrifices
Go on!
perform divine
tasks religiously and duties

Behold morning sun
share faith to everyone
savings souls
old and young

Grandeur mountains
Universe infinite end
Creator's signature pen

Rdiant dawn
hopeful mist of the morn
salvation is too closed
to near not too soon

Sweet voices
reverently singing
Glory Be! the Lord's
Mighty name

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Human Being: 2 In 1

Night time has its own
darkness
as the day time
has its light
and never been mixed
nor intertwined

that 2 opposing times
are possessed by
individual human being
and purely mixed in disguise

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** I Am Not The Man Of Failure

Don't say I am undoer
Don't tell I didn't try
I have many endeavors
Success not yet reply

Don't think I'm just a dreamer
A man who wants to fly
Across heavenly castle
Without single step I try

I am not the man of great loss
I am not the one you think
But yes I am arisen
From chaotic world of pain

I am not the man of failure
Nor the man of success too
I am in midst of challenges
Fighting hindrance foe

I am not the man of failure
'cause I give up not nor quit
I am in sweat and labor
Struggling learn to wait

I melt hundred candles
Spark in countless nights
With one dedicated heart
For my course as guiding light

Now my striving years are long
So quite long of time
Seems a lifetime journey
Till success crowns along my way.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** It's Not Too Late, Slumber

It's not too late
to reach the mountain's peak
the road is still clear
the day is not yet over

it's not too late
to climb the success ladder
stairways still there
welcome all steps without fear

it's not too late
the best is yet to come
the sun still shining
gives light to everyone

wake up now, weary slumberer
learn how to cultivate something
hit your chief definite aim
it's not too late, to start my friend!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Stirring Up Emotions

A poem expresses,
with thoughts
and feelings

A reader
with stirring up
emotions
of love

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Take Down This Book

Take down this book
And slowly read

Turn its leaping
Light –spirited page

Feels the warm of
Nature-scented leaves

Look softly its verses
It prints thousand words

It draws colorful pictures
With great lesson from the past

Hear its living voice
In silence

Make way its whisper
To your heart

It multiplies affection
Adds happiness

As you take down this book
And slowly read

Till the last page.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Inspiration ***** Weather Man

Seasons like this
I would
write a letter for myself
full of rattling rains
but this is today

Tomorrow will be
an epistle
of summer sky
quietly written
under smiling sunshine

Let the weather
climate change
come along as they may

Seasons after seasons
as the lonely clouds
collecting dew into storms
to typhoon, to hurricane on life
then comes calmness
stillness as expected
in your heart

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Jogging Lesson At Palilan Shoreline

written at Jumeirah open beach
facing Persian Gulf, UAE

with nostalgic feelings
a reminiscing.....

while jogging along Palilan shore
Philippines
salted sands get into
my right rubber shoe

I take the shoe off
remove what causes discomfort

I've learned:
when the mind is veiled with injurious thoughts
and radiates only gloom -
get rid of the mind's rubbish
assert mental positive antidotes....

As I jog through graveled shore
on a way back home

tiny pebble gets into
my left running shoe

now I take both shoes off

take bare-footed walk

I've learned:
when the road we've taken
filled with adversities
walk on
traverse all barriers
even beyond others aid

Journey - To My Journey

Who says life is a journey
not a destination
and man is the captain
of his fate

If life is a mere journey
heading towards its goal
and the goal itself
conceded life
it ceases its journey

If man is the captain
of his fate
then why some men landed
in a tragic shore

thus, what is known is the unknown
what is certain is the uncertainties
what is fix is the unfixable man's destiny

don't be dismayed to the unknown
the uncertainties the unfixable yet destiny

Enjoy along the way
take each time
pace by pace

and your dreams come eventually
visions turn into a reality

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Keep Your Plan Within Yourself

Tip from Prof. F. Mina, my masteral mentor UM, whose wisdom inspired many of us

If you have plan
keep it within yourself

otherwise
negative intruders steal
your dreams

If you have goal
set it within yourself

otherwise
evil corrupts
with its narrowminded tilt

Goals and plans
need not to be bragged

they're yet superficial verbo
uttered in in the air

and keep this tip within ourselves.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Landtrip ***** On The Loose

via Buda, Davao, Bukidnon to Cagayan de oro

(aboard 10-wheeler Forward truck)
Waves of mountainous ranges
verdant walls, carpeted valley of death
We are here moving up-down
along narrow passage
breathtaking ride
glancing down echoing depth
magnetic force from full blast gravity
from inner core
Renovated highway
sharp blind curve, accident prone
I keep on praying that
whistling air break won't loose
and push beyond death margin

Mayon volcano darkfield Albay
(aboard Philtranco bus from Pasay to Tacloban)

It's totally dark
I am now in Albay
craving to see the world known perfect cone
hiding in the dark
I forcibly open mine eyes wide
wiping tainted glass
facing the cone, the Cagsawa ruins, the ashes
imaginarily
absolutely blind
and better luck next trip
I should pass here at perfect noon
now i keep on glancing Mayon postcard souvenir
I have bought in National Bookstore

Greetings from coastal highway Cavite
(commuting from Baclaran church to Bacoor)

I am quiet, no doubt
silence envelope my veil of excitement

appreciating the velvet sun traveling
besides the PUJ open window
so clear as the pushing waves
strolling from Manila Bay on way home
a fount of instinct hospitality as
Caviteño breeze sends warm greetings
upon entering their historical territory
so flattering as I receive imaginary messages
Welcome on the loose!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Landtrip ***** On The Road

Along Pampanga expressway
(aboard Partas Trans 8338)

Trip to La Union, we're caught by emergency
shoulder lane - engine trouble
2 kms. away to Clark starting perimeter
Angeles boundary
I just read this at the reflectorizing post
and while waiting for sister bus to fetch us
the panoramic view razes out the boring hours
of waiting
the un-droop flight of birds from active Pinatubo
phalanx of Asia' s staple food
oceanic habitat of marine cultured species
Quite far beyond the eyesore building wall
in Metro Manila where we escape from

On the road to San Fernando
(aboard Victory Liner)

Seen through bus window
the Agoo's 15th century landmark
the renovated Basilica church
Modern nominal castle, shrine on humpish hillside
marked La Union Spanish-influenced past
the broad-breasted acacias
the towering pines
the green-leafy Philippine grapes
un-bloom tobacco
herd of cows too young to be butchered
Just wait patiently

As I pass by Quezon Province
(Philtranco bus from Cubao to Davao
2 days and half tracking)

If i could do it all over again
land trip from Luzon to Mindanao
or vice versa

I probably stop here for a day and
drink coconut wine
the Lambanog
yes good for the heart
drink moderately
as goverment warns in TV
and I probably bring a galloon
gum flavor, blue or red in color
for my curiosed kababayan in Mindanao
I am proud to suck the Quezon sweat and
blood of specialty
cheers!
One for the road!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Laughter ***** Art Of War Seduction

Sun Zsu ' Art of War ' believes indespensably as the greatest influential book patronized by many ancient army generals, warriors, conquerors, like Napoleon Bonaparte, Adolf Hitler etc.. and even in this modern era, still this book is read by many politicians, businessmen, and students.

I wonder why my wife staring at me so sharply while reading in hand the 'Art of War ', a minute prior to our bed time encounter.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Life ***** Be Brave Unlucky Self

Look straight to the radiant sky
greet each lovely morn
leave doubts behind
reap peace of mind

Amidst severe drought of sun
curse not as speaking evil tongue
learn virtues, humility down
as blessed fellow, affectionate son

Breath free for joyous tomorrow
be brave to face uncontrollable sorrow
be a self-erected a new man
even luck never knock at once.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Life ***** Born Nothing / Reaching Dreams

Great challenge!
reaching dream
from nothing

Fail knots
in tieing
exert guts

Trial days
nothing wrong
stand firm

Add efforts
excel more
reach shore

Near far
quit not
rising star

Success comes
sweat pumps
well done

Crown your
book launch
author marchan

Born nothing
reaching dreams
possible end!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Life ***** Bulldog Tenacity

Life is not a game
of chance
the world is not
a pedestal
where we stand idly
like breathless statue
waiting passers-by
for taking photos as
back view

game of life
is not for a few
not just for
smartest fellow

all are actors
in a huge stage play
and winners
are those
with bulldog tenacity

let us learn how
medalist olympic runner
struggle, persist
and persevere

we too
have unique individual
racetrack
in life
where we run
and get winning prize

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Life ***** Choose Righteousness!

Man in nature is weak
but not an excuse
to do a mistake
God bestow us
wisdom
above all His creation
on earth
to distinguish instinctively
between right and wrong
between the good and the evil

a freedom to choose
moral acts as
society standard norms
not to the extend beyond
border lines
established by God
written in biblical verses

Man is not created robot
controlled by self-remote
imperfect flesh

Man is not invented as stuff machine
empowered from above
to do programmed task
and well-scripted aim
without intuitive human consent

Wisdom and knowledge bestowed
upon us again
to have a gift of freedom
a free will to choose
either ejecting worldly pleasures
or retaining in vain and be punished
in 2nd advent
thru fury lake of endless fire

or to choose righteousness

and be saved in upcoming judgment day
upon entering the true Church Of Christ
in this last days

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Life ***** Chronicle Of Triumph And Tragedy

Life is a chronicle
of triumph and tragedy

the triumph of exploring oneself
own field disposition
and docks victoriously
in the wharf of
contentment, fulfillment
and satisfaction

the tragedy of spending with
fickle - mind moments in
searching of inner- self
until he finds out
he almost lost everything

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Lonesome Winds Collection

Though some wind strikes catastrophic end
some blows concrete chills
some are ferocious as fire
gists no gust at all

winds are like self-acclaimed laurel
crowning an empty head
who keeps on bragging himself

perhaps the wind pushing my pen
misread by curious men
as strayed bullet
hitting aimless aim

and by now they would know
the wind I've revealed
still and motionless
a breathless wind traps
on a book pocket -
a random diaries
of time with rhythm
of defeated and triumphant dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Hospital Agony Between Life And Death

thanks to Jury Magallanes, Robert and Inday Montanez, Sis Edlyn Villalba for an emergency aid and encouragement

I was weak, paled, hungry
while queuing at blood bank
for Argee blood test result for confidential operation
I was about to collapse since I had sleepless night
from San Pedro hospital to DMC operating corner
The time was past 1 pm
Though my vision flashed no more
I could still see the head of every patient's watcher
passing along hospital lobby
waiting lounge, ICU, and at right lane
heading to generic pharmacy
I saw sad circumstances and agony
I saw confusion, doubt, and love
I saw the lost, the pain, the bitterness
I saw the bravery especially in emergency room section
I could have cried with each dying heart
My sympathy
I found hardly difficult to accept this whole truth
Health, life, loved ones are more precious than
wealth and power
I had walked among with them
among the seeking eyes
among the agonizing hearts
with an empty wallet for doctor's prescriptions
among the charity and social welfare hopefuls
among the Philhealth and HMO cardholders
I had smell their frightened too
and understood their adrenalized tensions and boredoms
I had respected their unusual tightness with their God
I reached carinderia below under passed corner
and kept eating for physical strength renewal
I was so sure I would soon be free
out of this purposeful tragedy
Free as my fearless heart to marry
my fiancée patient after her complete
speedy recovery

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Don'T Be Despair, My Wife For A Lifetime

From your heart
I make promises
that I never break

I let your breath
inhaling within me
even in the darkest hour
of our matrimonial company

From your strength
I make a wall
where sacred pledge are written
and reveals beyond your smile
and our couple's courage intertwine

' Till death do us part'
a universal couple under oath
I crown that blessed laurel
for richer and for poorer

Marriage is not just a pleasure
far beyond from my singleness perspective view

Today i learn the thorough parenthood responsibility
coupled with love and indispensable perseverance

Sooner, we will become three
additional fatherhood responsibility

We have wall whom we can lean on
spiritually, emotionally and even physical struggleship

Don't be despair my wife for a lifetime
though I am a neophyte in this new world of ours
but you're not alone
I am here
a full-grown man, your husband
a parent strongly I can stand!

Love ***** Guardian Angel By Request

written with pressure as requested by my friend with amount paid
and this doesn't exactly affect my religious belief nor this is dedicated directly
to my special someone connected from my heart

I do believe unknown angel above
sending you for me to love
you pick me up among the rest
because I know you love me best

You always have extended arm
with you my feet firmly stand
you give me all, everything you have
the sweetest joy, the care and love

You make me feel a man of special
and cheer me up amidst of trials
your smile I catch seems worthwhile
you're the woman on earth, to tell no lie

For all these years we're going through
you're like my dream, seems all come true
thanks for everything, inside and out
accept my love, as whole, no doubt

now if I die, I leave you here
I wait you too in heavenly stairs
if you're not there on advent day
am pretty sure you're in another way

Then undeniably, I'll flap back my wings
sacrifice my harp, and joyous things
to prove my love for you is true
I'll go to hell, just to be with you

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** My Admirable Someone

She is a woman
whom I've never
met before

A woman
who lights
up my future

She cares
a lot of me
Keeps secret
about me

She is the strenght
of my weaknesses

She seems the lamplight
sparkling in the darkness
of my loneliness

She is the cream
of morning sun
in my struggles

She is meant
for me

She is
my wife

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Name Poem - Argee

A - arg, in you i see
the strength of my weaknesses
R- remember without you
i may live but in midst of loneliness
G- glad to be a full grown man now
wrapped in your arms
E -every new day from the start
is our pleasant memory
E- enough that you bind me with love
what more could i want?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Once We Loved The Dust

for Ka Josue, Nole, Nicole who waited for our arrival from a long rough dusty trip,
Tupi highway to INC Cebuano locale, South Cotabato,
with Argee, my yours

Once we loved the dust as it blew
Down from the pineapple plains
Propelled by the tricycle wheels
That whirled the dust
To breath in the air against our sight
Our nostril but still we loved
The dust as it blew.

Once we loved the dust in Cebuano
Almost as tight as the romantic
Touch of our affairs
Too tight as our eyes
Closed against the dust as it blew

Once we loved the smell of the fish
When its melting-blood-scented ice
Dropped over our head
From the cab roof and we loved
To take the foul odor for granted
As long as we held breath in
Midst of life-and-death
Roller coaster road.

Once we loved all of those things
A combination of sea creature and sand
Plains and waves Fear and love
And we knew there must be something more
When we often visit our cute Nicole

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Precious Wife

Wealth is power

Knowledge is influence

Yes

They can sweep down mountains

build up highways

civilize the world

generate computers to ease life

But

They cannot purchase

affections

companionship

of a true wife

Her love is precious

like the 'calling' from God

it is given

not bought

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Love ***** Till My Last Breath

I have a pledge
to you my dear
a solemn promises
I always keep
with bless in teh vow
of our marriage

giving you my love
until my last breath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Luck Of The Unlucky

let them talk
i am fool
let them smell
i am stingy

let them see
i am murky
let them think
i am insane

let them feel
i have " disorder" in all kinds
let them keep away with me
i am k.j.

let them backbites
let them cut-off my head of reputation
let them criticize for my being indifference
let all their tounge be rottened in a wrangling of comments

let them all be my antagonists
let ther world against my feet

these couldn't kill my rooted passion
in reading books
my burning desire in writing at secluded corner

though i have unlucky personality
i am lucky enough
to have words, my simple thoughts and verses
that can touch the unlucky- character fellow like me
I can melt their hearts as hard as stone
I can shake their numbness like a boiling water

never did I mock them the unlucky like me
and laugh and put downable look

who's therefore a stingy and a fool?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Marky 1979 From Horizon And Beyond

A man who was born December 12,1979 and never been lost
he had only been mislaid

He got into places far-uncharted
to escape from hometown blues

He got to move through countless attempt
detach from burden and yet never at ease

As he is reaching up on the neck of time
he is trapped on fatherhood crown

and he responsibly absorbed:
it is not criticism, cowardies, fear, timidity
pushed him self-abandoned
it is negativism, the self-killer thoughts
he instinctively weight most

It is not disappointing environment
unfriendly folks he has encountered
make him despair, formulate roving habit

It is senseless anxiety
he unconsciously suffering

It is not ignorance, negligence, insufficient
of moral aids as he believe is lacking
make him crank, visionary, slaved by own dreams

It is the knowledge from the wise
he just ignored

It is not his horrible experiences
make him firm at last
it is his courage
equip with spiritual virtue, emotional maturity
grace with Godly wisdom in knowing my existence

Matter Of Acceptance

So I write
an anthology
in the wind of
un-publicity
in an empty pages
of uncertainties

but what did
my readers say.....

after mortal poet
remain immortal critics

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Memories ***** Echoes Nostalgia

Look back the days of yore
turn leaves of yesterdays
scan hidden photos
of memories
peel off the scars of pain
the printed joys
tears in heaven

Think some snapshots taken
from somewhere
look at scrupulously
inside your voluminous
pages of yesteryears

Read the experiences

Isn't it a cycling incident
in life?
ages and physical maturity
are obviously changing?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Memories ***** Extended Home

Since I was a child I had vision
To gather treasured thoughts, unusual experiences and stay to the places
With an atmosphere that can fill up my emptiness

Waking up once at my lonesome bedroom I felt like a man of curiosity,
A son given permission to chase the wind that carries my dream from a far

Fired with negative humors full of despondencies I heard
Stronger than fear and confusion, they were thinking I was a lost fellow
A crank a dreamer greedy to capture the moon and to pull it down right now

Their thinking were misled by their innocent thoughts

I explore not for childish pleasure but to gather details
And print into pages

Give readers a private place where they can call their own extended home

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Memories ***** Twilight Of Nowhere

I would

rather wake up

in the

twilight

of nowhere

than

to sleep

whole night

in the

home

of

despair!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Memories ***** Welcome San Juanico Bridge

(from the photo of mine circa '95

For my cousin Don-don Dominguez, now a Phil. Navy)

Look at this old photograph?

Guess who took the shot?

So artistic

Like the silver bridge

At the back

Linking Samar and Leyte

Across Tacloban channel

Above homeless islets

It links us

Though we are apart;

Make us together

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Memories ***** Yesterdays

We all

have yesterdays

with highlighted

remembrances

few are

just scrapped

never

to be

traced!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mind Awake

During nap
my mind
is thoroughly awoken
doesn't mean
in waking moment
my mind
is slumbering

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mind Bursting

never mind this mind.....

I pause and think
pushing slowly the pen
or just a clattered typing

though my written verses
are crooked and broken

never mind

for the mind bursting

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Kitanglad Bukidnon Calling

Confidence pushes me here
to be here
at Mt Kitanglad ranges
from Buda with excitement
immeasurable

too self-assured feelings of mine
in crossing gigantic shield
in Mindanao
from
whirl-to -death hurricane
from wings of deadliest typhoon
spring up from angry Pacific eye

too smooth
too yielding
for my nomadic feet
too seldom to encounter
as endangered eagle's flight
no stray
in yonder forested hills

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Marvellous Sierra Madre

You were carved by the Mighty sculptor hand
an Omnipotent Invisible chisel
the Chief architect of the Universe
the CEO on infinite creation

I didn't expect this would be our great countenance
i am just a humble care taker
in between on this placid grand Laguna bay
where your mighty feet rooted by centuries

you are so fertile and marvelous
you are so mighty like your Engraver's wisdom
but you are too lenient
to all corrupt loggers
greedy protectors from government
to harvest your soul

I am jealous
and please moderate your tolerance
and to all illegal loggers
emphatically moderate your greed!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Mount Malindang Hymn

my first published poem

Malindang Tribune publication, Oroquieta City Phils.1996

I am glad I am a mountain
Lording over smiling plain
Watching beyond Panguil Bay
Keep always peace I pray

I lead my arms where springs flow
Stream of life where my might shows
To Misamis Occidental whom my dear
The peaceful province I love so well

Faraway to my own foothills
Raise the tune of harvest home
From Misamisnon heart of thanks
Through wholesome rice fields come

The orient sun shall bow to me
His rays reflect from Iligan sea
When nights come governed by dark
The solitary sun hides at my back

To my dear bountiful land
I guard you safe peace and calm
Until now evilstorms can't overcome
Because of my great name, Mt. Malindang

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Mt. Apo's Peak From Afar

Mt. Apo the highest mountain in the Phils.

Great as that of the sea
Is every mountains mystery
Unfathomable nest
Where eagles flight for liberty

Flora and fauna firm feet
On ranges terrain traces
That which magnify
The language of calm and quiet

So kingly is that mountain's peak
Standing out archipelago state
Inviting writers to ponder on
Create poetical verses

Adore! Such wondrous display of nature
Adore! Hallowed phrases on cloudless door
Adore! Thru that peak climbers perceive justice
Adore! Mt. Apo invites equality and kindness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Mt. Malindang's Hymn

I am glad I am a mountain
Lording over the smiling plain
Watching beyond Panguil bay
To keep always peace I pray

I lead my arms where springs flow
Stream of life where my might shows
To Misamis Occidental whom my dear
The peaceful province I love so well

Faraway to my own foothills
Raise the tune of harvest home
From Misamisnon heart of thanks
Through wholesome ricefield comes

The orient sun shall bow to me
His rays reflect from Iligan seas
When nights come governed by the dark
This solitary sun hides at my back

To my dear bountiful land
I guard you safe and calm
Till now evilstorms can't overcome
'cause of my name, Mt. Malindang.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Pinatubo Tragic Ash

While passing at Capampangan longest bridge
heading to Tarlac
while crossing last frontier
dike
my mind is stepping down
rushing up to tragic lahar
delta point
staring at remnants of magmas
pasted into deserted ashes
where printed feet of rolling rains
framed well in dying rivulets
there trapped sticky ashes
360 degrees scoping
all venues as far as I can see
every space is a burried
civilization turns into a memorial
lot of white dusts
too early to be raptured by
quasi-dormant killer lava
burning old generaions
and cleansing old sins

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Mountain ***** Taal Volcano In Lake Taal

seen through people's park in the sky - tagaytay highlands

A broken cone-peak floating
stagnantly above placid lake
a mirror in sky
vacuuming tourist's foreign eye
perching here in hollowed high-
altitude
capturing wonderful details
for email pic genre
for friendster boasting stuffs
through a click of cyberspace that
once in a moment
we are here hypnotizing
floating taal
in realistic approach
after a flight or fight respond
against the hard to bear frozen
breeze

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** Nomadic Shadow

shadow floats in river
climb highest hill
rest in mountain peak
take long lazy walk
beneath trees
in the yard
rain forest

shadow hides at temple's side
crawl in skyscrapers wall
under canopy
in ceiling home

shadow chases moving train
fly ahead with plane
dive beneath ships

shadow has myriad arms
elastic palms
create infinite figures
trick rational human eye
even in the dark

your dark reputation is the black shadow itself

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** Rush Telegram

Listen
ther is a
pleasant song
so pleasing
around the
shore of my ears

I cannot tell
it from where

listen
listen

Have you heard it
here?
through this
awakening letter?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** Silent Lightning

Gaze up above in heaven
See the flash of the silent lightning
The flare is over
Comes the roaring thunder
His light crosses
The clouds though
He will not hit
Those who knows;
He looks upon the
Earth's garden
A sign to spray
A purple rain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** Snow Melting / Avalanche

Unknown snowfall
from mountain pack of
avalanche
diving down
caught by
placid lake below
the mass of broken ice
laid glintless
stagnant
steady
as the azure floating sky
reflection like mirror
among innumerable
tall arrow Indian trees
staring quickly at the
white powdery dust
of commotion
as quick as
I glance
on this borrowed
photo album
snow melting cover
4/16/01

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** The Buruwisan Crystal Falls

She is the daughter falls of Pagsanjan
by spectators
local and foreign tounge
Pagsanjan is the goddess falls in
archipelago
like crystal Buruwisan
her awesome white water
lass
cascading
flowing down the brooks
rivulets
like in an exhibit painting
in shopping mall
gallery
in museum
but here she is alive
moving
talking
diving
greetings with pride to all
picture takers
and by night
she is snoring
breathing
can be heard up to
the farthest
trekker's tent

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nature ***** Wind Round The Shore Of Mine Ears

hissess.....
.....
.....the wind

round the shore

of my ears

hissing

hisssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** Fare For Home

Why did i roam
to somewhere
find perfect bliss
sole felicity
make bridges
connecting
infinite seas
restless as the wind
flashing as high bright sun
craving disposition
from floating self
above zero ground
and make me
think to naught
except a fare for home

a bill of excitement
to touch the basement
of my blood

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** Miles Away From Home

Alone
i travel somewhere
mile away
from home

alone
i roam
to nowhere
miles away
from home

alone
at sharp Dec. noon
in far-uncharted lawn
in huge broad stone
i sit alone

and write
nostalgic song
before i'll go back
at my mile- distant home

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** Mystery Of Palilan River

my teen-age poem 1996
jimenez mis. occ. philippine island

i see the mystery of
palilan river
i can't write
even a single word
to compare

her image sparks
into my sight
appears as
mirror of the night

her crystal bluish face
glidely flows
low and high
to and fro in delta tide

listening innocents
screams
diving, swimming
collecting shells
boating like in heaven

a river for me
my mortal witness
featuring tales and real memories
connecting childish years
up to my incoming adulthood
responsibilities

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** Ode To Mis. Occ. Phils

From margin southern sea
rise calm waves in gentle free
with wind of love
from shore to Malindang above

Lend your ears
hear this ode
with rhythm songs to you my dear
blessed words our minds to cheer

My heart is fulfilled before i rest
as i share thoughtful poems for readers' wit
to love own town, respect all guests
with aid to harness intellect

My poems uttering in silence
undyingly wait in patience
to be shared and be published
despite of world material crisis

From mountain hills to Panguil bay
this ode is echoing each day
with praising nuggets i keep and pray
thanking Mis. Occ. the province of prosperity.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** River Of Verses

When my pen fails
to run on pads
notes and papers
I run to
Palilan river
bank
feel the breeze
watch the waves
collecting memories
put them back
into words
creating
poems
and
verses

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** The River Boy

When I recall about
Palilan
it is not the barangay where I spent
most my childhood days
not the sand and beaches
enticing tourists
in Jimenez town
under . sky
where Mt. Malindang hills are footed
with Panguil Bay waves
slashing partly in Ozamiz City
quiet far from here
but they are linked and connected

when I think about Palilan
I think intuitively the
river per se
a river where i first learned how to swim
to gain peers
to write poems and make the world
awaken and changes their minds

and I think about the
river tranquility
flowing down to bay-bay delta
along mangroove shores
where wind whistling in silence
with muted notes seldom can hear
unless you can conceive
our perfect countenance
all over again

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Nostalgia ***** Tornado - My License To Kill

A roar of tornado
is coming near
I can't tell you from where
whirling back sad refrain
I hate so well

I hid before in nowhere
away from golden shore
living life full of darkness
missing hopeful sun rise
every day was storm
tears were my twin nightmares
singing sad refrain

until i stuck here forever
escaping away from that abandoned pier
playing a new fresh refrain

then now
roaring tornado
coming back again
I can't tell yet from where
rehearsing my heart-aching song
a lonesome music
I hate so well

If ever you get me
the license to kill
I'll cock one bullet
hitting fatal head
of that unknown stage performer
who whirls back
my hated refrain
so I can tell you now
from where

*written while listening, 'leader of the band'
performed by nobody 05/06/09

Nostalgia ***** When I Go Home To Palilan

(written a night before I go back home, Manila to Palilan, Jimenez, . circa 2000)

When I go home to Palilan I would hurriedly walk on the long road to home.
I'll throw my warmest smile and look straight thru their eyes who surprise
prettily about my unpredictable journey from somewhere they never know as I
come back without crown they expect.

I'll greet them the way how my strange friends welcomed my rare visits and
wrote poems on what it's like to fill up the missing link for my extended home.

I'll show them how challenging the world exists beyond our own barangay
What life I have experienced while climbing legendary mountains, sailing
rainstormy seas, exploring risky cities.

When I go home to Palilan I'll go to the river then take my time at the back of
my elementary school yard
I'll face the water and count the floating clouds
I'll spread my imagination on its transparent surface and when my imagination
ceases I'll recall my childhood wounded memories

When I get back to my home I'll never break the family's chain again
If they ask me where I had been I'll read my touching anthology, open my album
of memories, my loose life, my past, my everything, my solitary journey with
empty pocket so perilous I feel

I'll tell my younger bro and sis that there are roads somewhere we haven't
crossed yet. Highways we shouldn't be afraid to explore as if sailing to the sky a
smooth path for our unreachable future

When I go home to Palilan, I'll give this narrative piece to my mama's hand and
be posted in our renovated wall near the wooden stair where I can read easily
everytime I go back home.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry.. Fascism

Fascism has actually existed for centuries. Fascism as an ideology in a nutshell is the belief that the government is a sort of 'super-corporation' where all other sectors of the economy are its subsidies. The term Fascism itself has become something of an empty word, since its association with Naziism, anti-semitism, and white supremacy (which are not necessarily fascist values, as demonstrated by Imperial Japan) has led to the term 'fascist' becoming a derogatory term used across the political spectrum for various reasons. But a closer inspection reveals that Fascism is actually a patchwork system of many different ideas of Italian, French, German and British ideologies conglomerated into one political movement.

Proto-Fascism began as a splinter faction of the Italian Socialist Party. In 1914, the party was bitterly divided over what to do about World War I. One faction clung to the tenets of Karl Marx, and maintained that the Great war was Capitalist grandstanding. The other group was deeply influenced by Italian nationalism, stemming from the traditional Italian hatred of Austria as well as the Italian Futurists, an art movement that glorified war, industry, and energy.

Benito Mussolini, who then was a young Socialist, was actually one of the Marxists. Prior to 1914 he was known for his violent opposition against war, such as Italy's 1911 war against Turkey and Libya. In his youth Mussolini was well known as one of the most ardent idealists of Marxism in his party. However, with the rising tide of nationalism in Italy, Mussolini was not prepared to loose his popularity, and thus changed sides over to the nationalistic Marxists. Mussolini became instrumental in getting Italy to enter the war through use of French funded propaganda.

Mussolini enjoyed tremendous popularity during WWI, but one unexpected event changed that: The Russian Revolution. The popularity of Communism exploded, and the Communists took control of Italy. Mussolini's socialists dwindled into obscurity until the 1920s. Italian Communism failed spectacularly, Italy was rocked by economic hard times. Mussolini and his socialist party experienced a resurgent popularity. Mussolini wanted to distance himself from the Marxists who had ruined Italy, and thus decided to rename his party. He wanted to tap the powerful nationalism of the Italians, and he chose to do so by associating himself with ancient Rome. He styled his new 'Fascist' party after ancient Roman fasces, which were ancient Roman symbols of the power of the state.

However, Mussolini faced a dilemma. Traditional Marxist socialism had failed

spectacularly in Italy, and he was looking to rebuild Italy with a party essentially comprised exclusively of Socialists. Fascist scholars looked to Socialism's past, and salvaged an old form of British socialist utopianism called Guild Socialism. The Italians (again, wanting to distance themselves from their political foes) called it Corporativism, or Corporatism.

Fascism was Socialist in origin, vehemently anti-capitalistic, ultra-nationalistic, and anti-communist. It became explosively popular throughout the world, including Germany, France, Japan and especially in the United States, which traditionally disdained Marxism due to it's history of terrorist tactics (President McKinley had been assassinated by a Marxist anarchist) . Some would even point out that many tenets of FDR's New Deal bear a striking resemblance to many of Mussolini's doctrines.

Fascism also became the de jure political system of the United Socialist German Workers Party, which was headed by the Charismatic Adolf Hitler. Fascism appealed to Hitler, who saw it as a 'third way' to Anglo-Saxon Capitalism and Russian Communism. The unflinching Ideology of the Russians convinced Hitler to seek partnership with the West, and Hitler began touting Fascism as an evolution of Capitalism to France, Britain, and the United States. However, he also found a partnership with Josef Stalin and the two signed a military alliance. After years of boorish diplomacy, Hitler had decided that Germany was strong enough to defeat his enemies, the Communists and the Capitalists, and it started first with the unprovoked invasion of Poland, then the brilliant military campaign against France, then the insidious backstabbing of Russia as the Communists engaged in their own. Of course, The Axis powers lost the war, and Fascism as an ideology became associated with the more coarse elements of Naziism, the hatred and the racial bigotry, while people mostly forgot about Fascism's actual tenets, which is chillingly causing them to resurface in the west under pseudonyms other than the now thoroughly disgraced term Fascism

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

'libertarian socialism' is sometimes used as a synonym for socialist anarchism, [23][24] to delineate it from 'individualist libertarianism' (individualist anarchism) . On the other hand, some use 'libertarianism' to refer to individualistic free-market philosophy only, referring to free-market anarchism as 'libertarian anarchism.'[25][26]

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry... Autocracy...Govt. Form

An autocracy is a form of government in which the political power is held by a single, self-appointed ruler. The term autocrat is derived from the Greek word 'αὐτοκράτης' (lit. 'self-ruler', or 'one who rules by himself') . Compare with oligarchy ('rule by the few') and democracy ('rule by the people') .

Today it is usually seen as synonymous with despot, tyrant and/or dictator, though each of these terms originally had a separate and distinct meaning.

Autocracy is not synonymous with totalitarianism, as the latter concept was forged in 1923 to distinguish modern regimes from traditional dictatorships. Nor is it synonymous with military dictatorship, as these often take the form of 'collective presidencies' such as the South American juntas. However, an autocracy may be totalitarian or be a military dictatorship.

The term monarchy also differs in that it emphasizes the hereditary characteristic, though some Slavic monarchs, specifically Russian Emperors traditionally included the title 'autocrat' as part of their official styles. This usage originated in the Byzantine Empire, where the term *αὐτοκράτορας* was traditionally employed in Greek to translate the Latin *imperator*, and was used along with *Basileus* to mean 'emperor'. This use remains current in the modern Greek language, where the term is used for any emperor (e.g. the Emperor of Japan) , regardless of the actual power of the monarch. Historically, many monarchs ruled autocratically but eventually their power was diminished and dissolved with the introduction of constitutions giving the people the power to make decisions for themselves through elected bodies of government.

The autocrat needs some kind of power structure to rule. Very few rulers were in the position to rule with only their personal charisma and skills, however great these may be, without the help of others. Most historical autocrats depended on their nobles, the military, the priesthood or others, who could turn against the ruler and depose or murder them. As such, it can be difficult to draw a clear line between historical autocracies and oligarchies

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry... Consociational Govt. Form

Political scientists define a consociational state as a state which has major internal divisions along ethnic, religious, or linguistic lines, with none of the divisions large enough to form a majority group, yet nonetheless manages to remain stable, due to consultation among the elites of each of its major social groups. Consociational states are often contrasted with states with majoritarian electoral systems.

Classical examples of consociational states are Belgium, Switzerland, Lebanon, and the Netherlands (from 1917 until 1967, see pillarisation) . As a result of the Good Friday Agreement (Belfast Agreement) , Northern Ireland has become a consociational region, within the United Kingdom[1].

Consociational polities often have these characteristics:

Coalition cabinets, where executive power is shared between parties, not concentrated in one.

Many of these cabinets are oversized, they include parties not necessary for a parliamentary majority;

Balance of power between executive and legislative;

Decentralized and federal government, where (regional) minorities have considerable independence;

Asymmetric bicameralism, where it is very difficult for one party to gain a majority in both houses. Normally one chamber represents regional interests and the other national interests;

Proportional representation, to allow (small) minorities to gain representation too;

Organized and corporatist interest groups, which represent minorities;

A rigid constitution, which prevents government from changing the constitution without consent of minorities;

Judicial review, which allow minorities to go to the courts to seek redress against laws that they see as unjust;

Elements of direct democracy, which allow minorities to enact or prevent legislation;

Proportional employment in the public sector;

A neutral head of state, either a monarch with only ceremonial duties, or an indirectly elected president, who gives up his party affiliation after his election;

Referendums are only used to allow minorities to block legislation: this means that they must be a citizen's initiative and that there is no compulsory voting.

Equality between ministers in cabinet, the prime minister is only the primus inter

pares;

An independent central bank, where experts and not politicians set out monetary policies.

In this view, Switzerland, a country with no clear majority group, is a prime example of such a consensus democracy. Examples of this include: the frequent use of referendums, its confederal structure, and the tradition that all large parties are included in the cabinet, creating oversized coalition governments. This can be directly linked to the many minorities Switzerland has: its population consists of both Protestants and Roman Catholics; and French-, German-, Italian- and Romansch-speaking groups.

Singapore is another example of a consociational state.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry...Aristocracy..Govt. Form

Aristocracy is a form of government, in which a select few such as the most wise, strong or contributing citizens rule, often starting as a system of co-option where a council of prominent citizens add leading soldiers, merchants, land owners, priests, or lawyers to their number. Aristocracy deforms when it becomes hereditary elite.

Aristocracies have most often been deformed to hereditary plutocratic systems. They sometimes include a monarch who although a member of the aristocracy, rules over it as well as over the rest of society.

The term 'aristocracy' is derived from the Greek language aristokratia, meaning 'the rule of the best'.^[1] See Aristocracy for the historical roots of the term.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry...Communist State Govt. Form

In political science, a Communist state is a state with a form of government characterized by single-party rule[citation needed] of a Communist party and a professed allegiance to a communist ideology as the guiding principle of the state. Communist states may have several legal political parties, but the Communist party is usually granted a special or dominant role in government, [citation needed] often by statute or under the constitution. Consequently, the institutions of the state and of the Communist party become intimately entwined, such as in the development of parallel institutions.

While almost all claim lineage to Marxist thought, there are many varieties of Communist states, with indigenous adaptations. For Marxist-Leninists, the state and the Communist Party claim to act in accordance with the wishes of the industrial working class; for Maoists, the state and party claim to act in accordance to the peasantry. Under Deng Xiaoping, the People's Republic of China proclaimed a policy of 'socialism with Chinese characteristics.' In most Communist states, governments assert that they represent the democratic dictatorship of the proletariat.

Most Communist states adopted planned economies. However, there are exceptions: The Soviet Union during the 1920s and Yugoslavia after World War II allowed limited markets and a degree of worker self-management, while China and Vietnam have introduced far-reaching market reforms since the 1980s.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry..Autoritatianism Vs Totalitarianism Vs Democracy

Authoritarianism describes a form of government characterized by an emphasis on the authority of the state in a republic or union. It is a political system controlled by nonelected rulers who usually permit some degree of individual freedom. [1]

'Highly concentrated and centralized power structures, ' in which political power is generated and maintained by a 'repressive system that excludes potential challengers' and uses political parties and mass organizations to 'mobilize people around the goals of the government'; [2]

The following principles:

- 1) rule of men, not rule of law;
- 2) rigged elections;
- 3) all important political decisions made by unelected officials behind closed doors;
- 4) a bureaucracy operated quite independently of rules, the supervision of elected officials, or concerns of the constituencies they purportedly serve;
- 5) the informal and unregulated exercise of political power; [2]

Leadership that is 'self-appointed and even if elected cannot be displaced by citizens' free choice among competitors'

No guarantee of civil liberties or tolerance for meaningful opposition; [2]

Weakening of civil society: 'No freedom to create a broad range of groups, organisms, and political parties to compete for power or question the decisions of rulers, ' with instead an 'attempt to impose controls on virtually all elements of society'; [2] and

Political stability maintained by 'control over and support of the military to provide security to the system and control of society; 2) a pervasive bureaucracy staffed by the regime; 3) control of internal opposition and dissent; 4) creation of allegiance through various means of socialization.'

Authoritarian political systems may be weakened through 'inadequate performance to demands of the people.' [2] Vestal writes that the tendency to respond to challenges to authoritarianism through tighter control instead of adaptation is a significant weakness, and that this overly rigid approach fails to 'adapt to changes or to accommodate growing demands on the part of the populace or even groups within the system.' [2] Because the legitimacy of the state is dependent on performance, authoritarian states that fail to adapt may collapse. [2]

Authoritarianism is marked by 'indefinite political tenure' of the ruler or ruling party (often in a single-party state) or other authority.[2] The transition from an authoritarian system to a democratic one is referred to as democratization.[2]

John Duckitt of the University of the Witwatersrand suggests a link between authoritarianism and collectivism, asserting that both are in opposition to individualism.[3] Duckitt writes that both authoritarianism and collectivism submerge individual rights and goals to group goals, expectations and conformities.[4] Others argue that collectivism, properly defined, is based on consensus decision-making, the opposite of authoritarianism.

Authoritarianism and totalitarianism

Totalitarianism is generally considered to be an extreme version of authoritarianism. Building on the work of Yale political scientist Juan Linz, Paul C. Sondrol of the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs has examined the characteristics of authoritarian and totalitarian dictators and organized them in a chart: [5]

Totalitarianism.....Authoritarianism
Charisma.....	High.....	Low
Role conception.....	Leader as function.....	Leader as individual
Ends of power.....	Public.....	Private
Corruption.....	Low.....	High
Official ideology.....	Yes.....	No
Limited pluralism.....	No.....	Yes
Legitimacy.....	Yes.....	No

Authoritarianism and democracy

While normally considered to be in opposition to one another, it is possible for democracies to be authoritarian. An illiberal democracy (or procedural democracy) is distinguished from liberal democracy (or substantive democracy) in that illiberal democracies lack some democratic features, such as the rule of law, an independent judiciary, separation of powers, civilian control of the military, freedom of speech and assembly, and freedom from censorship. The central characteristic of an illiberal democracy is that institutional political processes are skewed in favor of the incumbent regime. Opposition may be dealt with by means of onerous regulations on political organizations in civil society,

unfair electoral processes (such as difficult nomination rules, barriers to ballot access or extensive gerrymandering) , manipulation of the media (either by ignoring or distorting opposition, or by biased coverage of opposition, often in state-owned press or oligarchical mass media) . Illiberal democracy has also been termed 'electoralism' or 'soft authoritarianism'

Criticism

There are many theories criticizing authoritarianism, most of which at the same time support democracy:

Numerous studies using many different kinds of data, definitions, and statistical analyses have found support for the democratic peace theory. The original finding was that liberal democracies have never made war with one another. More recent research has extended the theory and finds that democracies have few Militarized Interstate Disputes causing less battle deaths with one another, that those MID's that have occurred between democracies have caused few deaths, and that democracies have few civil wars.[6][7]

Poor liberal democracies tend to have better education, longer life expectancy, lower infant mortality, access to drinking water, and better health care than poor dictatorships. This is not due to higher levels of foreign assistance or spending a larger percentage of GDP on health and education. Instead, the available resources are more likely to be managed better.[8]

Studies suggest that several health indicators (life expectancy and infant and maternal mortality) has a stronger and more significant association with liberal democracy than they have with GDP per capita, size of the public sector, or income inequality.[9]

In the post-Communist nations, after an initial decline, those most democratic have achieved the greatest gains in life expectancy. Although it must be noted that most were also the most developed states from the ex USSR before its end.[10]

A prominent economist, Amartya Sen, has theorized that no functioning democracy has ever suffered a large scale famine.[11] This includes democracies that have not been very prosperous historically, like India, which had its last great famine in 1943 and many other large scale famines before that in the late nineteenth century, all under British rule. However, some others ascribe the Bengal famine of 1943 to the effects of World War II[citation needed]. The government of India had been becoming progressively more democratic for years. Provincial government had been entirely so since the Government of India Act of 1935.

Refugee crises almost always occur in nondemocracies. Looking at the volume of refugee flows for the last twenty years, the first eighty-seven cases occurred in

autocracies.[8]

Research shows that the liberal democratic nations have much less democide or murder by government. However it should be noted that those were also moderately developed nations before applying liberal policies.[12] Similarly, they have less genocide and politicide.[13]

Liberal democracies are more often associated with a higher average self-reported happiness in a nation.[14]

Research by the World Bank suggests that political institutions are extremely important in determining the prevalence of corruption: democracy, parliamentary systems, political stability, and freedom of the press are all associated with lower corruption.[15] Freedom of information legislation is important for accountability and transparency. The Indian Right to Information Act 'has already engendered mass movements in the country that is bringing the lethargic, often corrupt bureaucracy to its knees and changing power equations completely.'[16]

In the last forty-five years, the African countries poor democracies have grown their economies more rapidly than nondemocracies of the same continent. Of the eighty worst financial catastrophes during the last four decades, only five were in democracies. Similarly, poor democracies are half likely as nondemocracies to experience a 10 percent decline in GDP per capita over the course of a single year.[8]

Several studies have concluded that terrorism is most common in nations with intermediate political freedom. The nations with the least terrorism are the most democratic nations[17].

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry..Confederation...Govt. Form

A confederation, in modern political terms, is a permanent union of sovereign states for common action in relation to other states.[1] Usually created by treaty but often later adopting a common constitution, confederations tend to be established for dealing with critical issues such as defense, foreign affairs, or a common currency, with the central government being required to provide support for all members.

The nature of the relationship among the states constituting a confederation varies considerably. Likewise, the relationship between the member states and the central government, and the distribution of powers among them, is highly variable. Some looser confederations are similar to international organizations, while tighter confederations may resemble federations.

In a non-political context, confederation is used to describe a type of organization which consolidates authority from other semi-autonomous bodies. Examples include sports confederations or confederations of Pan-European trades unions.

The word 'confederation' refers to the process of (or the event of) confederating; i.e., establishing a confederation (or by extension a federation) . In Canada, Confederation generally refers to the Constitution Act,1867 which initially united three colonies of British North America (Province of Canada, Province of New Brunswick and Province of Nova Scotia) , and to the subsequent incorporation of other colonies and territories; Canada, however, tends to portray itself as being federation along the lines of the United States, but is in reality a British North American confederate defense pact formed against imminent American invasion in 1867. Canada is incorporated under The Crown and the official corporate trademark of Canada is the Canada Wordmark

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Not Poetry..Corporatocracy Or Corpocracy...Govt. Form

Corporatocracy or Corpocracy is a form of government where a corporation, a group of corporations, or government entities with private components, control the direction and governance of a country.

Many Western governments based on a capitalist system have been accused of being corporatocracies. Many corporations contribute abundantly to political candidates and causes. This creates a dependency of the politician on the corporation - in order to keep his power and wealth (i.e. continue receiving support for re-election bids) , he might be obliged to 'pay back' to the corporation using his political influence.

This belief is reinforced by two factors. First, corporations give to competing political parties and major political party candidates. This is seen as a corporation hedging their bets on the outcome of an election, and trying to get on the good side of whichever candidate is elected into office. Some say this is one of the hallmarks of a corporatocracy. Second, in many cases former corporate executives serve as powerful decision makers within government institutions often charged with the regulation of their former employers. Meanwhile, former government employees often accept high ranking positions within corporations thereby providing their new employers with access to governmental decision makers. This serves to create the appearance of a revolving door between corporations and the institutions established to regulate their behavior.

There are currently no governments designated by any governmental as a corporatocracy. Political progressives, however, have criticized governments for being de facto corporatocracies. Because governments tend to obscure the degree to which corporate interests are entangled in their affairs, an objective standard for declaring a government a corporatocracy is difficult.

Some have argued that corporations exert their influence through the WTO (an international agency) , although this is hotly debated.[1] In this view, governments are in control of their countries at one level, while international corporations rule those governments at a different, more influential level, and so there is in place a sort of 'global corporatocracy'.[2] This global influence in turn has a great deal of power over the national and trans-national (e.g. the EU) governments, who rely and to an extent depend on them.

Some say the term 'corporatocracy' has no real place in the lexicon, adding that corporations are primarily fictional entities possessing no real power. In fact, it is the people behind those corporations that hold the power. In that sense, a corporatocracy is nothing more than a democracy where the class which owns the means for producing wealth is fighting for its best interests.[citation needed] However, corporations have also been ruled to be considered a 'person' legally, so meaning they have the ability to exert power. [3]

It is significant that the richest 1 percent globally own almost 40 percent of the world, and that most of these same people have significant ties to the richest and most influential corporations.[4]

Those who dismiss the idea of a corporatocracy often say the only way it is possible is if it were legal to buy a politician's vote. In such a way, the corporation would, in fact, have a direct vote on major policy matters. However, all true democracies have made vote buying illegal. However, under the terms of at-will employment, corporations can require their employees to vote a certain way in exchange for (continued) employment. Such a policy is legal, although people intuitively know it probably shouldn't be.[5]

However, those who believe there may be corporatocracies argue that no one individual, and perhaps no other groups of individuals, would have that much power, money or influence. Further, they argue the decisions on what to push for and who to support are made by a relatively few from inside the corporation. Therefore, while thousands of people may make up a corporation, only a few have the power to speak for the corporation and advocate issues on behalf of the corporation. That provides those corporations with a substantial amount of power, leading to a corporatocracy.

Further, they argue that it does not take an overt effort to buy a politician's vote. Making a substantial donation to a certain politician's campaign could be seen as sending a signal to that politician that the money is there if they vote in a way the corporation desires. Conversely, the money could be donated to an opponent if the vote does not go the corporation's way.

U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower himself argued against the strengthening corporatocracy in the form of a military-industrial complex that sets national and international financial, economic, political and military policies due to a permanent war economy.

In his 2004 book *Confessions of an Economic Hit Man*, John Perkins writes; 'corporations, banks, and governments (collectively the corporatocracy) '.

The concept of a government run by corporations or instances where governments are actually weaker (politically, financially, and militarily) than corporations is a theme often used in both political fiction and science fiction. In these instances the dominant corporate entity is usually dubbed a megacorporation.

[edit]

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Of History

</>History is but a story
of the past
great leaders of the past
great empires of the past
great wars of the past
great tragedies of the past
great triumphs of the past
great thinkers of the past
great civilizations of the past
great wilderness of the past
all are greats
all in the past
all scattered historical references
the world-blueprint
to understand the present

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Ofw's Wife Lamentation

for my wife in the Philippines

You are better off dust
by the road side

Than a wife to an OFW
in Dubai

The matrimonial pillow
the wedding bed
are cold and dumb
Longing for her husband's
caressing arm

She often recalls the dawn
as they tight the luggage
How she held back tears
as they parted

He is across miles now
from the far side of the east

Toiling hope for a better home
in the desert of full-treasured doom

When will it ever end
My wife laments and
my nostalgic feelings?

written at K-05 Greece Cluster, International City
Dubai, UAE
10 june 2010

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Poem Hunter

Surf cyber net
Browse up high
Click mouse face
Touch Microsoft eye

Back, delete
Away virus deep
Forth, scan
Halt hacker's steep
Shuddering keypad's pick

Hot web, world wide site
Hunt eager pen pushers might
Monitoring creative sights

Down here meet
Artists from nowhere
Melting blind minds
Talking how the sun is dying
Touching rainbows, painting skies
Diving beneath figurative seas

Gathering imaginary flowers
Waking up legendary writers
dead or alive
Connecting artistic breath and rhymes
to the fresh pen pusher's heart
Transforming patriotic pasts
Inspiring next fold path

By sowing young millennial poets
to germinate modern poetic seeds
Touching passer-by readers
Spread over cyber net on earth

Trap now inside
POEMHUNTER'S web

Political Essay..... Water Gate Scandal

Write a brief critique from an administrative perspective of President Nixon's 'uncontrolled exercise of power.'

answer:

Power itself has infinite power. Once your personality is shrouded by too much craving of power, you are run out of reason. And this line of reason might veiling over Nixon's head down to his allies and 'plumbers'. They were stung by their own powerful venom. They had clouded by their own selfish ambitions and had forgotten their 'mortality' in authority. Their heart solely nailed down fixedly on their fame, prestige, glory but they had forgotten the accountability of being a public figures.

They had forgotten the constitution, their loyalty and integrity. Most of all they had neglected the people, whose trust and confidence longing for them with good services and administration.

They had taken for granted people's liberties instead they had created an avenue of threats against freedom, justice and equality.

They had forgotten or intentionally waived their senses that their authority was a great danger towards the people and the country. Executive branch has great powers legally acquired and has tremendous physical force. Once it is being spoiled and unguarded, Nixon will be become tyrant, dictator, authoritarian horribly dangerous to threat to humanity.

It might be true that President Nixon had no intention to be a modern world imperialistic dictator but his proven misconduct, misdemeanors and high crimes committed with his allies considered enough as a soft-totalitarian approach against people's democracy.

And that all rose up from uncontrollable exercise of his executive power.

Then, Nixon's glorious days floated for awhile eventually it was withered away with a shameful exit.

Thanks for the democratic rules in upholding check and balance principles.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Charter Change Bill

Constitution -
the heart of the
state
if that will cease pumping
expect breathless anarchy society

however
it can never ever
change citizen's characters

constitutional change
means
massive character amendments

help cleanse the Philippines

Lobby this bill to become a law
and expect no veto!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Dirty Politicians - Almost If Not All

Their greediness of political power, prestige and influence
like a hot melting sun brighten in a perfect noon

Their sweet promises, glib talks, convincing gestures
like a tempting apple blooming at the hill
If voters pick it up, the bait for a cursed government awaits
Like abandon Eden's garden sprout wisdom of regret

They can dance, they can sing, they're orators of all seasons
they forcibly kneel before a cheering crowds
though against their instinct will

They're showing off as down to earth speakers
deceiving the heart of poor masses - the majority voters

Their names are hanging in establishments wall
printed ' thru initiative 'in basketball court
in the open wide road, in public school even
in ceiling justice hall - publicly seen for rampant notification

Government taxes seem their effortless vehicle wheels
use for personal gain publicity machinery
for vote buying, for mass media electioneering
and the pork barrels simply for their selfish pocket holes

*check out all incumbent politicians' lifestyles
to segregate who's corrupt or not.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Edsa 1 And 2 And 3 And?

26 April 2001

in front of historic shrine
beyond media cam shadows
lights satellites
margined with political banners
held masses democratic reform
for pro constitutions
for pro democracy

it's seem a boring poltical history
cycling around fishbowl water

i was just a 6 year old boy
i heard only people power EDSA 1
i had no idea yet what was that all about
mine was to see tanks, armies in full-battle
gear running in main city street not in jungle
where they should be
then at age 21, I had witnessed the last day of
2nd EDSA episode with elites majority
occupied the shrine
and still at age 21, that very year still
when the puwersa ng masa
formulated the known people power 3
the so-called EDSA 3 rally
the poor inhabitants now is the majority

still singing ang BAYAN KUNG PILIPINAS
shouting out loud MABUHAY the Philippines!

i keep on wondering when will the EDSA 4 and 5 and 6 and so forth and so on
will take over again and occupy the shrine
so i just bring my MP5 to play once more
the hackneyed MABUHAY songs and monotonous expressions
for pro democracy, for pro rights, for pro freedom

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Exploited Sovereignty

If we are truly free
and live with utmost sovereignty
then when shall we breath peace
without the tentacles of the
west imperialism?
when shall we invest economically independent
without the alienated interventions
and external control interest
that limbs greatly our struggling
local micro businesses?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Extra Judicial Summary Killings

written before the Commission on Human Rights (CHR) conducted a fact-finding investigation, Davao City, Philippines

I have seen in news
almost go up in numbers
alarming killings
here and there
salvaging alleged drug dealers
abducting shabu users
children publicly viewing
thru mass media
from usual crime scene
so frightening
their undefined deaths
neutralize evil attempts
as protagonist says
but from stand point
of human rights activists
an act for intentional curse

stretching laws out too
far from arms
slashing gist of given life
bleed victims recipient's sigh
griefing
questing concerned public
how much liters of blood
will flow and pour down the streets
before reckoning justice?
or shall we wait that
all leading witnesses die in vain
(now hiding in fear and shame)
and incidentally coincidentally
accidentally intentionally
be added to the proliferating
numbers of extra judicial killings?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Nationalism- The Ideology Of Abuse

unfold the history
human killed human
blood for blood
for nation's sake
territorial integrity
sovereignty
patriotic pride
heroic honor
a legacy down to
generations to generations
for country's name
intuitive freedom
independent from
external will
politically economically
free from stranger's control

Quietly dangerous
if nationalism is being abused,
it creates another
Hitler racism
Kamikaze Japanese fighters
Cambodian Pol pot
Vietnam War
Genghis Khan warriors
outbursting xenophobic state
excluding Muslim Jihad
a holy war for Allah's
name sake

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** People Power Rally Escape-Goat Of Poverty

Yes people power is pro democracy
if overuse falls into mobocracy
ruled by the mob

and their spontaneous freedom of expression
has no sense at all

subtle crowd occupying the streets
halting employed hours, resisting economy
exaggerated banner of protest
unused jobless sweat and blood spill out
aimlessly

minor civilians put as human shield
against anti-riot police

fickle-minded demonstrators
frontal wing
of decaying-ideology handlers
a carrier against capitalism
eradicating feudalism
fascism
imperialism

there they are for indirect livelihood
by receiving allowances per day of demonstration
there they are as dictated by their alleged political leaders
politically-inclined motivation
there they are in the street thirsty and hungry
for a meager bread on hand
i for one had an exposed experience of what i had been
revealed
blaming blindly against their once elected
politicians?

isn't it a ridiculous routine?
too unwitting

too immature yet in facing of individual financial crisis
or are their leaders riped enough to exploit
poor citizens craving stomach
to sustain leader's black interest?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Poor Advantage, Election Exploit

Hypocrites to say
I dream not to possess
luxurious expedition, BMW
Honda CRV, Trooper Isuzu
Crosswind, Toyota Fortuner

Pretentious is am I
if I love to commute under full
sun exposure, beneath dizzying
cough-causing rain, inhaling
smoke-belching Pub-utility jeeps
riding improvised motorboat
way back home

however, if former luxurious stuffs
would replace my intuitive habit in collecting stories
truthfully seen directly in an open field contact view
and too blurry it inside a limousine tinted glass

I would spurn it all
the status symbol
the proud model cars
the fully-airconditioned inside

In commuting with the public
is the best time to commune with
the beggars and the scavengers
the vendors and the carollers
the pain, the grief, the happiness of jogglers
the children laughter playing down the streets

I can see their contentment
I can see my countrymen
real scene of their everyday life
I can see the corruption effects
the graft residues
the greedy politicians full of promises
who exploit most the bottom - line poverty

I can see the another campaign
pyrotechnics banners
for another election
another promises
another bluff and expectations
another hungry stomachs feed with
a meager branded noodles, expired sardines
as alms for indirect vote buying

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Rap For Your Rights!

as inspired by Bob Marley reggy songs

Stand up for your rights!
either this line is
a song being sung
a rap being rapped
an expression being expressed
a ballad by ballader
a verse by preacher
a slogan by freedom fighter
a human rights philosophy
an exhausted disgusting make-believe
militants subversive fellow's
exploited rights

whatever connotations
denotations
tailed on this intuitive rights
you are fighting for.....

stand up!
get up!
don't sleep on it!

and shame not to vigil with
winning or losing at the end
otherwise you are like
a thirsty frog
croaking in the middle
of Sahara desert!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Socialism - Unripened Communism Ideology

Rewind revolutionary period
Flashback utopianism
you can scream in dream-like terror
the fallacy of utopian visionists
the Karl Marx and Engels
Lenin and Stalin
Mao Tsetung and the like
triggering proletarian masses
destrucitng burgeois machinery
overthrowing the exploiting capitalists
the last resort for their dreams
through fearless arm struggles
political power grows out
on their pointed guns barrel
and individual becomes independent
of man's will
ultimate objective of socialism

But where are they now?
the utopia and their gods?
the visionaries for a new society?
the revisionists?
their fanatics and recepient?
their next generations abiders?

Are they exile voluntarily and
mingled with the beasts
in fearful jungle of wilderness?
Are they marching untiringly armless
as front-left-right-wing activists
screaming, shouting down main streets
demanding hackneyed word: JUSTICE?
struggling for indirect communal ownership
anti-imperialist?

I'm not inciting any body
juridical nor natural person per se

I'm just raising my voice of freedom
political opinion
executing democracy
through poetic expressions

The author myself finished
AB POLITICAL SCIENCE, UV-Cebu, Phils.
Founder-Prime Minister
Polscians League for Solidarity Inc.
PLFS 2002-2004

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Teargas Noon At Malacañang Palace

for my lose knapsack, wallet, ATM cards, sandal during EDSA 3 political crisis,
Philippines

We're almost at the Presidential palace gate
the Malacañang
when the Presidential Security Group PSG beatus
they believe we're anti-constititutionalists
anti-democracy
Warning shot alarms the armless protesters
teargas looses again like cotton gas on air
spread over, against our nostrils
our breathing is on peril

Panic. ede
I am trapped. leaving my knapsack
a sacrificial act to crawl freely for life
below pointed barbwire
Red cross ambulance snatches casualties
Blood spills near the gate
Sniper still in palace rooftop angled corner
Nervous kills my courage
Tension boils my adrenalin
Teargas dries up my throat
Vacuum lungs, clog to breath

I climb Centro Escolar Univ. wall
hunting even a single drip of water
to nurse my wounded eyes, life and death breathing
Empty fire tracks park diagonally
cyclone barb wire, prime mover van block the exit way
Outside San Beda College pedestrian lane
an army corporal offers me a dropp of alkaline water
psychologically quench my thirst

Bang! bang! bang! echoing down Mendiola street
helicopter still capturing photos from the air
dropping confetti of political reform

I run again as if racing for final lap

with restless protesters, tabloid photographers
university belt students, trouble makers
resistance fighters, recidivist drunkards,
doble-kara political organizers, left-fight wingers
CNN cameramen, nearby elites, bleeding hearts
shabu addicts, long hairs, minority creeps
rugby funks, cop-haters, humanists, cowards
Marxists, homosexuals, poets
'Gloria labandera' banner handlers
'Erap pa rin' supporters
pro and anti democracy bare footers

a consequence of a de facto government

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** The Patriot Kid

I march armless
waving streamers of principles
banners of democracy
languages of freedom
expressing murdered rights
resurrecting of what i believe
the burren political rights
against de facto government
then a foul teargas
choke my breath
blanketing around my black parade
an expected encounter
in a very hour of political strife

i nurse my wounded eyes
with public water
then the patriotic kid
revives the courage
not to resist

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Politics ***** Too Much Politicking, Loosen Democracy

Dusk. twilight. morn
noon sun all protesters
take no nap
even single rest
revolting
fighting
expressing well-scripted codego
political propagandas

i am listening still
the spontaneous loud speakers
shouting with raising arms
and echoes if possible
can extend their voices
from entire archipelago
as wake up call
how politically immature
Filipino citizens are

no matter who is she, who is he, who are you
as elected government officer or not
or appointed one by virtue of constitutional duty

expect the same
scrupulous speeches
dividing government and broken into
by militant pieces

i don't need to speech as loud
at stage as hero against all issues
my pen presence and running notes
enough to show concern
uplifting moral rights as a whole
that in chaos society and loose democracy,
changes start from ourselves

Politics ***** Warning: Democracy Is Dangerous

who says democracy
will turn into mobocracy
a society by the mob

it is not impossible, it has been existing
it could be happened again
after electing popular-based leaders
abjecting minority intellectual-gifted opponents
degrading financial stability and influential resources
succumbed by showbiz
false campaigned publicity
by vote buying
rampant electioneering
block propaganda
abusing rights and privileges
excessive freedom of speech
exploiting depressed citizens
the underprivilege
scorning basic rules laws and ethics
procrastinating savings and investments
blaming corruptions and grafts by
elected and appointed public office holders
blaming weak government structure, form
style, constitution, domestic and foreign policies
fragile bureaucracy
blaming poor economic management
blaming country's age and political immaturity
blaming historical culture influences
and flawed traditional practices
blaming un-equal distribution of income
and wealth
blaming security order and peace enforcers
blaming global tumultous economic
melt down

why now blame himself first
who acts now as a mob
in a mobocratic-like state
abusing too much freedom of speech

for not making his basic part in
un-arbitrary nature

not just questioning, accusing, while
setting down and
doing nothing or aggressively
marching with banners
blaming the entire Philippines of
what this poor country fails to
do for his own betterment

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Prayer ***** In Times Of Obscurity

When life is in obscurity
as if no chance to win

when days of yours
are covered by fears

when memories recall
lingering failure years

when all your colleagues
are now on top with their dreams

and yours is still clouded by doubts

never be depress nor cease

there's hidden lesson
you must learn

God sometimes gives us pain
to make us strong
and measure-up
our faith on Him

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Prayer ***** Intuitive Pen

I thank God

I can write poems

In crowded places

In quiet separate lawn

In gloomy days

Or pleasant noon

I let my hand

To hold the pen

and write and write

and write poems

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Prayer ***** Life's Dilemma

If you are trudging in a long winding road
It seems endless
If you are caught in the lane of ambiguity
Where universal fears lie ahead

If road is all uphill
Bathe with darkness
Then you search bright horizon
But nimbus clouds appear and they're repeating

You seek happiness but arrow points to regret
And you want rest
But the more burden's weight

You create decision between dilemma of life
Quite fickle and weak

You are shrouded by tense of boredom
Emptiness govern your soul
You become a captive of negative forces-
The mortal foe of human mind
Your freewill thoughts are paralyzed

Be at ease my friend
You are not alone

Lift your head up high!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Prayer ***** Power Of Prayer

Up fighting all odds in life
Needs spiritual strenght awake
Against emotional physical upheavals
In daily struggle wide

Depressions anxieties worries fears
Are life's spices for optimists fellow
Know how to pray wholeheartedly
Sole remedy to wipe all tears

Material things are ultimately insufficient
To cover up all griefs you bear
Pray to God repent all sins
He will lift you up from island of nowhere

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Prayer ***** Student's Prayer

written and published when i was taking up
AB POLITICAL SCIENCE degree
in the first university in cebu, UV,
a university with a heart

grant me o God
enough knowledge
to be strong and wise
guide my daily path with courage
to cross many difficulties

give to my heart the interest
the love towards my studies
fill up my head with wisdom
to understand lessons we've gone through

bless us more so my parents
comfort them from pain
guide their hands to earn decent living
to support in achieving my dreams

God keep all my noble teachers
who mold my life
give them more patience
to work to teach and to advice

let me follow their footsteps
not only for my family's happiness
as ell as for Your Name sake

Glory be to God!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Public Administration... Team Player

What are the positive and negative points associated with being a good ' team player ' with respect to one's agency?

answer:

Positive aspect of being a good team player is working his task for the organization's sake. He thinks not for his own profit and all his actions positively contribute to attain collective team's goal. He avoids crab mentality. He wants everybody to succeed. He neglects procrastination. If deficiencies occur and decision is absolutely needed, a good team player plays fairly by mingling his sound ideas among the group to draw group decision. He is an asset not a catalyst. He respects his superior and wins his subordinate hearts. He never allows insubordination but rather follow bureaucratic rules. He never attempts to outcast any weak members on his organization nor making himself a make-believe, a wiseacre fellow as the vexation to the team spirit.

However, too much mingling beyond what is positive objective of an agency is quite a fanatic member despite of his knowledge about his team 's discrepancies and still he goes along the team that connotes negative points.

No single agency which is fixed and static from the start. Social, economic, political, environmental factors affect greatly and influence every individual agency to be dynamic.

Nonetheless, behaviour of an employees as team players directly affected with those external frictions and clashes of change. Others absord it negatively. Some greedily rides with the wave of powers especially in the political deprive other fellow especially the underpriviledge.

Therefore, a good team player should stand firm and never engage of any misconducts, despite of the spirit of belongingness, despite of the reason for pakikisama system, security of tenure and survivality. Even if the pressure from his superior is quite unescapable and forcibly terminates him from his office if he fails to follow order. Still a good team player in ones respective agency firmly stand with dignity and think of always the welfare of the many.

The negative aspects I had mentioned above were blindly neglected by the Nixon's administration from all high and low ranking officers who were accountable in Watergate conspiracy. And it was because of POWER!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Rap - Why No Tip Song

music by sonny eriksun record
lyrics by marky69
performed by ff-7 team
location: lower ground taxi stand, dubai mall
as inspired by delayed salary
produced by 3-hr tip from Pana race client
directed by all

1
napakaraming booking client namin
ngunit bakit hindi nag tutoray

maraming Pana sa London daw galing
ngunit bakit hindi nag tutoray

nagigipit sila
mga kuripot sila

refrain (rap)

iniwan ang Pinas
para mag massage hanggang wakas
sa tip ay mailap
nag parinig na ang lahat, (too much backsees)
kinalyo na ang kamay
ngunit walang nagbibigay,
shiatsu na deep-tissue
nag extend sampung minuto
wala man lang awa
sa 15 minutes na pahinga
darating kaya ang araw na ito maiiba
o isipin mo na lang
pang sells i punterya

2
maraming cheersmen australia galing
ngunit bakit hindi naman nagtutoray

napakaraming mga course booking namin
ngunit bakit di man lang nagtutoray

nagigipit sila
mga kuripot sila

refrain:

shiatsu ng japanese
iniiwasan ng mga chinese
minasahe ng pinoy
inapakan, sinuperman
inestretching na ang ulo
sabay sigaw arigato,
arigato, arigato
di ko kailangan thank you ninyo....
takot pa sa oil
naghahanap pa ng shower
herbal tea tinudas
sa basong walang hugas.....
see you outside sir
ginabayan, binubuksan sa paglabas
inabangan, tinitigan
para sa matinding pangangailangan!
ngunit ang kupal pa rin....
darating kaya ang araw na sila'y maiiba
kung di ka sigurado
magbalot balot ka na

3

may kunting galante mag toray sa amin
ngunit di madalas kanyang booking

may ibang lokal maangas ang dating
ngunit bakit pa chancing na bading

manloloko sila
manghihipo sila

refrain (rap)

here we go again

pagdapa ng maangas
hanggang likod pa ang balbas
mga Patan, mga lokal,
hinaplos ko ng todas
kamay nila mas malikot
ni reflex aking saplot....
undertime ko tinapos
sa cliente kung bastos
sabay labas, sabay hagnosis
sa tissuing manipis
at sa harap ng receipt
sukli niya nagiging tip para
punasan ko ang pawis niyang
malagkit na dumikit.....
myembro din sila sa super power kilikili
the United Armpit Explosion team
dito sa UAE.....
darating kaya ang araw na sila'y maiiba
kung di ka sigurado
umuwi ka na

4

laging hit target sells 20 tawsan namin
ngunit bakit salary is always delayed

marami ng therapist lumayas sa amin
ngunit bakit kami dito pa rin

tumitira pa rin
ang daming course booking

naninigas na rin
siko, kamay namin

break it down

shukran

Religion ***** Heavenly Sailors

dedicated to all INC ministers and church workers

He sails across stormy seas
impels with tormented oar
nothing is in his mind
but reach ocean's shore

he crosses often giant waves
windy nights sever tides
he goes sailing without ebb
surfing to save human's soul

night and day he keeps on sailing
uncomplaining rejecting personal gain
just to head Godly duty
as heavenly sailors in noble ministry

he ruins blockades along the waves
encountering weariness struggleship as flesh
but what lead him not astray?
there is God, his strenght
who guide him for a safe journey

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Religion ***** Seek Find Ask The Right Way My Friend

Seek the RIGHT way my friend
Look well who is He
He is the light
In tracing of eternal life

Ask where you can find Him my friend
Raise your voice as craving soul
quenching thirst for truth
for salvation's port

Listen to His divine wisdom my friend
incline your ears to the truth
beware of false prophets
that lead your soul astray

Make willing mind to pursue
Yield strength's for pain's counterpart
then JESUS will lift you up
as you seek true CHURCH OF CHRIST

Patiently listen His fundamental doctrines
Make way His gospel to your heart
Enter the door through our Lord Jesus Christ
Be braved and be baptized

Forget not His cryptic commandments my friend
Whatever persecutions you've expected to come
Crown His laws around your head
In judgment day, you'll surely save!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Religion ***** Your Soul Will Be Saved!

The true Church of Christ
preaching plain gospel of truth
no single minister's own interpretation
and multitude citizens around the world
embrace for souls promised salvation
not for wealth acquisition that are perishables

By the last century Christians
Jesus preached the true one God
the Father, the Creator in spirit
and Jesus himself is a man in flesh
a redeemer, a sinless mediator between
chosen flock and in God's thrown in heaven

In these last days Iglesia Ni Cristo
emerged in the far east
in the islands Philippines
at the ends of the earth
upholding biblical prophecies
spreading original doctrine of the Messiah
tyhru the last messenger of God
as mustard seed now multiplies into diverse races
and day by day, more and more
people join the flock

For those who are not yet inside.....
Don't waste time
Listen attentively to the words of God
believe faithfully all logical evidence
from the scriptures
without addition and subtraction from it

and your mind will be enlightened
and your soul will be saved
away from the lake of fire - the immortal punishments
for non-believers

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Carigara At Night Boulevard

(Leyte, May 2000 with Uncle Raul Abarca Darantinao)

I'm here
At sea-walled bench
9: 45 pm and the quarter moon
Gleams below the star-sprinkled sky
Gazing down Waray-waray longest wharf
Stretching from wet-dry market to the fishers
Light tantalizing at the distant

Then uncle Raul approaches me
Unnoticed from nowhere

Sharing stories about this
Place where my Mama called
Once home

It's been a long long time ago
But he can still remember

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Empty Yesterdays

How coincidence I was born in
A home of instability
Too child yet to handle
All chaos and trials
Too innocent yet to
Familiarize crucial mystery
Puzzling in human race

Seems a fresh riddle
Of my entire childish face
Unbearable to bear
Causes rain almost in my years

Those are lonesome stories
That flashes back all over
Again

I blame nobody
Till I found out I have
Empty yesterdays

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** In Coa Bldg And The Press

Sitting here around 9 am
Watching faces scrupulously
passing by
what a rare collections feeding
in my mind

I don't know their names
My two comrades were in silence
I knew they had rare collections too
in their minds
Recalling faces, storing strange identity
for future use, interests, connections,
what a rare collections in our mind!

People wear unsunken cheeks
some with clean-shaven look
some look like corrupt
and alleged graft
and ready to throw artificial greetings

What for? What for?
the innermost question I can't hide
inherent from birth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Last Leaf Falling Again

Cascades live @ central bank
davao city
with ticket courtesy of maa'm kiss
30 July 2006

Carry me back
to an old old time
and sing all
Rhythm of the Rain
that rhyme

Bring me back
some Shy Girl
type
so i can have
nauive woman
watching besides me
enjoy de javu
of some great old times

and save me
the Last Leaf
of memory
and other Cascades
music for lifetime

scratch by now
alternative
rap
metal rock
irritating and disgusting

carry for awhile
warm songs
of the pasts

ignoring cascading hearsay
about their endless issue

Plane crashed flight

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Mortal Souvenir

aboard m/v george and peter lines from cebu, via tagbilaran via lazi, siquijor to
plaridel

a quick stop over

take me not thru pic cam here
not because i am scared
of witchcraft superstitious story
in Lazi and magical details
shoot me not
thru film

fake no more
backdropp for my upcoming past
for yesterdays of my futures
to be filed up
in voluminous memory album

it is mortal
mortal viewers focus only
my fake smiles within
the glittering jewels of fine
prints
the languages of gestures
as if a perfect combination of
countenance
the strange place and the welcoming
excitement

I am frightened
of negative-hidden film
if expose
captured moments fling
on air
rapturing negative memories

let my pen itself
click and jot down inspiring details

a memories to be read
reprinted unfade

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Once Upon A Time

Milton Hills
Q.C.

room 207 dorm 2
i have clandestine stay
after i climbed sierra madre portion
after hiking makiling near hot spring pool
after i wrote 6 pages
this was for the number 7 personal anthology
with me are
the ceiling fun, concrete grills, locker foam
file in a row
2 light tubes, bed no.13, dorm boys
ex-BEM classmates
to whom i am thankful enough for letting me
to stay secretly
for half-a-week
for my freelance writing self-career
for my mind storming
for my cryptic emotions
for their requested song-poems

and soon i know
i will bid goodbye to the rotating fun
to the grilled window that welcome the sun
to the lockers in a row
to the upper deck with a foam of mine
to their warmth hospitality

no more room 2007 in dorm 2 for men
no more harold geotina who talks quickly
and loudly and serving lunch for me
making me as a king
no more for the 8th poem
i will write in this transient home
no more extended clandestine stay

all their tickets are ready for provincial vacation
by tomorrow 4/18/01

(in the race of life, I am often trapped in the last lap
if not being left by anybody else)

but it was once upon a time.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Phantom Of Opera

UP Abellardo hall classical concert

Ends of hustle days
cohort not tonight
blazing purple bulb
twinkling on stage
giving life
to break the vocabulary
of darkness

light is the EMCEE himself
whose modified voice
echoes into the air

ceremony comes
let the concert begins

I'm naive
with ignorant audible ear
a first timer spectator
to hear immortal voices
waving, bouncing back
filling up the entire cavernous hall
bathe with heavenly
medieval-like grace

tranquility is their breath
authentic sensational pitches
unfold the pack of classical
world concert

I now share excitedly with
this another revival
concept of music

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Reminiscing The Days Of Yore

When I looked back in my days of yore
I thought I was a versatile lad before
I often interfered questions raised from somebody
And threw enigmatical answers

When I looked back in my days of yore
I thought I was a child of everything-
A young man with grand experience
'cause I was a nature keen observer
Solo flight traveler
Love to talk with strangers I had met everywhere

I traveled more extra miles
(one highlight of my golden times)
To gather knowledge lay
Fill with vigor, hot as fire

When I crossed the open road at last
Where brilliant books and life-path map I got
Amazed as I read and found out I was once a wiseacre fellow!

.....to all booksellers, librarians, professors, and friends who help me shaping of
my life thru their treasured books – my great indebtedness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Remnants ***** Remnants Of The Stormy Past

Looking back the remnants of the past
I found more stormy days of life
Gust of wind fiercely blowing
Carried me to somewhere unknowing

I began to saunter here and there
Alone to places far uncharted
Mercurial wind molded my path
Aimlessly brought me to nowhere

Dusty clouds clothed at my side
I forced mine eyes to see open wide
I saw nothing as conspicuous light
But whirls of wind violently strike

I faltered and walked uncertainly
Amidst in dark and stormy days
But then I saw unexpectedly
Glowing rainbow too far away

I looked ahead steadily
Hoping to reach the iridescent ray
As guide to my wavering pathway
Minding not whatever clime will be

It gives light in my life's journey
Lead me to walk in gloomy day
Even the wings of storm ominously
Gather and strike again my way

Now I hold my breath even for so long
In moment when current is strong
I've learned in stormy days I shouldn't fear
After dark clouds rainbow will appear.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Roadtrip ***** Lingayen Dagupan Delayed Trip

Instantaneous stop
after several
dropping -snatching passengers
heavy traffic crawls up
chanting engine quits in
refraining piston songs
for the road trip

and the excitement
collapse

i can't relate my
seatmate distinctive
vernacular
i would rather listen
the tic-tac tic-tac
of my wrist watch
the minutes turn into hour
waiting for nothing

bored as an army of ants
trap and ponder
how to push stumbling block
leading to cavernous colony
stealthily move out
from this impeding
route to nowhere

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Roadtrip ***** Snaky Exploration To Benguet

Too far to reach yet the peak of
Philippine summer capital
too coy now to vomit while boarding
victory liner bus along tricky
winding path seems searching the infinite
dead end of the lane
from marcos highway passing thru
killer kennon road starting point
along hilly misty ranges
too long to detail this snaky
scenario as tortous to explore the
obscure chrome
of refusing sun to shine
hiding permanently at the back
of nimbus cloudy sky but to shy
to dropp drizzling tears of heaven
and tortous as I gaze up the foggy
valley of death as the
stirring wheels
spirally uprising
ascending up to the final lap

the apex of this exploration

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Roadtrip ***** Super 5 Iligan

for vechay marchan who fetched me up from iligan bus terminal and to uncel
henio and marchan family who opened doors and let me in last stranded night

back at Iligan
the industrial city
sprouting gigantic factories
inhaling iron-cast cemented-fume air

I mean I have breathing
dilemma
my lung is hard to pump
while taking a seat
at super 5 transport deluxe
at right window side
i have forgotten my handkerchief
to filter minute dust residue
criss-crossing in the air

It's been an hour
I am suffering hugg and puff
breathing
bleeding my nostril
for this stranded trip
(from Cagayan for passport application)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Roadtrip ***** The Traveller

There are places that a traveller
can ever remember.

The Luneta Park's crawling grasses
where I lay down to witness strange faces

The panoramic sunset of Manila Bay
with its crimson light

The breathtaking hills of Tagaytay -

The people's park in the sky
that lords over the active Taal
and where golfer's choppers pass by.

The Philtranco Bus with its riding lights
wandering along the Albay's path
but I missed to see the perfect cone -
the Mayon volcano; it was an hour of dawn

Over the sea, beside the plains
all the sights of the hills

I had viewed when I passed
through San Juanico channel

While on board Superferry 2
from city pier, I simply threw
my transient warm goodbye
a word of joy because i was going
to the island of Cebu.

Along the sea, various winds
crossed our way; the still breeze
the stormy tide that never ebbs
like the Romblon waves

After I crossed Magellan's frontier
I went down to the place again -
the Land of Promise where I was born
to live life and to spend my earthly sojourn.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Deja Vu, Shangrila Mactan

That must be the best place
to unwind against boredomsome
hours beset unto me in
this historic island of heroism
by the 1st Filipino hero our
grand-grand-grandpa
Lapu-lapu

too eager-too weak is my desire
to step down
and see the intriguing view
inside this world class
luxury hotel
i have never yet touched this
landmark of modernity
even in my uncorrupted sight

you must agree,
I am magnetized now by the bait
of fantasy
floating with the harbor
of excitement
slow-moving approach while
leaving tremendous footprints
in the tablets path way
along well-guarded CCTV
entrance gate
but what an emotional shock
a de javu trauma welcoming
to my face
a flash back phobia
of historical events that i need to forget

trembling with catastrophic
heartbeat
while featuring the 5 star architectural
side view seems the Malacañang palace
where I had just escaped from after
EDSA 3 political crisis

tiresome rally, and
conflict, threat of war in adjacent Mendiolla-
avenue
where teargas encountered that nearly forgotten
events and
now forcibly refresh and retrieve
a de javu scenario that almost cut off
my life
against de facto government

so disgusting

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Horror Train Ride

We're frightened
but we must be brave
upon entering
horrible path of
the living dead
artificial coffin
with artificial cob webs
Indiana jones cart
carrying nervous
along artificial darkness

We're amazed
not to the human zombies
touching chests
but to the mama's child
brave enough to laugh
and mock this
comical graveyard

Learn horror drives
explore city graves
except with weak heart
you ride at your own risk

the management is not liable for you
commercial riders!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Jungle City Corruption

Be wanderer
from city to jungle

try to compare

Skycraper buildings
sprouting in customized avenues
like centennial trees
rocketing in verdant forest hills

Urbanized drainage systems
Crawling down artificial rivers
same as the jungle rains
spraying taken and absorbing

The civilized crowds
hectic sked to survive
commercial industry
moving here and there
competing one another

No differences
from jungle ancient lifestyle
only the fittest remain and survive

unhealthy competition
a low esteem existing
a form of animal instinct

as low as the morale standard
of some city elected tigers
assumed deny to death
against guerilla tactics
in executing greedy grafts
and corruption practices

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Mumps Self-Scare

jaw extensions
self-quarantine
mouth - heavy
even to spit

i can't talk
i can't eat

while preparing psychological test

for masteral pub ad

I refuse for ID pictorial

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Myriad Cells At Villa Chiesa Laguna

2 am

pass the pinnacle hour
of the night

we're floating out
of all attribute in life
wearied body now
is a lung
breathing unconsciously
beneath
the hot spring resort
from ardent ground
of Mt. Makiling
embracing myriad cells
formulate tender touch
strength renewal
rocking nerves refreshal
resuscitating tensioned brain
cuddling outer skin
like the hot wave
burning
and disappearing

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Nightmare

To sleep
is to rest - for the bones
for the flesh, for the mind

nightmares
ruin this
transient peace
cause even
for final
unbothering
unplanned rest

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Scare ***** Swine Flu Immunity

from Mexico swine to Canada via Phils, down to Laguna
to Buleran farm

i am here

where

cross-breed hogs squeaking

swine flu free viruses

cocks crowing

irritating to my ears

shaken my sleepy misty morn

foul excrement

cohorts native farm

breathing air

sound fishy to smell

carbon dioxide for

almost 3 consecutive nights

overstay

but it wouldn't break yet

my nostril immunity

in fuming baleful deadliest

airt pollution

injected from capital city

where I came from

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sea Of Waves

sea of waves
and waves of the sea
aren't all the same
but salty

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sean First Talk

March 15,2010. Sean is 2 and half month old

Listen Sean
my son

your first talk
injected joys

talking like
a dove coos
murmuring calf

till you got tired
went back to sleep

never rush to speak
take your time sean
your mommy said

both of you
caught my breath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Floating Coffin In Memorial Sea

at 5th storey paradise princess
partly in nasipit butuan sea philippine archipelago

yellow paint thick as glue
glossing on iron deck
uppermost in 5th storey vessel
2 stairways at opposite ways
heading up to rooftop a children playground
by day
best site too for sea watchers
sea suicidal diving attempts
above white ceiling steel plate floor
near mariners trapdoor quarter room

ferry's crew check color coded ticket
while sneaking along caravan of goods
like cigarretes cartoons
rebisco can biscuits for pasalubong
as trademark as manila to barrio home excursionists

luggage and suticases
private belongings watched by private eyes
a sign of private ownership

vandalism is strictly prohibited
a warning sign, vandalizing itself
it is poorly and crackly written

passenger playing cards
lying down beneath no gambling adz
listening tiresome jokers
corny chats with own vernacular
throwing, exchanging deadly jokes
i laugh inside my malong blanket
too shy to laugh at loud
LOL we are both strangers
i am out of their place
so awkward as
i listen assumingly

to the flapping lips of trapal tent
covering sideways on this economy sections
as the whistle blower detecting
striking storms
now beginning to persecute
again this floating coffin

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Hundred Islands Seed Expedition

How smooth sailing across
massive channel
besides banks
of lucid seaweeds ground
gigantic corals
beneath
high mossy rocks
beyond glistening
beaches where luminous waves
reach countless laps

exploring from sandhills
sightseeing the
heart-warming sea mounts
up rising from south china sea

a perfect seascape
for poetical seed to germinate
above sea level

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** M/V Asia China At Lonely Sea

I stare
Nothing but at the sea
My mind is screaming
He wants to fly
Around ocean surface
To dive beneath the
Murmuring propeller
That controls the speed
I can't understand
My mind
The risk of my
Thinking
If he gets loose
I might explore now
And acquaint
The living beasts beneath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Moro Gulf

(from Pagadian, Zamboanga to Cotabato ca. '93)

as young as my 2 siblings
curious mind expands
limited borders
exploring boundaries across
infinite Muslim seas
from the jungle clashed
of our father's no permit policy

as young as idolizing Columbus
in conquering fear
from an outside world

we never stop exploring in
an explored cities from
a lowly civilized seas

we're late explorer in this
21st century
ready to loosen our mind of
childish impulse
to capture ordinary journey
into self-acclaimed rare one
filling up with wonder and delight
and mingling with Muslim brothers
acquainting their Arabic style dialect
in midst of the rocky historic gulf

aboard antique wooden ferry
some are bound to Sulu, Basilan
Zamboanga City
a challenging route to escape
momentarily from our own
home of revolt

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Paradise Princess

I want to tell what port is like Nasipit pier
when my Paradise ferry
kiss here tonight
sluggishly propell
and create whirlpool action
in salt-melted sea
blazing into brown
sea chocolate

the shore turns into yellowish clay
a reflection from mercury lighted bulb
guarding oil depot

the Butuanon dew soothing
night seems bathed with tenderness
while heading towards east
facing the late sun
while shipping parole lights winding too
in a dark hillside
like a shameful fireflies
with on-off lamplights

finally the princess
kisses concrete wharf
then sneaking porters
rapelling down the grills

nervous pulsing my flesh
guarding my belongings
against hocus pocus
laboring

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Quarter Moon / Trans Asia 2 / Bohol Sea

Lines of moon
travelling beside me

low tide
calm waves

every excursionist
desires

and i am here
in the middle
of nowhere

extending pleasure
beneath the quarter moon

above floating liquid
on salty earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Seatrip ***** Via Verdant Isle

Via dumaguete city courtesy of WG and A

verdant isle
rising from the dawn
full of hospitality
keeping WGA ship
like a home sweet sweet
away from angry Visayas fury
though this countenance is
just momentary
but draw perfect worthwhile relationship
between our transient-owned vessel
and the steady wharf
waiting the floating coffin safely
touch memorial shore
kissing graveyard basin of the trip

the ship can't wait anylonger
as the craving anchor touches the ground
as the craving pier selfishly moving closer to me
then
caravan of goods
load and unload
it is my first touch landed in dumaguete
seems a giant leap
for my little hidden anthology

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sex ***** Camel Toe A Pro-Feminine Wash

Take closer
no touch, don't touch
for your delicate eyes only

Look at what I've seen
the glory of all women
attach in their outer pelvic skin
in their casual fitted slacks or jeans

It's a camel toe
spice for voyeurism
oasis for widowed men
obsessed by honeymoon breakers

It's a cupped-hand size
a camel - like gigantic toe
with an inch splitting Nile
as center river intriguing sheath in mind
for the firing log of fertility
of mutuality, of love and deceit affairs
of harassment, abduction and rapes
veiled with the weeds of femininity
and feminine wash solely
cleases the viral eye infections

so fresh as the nectar
for the sipping polygamous bess
cloth with oozing libido
in a cool lucrative temptations

this erotic poem is
strictly for hot poetic desire
reading without malice
but for sex educ purpose only

below 18 years of age is prohibited
and parental guidance is highly recommended

Sex ***** Chess Monarchy, Seducing The Queen

Come play with me

My black horse
ready to abduct the
caucasian queen
as I double-tapped with
the totalitarian king

the unordained bishop
is cornered
meditating for a miraculous
pawn sacramental jihad

I jump thru horse riding
with my mighty armored knight
to capture the virgin queen
in ancient board monarch

out of illicit desire to own
the queen for my life

my punched clock eats much of my time
in too much obsession
polygamous thinking against
the rival inutile nominal king

i lost the fight

thanks for losing such game
this poem means my winning prize

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sex ***** Hayden Kho - The Doctor Scandal

I watched your
hidden lewd treasure

it was full
of porno art

waiting to be criticized

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sex ***** Nightlife Cubao

I go into the merchant corner
Late evening
I leave Anonas street
Abandoning my 8 boardmates
I see g.r.o women
12 to 16 yrs old
Loitering at highway 56
Where snatching is rampant

I see beyond Aurora corner
Benches of another young lass
Filled with heavy make up

I am 21 but my urge seems
60
I watch their skin
Rough
I feel like a collapsed parachute

I turn right and meet local merchant
For my small job
Buy and sell puppet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sex ***** Seductive Night Lass

Night goes walk
in search for night pleasure
not for tonight

I am here focusing
the up-side-down
eye-catching lights
the lights in Cubao
dancing in rhythmic harmony
among the passing cars
from leisure arousal peak
of beer and good time lusts
and the drunk tires tirelessly
zooms under my footed overpass bridge
chasing definitely for their
untimely death waiting ahead

then seductive lass
around 15 so fresh by night
full of red lips
winking alluring eyes
hunting easy money in lieu
for a short-time ecstasy
with her prostituting public flesh
and burning desire around Aurora-
Cubao inn

I refuse
I am ashamed to appear that
lewd moment on my next
paper scandalous story

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sex ***** Sexual Desire

Momentous meeting
High desire
Mutual ecstasy
Touching
Flesh to flesh
Every skin is hot
Rushing
Oozing fluid
Blushing sweat
Feel now
Retreat not
Lust is to lust
Open wide
There is love
About to enter
Bone exploding
Trembling orgasm
Sensual expression
Breathing fires
and
Collapsing like parachute
Melting the two
Opposites
Into one

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Chaos United World

This is only my collective
view doesn't affect
global identity

organizations, associations
unions, earthly dogmas
united beliefs, principles
upholding common interest
tribal goals
fraternal aims
foundation's extended arms
objective connotations
country's unification
united nations
anti-conflict anti-war
creating society as one

and general outcome

a more chaotic world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** City Lights

There are lights
glimmering at my sight
stilted lights
neon lights
the city life at night

they dance thru the building wall
they gleam beneath heaven's floom
they break cavernous darkness
from dusk till dawn space

they cheat the juvenile's heart
they mislead gal's decent art
they deceit vice's felicity
but they never bluff me

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Equality Among Equals At Bus Terminal

The ritual of land trip
from one bus to the next
the usual of cutting trip
the long interval to wait
the excitement
the thrill for the first
the lingering dream
to touch down Lanao del Sur

Same as usual
every new place is strange
every face is different
Who can I trust?
Who do I know?
To whom do i leave my belongings
for my quick urinal?

No fair rates in using C.R.
Every terminal has different rates
some provides Official Receipt
some put the cents directly deep down their pocket

so in the bus fare, the van, the PUJ
the colorum vehicles

it's a matter of unhealthy competition
an old race for survival
rooted from our ancestor roots
a vulgar heritage that only the strongest can survive

where is the intuitive justice for the weak?
Where is the sovereign rights of equality?
Yes it's quite obscure
even the equals among equals
can't cope up anymore the
equality system among their co-equals

Society ***** Face Mask For Swine Flu Scare

April 2009 and beyond
exactly at world hour

time has come
that the pig, the hog, the piglet
the boar, the swine
get back at their obsessed predators
excluding my muslim brods and
my Jewish canadian sniper
but they can't escape the killer flu
floating in the air
the airborne virus outbreak
could grow into fearful pandemic
like another holocaust of Hitler
nazis genocidal tragic past
if W.H.O. can't paralyzed the
magnified phobia against
swine vengeance threat

From outbreak's epicenter -
the country Mexico
to the panic cold countries
victims are caught flat-floated
before handling face mask
to save lives
before day-count quarantine
for their health imprisonment

don't be paranoid
we can eat yet the holy
grail of pork
the slowly roasted pig
lechon as filipino fixtured dish
in all celebrations wake
its golden brown crunchy skin
juicy white meat

and be aware not to eat
near coughing and sneezing

guests

as you wash your hand
reflect my warn:

let the swines revenge for their rights
as you butchered and feasted their lives!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Killer Acacia

A century-year-old acacia
fell to his death today

she was swept
by an angry tornado

3 high school students
found dead
beneath the falling
giant branches

rescue volunteers
retrieved them
2 hours after the phenomena

* in memory of the killer acacia and her victims
College of St. John The Baptist
Jimenez, Misamis Occidental, Phils. circa 1995

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Last 2 Gambling Raided By Conscience

Won by chance
won by luck
in the frozen gambling world

losers count the few winning chances
winners are only finger count of

illegal activities
viewed in the center public eye
winning
illegal prizes await

patronized by few protective
cops

additional income
from a dirty hand

a bitter appetite
for their family table meals

so shameful truth
in a bitter unjust society

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Payatas Dumpsite Overnight

(a year after the mournful tragedy)

Down
On your man-made mountain

Frighten
Of another collapse
Of another tragedy
Deprives the innocent
The poor the majority
The hunger

I am blank

As I throw sympathy to all night scavengers
Digging for endless survival

Your smoke your artificial breath
I smell too

And I truly understand
Only poor country
Loves deadly-poisonous air

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Sandiganbayan Heavy Traffic

Joy riding

Toyota model

From commonwealth avenue to Fairview

5 kph

In front sandiganbayan centennial bldg

A traffic enforcer

Is waving red gloves

Synchronizing the green light

At the traffic post

In the 3rd lane of 4

Bumper to bumper

Traffic now crawls up

Too slow as slow as the plunder case of erap

Started to hear for the first time

Here with banners of

Maka masa elitista

Ibalik si erap

Gloria labandera pasista

Riot and protest

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Scavenger - Feeding Philantropist

living in city proper, one should not miss the sched truck garbage collector, otherwise, stench cover up all over your home

You don't just burn it
with invented bon fire
ignited by crude oil and used tires
at your open yard like what
you did at remote barrio field

you can't simply throw it
all out into the nearby brook
floating with carcass
fastfood wrappers, tear down
grocery plastics, empty cans
used sachet items

you can't dig 6 ft. hole
to dump all non-biodegradable
matters and eco- waste
and count million of years
for decomposition processing

no, don't try to put it
secretly by night on another
trashcan and dirty sacks
by another ownership and
expect dumb war and conflict
if you break this unwritten rules
that mostly happen in urban neighborhood
and end up in band- to- keep- the- peace
court settlement

yes, believe me that here in
city proper where square-footed
forlorn space privacy is quite closer
so don't ever miss to treasure
momentarily your rottened waste
your decomposing personal garbage
even your hidden human excrements

and don't ever miss to log on
on your delay hectic sched ledger notes
the huge dump truck collection time
in sweeping all your domestic mess
that need not be taken for granted

thus occasionally your voluntary
philanthropic servitude is of great help
for those stink scavengers with
gluttonous empty stomach
waiting patiently all your golden mess
for their heavy feasted meal
like voracious worms celebrating
party-feeding session in a
fertile dump soil

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Urban Vs. Rural Child

down in the city
streets are busy
traffic jams work delay
neighbors rise up early
to earn money

sooty clouds canopy
trap polluted air heavy
fetid garbage blocks waterways
painting river murky

in hot summer seasons
baleful smoke puff like air stone
in long rainy days
flood is up to my knees
far from my rural home stay

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Vandalism Canteen Menu

pay as you order

please minimize your voice

self-service

watch out your own belongings

count your change before leaving

pay exact price

fern-c available here, no therapeutic approved

next please

clean as you go

these are all loitering menu

pasted in the wall

as vandalism buffet

extra salad of each day

rambling below as

appetizer

inside a messy

crowded canteen

toothpick please!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Society ***** Verbal Wrangling At Luneta Plaza, Independencia Et Al

try to roam here and pose to listen

arguing
interfering
rebutall without conviction
no persuasion
resolving monkey issues
nonsense trivias
to old headlines
from send avesta to tripitaka
to koran to biblical to science

insults
babers burden of proof
politics, elections
philosophy
ridiculous
sophies

side-by-side
higgledy-piggledy chorus
gobbledygook arguments

self-acclaimed rebirth jesus
new era confuscious
lao tse
modern plato
a clone from aristotle

but no ever recorded
even a single fanatic
insane follower
proclaimed jargons
wiseacre debaters

if given light responsibilities

they will refuse

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Betrayal

high expectations
bring me down
into bottom line poverty

with sweet dreams
build-up promises
betray me

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Alibi Of The Weak

Our failures will not be
covered up
by

the alibi
of the
weak

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Cebu Island And Other Sorrows

Here where I built my name
My success my failure my pain

In an island where my dreams were built and perished

Pre-law studies public admin masteral
Collegiate debates amateur mountaineering
Freelance photography Christian brotherhood
Constitutional advocates neutral ideologist
impulsive emotions and human lust

Painful to look back
The idealism the struggle
The hunger and the lust

The lust that slaved my flesh
With horrible love
An erotic love
From suicidal woman's heart

I can still hear her scream
Longing to captive my brain
To capture my name

I escaped empty
Goodbye beautiful queen city
Of the south

Goodbye dreams and pride
Now I keep on swallowing temporary defeats

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Depression Cancer Cells

Exhausted emotions
psychosomatic anxiety
suicidal illness
death marginal attempts
psychiatrists constitute
these are all pack in me

Cursed fate
sin circumstances
Hindu sect karma
pagan insists
these are within me

religion faith ordeal
appraisal heavenly tests
failure implications
recycle tragedy
mournful story
immature worriness
all by myself

malignant cancer cells
killing softly my body
bit by bit

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** E.R. Commatose

Violent pictures
disrupting the neatness social order
affecting mainly my well-made mind
as if bearing unbearable grief
traumatic remembering
depriving my youth
dimming my vision
cutting my fortune
into pieces of tears
mourning in island grail
of nightmare
paralizing myriad cells
only brain remained
crawling in thinking of
self-massacre inner war limb to limb
firing black parade to
curse unconscious self-sabotage
to flash the history of deprivation
a doom to live again under hex
a voodoo spell of conflicting self

back off voyeurism internet addict
a sign of disgust
relieve my flesh who imprisoned me
half-life sentences
reject my childhood illness
and mental lost control
I burried down all negative emotions
under the hole of the pasts

goodbye helpless victimized self
now i am strong
entitled to what
the
Divine strength masks
on me

and at mindful distance
without any eye purple details

i look at myself
with compassionate positive
contributing curiosity

i see a man of rebirth
coming from the womb of
catastrophising and exploding
commatosed yesterdays

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Flight Fatigue

Rain catches me too often
this April 2000
drizzle first but heavy enough
against my fragile nostril
expose
from burning celsius
causes brain tired and creates
impurities and nodules on my feet
and bubbling nerves lies probable
excuses why I couldn't express
creative story
for the 4th day of EDSA 3 RALLY

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Flight Of Disappointment

(from Lumbia airport CDO to NAIA)

Lift me up high
Above a cloudy sky
Where no cotton balls
Thick and strong
Bumping on the silver wings

At right window side
I am dismayed

Where is the golden sun
The round ocean
The verdant mountain
The landscape of the world
You've promise to reveal?

Then breathless heartbeat
Pulsing a nervous twitch
Engine is shaking
silver wings are flapping
Against the lips of murmuring wind
Tires are shrieking
Unnotice

You take me down

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Frustrated Poet

I was angry at my pen
not it had black-dried ink
I was incensed at my pen
it wrote no more inspiring poems

I threw it on the wall
and rolled into wooden floor
I kicked it out of the door
i would't see that pen anymore

I was angry with my notes
Not it content a tiresome jokes
I was incensed with my books
all i wrote here lead to naught

I was bored to glance nature
all i know was to be reborn as new creature
I was scared to wipe pointless tears
just to hold blame of failure years

I was once a frustrated poet
this hidden speech was aimed to please
a key to open hopeful gate
and then new BLITHE POEM i create

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Humid Blanket

In fact just this evening

23 Feb.2001

i feel bone-to-flesh fatigue

trembling

crawling

pulse wave

among myriad cells

clusters of

overflowed veins

encircling stressed nerves

sticky cord

of arteries

causes living torso

complicated

i self diagnose

psychosomatic disease

too obscure

beneath this

humid blanket

rejecting fresh airs

to breath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** One Liter Of Tears

One liter of tears
a mixture of
joy
and
bitterness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Prisoner Of The Flesh

I am the prisoner of my flesh which I have thoughtlessly
Inherited from the genes of nowhere
I am convicted of a mysterious crime
Nobody wants

I am the prisoner of weaknesses
Shackles my limbs, shrinks my nerves
Shrouds my mind to act perfectly in
The world of mistakes

Flesh is the jail where I am imprisoned
Wicked strengths are the metal chains fettered me
Eyes of the folks are the guards of my faults

Their tongues are like guns
Firing my head un-blood

Justice? I pervert not justice
Divine Judge
Justice is within me
I have no suspicious offender but my flesh

I beg one Divine Judge
A day of chance to pardon my life-long sentence

I confess

I am waiting now for that miracle

Please hearken my plea!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sorrow ***** Samal Island Lost Garden

I lived dying in Kaputian in the island
Garden city of Samal for almost a year
The Davao gulf breeze and smashing waves
Had witnessed all my tears.
Retailing RTW, consignment local goods
Dealing pre need plans, educational
Life insurance, wholesaling facial creams
And the like

Disappointment drew in my heart
As I collect unpaid balances
No interest hike.
Wondering why I was too lenient to native T
Or Samalian except for the better few
I was complete stranger and their
Establishments were
Rise and fall as I knew.
Risk as I ride their colorum
Habal – habal single motor uphill
Prone to death with unlicensed
Drivers no doubt to tell

There was a time I can't remember when
When the rented house was
Renovated (rental deduction) for
Mini grocery's den
Then the greedy owner prematurely
Selfishly wanted to grab
Too inhumane act revealed nothing
But uncivilized mob

Perhaps next time I'll visit and tour
I'll spend only on its \innocent crystal shore
With sleeping bag, north face tent
Treka sandal, and instant baon
Digital cam to click new pics
And delet old wounds

Spiritual ***** Don'T Be Anxious About Tomorrow

Don't be anxious about tomorrow
live one day at a time
read gospels writtten in Matthew
treasure life as golden dew

Each second we breath
God's truly gift
best moment to greet
loved ones we meet

Look not mournfully the future
nor aspire exist perishable things
worship God and adore Him
for soul salvation's gain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Spiritual ***** Life Is Meant To Be Lived But Once

Don't ever boast of
material wealth you've got
just keep in mind
What man possess
in this world
when he leaves
he can bring them not

Don't ever flaunt of
academic intellect you've had
Man leaves everything
and he is bound to pass away
including the pain and the trouble
the deception and the drudgery

Life is meant to be lived but once
so we need to enhance
what really God's purpose and plan

We are designed to worship Him
abide His laws truthfully
spiritual maturity grows
day after day

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Spiritual ***** Sing The Song Of Triumph!

Sing the song of triumph
a joyful hymn from heaven above
with divine tones and graetful tune
to fill our lives with love

Sing the song of rejoice
praising notes for God's presence
strengthen more our blessed faith
for salvation's sake, escape the 2nd death

Sing the song of thanks to Thee
as chosen flock in these last days
we're God's fulfillment prophecies
Rejoice once more People of God
the judgment day, our triumph nearly comes!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Spiritual ***** The Bem's Dorm

(bachelor of evangelical ministry student's dormitory)

Here gathered young
eminent brave men,
raised from somewhere
crossed the miles, away from home

How happy they are
even though far
from their parent's embrace
even strangers to the pain of
struggling years
and melancholic nights,
they fix their eyes unto the Lord
begging for help, kneeling for mercy
shedding tears.....
for the triumph only God can give.

But, like the growing seeds
and climbing vines
reaching up to towering aims.....
winds cross their way
rushing them
trying to vanish away

What mournful truth gives aching heart
some offspring here
no longer living
they were carried away
by the evil wind.....

here valiant men only can stay longer
with brave heart and soul
will be trained.....
combating the tempest and obstacles
to measure-up to well-built aims

Such mighty armors
worn by these men

weapons of hope
chained with faith are their
main heavenly force.....strenght from above

Then.....time goes on
soon they will leave
into the realm they would go
not to make nation's roads
but to save souls
spreading the gospel of Truth!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Spiritual ***** Total Surrender

In the wide emptiness
of my days
sole mind tracing
bitter memories

I can't resist
only to bend down knees
begging for mercy

may the Lord clears up
my clouded pathways

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Spiritual ***** Ultimate Author, Final Testament

At the end of my road
where the glory of sun
shines no more
on my solitary bending path
of life
way back home
and the wind
I've chased in mountain dusk
that carries my dream
already far beyond
my grasp
loosen from my sight
invisible, and fading

and too weary to walk straight ahead
to keep on moving

and too hard to stand firmly
with my feet
too keep back fighting

too blurry to flash
mine eyes
just to retain seeing

but one thing
is so sure
in twilight zone of my life

as long as I can think
I will keep writing poems

God is good indeed for
He created POET

Glory be to Him
for being His humble pen

Spiritual ***** Ultimate Inspiration

I often sense the presence of Yours
In defeated times or in way to triumph
It matters yes, not half truth, You alone
Knows my weak points and faults

How often I am trapped in the world of tests
Trials seem endless
But no single moment I regret
You're here ready to keep; I wait

Inspire me in times of sorrow
Embrace me so I can get closer with you
Give me more strength and hope
When I am defeated by faults
Shade with me cheerful positive thoughts
When doubts clouding my noble purpose.

You're the inspiration, the guide, the lamplight
Of my shadowy path of life

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Star ***** Journey In Galaxy

shout now in universe
thru un-carved senses
touch
the void
vacuous space
for my atomic mind
about to explode
ASAP
beyond untouchable
milky way beyond galactic horizon
where deserted sun
refuses to shine

i want undefined danger
no deep lung breathing
no damp still air
i stretch rocketed arm
with piloted ink
continue writing
cosmic imagination
all start from pen ball point

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Stars ***** Taskforce Comets

Imperfect stars
moved across the jungle
of the wilderness in the
celestial mud just before sunrise

all at once they stroke
down the vacuum
of gravity

only their poney tails
were visible and
faded away before they had sank
down into the infinity

comets were the sweeping stars
the cursed heavenly bodies
as the dark angel Lucifer
overthrown down to earth

(based on my immature perception
ca.1882)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Struggle ***** Beneath Humid Blanket

In fact just thus evening
of 23rd day February 2001

I have flesh-to-bone fatigue
pulses are trembling
sending sticky waves
barring arteries
exploding abdomen
causes torso onto
psychosomatic comatose

I feel half-sleep
diagnosing mind inflicting injury
while half dying

too obscure
to attempt.....
beneath humid blanket

my colleague calls up
for a rescue

911 reponse
reject dead air

it is a farting time

expose silent whisper

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Struggle ***** Crawling Vines

Green vines
crawl in the tenement
window

clothed with
twisted cord

some leaves
collapse like
earthbrown parachute
while attempting
to reach the roof top

for their final lap

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sun ***** Lights Of The Lost Sun

From my younger years
sun has been shining
but it is not meant to me

meager rays are too far
yet too little warm
wrapping the coldest moment
of my life

Sometimes scorching heat
striking against my sight
rather it adds burden
too heavy for me to smile
up high
my knees can't resist to kiss
the ground
almost crawling enough
above cursed soil
bending to hide
away from radiated sky

I don't know yet how long
is to wait the shading rainbow
of hope and
how far the wind
that drives my dreams.....

I almost lose half cycle
of my life

though I fail oftentimes
and mock as fool
as a man of thousand defeats
and born to be defeated
even by the weakest

still I keep on persevering
though the sun will project
winning smile

to the rest of the world
excluding mine eyes

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sun ***** ya

Rays moved closer
Melting the railroad track
Beyond the old station
Locomotive started to drum
Metal wheels crawled and creaked
And screeched between urban poor
Squatters waiting for government
Relocation project

Thick old windows as concrete shield
Against thrown garbage, Indian pana,
Stoned by the gang war conflict.
Rusty floor was rocking
Noisily across fenceless bridges

I glanced next passengers
Who sat cross-legged
Position while playing "tong-its" card

I pushed them accidentally
Sorry, 'out of balance'
And the Bicolano's sheaf of vegetables
Loosened and scattered

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Sun ***** Where The Sun Refuses To Shine

In the high still emptiness
where the sun refuses
to shine
where solar lights' fingers
play solely
in the dark
sparkling darkness
and
this hobby of
collecting rhymes
transforming verses

Rebirth!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Terrorism ***** Mrt And Lrt Rizal Bombing

Zooming
roaring
coming
falling not from sky
humming like bees
rushing-hour
a city train, it's a metro rail transit
passing
rail road track
along EDSA
goes to and fro
escaping from traffic jam
curing headache commuters
quick halt
dropping
snatching token passengers
then buzzing
zooming falling not from sky
it is the city MRT rushing - hour city train
passing by malls, galleria, shrine
diving inside tunnel
hunging like cable cars
crossing overpass
crawling above flyover
joy riding
minding not her sister train
LRT Manila
in comatose
by December 30 Rizal day bombing!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Terrorism ***** Saddam Hussein In New Iraq

He was the dictator
in the old Iraq
the once fertile
the abandoned garden
of Eden rushed

It was always his
first word as the final and executory
handed down from
holocaust- master the
Austrian blood Hitler
in infamous Nazi era

and Saddam tragic death sentence
provoked his old Iraq was beaten

and democracy is running down
in new Iraq alas!

million patriots cheer!
their hearts pound firm
resurrecting freedom
in new Iraq at last!

but I am saddened
with too much grief

children's laughter today
will turn into blues
someday somehow as they grow
they will learn
their new Iraq acquired freedom
is under US Marines GI Joes custody

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Terrorism ***** Summary Killings In The City Of The Punisher

Body's found hogtied
every other day
Massacred with bullets
riddled knives wounds

Ruthless limbs swollen
from obsess hired prey
allegedly hunting gangsters
drug pushers-users
against political propagandas
criminals, libelous journalists

Bloated victims
floating down the city road
singly or tied together
bathed with their own blood

Conscience draws down
spectator's throat

who shall be blame
where are the living witnesses
how long will they hide in securing full security
where are the crime protection authorities
are they invlove too in these gangster syndicates
who's the next predators
how safe now to stroll our main streets full of delightful lights

a series of terrible questions
thrown by the trembling inhabitants
mix with the blood of terror
and in their veins
the once vibrant, garrulous
fancy
turns now into fear
blown up images of horror
waiting another riddled bullets

scything next innocent nerves
beyond judicial process

note: the name of the city here is being withheld
due to peculiar narrow reason:
to protect local tourism industry
in the Philippines: tourism means job

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Till He Lost His Last Breath

dedicated to every man who has never found himself until he has lost his all

Circling like squirrel
chasing his own tail
Flapping like goldfish
thrown in the empty bowl

Restless as the wind
no point to call him firm

That figure out the man
with pointless aim
affected by the forces of criticism
slaved by his own imaginary fears
engulf with unnecessary worries
packed by blames and alibis
and ready excuses

his vision lies on the horizon of doubts
on his veins run the blood of timidity
he is riding on the crest of struggling waves
in the ocean of uncertainties

till he lost his last breath.....

not yet finding himself

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Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

To See Is To Believe

believe me
that to see is to
believe
is believable

see to it that
what you have seen
is not unbelievable

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

To think the unthinkable thought

To think the unthinkable thought
is unthinkable
nobody can think an unthinkable thought

anyone who will attempt
to think the unthinkable thought
is an unthinkable thinker

I don't think that the unthinkable thinker
can think a thinkable thought
why thinking an unthinkable thought
if you are not the unthinkable thinker...

can you think that this message is from
a thinkable thought?
and are you a thinkable thinker?
thus, think only the thinkable thought

what are those thinkable thoughts
that the thinkable thinker should think...

if you cannot think of what are those thinkable thought
thus you are the unthinkable thinker

what do you think?
are you a thinkable thinker thinking that
I am unthinkable?
or am I the unthinkable
thinking an unthinkable thought
that you are the unthinkable thinker.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Askewed Floating Restaurant

Manila breakwall
concrete warft

there float
askewed restaurant
dined by tycoon guests

swallowing rare delicacies
for my taste bud of imagination
as cuddled by
all season motif waves
of the salt bay

sneakingly at distant i glance
ashame to touch
even the entrance exit stair
feclining upward to
heavenly 3 storeys
gigantic kitchennete vessel
like restaurant

too content to hatch
my delicacy
the 24 days balot pinoy
while settling myself beside
concrete fence
dividing the unwritten gap
between the big timer
C.O.O
Child Of Owner
and the poor poet
rich in dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Consider Once More The Davao And Durian

Lightning bullets up to Mt. Apo
and thunder rolling down to Davao City
cold rain sprays through banana leaves

Eagle's wing spreads once more
shrouding Davao gulf scene
with high meter heights of exotic durians
consider its pointed nails
the deadly smell
sweet to taste
aprodisiac legal ecstasy

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Double Sunset In Manila Bay, And The Moon Proxy

While in this known wide
panoramic sun setting shore
i see the must awaiting sun
the crimson lights
gliding down
gleaming deeped rays
too are descending
from mantling bay
reflects double blood plates
in form
swallowed down the horizon

then the entire bay
varnish with burning fire

waves turn into gold
clouds are the mute witness from
far line sea to where
the twilight moon
now softly ascending

a proxy for the unclosed sun
responsibility
in flaming up the earth
always but not forever

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Foggy Sharp Noon

It is Baguio
And I am writing

Fog is falling
It befell us before and will again
White air lends its cold
Freezes the smoky balls from
Native bonfire down hills

It washes the pines
Whose pointed leaves lend
Music for the deaf

The noon gets more smoke
More cold now on my feet
Rays of the sun are tortured
Seem it refuses to shine forever
What a premature sunset occurs
Fog falls again
Like soft rain
Feeding the hungry earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Japanese Tomb Landcape

Narras in all breed
stand as receptionists
at the mouth of memorial gate
lichen-masked pines
strayed local guavas
near bridge across
artificial lagoon
heading to
hundred-steps penitencial ladder
approaching highest altitude
placid peak
for Lake Caliraya sightseeing
to wavy Sierra Madre foothills

I haven't seen this before
even in the eye of my
expectations
but oh!
I am dismayed
the red burning sun rushly hides
to rest

spectators are whistling now
in disgust and leaving
peace
for the final resting tomb
of Japanese

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Jose Rizal Birth Home Revisited

Calamba Laguna
April 2001

I am here
national hero's home
I am strolling inside and out
Spanish
architectural influence
the art of our
hero's immortal foe
irony but facts

my feet rooted near the lips
of his wishing well
near Zoro type
kalisa garage

i am wishing
i would be a modern hero
a hero of my own
conquering my slave self
against imperial own weaknesses

it is impossible to be true
i have no piso bill
to be thrown in Rizal's
legendary well

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Jose Rizal Standing At Dapitan

tribute poem to the
Philippine national hero
Dr. Jose P. Rizal as exiled here
in Dapitan by the Spanish colonizers
before he was firing- squad- to -death
in Luneta, Manila 1898

Long before I heard
this historic place
even before I took up
civic and culture elementary
grade school subject

I visit here not for
educational tour
riding bus for hire
by a whole institutions
pressured by mentors
against consent by some parents
who never value about history

I am here to see
the ruins of Spanish era
the national hero's way of life
art of living
his bamboo shelter, clinic
mini- children school
kitchenette
and believe me
there is no single nail attaching
and connecting the shack
maybe Chinese hardware
at that time wasn't accessible yet

It is a self-intriguing tour
educating oneself
while matching Rizal's height
with mine
ranging 5' to 5' 3"

thru his life size statue
a rain or shine relic hero

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Magellan's Deadly Spot 17 April 1521

(Lapu-lapu shrine, Mactan Island)

I couldn't imagine how fool
Portuguese Magellan underestimate
Lapu-lapu's men

From Victoria and other Spanish battle ship
Here they stepped down
Extending colonial territory
For GOD GOLD and GLORY

Unfortunately, unshielded Lapu-lapu's men
Smashed attacked clashed fought aggressively
On this very muddy site
Where nerves of my feet intertwine
On that bloody heroic noon

Bamboo spears versus metal swords

And the action goes
Thru spectator's eye
At the painting on the wall

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Makiling - The Mountain Of Legend And Verses

for the late Phil. national hero Dr. Jose Rizal

thousands fo feet
above Laguna de bay level
my mind is climbing
beyond the mountain peak

century-old trees
dark chaparral
lines of rail guide my mountaineering mind
loaded with backpack of curiosity

my mind is cramming
as I scale her legendary breast
from afar
her majestic hair
her lying pregnant woman figure
mysteriously waiting to give birth

now I know why
her legendary breasts
remain un-fade
and touched by trekkers
always and forever

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Mc Arthur Park Return

(Palo, Leyte 1995 with Uncle Raul Abarca Darantinao
my tour guide and guidance adviser)

Why the Pacific waves
Unceasingly dancing and praising
At the back of these
World war 11 figures?

Why historian's cameras
Undyingly shot photographs
In front of their
Militarian-grayed
Sculptured uniform?

Why they appeared heroes
Above this murky pool?

I shall return here
Sometimes in October
So I may know
The answers

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Milf/Mnlf Personal Encounter

dedicated to the Moro International and National Liberation Front
whom they believe are pro war and anti-christianity but not.....
With Junryl Atienza, Veejay Atienza and uncle Rey, in memory of FORD TRACTOR
6600

For the expectation of the many
North Cotabato as a whole or a part is isolated
Civilization is miles back away
anti-tourism, anti – economic industry
tribal wars are rampant
killing here and there, land of conflict
land of cruelty, injustice etc.....etc.....
and Christians have no room to roam around
and see the vast cornfield valley
the largest corn grower as I've seen
statistically from mine eyes only -
very critical in general to conclude

I had swallowed too that old-aged expectation
until I came to work here for awhile and spent nomadic
style of living in the upper part of Banisilan, Cotabato
and learned how to mingle with Iranon
whom they believe the most brave Muslim's tribe
and the friendly Maguindanaon who offered roof under
heavy rain from a long muddy trail after abandoning the troubled
Ford 6600 farm tractor

I had begun to eliminate that worst expectation
while eating pastel, Muslim's delicacy
while taking quick bath and discharging "nature's call" just to comply
their toilet habit every late evening in Busaon river bank;
while gazing down Marandugao river, believed by them a crocodile haven,
while hunting and chasing wild monkeys and took souvenir shots
with armalite, garan, RPG, and carbin rifles;
while motoring along limestone road from Banisilan proper, to lokal
Thailand, to Pantar, to Busaon, to Tinimbacam where I had met in flesh
for the first time a boy around 12 yrs old carrying garan rifle whom i asked
with tensed and nervous where the 2 tractors, the Ford and Massey were going
and surprisingly he threw generous reply

I had realized then after my mild motor crushed experienced with Dr. Koche and had 1st degree burn in my lower right limb and left scar of remembrance that this part of autonomous region is just the same place that I've ever visited on earth -
with the same atmosphere of hospitality (if you're hospitable too and remember I was a guest not a host, so I should pay due respect with their culture and vernacular)
with the same climate of respect for an individual spiritual believer though they worship Allah and Mohammad is their Prophet and I believe in one God the Father alone and Jesus Christ is a man and redeemer
the Son of God
with the same fertile land, bright eastern sun, friendly rain and sky sheltering all crops to bear fruits of prosperity
with the same fog, breeze, dew and wind blowing peace and freedom for all mankind rooted on earth -
a mankind longing for collective democracy and progress

I had known then
the trusting camaraderie
the love that watered all
the dreams to unite and fulfill the vision
of the land of promise – the land of Mindanao
the appearing clear-cut between Muslims and Christians
the blooded story of the past
the yes for peace
and the no for war
promoting North Cotabato current rich imagery
by unanimously twisting historical conflict as nothing as lies.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Naked 100 Islands

at 100 literal islands, alaminos, pangasinan,
philippine archipelago with 7,207 islands and islets
high tide or low tide

Marvel I have witnessed
the magnificent naked beauty of
floating-like-moss algae
like pieces of heartbeat
turns into an impressive
sea mounts
bestowing eloquent languages
literall adjectives
above this far-eastern-known-
archipelagic republic

Childlike impulse
mixed up with exotic enthusiasm
heaving me from tantalizing
space of this peculiar day
self- exploration

splendor!
o
splendor!
as the south China waves
smite
splash
spray
splatter
against hundred verdant isles

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** New York

Guess where am I

I can't imagine
i've gone through
this far
without approved visa in hand
coincidentally
i am here
hunting local employment
in New York St.
Cubao
QC Phls.

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Obelisk Standing Trek

Back trackers trek
in Mt. Makiling sole
tasting Laguna bay
fleeing breeze
sipping arduous steep
to unfold tent near
intriguing obelisk
a tall pillar object
standing approximately
3 storeys commercial
condo unit
aggressively inviting
trekker's feet
traversing slope cliff
seducing handy cameras
to click pics
something enticing
expanding souvenir items

as we get closer

and set up camp

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Quezon Memorial Circle

While reading the book entitled
The Long Man Anthology of Contemporary
American Poetry, 1950-1980

lyre-beating leaves
falling
interfering
dust whirling
from restless oval
where young and adult jog
ice candy sellers
blind date lovers
trespassing Kia taxi
street child begging alms
local photographers
the imbecile fellow
talking to himself
pin pointing the 66m pylon
the Quezon shrine
the museum
the presidential marble tomb
inside

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Red Planet Camotes Island

(while gazing Tres Marias peak partly in Leyte
for my bro Jevve AGA Advincula, my tour guide
and my extended brother, Camotes to Cambaro
Mandaue City)

A pair of kingfishers
Floating overhead
Interrupting my vision directly to the peak

Their wings are pumping with silent
Glidingly praising their creator
Begging mercy to capture unpredictable prey

They're unaware
We live same planet
Same prey we eat

Without notice
I feel I am alone
As the planet is wheeling
The sun hides and bid goodbye
The preys are invisible
The peak turns into red
Never the island on my feet

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Socializing At Burnham Park

And here i am again
above soft blades of bermuda crawling grasses
watching tourists wool clothing
assorted coats taken from bargain sales
ukay-ukay boutiques, or imported duty free
or from relief goods orphanage donations
or think more
burnham park has it all
and that depend upon the clothe handlers
how suitable their branded shirts they are wearing
either for social symbol
or given by chance by force against chilling atmosphere
i've seen the north face brand, columbia, umbro, pico, nike,
adidas, fila, leather jacket the lacoste, levi's, guess, puma et al

i have seen too the needle-like pines hissing against
frozen wind
the chirping birds perching indian trees
strawberry in a raw near boating lagoon where
attractive boats for hire
and puddle left-right canoe
roaming around man-made lake
a merry-go-round children's rhyme
until fogs occupy my space
clouding my face to end this staring sessions
sniping natures and branded shirts

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Tagaytay Trail - People's Park In The Sky

Chilly wind moving closer to me
Wrapping now my feet
Touching my weary limbs

Until I reach the final trail
Thousands of feet above
The smallest volcano
On earth I've ever known

I wonder why I'm above
Mt. taal
And see no fire
Even the huffs and puffs
In the eye of my mind

only here I apply
The true essence of acceptance

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism ***** Tasteless Lake Caliraya

Curiosity pushes feet to halt
from distant long walk
and touch the last crest
of tasteless waves
combed by the wind
before bumping against
road line wall

I have many attempts
to catch the crest
but I failed as double times

curiosity still exhorts
my throbbing throat
to taste the crest psyche
the essence of lake
away to the sea

i have executed for final lap
suicidal steps
against pull of rapid gravity
just to burn the flaming buds
of throats

the lake now seems untouchable

then splash stretches into my sensitive
hand upon quiting against my well
waiting too long to taste
the tasteless soul

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tourism *****peace For Far-Flung Jolo Basilan Mindanao Phils.

the trusting camaraderie
the love that waters all
the yes for today's peace
the no for future's war
promoting far-flung mindanao
shameful conflict
current and the past
brothers killing brothers
abducting foreigners
kidnapping neutral volunteers
hostage crisis drama
by twisting historical conflict
cutting clear the dividing wall
between muslims and so called christians

making blooded gap
nothing as lies

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tribute ***** Hole In Your Heart

to all who were my critics
and still are

When I vanish
in flesh
in soul
in spirit
in touch of yours
and in your sight

don't dig a hole
lies on earth
but a hole
deep down in your heart

with memories
pumping as your heartbeat
with thoughts
beating as your pulse

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tribute ***** Seed In The Garden Of Bethel

(dedicated to Jimenez Bethel Institute, my high school institution as inspired by Sir Dionisio Vale Sr., our principal and garden instructor, 4th yr. narra, batch 95-96)

Once I was a seed that slowly grew
In the garden of Bethel where I sowed
A sectarian soil anchored my roots
Firmly hold with dreams and hopes.

Above the said fertile bed
Living dust covered my head
I was entangled with vines and dirt
That most thought I won't grow without aid

Learnings were my rain
Knowledge was my nourishment
Imparted from the wisdom of my gardeners
Whose books and lessons were my shelters.

Then the seed grew with youthful stem
With buds sprouted to learn
Availing hope for the rising sun
With rays of bright morning comes

The seed no more but a sapling tree
With branches began to sway humbly
Adoring to my noble gardener
Who once nurtured unselfishly

I praise now my plowmen's hand
Who works not in cultivating the plant
Till I bear the sweetest fruits
A fruitful life..i can offer to their sights

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tribute ***** Tribute To The Youth

Youth keep all your glorious age
For length of years in this world you live
Learn not in midst of wicked
Retain God's promises unfade

Your life spends more open wide
Your strengths still breath at your side
Make much of that time
Till last to rest is fine

Be not scared whatever be tide
Nor to appall when storms abide
Patiently face the transient test
And you gain wondrous grace

Wind of temptation and urge today
Besets unto you day by day
From an earthly pleasure vainly play
This joy grows dim its fame fade away

Enjoy not all lustful happiness
Neglect the wings the desire of evil things
Be courteous to walk in heaven appointed ways
And yes! You'll live God's righteousness

Show off the strength of your youth
Be brave to follow the path of truth
Gratefully seeking to serve His name
The name of God with Holiness remain

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Tsunamis 2004 Hits Asia

200,000 more human flesh
freshly eaten by the sea
swallowed through dribbling throats
of ravenous waves

then vomitted back into
delapidated shore
like slaughtered debris of corpses

now
think of the loss
by monstrous mouth
by the ocean's gluttonous belly

on its lips
where craving waves
waiting
for a fresh flesh menu
in another grim sea festivity

unpredictable

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Uncalled-For Calling

Evangelical worker
is a divine calling

academic professor
is anoble calling

being a poet
is an uncalled-for calling

calling meager attention
out of unwieldy rejection

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Uncivilized Forest Seen Thru Porn-Cam Web

look how dense
the uncut hair of graves
the untrimmed leaves
of unwanted grasses

the once hospitable
seed-rich breeding hole
now a man's un-adaptable

only urge-craving beast
can sip her
glorious sexual basket

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vision ***** Still Have Far To Go

My life's path map is in my heart
It guides me to where I go
To wonder land where dreams and plan are melted
For those who know

Sometimes the road is all uphill
It seems I blow my last breath drill
Sometimes the rail is plain and clear
No sweat in cheeks I feel.
It matters not what road it is
How vast the blocking test –
I must go on!
Since I knew winners never quit.

My life's path map is in my mind
Mandated from above
A journey to the promised land
The place of dreams and eternal love.
The path is long too long to journ
By night by day I blow
It matters not how far it is
I'll keep not back I know
I still have far to go

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vision ***** Thru Mirror For A Twin 'Me'- Shameful Revelation

I want to reveal something about
what i had realized to be valid for me
though it is not yet valid for everyone

it concerns about my disposition
either establishing own business
or going abroad as therapist

both of which I abandoned
when college teaching application
and writing book career
became my retrieved passion

something deeply hidden
withing myself and I must be acquainted
again with this hidden activity
and this should be ponder in my heart

writing career for me is a mere
reflections of my past and future
and my desire to teach Political Science
seems a long lost ability waiting
to be refined

so why should i gamble these lifetime treasures
for becoming an OFW hero or being a local
entrepreneur in which they are not in line
of my noble calling.....

I can look straight at the mirror at last
with pride and firm decision
as I can see myself no longer
a young fellow striving to be
nor an innocent one full of curiosity
but I see a man of my dreams
a man of my visions
a man of humility

learn how to accept things that are really
meant for me....

(but a half-year later, this self-image mirror
had been broken into pieces when global recession
affecting local economy pushing me to swallow
my pride and shame by grabbing great opportunity's
abroad for the sake of greener pasture)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vision ***** Weeds Will Win In The End

Wounded childhood may be gone
but its birthed premature manhood
is now

3 decades are aware of myself
my evaluation is that
I was not existed into the
supposed age of my race

I look at the past -
yes, I did my best

I look at the foot-printed path
yes, my best wasn't good enough

I look at my previous strength
yes, I was striking too hot; full blast

I look at the targetted aim
yes, it seemed ambiguous and blurry

I look ahead steadily
yes, I see another chance, another race

I look at down my feet
yes, I notice, full of weeds

the weeds will win for the next fight in the end

I insist

* out of my sour feelings of disappointment
after the pending result of my massage job interview
for Europe -
just wait patiently

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Tiens - The Skylion

Tian as the sky
as the indefinite door of
opportunity
a vast window
to lengthens life
to vitalize the mortal body

Shi as the lion
with mighty strength
a symbol of immovable
force of product quality
for holistic health approach
for unlimited wealth resources

by Davao Phils., Tiens freelance agent
top 9 Phils Poet society member
aspiring to learn chinese modern acupressure therapy
email me at marchanjet@

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Bombay 5-6

The small businesses are keen
against Philippine's shaking economy
about to recess
except for the chinese dwellers
and the rest-

but for the few numb wheel of fortune
is the Bombay sneaking opportunity
for their 5-6 lending money capital
for tiny vendors in all nearby
main streets and provinces

despite the high risk
not to be paid back daily
the serial hold-ups
the threatening crimes for money

they are still untiringly feed peso - peso
capitals as their daily routine
by these fearless migrant from India
who believe that when you die
you lose your name -

with their rhythmic collections styles
tax free, full of spirits in selling mats
plastic chairs, blankets etc
for their avid lenders

an Indian tactics that the native
Pinoy Malayan race can't ever
perfectly duplicate
my neighbors emitate it and
now they quit, their little capital
and 5-6 alike investments
are melting bit by bit
by their own kinship risks

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** First Employment

At Glori Mart
del monte ave corner
araneta
punching DTR in-out
employee card
as fruits and vegetables
sales personnel
a first job ever

freezing mall
chilling california
seedless red globes
grapes
fuji washington apples
sweet pears
ponkan taiwan
assorted lokal fruits
in terrace
like an exhibit of festivity
offer to pagan's god
and goddesses
with celery red green pepper
sugarbits
and a chinese lady customer
pushing loaded cart
winking an eye

time now to close
no O.T.
It's the last day of 1999

and this is my last
millenium story

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Remedios Ford Overtime Job

for tatay remy, nanay remedios, junryl atienza, ernal, eric, ensoy, bebeng depamallo and to the APOLAND, TAI-DC area, SUMIFRU COMPANY and to the ford tractor 1124 754

We hereby demand more activities
we hereby demand more haulings
we hereby expect more chicken dung
more banana seedlings
organic fertilizers
labor haul
watering

we grease now tractor gears
base on company standard
we replace now break plates
we upgrade now differential lock
we grease now transmission gears
we hereby wait balloon type goodyear tires
we are all under pressure
our veins our sweats
seem sticky crude
fueling onto our tensioned toil

we are exhausted like shreiking chain block
awaken the deafening silence
of our round-the-clock overtime nights

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Sm Mop - The Lose Thread Courage

My second employment
here in SM North Edsa
as CR attendant busboy garbage
collector

it was long time

in working hour
mop was bread and butter
food court seemed a haven
for my battled day to survive

i mind not all
rat mallers
degrading this
decent job

the mop
and its thread
i had attentioned most
for not giving up
till their last breath!

i pay now tribute
to the lose mop threads
for sacrifices
and courage

i may gain today

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Therapeutic Spa Home Service Written

to Chef Arnold Claveria (European cruiser ship) and his wife(Marco Polo staff)
, Sir Mike Peli (ret. police) and his wife Maa'm Vangie(now in U.S.) , Major
Nils Rojo(police chief) Ka Nolly Ignacio (VER-ROSE pawnshop Prop.) Ka
Allan and Cielo Fernandez (INC church ministers) and to all who were my
massage clients and still are,
i dedicate this.....

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand
the panacea of all illness

SWEDISH

Feel the soft touch like heaven
Soothing to your wants
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down
To your ached muscle tissues
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves
Petrissage kneads nodules of mortality

SHIATSU

The ball-ended weight of finger press
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping
Sequences of finger tips
Along meridian trigger points
Striking like a slow-motion bullets
BANG! BANG! BANG!
Hitting, targeting, shooting
All impurities of stressful flesh

REFLEXOLOGY

By the frontier tip of the sole
Corresponding physiological order
By the cliff of scientific manipulations
By the well-matched zoning techniques
By the channel system of fainted glands
There
Anchored the waves of reflex

Normalizing all fragile, weak
Vulnerable mortal being

STRETCHING

Lift me up high
As high as the mind relax as the sky
Bend down my wearied knees
Crack all stressed joints
Gently, please, gently
And
The numb soul is dancing now
With the flow of rhythmic
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only
no extra services
God is watching us!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Vocation ***** Toyozu - Automotive Mechanic

Welcome to the most challenging job
on earth - the automotive repair mechanic

Trouble- shoot uncertainty
Sipping fume of gasoline, diesel alike
Resurrecting oil dipstick, checking leak

marching pistons, drumming valves
Loose compressions complaining alternately
aggressive as the coup' d etat army
hot as the bomb shell inside
the black-blooded engine womb,
ready to explode

I can hear all their complains
The sucking and sobbing
I am here beneath rotten under chassis
and in my veins, in my bones, i feel it!

The grumbling alternator
The murmuring crankshaft
Leaking oil seeping down to my face
Under tight volts are shaking
Irking to my box wrench
seems demanding to quit

My feet flashing half with sunlight
Few white dusts all rushing inside
Still I lie down like death
Clinging handy mechanical tools as if the
Busiest on-the-job mechanic on earth

And nobody's questioning
this hidden technique
Even my expert boss
who feels self-pity
as I rise up and bathed in grease

Watch This Watch

I have nothing to offer you
except the most luxurious watch
but it cannot be bought
from any shop on earth

a watch that wrist not
in between your hand and arm
but spiraling your entire heart

a hand with soundless tick
rhyming with your heart beats

counting only precious times
in a separable ending moment -

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Waves ***** Nostalgic Piers In Waves Of Life

pier 14 manila 06/07/01

it's quite 20 hrs passed the day
release now my metallic cruise
loose now the twisted cord
pull up then the gigantic anchor
while propeller ready to whirlpool
against the tide current

push us into the jungle sea

then engine chants
in cadence with my mental bid
farewelling pier 14

At Ozamiz port

while m/v our lady of mt carmel
porting at ozamiz port

you are here with me again
to take me away from home
bring me later to the city queen
of south - cebu

i miss your swing while swaying
in rough seas of life
safe and sound lullabying
creating tender sleeps against tide

i am now excited of your cuddle
though it hurts
mama and bj will leave me exactly
7 pm in pier
i need to be strong
so mighty as your propeller shaft
carries me from stormy home

Waves ***** Shoreline Kissing Scene

Iloilo shore
Superferry 9
sailing
dancing
swaying
above waves
recalling
Titanic movie
floating
in wide screen
15 knots
speed
slicing waves
breaking bubbles
though lack
steady balance
but fixing
noble goal
then
anchor touching
ground
crystal shore
now a
choco brown
shaking
approaching pier
after
vessel's belly
had been kissing
beneath
under low tide
pressure

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Waves ***** Waves On Manila Bay

(courtesy of Superferry 9 from CDO)

Your smooth arms on this
Calm summer noon
Narrate unfathomable
Stories
I conceive the majesty of
Your lectures
Unclipped by your crest

I read
I witness
How you cuddle my mortal voyage
The floating casket
Against evil storm
Sea ogres
Killer monsters
Untimely death
Beneath your white foams
Freshed bubbles
You spray

You are now my virgin path
So safe so smooth to cross
for my undefined shore

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Welcome To The World

When my first born child
popped up from the womb

his attending nurse said

welcome to the world
baby boy

was he not in the world
yet in moment of his conception?

or the world his nurse meant
is a haven of joy and pain?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Who You, Who Me

to be you or to be me

being you is not being me
being me is not being you

who are you
who am I
if you are myself
I am not yourself
for this is no you me and me you
you is you
and me is me

I write you
you read me
you read me
I WRITE YOU

to be you is not to be me
to be me is not to be you
you is you
I is I

who are you
so I may know who am I

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Chasing The Wind - Extended

Even my pen will park
A page before my unpublished book

And my passion of reading
No longer spark
On my brain

And my curiosity to
Explore remote shorelines
Lonesome mountains

And the caress of the dew
Cuff of the fog
Incites no more in my soul

And my chance to cross
On a road not yet
Taken is over –

Still the wind I've chased
Come across for life travelers
Searching of cherished dreams

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Whichever Way The Wind Blows

Whichever way the wind blows
never be dismayed
reject all life blues

Either the north wind
swirling hurricane
the eastern blows
pacific tornadoes

either west typhoons
melting glacier's lawn
southern hemisphere
as catastrophic edge shaker

whichever way the wind blows
never would be weak
the earth, your neighbors, myself
all in bitter tests

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Wind Chaser

I

run

fast

chasing

the

wind

searching

of

cherished

dreams!

hisss

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Wind Combs My Hair

(written in Palilan river, Palilan Jimenez, Mis. Occ.'Philippines
just a 10 m.. away from my home.A river is located at the back my
elem. grade school and to where i spent my concised childhood
moments, leisure times, chanting with friends, swimming, collecting shells,
diving,
and escaping from 'undefined responsibilities'.....

A sentimental wind
follows down river;
bands of finger
brush the long column
of nipa leaves

whispering among
long-legged roots
of mangrove trees

Combing out my hair
in thrilling touch
Pulling out all wrinkles
of fears
in facing of my shadowy
future

and the wind dries up
all my tears

and the sole river remains
the mute witness forever

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Wind In Manila Bay

The wind hisses
Whistling thru the shore of my ears
Like sea serenades
Lulls from restless waves

The light wind with oriental cares
Softly comes to me
She combs my hair
Razing out wrinkles and tears

This breezy air pure and cold
Is a breath of a majestic sunset
A scent of manila bay
Waited by exotic guests

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wind ***** Wind Of The Pines

Wind is coming here
Oh! she is dancing
Wet
Caressing the pines

She hugs me
Invisible
She washes my grief
Heals my fatigue bones

Oh! she is screaming
Quietly

We both feel each touch
Mostly when I get hunged clothes outside
This bachelor pad

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Alcoholic Alibis

Don't insist
you are too chicken-hearted
and alcohol savour fires
you for Dutch courage

don't say
for peers belongingness
to be 'in'
and toss
bottoms up
to uplift egoism

don't blame
wine is for mind wandering
to be a super being
sparks brain of extra ordinary
creativity

this vice is
not hereditary
not panacea
for all stress and worriness
so don't blame
family
personal misery

this is anti-health
as government warning
moderately drinks

never mind
this piece is written under influence
of the last wine drip

good for the heart
bad to the bones

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Catching The Dawn From The Island Of Abandon

I've been living in the island beyond my grasp
a home for me to live more..... or to abandon
the "in-between" decision that was truly mine
no influence nor coercion; no regrets nor intimidation

I've been seeking of being me
searching something of significance
finding walls of happiness even for a fleeting day
looking for an arm to caress and build up confidence

unmindful as I was longing for something
I blindly left behind my chief definite aim in life

for mental chemistry, survival, and salvation's sake
i had concluded, everyone will perish
and goes thru same stream
the neglected and with prosperity since birth
the oppressed and with promising youthful years
the abandon and those who die with prestige
i had confirmed
everyone goes thru same stream
birth, life and death
except the aborted fetus
lucky enough to scape worldly struggle

These are all human things, perishable materialism
the point of this poem is out there
pointing beyond the mournful nights of the mortals
where afterward earthly sufferings vanish forever
distress of being empty incites no more in seeking mind
where teary eyes, cry no more
while abandoning the tragic island of cursed mankind
while catching the immortal life of the
new upcoming dawn of salvation

Creator secure me more security of my soul

Wisdom ***** Doors Are Closing Near, For Me And From Me

as inspired by Ka Allan Fernandez, my former BEM tagapagturo ca. '97, who asked about my pseudonym for not using it again

and here goes the message for myself

Give break young blood Marchan
leave your pseudonym, Jetfellow, as amateur poet
even it was published before
be proud of to use given real name
since birth it had been you
in stretching out your fame

I want you to be remembered
somewhere else
until the eyes of the world sees
your feet to where it have been nailed

It's my face, the shadowed twin of your face
staring at your pen
starting from your wounded childhood years
wrinkled and old
stuck and frozen in a hole of ice
melting before recognition rites

push ahead again
carry out your dreams
to be a poet of your style
breaking the face of soundproof crowds
full of cheers and boos
as they emote your touching lines of verses
shallow and deep

Today I see, you seem a newborn infant
rebirth from refreshing womb of art
with promising twin of wisdom
awaken reader's fate

I am begging you my own self
quit not again as you'd been done before
as you move closer
to the nearly-opened door
of success

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Failure! ? ! ?

Failure!

Word of burren undoers
Language of all quitters
Vision of fearful dreamers
Destiny of pessimistic thinkers.

Failure?

First hopeful stepping pace
Life long achiever's challenges
Temporary defeat great man says
Truest essential opposite of success!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Flying Kite

let us play flying kite
till the sun
hides at night
let us know
where the wind
is blowing
while holding the string

hold tightly
use fullest strength
never let the kite
goes with the wind

life is such a flying kite
as we soar higher
the more winds confront
the more strength to hold.....

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Geography Of Hope

There seems to be
fresh courage
enlighting down
blood streams
of my veins
starting
today

I catch the dawn
the landmark
of the geography
of hope

Glowing
Hypnotizing

And for a brief
moment

I understood

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Hero For Today

You need not be
a combatant soldier
shedding blood
as dying patriot
written in history books
seen in war movies
full of medals
of valor and of vigor

you need not
be an elected politicians
with authority vested
in extending arms
livelihood program
for those who are in need

You need not be
a tycoon businessman
a publisher
a known philanthropies
in promoting foundation's interest
for the benefits of the few

You just need to be YOU
of what you are
of whoever you are
of wherever you are
and simply be a law abiding one
respect other rights
a God-fearing
a country-loving
as hero for everyday life

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** How Long Is To Wait?

How long is to wait?

it depends upon

as long as you are waiting for nothing

as long as you are here to keep on waiting

as long as your short - term goal is to kill the time
to spend leisure moments, to smoke with firing cigar

as long as you are not bored enough
to keep on waiting for my concrete answer

as long as you know
that I raise this question to bet you how to wait

How long is to wait?

I will wait for your reply
send me thru marchanjet@
but i cannot wait any rhetoric
boomerang answers

wait

I'm not through yet

.....
.....see?

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Letter

Letter
flies
across
horizon

touches distant
love
sealed
with
a
kiss

letter
flies
away
too
far

touches
someone
who
cares

makes
too
near

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Listen To The Warmth

Listen to the warmth
the tick of the clock
the earth spinning round
the innocent laughters
the nuggets of wisdom
running inside book pages
the keen interest about
social issues

the no for terrorism
and the yes for peace

make world nothing
but a romantic place

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Little Knowledge Is Dangerous

Knowledge is power
little knowledge is more powerful
more dangerous
anytime anywhere it explodes
like a loosened bombshells explosions
without warning while approaching
into a mile-away
dog fight enemy zone
like a world war land mines
scattered everywhere
causes friendly fires and
extensive comrades damages

Little knowledge is venomous
perhaps the most poisoned human air ever
it could overthrow the thrown of
any nominal king
and when his knowledge speaks out
it's like a genius of nothing
too loud and too aggressive
a vexations to the spirit

Go quietly amidst
the random noisy tongues of the crowd

let your constituents acknowledge
your intuitive wisdom
as your shield and secret weaponry

reserve it
as the sniper bullet
one strike, one sure hit

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** No Matter How Long It Maybe

No matter how long the years you've been waiting
Think always of your dreams
Work for it
Live with it
As you walk in a green meadow
While you rest in midnight bed –
Bear dreams in heart
For tomorrow's grace indeed

No matter how long
As you go through journey's end
Run on! never would to quit
Someday, you'll finally finish the race

Dreams of life and wonderful visions
You can't grasp them all at once ...
There's allotted time for each
You need to struggle for
But never be dismay
Whatever be tide
Persevere until you succeed
No matter how long it maybe!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Railroad Of Life

The railroad of life
is heading into
2 ultimate destinations

the failure and
the success

and along the journey
of time

I know my wife
is waiting for
my success
full of hopes
and searching happiness

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Start Where You Are Planted

Don't blame your
parents poverty
for not inheriting you
wealth from birth

Don't finger point
randomly anybody
nor compare with
other achievements

and implies narrowly

if you are like this
you become like that

Don't question
the magnificent hand
of your Creator
for your totality
of your being you

success and failure
is up to us
either we strive hard
and start where
we are planted

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** Temptation! ! !

How strong you are!
You can slave
A majestic king
You can rule
Perhaps every wicked thing

Lust is but the principle of yours
Enigmatically to conceive

Temptation! ! !
O temptation! ! !
Slave me not
I am weak
Like a captive
Of the flesh

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** The Clockwatchers

Time will come
All clock watchers can realize
The value of time

A time when they are left behind
A time when they come across
This message of mine

"never waste time
Time waits for a no one as it runs"

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** To Be Honest I'M A Liar

(words printed in chest worn by TESDA trainee)

wow

what a signature shirt
advertizing himself as liar
is an honest
admission of mistake

would it be an abused
alibi
for a recidivist?

and to be a liar
one need to admit that
he is honest at all times
and never fails to utter lies

(written at TESDA, Korea - Phils.
Vocational Training Center 5/19/09)

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Wisdom ***** William Shakespeare Et Al

I am awfully sorry
legendary Shakespeare
I can't seat beside at your throne

I am so sorry
famous Edgar Allan Poe
I can't toss and drink
the wine of your fame

and to national hero
Dr. Jose Rizal, an apology
I can't follow your heroic path
by your sword - the mighty blade
of pen and ink
you freed our countrymen
you saved the native land
from Spaniard's octupos hand
for over 300 years colony

I can't be like the world famous poets
like Phunter top one from time and beyond
nor to be an icon writer has ever lived

I am a meager creature
who express freely anything
painstaking explosive from my
narrow mind

I am only patching my idle time
cultivating my given passion
settling puzzled emotions
recording self-bio history
from secluded nook to the vast open seas
never expect much getting into publish
nor getting applausng votes
cent prizes in return

I am just bridging the exit passage way
for my instinct humane burdens

crashing the walls and borders
for my intuitive earthly sufferings to flee
and writing for me
seems an extended pleas for my
Divine Creator in lieu
from my religious tongue
misses to say

please hearken this apology

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Davao Durian

Exotic genre

Crowning inverted nails

Like weird aroma for aphrodisiac mind spa

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Native Marijuana

Poor man's ecstasy
Over rushing adrenalin glands
Like endless windtalker

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Baguio Strawberry

Red lips

Mixing sugar - salt pulps

Like car freshener gum

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Bukidnon Pineapple

Encircling populated eyes
Biting tounge tidbits
Overflowing on juicy tender cans

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Carabao Mangoes

Golden mangoes
Mushrooming leafy branches
Bearing nationalistic pride

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Cavendish Bananas

Blooming in upland
Sprouting exporting bunches
For Japan - apple barter trade

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Eden Dragon Fruits

No flaming mouth
Sprinkling tiny ppeppermint
Too expensive, can't afford to taste

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Exotic Marang

Whitening fleshy fruits
As condensed-evaporated milk
Sticky, yummy, banned to hotel guests

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Phils. Green Grapes

Green mestizos
Planted on native ground
Like foreign visa from snow land

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

X - Haiku - X / Rambutan Fruits

Kid's marble seeds
Penetrating sweet to the bones
Like death - row diabetic convict

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Beyond Philippine Military Academy

You bring me up here
At the top of greensummerville
Somewhere in bakakeng north hill

Down
Lights are on parade
Homes of elegant
Poverty is not shown

I feel young here
A place of endless imagination

Never mind
What lies beyond
Phil. Military Academy
Camp John Hay `s horizon
Somewhere in the dark

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Exercise Fresh Dawn Writing

A fresh dawn writing
is an exercise for the brain
it stretches mind muscles
in writing awesome poems

A fresh dawn writing
is the moment to ponder
refreshing one's goal ahead
a truly fresh start indeed

A fresh dawn writing
is the time to listen the nature
the crow of cocks like clock alarms
leaving world burden nights unharm

A fresh dawn writing
like an early morning walk
like our pledge dedicated prayer
to our God for His unconditional care

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Lonesome Seas

(written along Jintotolon channel between Panay island and Masbate)

I might by chance
Recall all colorful cities
All up-down hills
All historical streets
All placid atmosphere
Of any local village

I might recall all the
Clustered challenges
Of human race
Really
As long as I can cross
Any lonesome seas
On earth

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Mountain Of Memories

It has
been
a long
long
time
ago

but

still
lingering
in
my
mind!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** My Mind Is On Parade

When I push my pen
from left to right margin end
words are written unfade
from my mind is on parade

I talk verbally indeed
uttered heartwarming praises
I feel what my heart has dictated
thru my mind is on parade

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Oblivion

07102K ANNEX BLDG.
New Era St.

One sharp noon
Alone
In the pace of imaginary darkness
No spirit of light
No sound of music
No law of nature
No slavery of temptation
No code of rules
No pain of misery
No phobia of everything
No tragedy of life
No force of gravity
No survival of species
No philosophy of man
No rivalry
No power mystery
No question of doubts
No future history
spotless
 empty
 void
no memory

delete

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Oceanic Imagination

I stare
nothing but the sea
mind of mine
screaming
flying
around ocean aura
diving beneath
murmuring propeller
that pushes the glide

I can't imagine
how my mind put
risk
with this stolen ship
for selfish
exploration
to acquiant
living ogres
underneath

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Sacrifice

Too much sacrifice
marks brain damage
but
without single sacrifice
creates no brain
at all

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** The Sea Of Tranquility

Sun bidding
goodbye

hissing wind
disappearing

I watch them
evaporating
among waves

too late to hear
my whisper
to far to
mutter it back
again

now is another
wink
shouting across
moonless night

caressing the
tranquil sea
of meditation

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Thrilling Tomorrow

Bed 01 r00m 205 dorm 3
Milton hills subdivision

My body is aching
Eyes are tired
Hands get cold
Feet are weary
Need someone to care

Sheltered from the light
A romantic flame of light
Embowered with a sweet-pleased song
Lubricates to my soul
So soft so smooth
Stretches my toes
Urging my unrest back
To lay down on my bed numbered zero one

My transient home
Spend all silent sleep
Above my quilt
Buried memories of woes and sadness
Within my pillow
Absorbed the tears of sorrows
Replace happiness scent
A warmth welcome dew
For a thrilling tomorrow

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Watch Out, Pen Is Running!

Watch out!

I can't control
my mind

I can't stop
my pen

all are running wild.....

Watch out again!

I can control
now my mind

I can stop
now my pen

this is it!

all are well-written

read these lines
all over again

and conceive
what I mean!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Weakness Is My Strength

I am expected to
act perfectly

in the world
full of mistakes

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Yoga At Sea

I
might
recall
all cluster
of experiences

really

as
long as
i can
cross any
lonesome seas
on earth!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Yoga ***** Zodiac In Starless Sky

Fingerprints of light-year-distant stars
fixed and scattered
hunging a part in the mirrored hole
in cavernous darkness
sparkling in hollow dust
of infinity
the geography of ancient
warriors
the landmark zone of
old-stoner nomads
an extended geography
even before civilization was born
and created

the gemini, the sagittarius
the pisces
and all their siblings
puzzling human brain
in modern times

look up overhead and
match up with your reading tabloid
your daily zodiac portion
a life -guide path for stargazing believers
prophecising hit and miss
day by day encounters of all beings
and avid readers the make believe
become crazy about it
as if committing suicide
in counting the starships
overhead by hitting foolishly
the universe undefinable dead end

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z. Creature ***** Tarsier Screaming For Morning Sun

He's not from Bohol Philippines
He's from Mt. Malindang virgin forest
Misamis Occidental topmost

He's nocturnal
His pupil is wide-opened at night
He's screaming to watch the
upcoming morning sun

It's his last scream
almost I hear it tonight
seems
He's old enough to breath for tomorrow
still I feel the loud cry around me
I know what he feels
being old and aching is not
but being away from home forest
being fettered by civilized human
He feels more than the tensed of a hand-cupped
criminal sentence to death by tomorrow

He holds his breath
better to die for himself
than to scream hopelessly when will
the morning sun shines directly on him
radiates impossible rays of freedom

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z. Creature ***** Tiger Ostrich Orangutan Etc.. At Crocs Park

It is as if the park
we walk on,
this New year day 2009
is the park of wild beasts
tranferred from jungle forest
compress into single jail
beautifully landscaped and designed

Entrance fees
not for ransoms nor bails
for creatures' release
for not-to-be expected freedom

They are exploited
like the just-born baby crocs
couldn't taste yet the
aroma of wild river
their supposed grandeur habitat
away from human touch
radiation of digital cam
harmful sights of guests
teasing their squared limited haven
so heart breaking
while their teary eyes
gaze up the native birds and buzzing bees
flying freely in infinite sky
grasping full justice and freedom
chanting all day long over the
extra judicial prisoners' animals
not so lucky enough to be a localized- common
creatures that unshackles spectator's curiosity
unfeters commercial animal tours

may this poem unlocks the
croc's inmates aching fate

Z. Creature ***** Twin Bacteria Face To Face

PE 4 swimming lesson Amoranto, Cubao

I dive at the pool
swim freestyle
underwater
I open my eyes
Minute bacteria facing
face to face

drifting beneath
in chlorinated pool
bubbling
multiplying the germs

I step up
looking back universal solvent
I mirror myself
my face is floating
facing back to me
and boomerang single identity
macro germs contaminate
floating my unclaimed twin
since birth
accidentally we meet
today spreading viruses
in this mask-wearing world

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z. Creature ***** Zoo That Takes Place My Body

There's a lion inside me
roaring loud withing my belly

and the stallion on my feet
kicking out my tarantula fingernails

There's a Thai elephant over my head
and the arwana in my eyes
circling around my forehead bowl

There's a chimpanzee in my phalanges
gripping like a hatch ostrich
pasting like a lacoste in chest
a giraffe in neck
a shark atacking my heart

There's a serpentine sneakingly my ventral butt
and obsolete dinosaur freed
from my jurassic breath

like a ghost of Philippine eagle
endangering -

almost gone in numbers
like my my jungle mind fading
while exploiting wild
the commercialized species privacy

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z. Creatures ***** Insects Holocaust

A bearded cockroach suffered
severe comatose
cat-size rats paralyzed before
their last supper
domestic insects frozen
inside sewage tunnel
flushing cancerous
excrements
waterproof army of ants
sneakingly cut out depression
the timid spider's gossamer

airborne mosquitoes crashed
after an exhibition took off
and suffocated inside sooty
killer bag of smoke

the just widowed sexy fly
alone left from the 2009
pandemic household attack

in synchronized of the
swine flu from mexico
after my neighbor's death
on heart cancer

naive worms escaped gracefully
heading into their pagan like
vigil festivity

* thanks to the month-old cobwebs
and the friendly insects in squatting
the house nook. It really inspired a lot
in writing this piece

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z. Creatures ***** Wildlife Dusk

at wildlife nature park

delirious imagination
unmindful
digging up wild past
casting away home
like wild beasts

like wild mind
loosing the cage
unblocked freedom

unaware
in this dusk
wild creatures
feel asleep
they don't know
i know
they don't know
where my wild mind goes
have pity to them

beware wild readers!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan

Z.....Page600..... Feet First Massage

Poem

written at FF7 Dubai Mall

as inspired by my co-staffs and the clients as well

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand
the panacea of your muscle ache-ness

DEEP TISSUE, DE-STRESS

Feel the soft touch like heaven
Soothing to your twisted knots
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down
To your ached muscle tissues
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves
Petrissage kneads nodules of mortality

SHIATSU

The ball-ended weight of dry finger press
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping
Sequences of finger tips
Along meridian trigger points
Striking like a slow-mo bullets
BANG! BANG! BANG!
Hitting, targeting, shooting
All impurities of stressful flesh

FEET REFLEX

By the frontier tip of the sole
Corresponding physiological order
By the cliff of scientific manipulations
By the well-matched zoning techniques
By the channel system of fainted glands
There

Anchored the waves of reflex
Normalizing all fragile, weak
Vulnerable mortal being

JETLAG MASSAGE

Lift me up high
As high as the mind relax as the sky
Bend down my wearied knees
Glide stressed thighs
Gently, please, gently
And
The numb soul is dancing now
With the flow of rhythmic
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only
no extra services
God is watching us!

Rommel Mark Dominguez Marchan