

Poetry Series

**Reagan A. Latumbo**  
**- poems -**

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## Reagan A. Latumbo(July 07,1984)

A Singer. Poet Writer.

I love singing and singing will always be my stint forever.

Just like what I have said above, I am totally a lover of poems.

I wrote straight from the heart, from my experience.

I am a graduate of Bachelor of Secondary Education major in English in the Philippines.

I dreamed of publishing some of my poems I wrote a few years back until now.

# A Letter for a Broken Hearted

I love you even when you are the one who got away,  
I love you even when you hurt me but never long to stay.

I love you even if you love somebody else,  
I love you even if you said you no longer need space.

I love you even if you said was not true,  
I love you even if I am forever blue!

I love you even if this letter won't lead your way,  
I love you even if time won't let us see the beautifyl day!

I love you even if I am coward to face the reality,  
I love you even if you are strong enough to face fatality!

I love you is all that I can say,  
I love you is all that I will forever say!

Reagan A. Latumbo

# A Poet's Love for Poems

As a lover of poems;  
I imagine,  
I explore,  
I discover,  
I write.

As a lover of poems;  
I read,  
I pause for a while,  
I understand,  
I feel every inch of words written.

As a lover of poems;  
I describe,  
I comment,  
I share,  
I deliver it with my whole heart.

Lastly, as a lover of poems;  
I encourage others,  
I inspire others,  
I communicate with love,  
I'll continue writing what's in my mind  
straight from the heart.

Reagan A. Latumbo

# Acceptance

We all have flaws,  
Those flaws were part of our life,  
We just have to accept it.  
We have to change it.

If they judge you,  
Criticize you,  
Accept it.  
Then, learn from your mistakes.

If your father disowns you,  
If your mother leaves you,  
Accept it.  
Time will tell when your wounds will be healed.

If your true love doesn't want to marry you  
If he or she no longer loves you,  
It's not the end of the world, accept it.  
Someone better deserves you.

Reagan A. Latumbo

# Across the Universe

I look up the stars at the night,  
and wonder how it brings light to my blurry sight.

I look up the moon that shines so bright,  
and wonder how it feels to sleep while I dream of smiling at me every night.

If I can count the stars, how long can I finished counting?  
If I can name all of them, how long will I remember all of them smiling?

If I can sing to the moon, will it lights up my window and sing with me?  
Will the moon sleep as well if I'll stand and watch it freely?

Across the universe, there are plenty of things to see.  
Across the universe, there are places we can feel safety.

If you close your eyes and open your mind to a place where you want to be,  
Will you choose the universe to explore and be amazed of what it would be?

If you close your eyes and open your mind to see the twinkling of stars dancing  
in front of you,  
Will you lay down your hands and dance with them until the moonlight is  
through?

I dare you to sit in the shades of the tree or open your sliding window and look  
at the sky,  
and tell me how beautiful are the stars and the moon up high!

Reagan A. Latumbo

# After All

The year was 2008 when we became friends,  
We were working as a call center agent, my friend.

Your tall, intelligent, and one of a kind,  
a person like you it seems hard to find.

It took me three years before I decided leave you,  
to look for my biological mother and pursue another career too.

Never did I realized that leaving you means starting our strong friendship,  
a brother and a sister so-called relationship.

While I was away, I have never forgotten your love for reading books,  
and Tom Clancy was one of your favorites.

If I can remember, I managed to look for one book written by Tom Clancy,  
then give it as a gift to you even if where far from each other lately.

I never had a chance of having an elder sister,  
but you open your palms and accepted me as one of your brother.

Years after, I began writing stories and you are one of my fans, readers,  
you're one of those who encourage me to continue writing, to inspire others.

Even though I am not perfectly inclined to write,  
but you always lifted my faith, to continue with my right.

It was nice to know that even if we are miles apart,  
The poems I have made for you, you keep it and hide!

After all, I was thankful that you came into my life,

Encourage me, lifted me up, inspires me,  
To continue, to write, to explore, and be thankful,  
That God has given me a talent to nurture and impart.

Thank you for being my elder sister,  
Thank you for encouraging me,  
Thank you for being there for me,  
and thank you because you trust my writings.  
After all you make me inspire! !

Reagan A. Latumbo



# All is Fair in Love

You love her, she loves you  
but you love another one and love both.  
All is fair in love?

You care for her, she cares for him,  
but she cares for you the most.  
All is fair in love?

She hurts you, you hurt her,  
because of someone, she misunderstood you!  
All is fair in love?

If hearts were meant for two,  
you should have chosen two but one.  
All is fair in love?

Why don't you stop loving someone,  
if you're contented with only one?  
Do you think all is fair in love?

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# At the End of the Rainbow

I was a little kid,  
reading books,  
listening to my grandpa and grandma,  
telling stories about the rainbow.

I was fond of it,  
I was even sharing it,  
Drawing about it even if I am not good in painting it.  
With different colors I shaded, still thinking if pots of gold can be found at the  
end of it.

Years passed and it was clear,  
That it was God's creativity that He created that Dear,  
A sign of promise that humans will no longer have to bear,  
A huge flood that wiped out everything but not all humans really care.

If I can reach the very end of the rainbow,  
And find a pot of gold that will remember me and you,  
I will create a promise that will last forever and true,  
Full of love and inspiration that will prosper till eternity with you.

Reagan A. Latumbo

# Beauty

Beautiful.

Lovely.

Pretty.

Handsome.

Gorgeous.

Those were things we usually describe,  
a person, things, or places inside.  
Intangible or tangible objects,  
unseen or can be seen; these are our subjects.

But what is more beautiful?  
Are things we can feel inside,  
that cannot be seen or touch outside!

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# Broken Pieces

Love, I took care of you for a long time.  
And I always keep you here inside my heart.  
I'm your knight, your shining armor  
amidst deadly arrows that fall down from the sky...

But why all of a sudden things changed in one starry night?  
I received one tragic letter from you saying you committed suicide?  
My heart beat faster, flames suddenly ignite.  
Through all my veins, I felt terribly lost, I wanted to die...

I long to see you after my deadly fight.  
But how will I face you, now that you're gone.  
Where will I get my courage, my strength and my might?  
Where did all my hope go?  
I'm hopeless, totally frozen; wish you were here to hold me tight...

Your memories, I keep remembering.  
Our happiness, I selfishly treasure, not ever forgotten.  
Your magic touch, your sweetest voice I'm always thinking..  
Your three magic words, I long to hear..  
will forever stay, remains the same...

Even if I couldn't bear all  
dear heart of mine,  
I'm still longing,  
hoping to see you face to face  
and will never be hurt again...

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# Can you be a Poet?

While my ten fingers are busy forming the letters into words,  
A thousand thoughts forming in my mind as it creates something to accord.  
A tons of things to ponder and wonder,  
A lot of imaginations to expand and discover.

I imagine the stars in the universe,  
I imagine the clear blue waters in the ocean to rise,  
I imagine the forms of the leaf as it prints into my hand,  
I imagine you as my subjects that rings as it enters into my mind.

How many letters shall I start forming words?  
What figures and faces shall I start drawing into my canvass?  
What kind of style will I use to create a poem dedicated to you?  
How much time do I have to finish this writing I wrote about you?

Will you be the first to read the things I have wrote?  
Will you be the first to understand the words I have form?  
Will you be the first to feel my feelings I have deeply include?  
Will you be the first to let me know how hard it is to become a Poet?

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# Certain

It's a choice between individuals  
to continue dreaming or make it real.  
Emotions plunder, reality hurts,  
Consciousness increases, humans begin to assaults.  
Pages of hopes plunge, time still stood..  
Warriors soar, beginning to emerge..  
to fight for a cause, to live for worth.

People will cry, scream and fight.  
They'll face scorching heat, bloody trail..  
Pain, anguish and revenge fall remarkably  
Clashes of sounds began to vanish awkwardly,  
Silence change drastically.

Reality speaks of it's existence.  
Hope is not a mere dream.  
Faith alters life beyond imagination.  
Light will ascend, darkness will fall.  
No more dreamers, reality will surge.

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# Dearest

March twelve of two thousand and eight,  
It was the start of your birth right.  
The day we began to laugh and cry,  
The time when our tears started to run dry.  
The moment for that we have waited,  
The silence we thought that rested,  
The bitterness that we experienced,  
We're happy that we have been blessed.  
Even though we're quite a bit sad,  
because we have lost our own dad,  
But now you're the one who makes us laugh,  
Even if our means were not enough.  
Three years suddenly move and pass,  
Like seeds that grows in green, green, grass.  
You're the inspiration that we have  
And nothing else that we dearly love.  
Even if you're now miles apart,  
For me you're near inside my heart.  
You're the reason why I'm still working,  
You're an important part of my being.  
Angel is what we call your name.  
You're our love of that we're not ashamed.  
Your cute little face and your own smile,  
Reminds me of our dad for a while.  
Our precious gift that we took care,  
It's for you that we want to share.  
Our hopes and admiration that lays,  
We're going to continue and pray.  
These little notes that I have wrote,  
I'd like to dedicate and taught,  
With courage and love from the one lost,  
To our Dearest sister, we love most...

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# Deep into the Sea

As i slowly walking into a fine sunny day,

Gently picking and kicking the white sand along the bay,

I look at the sea and began closing my eyes then feel the coldness of the air that soothes me,

And opening my imagination into the deep blue sea.

I saw different kinds of fishes circling around me,

I saw lots of corals and shells looking at me,

I step on the pure white sand wrapping on my feet and massages me,

I saw every creatures living deep in the sea harmoniously.

It was a sight to behold,

Some creatures that was never been told,

A species that balance our Dear Mother Earth,

A memories that only in my Imagination that i can only divert.

I close again my eyes and travel into the sea,

But not alone because I hold my special someone's hands within me.

We go diving for awhile, exploring more of the things we called plenty,

Together, with love and care that everybody would envy.

I saw the happiness in your eyes,

You never stopped smiling while holding my hands



If you only knew how much I care and love you,

Even the deeps of the sea proves the love I want to show with you.

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