

Between poetry and loneliness

by Stephen Louie R. Checa

I have repeatedly written
the word “joy”
and I have assembled lots of similes
inclined to “happiness,”
but my hand trembles
as I hold this pen.
My tears compete with the ink
in falling into this sheet of paper.

I am trying hard to lay a hand on
the metaphors of smile
despite the bulging of my chest -
like a balloon puffed up by loneliness:
will burst anytime soon
like the heart of Christ -
struck with a spear because of love.

I wish to write the ceasing
of the rain, lighting and thunder
inside my room and my sanity.

I wish to erase from my vocabulary
the meaning of sorrow, defeat and separation.

I wish to construct a poem
where angels carry me towards you.

But I feel so sad:
I guess they cannot carry my weight.