

Poetry Series

Walter Sanson Lotilla
- poems -

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Walter Sanson Lotilla(November 21)

Farewell Beloved... Farewell

I bid you adieu... my fair one
... Thy last embrace so etched...
... in the recess of my tortured heart

In the midst of my solitude, I remember so vividly...
... those smiles... slowly beaming... yet so tender
... those tears and laughers shared

In those few precious moments...
... a sense of quiet contentment... felt so profoundly...
... so long lost... somewhere... in the distant past

Time now has tolled its bells...
... between dreams and the inevitable reality...
... as darkness slowly creeps...
... I seek in awe for some light...
... yet finding only myriad of crossroads

Farewell my beloved... farewell ...
... may the blooms continue to ease the pain ...
... may the sunlight beyond continuously shine forth...
... an endearing ray of serenity...

... Farewell beloved wife... farewell ...
... till our next embrace...

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Walter Sanson Lotilla

Glimpse

A glimpse...

... too close a second, yet it lingers...

... I wonder why

More often than not...

... a flash, a memory, yet it dwells on...

... again, I do wonder why

No words to utter...

... nor time to await...

... nor voice to discern...

... yet it harbors... unknowingly

... as freely as the wind opts to breeze

... yet it fathoms the very depths... in the heart's recess

Again a glimpse...

... not a second to count by

... I see a luster that ends not

... to behold anew

... a glimpse of her smile...

... I wonder why...

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Walter Sanson Lotilla

Journey On

The dawn gently breaks
... the morning rays slowly creeps
Paths so many... yet trodden diversely
... meant or unmeant...
... I continue to ascend the trails
... birds fly as the trees murmurs its sways

I pause in delight of the heights
In deep thoughts... I ponder...
... the moments that came and gone by
... the fates that await in time
... the uncertainties of tomorrow's beyond
... I may never know
Shrill sounds rouses the monotony
... breaking the still of my reverie

A few more fortnights to come
... a golden age is bestowed from above
... perhaps just a few more steps to go...
... to trod the portals of the twilight years
... youth forever lost... yet foolishly unfelt
... maybe so... in comfort of wisdom gained

I continue my journey
... a footstep is left... somehow... somewhere
... all in each while... all in each way
... perhaps remembered or forever lost in oblivion
... in my very own small world... time I guess...
... is measured in what we have freely shared

A simple smile is imparted as I trek my way
... in hope
... always...

Walter Sanson Lotilla

Musica

Music ... temple of the sad
Refuge in one's misery
So divine... yet still down trodden
It lingers ... yet without being consoled?
Even in the heart of the monstrous beast
... there is always a fiber ...
That discerns the soothing melodies

by: Angelina Bello Lotilla

May 17,1902 - August 15,1989

(translated from Spanish by walter sanson lotilla)

Walter Sanson Lotilla

Quandary Of Fate

Oblivious to nature's peril
A butterfly so small
... hovers in marvel of flowers abloom
... it savors its while... yet so short
... perhaps a destiny to fulfill

Life... so bound in unceasing journey
... to a fate I know not where
... as flowers wither
... yet the buds remained inevitable
... to bloom... and to await its beauty
... perhaps a new butterfly... to hover by again

Journey not in solitude
... thy hands so tenderly held... in hope
... as the butterflies kisses the blooms

Walter Sanson Lotilla

Rest Thy Head

Rest thy head, rest thy head well...

... For thou hast suffered long torment in thy impairment
From the distant past, thou hast constantly braved
and toiled the unbeknownst

... thy hast rested thy head in many far away places
...in thine imperfection, thou hast toiled and shared thy life's yields
..... though in constant search.. yet found no path in the earth's gold
...Thou often found solace in the laughter and roars of the Bacchanalian cries
..... most often finding only riddles... alas, with tears ...

Rest thy head, rest thy head well...

Tranquility in permanence beckons

... flow peacefully amongst the sweetness of the dirge

... the wheels of corporal time whirls no more in salute of the true life

... thy life's purpose has been served... as willed and taken back by the Creator

Journey on...

... to the true and eternal portal

... to a peace thou truly deserved

... as a child again in the Kingdom

Rest thy head, rest thy head well Papa...

... we bid you adieu ... in love... in prayers... in tears...

Thy destiny... we thank for our generation

Pa-alam po, pa-alam po... Papa ...

In Memoriam: Crisostomo Bello Lotilla

01.27.1930 - 09.19.2010

Walter Sanson Lotilla

Smile's Awakening

Amidst the maddening crowd... I await...
My head, my eyes weaves... in eager anticipation
... searching for a face ... so long unseen

Far from the deafening hordes
... a glimmer of moonlight reveals a beauty
... a smile... so sweet... awakens
... to no end... charming my heart

A tight embrace beckons... an affection so longed

I sense imminent tears in her eyes
A face so sweet, yet it hides not even a trickle of despair
My heart bleeds... O' cry not my dearest...
... be gone o' misery, be gone
... a flicker of hope is always to behold

In the still of the night... we trod a path
... the warmth of her hand ... I felt
... radiating an aura of trusting innocence
... so precious

Stars aglow... as adieu imparted in a tight embrace
... a measure of comfort... is hoped
In a magical silence... so still ...
... a smile awakens... aah... so sweet to behold
... as she left my way...

Walter Sanson Lotilla

Treasured Moments

I see... the sun rise... amidst the glow of thy presence
I see... your footsteps frolic... amongst the sandy shores... so serene
I remember... those twilight laughters...
 ... those sweet melodies that lingers...
 ... in the soothing fragrance... of the sea breeze

The touch... the scent... the warmth I so cherished... so deeply longed
... beyond the cold mountain mists
... beyond the grandeur of the city lights below

In the stairs of the cliff... our lips so sweetly touched
... in marvel of the mystic shores below
So many faraway nooks to rendezvous...
... yet time so little... yet so tender

My eyes slowly cry with tears unshed
... for it is my heart that bleeds... so profusely
In the day of the heart's afterglow... you'll soon be oceans away
... knowing not when to see your smile again
... knowing not when to feel your touch again

Perhaps... another moment to treasure...
... in dreams... in reality... in hope...

Walter Sanson Lotilla

What Is Life?

What is Life

(composed for an elementary school assignment)

Life starts from the will of the Almighty

... why we? , for a reason known only to God

Free will bestowed...upon conception

... the very beginning of life in our mother's womb

As we grow older and wiser

we realize that life is not a bed of roses

it's either happy or sad... sometimes or often, I know not

we realize that it is not a straight road

free will decides either left or right

as we opt for a direction

destiny constantly diversifies

whether we become

... rich or poor

... healthy or sickly

... successful or a failure

... famous or notorious

... charitable or greedy

... loved or hated

Life is an array of directions

the choices we make

is what we shall be in the future

it is full of tears and laughters

More often than not, most people are unsatisfied

they want more and more to an extent... I know not

... sometimes too little, too late to realize

the joy and satisfaction...

to have freely shared their blessings

... even the poor share their meager blessings

As we journey our daily lives

how do we measure?

have we risen or shall continue to rise?

from one failure or to a looming problem
how many times have we been grateful for rising up again and again?
for the people who mattered most... and
... for their support and inspirations
... and we realize... life is meaningless without love

As we age
we realize that all the failures we had faced
revealed themselves to be the greatest teachers of our lives
... we become better persons as we learn

As of today
we ask ourselves
... what shall we be?
the choices are up to us... whether straight, left, or right
... as we travel the road of tomorrow

That's life
... " C `est la vie "

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Walter Sanson Lotilla

Windows Of A Longing Heart

In silence...

... I gasp in awe in the still of the night
The evening breeze passes fragrantly by...
Yet the cold spell unfelt...
... in marvel of stars aglow

In silence...

... my mind drifts amongst the roar of a murmuring brook
I see its wave continuously dance...
Yet I know not its next shape
I threw a pebble, wishing something...
Yet I dare not see the ripples end

In silence...

... Our eyes meet in the calm of a new dawn
Words spoken only in the heart's recess...
I gaze in her eyes in the midst of my own reflection
Time stood still in the warm melodies of yesteryears...
Still it hides not the staccato of a trembling heart
... Suddenly a smile reveals... a beauty... so tamed
A sight to behold profoundly in the windows of a longing heart...
Enchanting my moments of solitude
... Our lips touch in blissful harmony
Rivers of love unceasingly flow...
Wishing no end to its magical embrace...
Breaking the last... the last solitary chain's vestige
... My dear beloved... my heart's delight
Where art thou many summers gone?
... Now... I see only your lovely image deep within me
The warmth of your touch... I miss so dearly
... Perhaps the tomorrow beyond will unfold...
... in hope... in blissful anticipation...

In silence...

... a question is ask...

... forever

Walter Sanson Lotilla