

A Chorus Of Complaints

A Poetry Collection

By Frank F. Atanacio

A Chorus Of Complaints

For: Ronnie, Laura and Franky

A Chorus Of Complaints *1

The thick clouds followed the contour of golden hills,
moving with a flock of sea ghosts,
traveling through the coast,
it was a strange return,
for the young men who would burn,
after the explosion left the sea,
tears hid beneath God's polished cheek-bones,
as war ghosts were floating beyond
the green tangles of wilderness,
life done, survivors none,
as clouds passed over the sun,
life wanted more,
but the angels knew that wasn't possible,
as their angelic feet threaded lightly over the mosaic floor,
there were no choices,
as the soldiers heard the voices,
passed loved ones came to show the way,
with candles lit for such a dreary day,
death had no restraints,
but life echoed a chorus of complaints,
dark shadows were contemplating,
and God was weary with waiting,
his voice thundered with indignation,
as he witnessed the doom,
and the spirits took their time,
inspecting their burial tomb.

Fabulous *2

Just fabulous,
as she was trying to remember everything,
so that she could tell it in detail,
it was a fairy tale,
there were bowls of chrysanthemums,
the colors were filled with grace,
birds humming,
and there was no sorrow, not a trace,
happy she would be,
they drank weak, fragrant tea,
she ate rice from a spiritual yellow bowl,
and she could see,
that she was fed by kneeling angels,
and she felt so free.

A Forbidden City *3

A future so dim,
a life of filthy sin,
she was selling her body,
which was intense and thin,
she once thought fancifully
that her body was a forbidden city,
she felt her family's pity
burning in her heart,
and it just all fell apart,
as strangers had now fallen
to the temptation of looting
her forbidden city,
she no longer felt the pity,
and her future was bought,
by men with dirty thoughts,
that combined with the brooding
sense of danger,
the false heat, the disgusting lust,
no protection, no trust,
all hope lost, as it filled her head,
and her once forbidden city, now dead.

Splashed His Face With Rain *4

To prevent further destruction,
God tried,
as the living and dead would collide,
ghosts would hide,
as spirits took to the sky,
and God's children would cry,
after many years of heat,
the odd winter was a treat,
God gratefully breathed in cold air,
even though he knew the end was near,
that was his biggest fear,
as he splashed his face with rain,
he sensed the pain,
all life would fizzle,
as he lowered his head,
and against the drizzle,
he strode behind the dead.

Pains Wouldn't Heal *5

The angel frowned,
made no sound,
his stare lingered
toward the ground,
the child cried,
by his father's bedside,
the angel was thinking about his father,
and the horrible way he died,
the hallucinatory vision
of it was fresh in his mind,
only it wasn't just a hallucination,
the pains wouldn't heal,
and he would still feel,
even after his death,
the angel closed his eyes,
held his breath,
and released the cries.

The Devil Stared In Awe *6

The night was as dark as caves,
the hordes of spirits and ghosts
that dotted the graves,
and the grave yards vanished,
they were swallowed up
in swirling columns of darkness,
and they just ceased to exist,
the night remained eerily silent,
for all that had to be taking place,
nothing to face,
darkness stood tall.
And the devil stared in awe.

Peaceful Realm Of Sleep *7

Worries filled her head,
so she had stretched out on her bed,
a temporary break
she would take,
but the comfortable old mattress,
claimed her,
and stole her away from fear,
however, chaos stayed near,
as she fell into
the peaceful realm of sleep,
wonderfully deep.

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