

Dear Reader

Written by
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Faye is a writer who is fueled by coffee and accompanied by her nocturnal purring companions (cats) while immersed in the world of literature. A pluviophile and a night owl, she finds solace in rain-kissed nights, where poetry comes alive.

This compilation includes prose, poetry, journal entries, and narratives. Within this collection, you will find a range of creative expressions and personal reflections that offer a glimpse of the depth of her writing, including her literary and life journey.

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DEAR READER

My Collection

As I've grown older, my perspective on love has transformed. I've gone from being content with unrequited affection to valuing my own worth enough to choose a partner who reciprocates my feelings. Yet, amid these changes, one aspect remains unwavering: my ability to love deeply.

With this collection of prose and poetry, it's as if taking a trip down memory lane, exploring how my views on love have evolved from my teenage years to the present day in adulthood based on the lessons I've learned from every heartbreak which led me to the woman I am today.

DEAR READER

Collection I:
Love at Seventeen

Lost in daydreams of love at seventeen, when it
consumed every fiber of my being, intertwining
self-love and the warmth of familial bonds.

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LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

She Loved Him Whole

She didn't just love his chubby cheeks

She loved every bit of him—

From his bright eyes to his button-like nose

And his plump lips that form a dulcet smile

She didn't just love his winsomeness

She loved every side of him—

From his enthusiasm to his warmth

And his soft heart that endears her

She didn't just love it when he sings

She loved every sound he makes—

From his soft moans to his sweet whispers

And his laughter that puts her heart into ecstasy

And just like that,

She didn't just love those parts;

She loved him whole

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

His Voice

The mellifluous tones of his voice
Put my heart at ease
Lulled by the sound he makes,
I get lost in reverie

Is it the tenderness of his voice?
Or perhaps the words he utters?
Or his cloying expression?
I am not so sure

Whatever it may be,
My heart always sings with glee
Then I begin to cry
And express my deepest sentiment

How strange yet astonishing it is,
To feel everything at once
Just by hearing the sweet sound
Of the voice that enchants me

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Kiss Me

Kiss me when the rain falls
Let our lips dance in the pouring rain
Kiss me by the tree
And let me fall for you once again
Just like how the leaves fall in autumn

Kiss me softly when the sun rises
Let me be awakened by your gentle touches
Kiss me deeply when the night falls
Whisper your desires to me, love
And let me know your dire temptation

Just kiss me, darling
With the lips of a sinner
And the heart of a saint
And mark me as yours;
Forever, I will be.

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Someday, I Will

When the day comes I get tired of dreaming about you, maybe by then I can finally let go of my beloved and free myself from the love that consumed me.

Maybe by then, I can finally look at you without shedding any tears. And maybe I'll just laugh at the things I wrote about you; even this.

But right now, I can't let you go—not today, not tomorrow or in the next few years—but someday, I will. And when that day comes and I remember you, maybe I'll realize that I am far too young and naive now to know something about love, and that I only got swayed by the smaller traps of life, just like how I found myself getting trapped by the love I have for you.

Someday, I will...

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Queen of Our Kingdom

A queen who wears no silk nor gold
Her kingdom is her own treasure

A queen who allows herself
To bemire her majesty's hands

A queen who does sacrifices
For the felicity of her own kingdom

She's the queen of our kingdom,
The ruler of our hearts,
And the mother of our home.

Long may she reign!

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

To The Boy Whom I Adore

To the boy whom I adore,
Whose cheeks as radiant as ever;
His eyes that crinkle when he laughs
And form like the shape of a crescent moon.
Let me be the reason for your laughter.

To the boy whom my heart belongs to,
Whose smile can make the flowers bloom,
Making me fluster so easily;
My heart gets filled with delight when he beams.
Let me be the one to protect it.

To the boy who gives me butterflies,
Whose heart as delicate as mine,
And the one who fails to hold his tears;
He can never hide his true emotions.
Let me be the one to hold you.

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

To the boy who had enchanted me,
Who doesn't appreciate his perfect body.

As small as a blossom he may be,
He always shines with ethereal beauty.

Let me kiss your insecurities away.

To the boy who I'm writing this for,
Let me be the one to let you know
The things I've been longing to tell you—

I adore you, truly.

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

A Thief

Sharp eyes that pierce through me
Porcelain-skin and hands so delicate
Deep voice that captivates any lady
Seducing lips that any woman would kiss

A thief in disguised
As a handsome man in a decent suit
Or at times, in a plain white tee,
Has stolen my heart unconsciously

I'd imprison that man;
But with my heart thumping in my chest,
And my lips trembling; knees shaking—
He makes me so weak

Before I knew it,
I am the one that's been jailed;
I am trapped by my own affection
Bewitched by the beauty of a thief.

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

To My Spring Love

It was in *spring* when you—a complete stranger—had melted my heart, speaking tenderly to your mother, whom you longed for. How eerie it seemed, for a stranger to tug at my heartstrings so effortlessly. For all cherish their mothers, so what makes you different? That remained a mystery to me, but perhaps it was the words you chose that enthralled me.

Still, in summer, I gave my love to another. That didn't close my doors, though. *I still wanted to know you.*

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Autumn, then winter came. Seasons pass by quickly as I, too, quickly grew fonder of you. I count the leaves fall from the trees just as I count the times you've made me laugh. I watch the snow fall from the sky just as I watch you and realize... *I do like you, dear.*

A year had passed and I got to know you better. This time in spring, *I started falling for you.* You melted my heart once again when you sang to me. Your voice that holds so much emotion—how mesmerizing you really are. You never cease to amaze me. And perhaps that's the reason why I was hooked the first time.

Who knew it was the same season when you first knocked on the door of my heart? Now I'm finally letting you in for I know the answer this time—*I do love you, dear.*

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

This time in summer, I didn't look for another for
you had seized the key to my heart.

But nothing can compare to *the love that bloomed in
spring*—the time you had enchanted me with the
euphonious voice of yours. Just like how you sang
to me, "*I'll be the spring to your smiles,*" for you are my
only ***spring love***.

*Seasons change as my feelings grow but our love
bloomed in spring.*

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Last Farewell

A blue moon loomed in the sky tonight,
everyone watched you in awe
as you shined so bright.

Did you miss us, dear?

My love who now dwells in the skies,
your sufferings have come to an end.

Worry not about us anymore
for we're happy you've found peace in paradise.

Do come to us once again
in the form of the stars or the quiet rain,
falling gently from heaven.

Let us feel your love once more.

We miss you,

but it is time to let you go.

Dance happily with the angels if you may,
fly high, precious one.

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

A Young Woman's Story

Let me tell you a story
of a beautiful woman
independent and strong

Once a small flower
bloomed into something
more beautiful than a whole garden

Someone who gives joy
in a world with so much
misery

A hidden diamond
exquisite and rare
treated more precious than jewelry

LOVE AT SEVENTEEN

Once a blank paper
tainted with love
by her one and only

A daughter and a sister,
a friend and a lover,
and an adoring mother

This is the story
of a beautiful woman
winsome and wise,
special and loved.

DEAR READER

Collection II:
Summer Flames

I've found love but all seemed to end in burning
flames, just in time for summer. This is to all of my
past lovers during the sun's golden reign.

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SUMMER FLAMES

I Realized

I realized **I liked you** when
our eyes met then I immediately
looked away as if it was the first time
I laid my eyes on you.

I realized I liked you when
I made a list of things we could
talk about but ended up blanking out
when I started talking to you.

I realized **I've fallen for you** when
we were at a concert and you
accompanied me throughout the night.
I knew my heart was pounding not from
the loud speakers but from you
being so close to me.

SUMMER FLAMES

I realized I've fallen for you when
I got nervous and you held my hand,
comforting me with no words said;
contented with how our fingers
interlaced with each other.

I realized **I loved you** when
I started writing about you and
our happy moments that now have
turned into *memories*.

I realized I loved you when
I turned you into poetry.

SUMMER FLAMES

Summer Blues

Maybe you're not ready to fall this **autumn** but you still like me enough to keep me warm. Dare I say, it wasn't enough. I tried to reignite the fire from summer '19 but you can't keep up with the same intensity like you used to and I only burned you from getting too close. Now I'm left with the cold shoulder—just in time for **winter**.

Maybe we're better off for the **summer**, when the heat was high but you'd rather play with fire and keep me close than spend it alone. You didn't get burned and even asked for more. We were too caught up in the heat of the moment for sure.

SUMMER FLAMES

And maybe it felt so good that we jumped too soon and skipped chapters we were supposed to slowly unfold together. Now we're not on the same page anymore and that led us to bewilderment. We're in **spring** but what page are you on?

In the end, I'm the only one taking risks. And before you could, I've already blown the dwindling flame goodbye for I can't provide you *warmth in winter* when you respond with a *cold shoulder in summer*.

SUMMER FLAMES

troublemaker

I knew we were doomed from the start
but we love trouble, don't we?
it gives us thrill knowing that
we can always get away with it
and come out clean in the eyes of many
but we're no saints, honey.

SUMMER FLAMES

Ulan

Ang ulan ang tanging makakapagsabi
Na ikaw lang ang aking iniibig
Ito rin ang tanging nakakasaksi
Sa ating lubos na pagmamahalan
Tinamaan na nga yata ng iyong kidlat

Nananalangin sa tuwing bumubuhos
Tangayin sana ng hangin ang mga halik
Na s'yang inaasam ng ating mga labi
Maramdaman sana ang mga haplos
Na 'di kayang ipaabot ng ating palad

SUMMER FLAMES

Pananabik ay lalo lamang tumitindi
Kahit ilan pang bagyo ang dumaan
Maghihintay kahit ga'no katagal
Kung makikita pagtila'y bahaghari
At sa dulo nito'y ikaw

*Nadarama kaya ang init ng pag-ibig
sa kabila ng panlalamig ng panahon?*

SUMMER FLAMES

maybe...

maybe it was a mistake
letting you strip me naked
my body exposed and my soul bare
when you couldn't do the same

but maybe I should've been patient
and didn't let these emotions run wild
but we can't really love each other
when we haven't healed from the past
can't I be the one to heal you?

maybe it was easy blaming you
so I could move forward
without ever looking back
for I can't break down your walls

SUMMER FLAMES

maybe we're both at fault
all those times we said some things
we didn't mean and regretted later on
where did we ever go wrong?

maybe we didn't try hard enough
and that we gave up too soon
is it even possible, love?
to water each other and grow together?

but through all of my maybe's
and the times we hurt and get hurt
the only thing I didn't regret—
was meeting and falling for you

*maybe we're both a bit of a mess
but we loved each other still,
didn't we?*

SUMMER FLAMES

you.

it is *you*,
only **you**—
the one that I love.

you, whose eyes hold a thousand galaxies
that held me captive once they shine on me
you, whose tender voice soothes away the pain
you, who smiles with a dimple
that reaches the depths of my heart
you, with that shy yet charming personality,
luring me deeper into a labyrinth
I never want to escape

even if you think you don't deserve this love
even if you don't believe my descriptions,
all the more I will say them again
for you are worth all the million beautiful word
*simply because you are **you**.*

SUMMER FLAMES

Sa Loob ng Isang Buwan

Maraming posibleng mangyari sa loob ng isang buwan
Agosto, ako'y sigurado na hindi sa'yo titibok ang puso
Ngunit pagsapit ng **Setyembre**, damdami'y biglang
nagbago

Ngayon lang ba natanto na noong **Hulyo** pa napukaw
ang damdamin?

Sa pag-iingat sa aking puso ay tuluyan na ngang nahulog
Bigla na lang natakot na sa'kin ay ika'y mawala
Kaya nama'y walang 'sing tamis ang ating pag-iibigan
pagdating ng **Oktubre**

Kahit nagtatalo ay mas nangibabaw ang pagmamahalan
Subalit lalo lang lumala at nagkalabuan noong
Nobyembre

Ako'y nakapagsulat ng tula para sa'yo, mahal
'Yon nga ba ang nagsalba sa ating dalawa?

Disyembre, alam kong pagod ka na
Gayunpaman ay pilit kong diniligan ang ating
nalalantang pagsinta

Ngunit imbis na diligan ay aking binuhusan kaya naman
ika'y nalunod

SUMMER FLAMES

At nang ating salubungin ang *bagong taon*,
ako nga'y tuluyan mong binitawan
Hindi na sinuyo, wala ng paramdam

Masyadong mabilis ang mga pangyayari
'Di malaman kung saan gusto bumalik—
noong **Hunyo** bago sa'yo'y nagkagusto
upang pigilan nang mas maaga ang nararamdaman
o **Disyembre** upang maitama ang aking pagkakamali
Hindi naman inaakala na ganito magtatapos
noong tayo'y magkalapit noong **Abril**
Hindi na ba tayo masasalba ng aking tula sa
pangalawang pagkakataon?

Maraming posibleng mangyari sa loob ng isang linggo
Marahil ay 'yong pinagpatuloy ang 'yong paglakbay
Habang ako'y nanatili sa lugar kung sa'n ako'y iyong
iniwan

SUMMER FLAMES

Ika'y Iniisip

Kung hahayaan ko ang aking puso magdesisyon,
Tatakbo pa rin ako sa iyong mga bisig
Para yakapin ka kahit ako pa'y mapaso
Pilit kong pasisiklabin ang liyab
Na malapit nang mamatay
Kahit na masaktan ay ayos lang kung ikaw—
Ikaw na bukod tanging sakit na kaya kong tiisin.

Siguro nga'y ako'y tagahatid lang sa'yo
Papunta sa tamang tao; at
Ika'y ganoon din sa'kin.

Maari bang humiling sa huling pagkakataon?
Pwede bang ako'y 'yong dalhin na sa kanya,
Nang ika'y malimutan na?

SUMMER FLAMES

Déjà Vu

The smell of cigarettes
When our lips collided,
The taste of alcohol
When our tongues glided;
I almost thought of you.

His gentle demeanor
When we're out wandering,
Aggressive in manner
When he's pinning me down;
I almost thought of you.

His rough yet tender hands,
Leaving no skin untouched
His mellow yet raspy voice,
Tempting me too much;
I almost said your name.

SUMMER FLAMES

His tan skin, glowing,
Brown orbs, lust-hooded;
Corners filled with moaning,
Upon reaching paradise,
I almost said your name.

I tasted you on his lips,
Smelled your perfume on his neck,
Felt you in his embrace,
Saw your eyes in his; and
I almost thought he's you;
*He gives me **déjà vu**.*

DEAR READER

Collection III:
Last Muse

After every summer flame faded into embers, the
poet meets her next muse, a *musician*.

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The Poet and the Musician

aking tahanan

Gaano Kalalim Ka Na Nahulog?

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LAST MUSE

The Poet and the Musician

I used to write about
a poet meeting a musician
who turns her poems into songs
and together, they make art
out of love and moments they share.
Are you the one from my dreams?

All her muses didn't appreciate
the heart she puts into pieces she wrote,
but maybe the musician will.

LAST MUSE

aking tahanan

sa paghahanap ng panandaliang ligaya
para malimutan ang sakit ng nakaraan,
pagmamahalang pangmatagala'y,
sa'yo pala natagpuan,
aking tahanan.

Gaano Kalalim Ka Na Nahulog?

Sana hindi ako nag-iisa; na malalim na rin ang iyong pagkahulog sa'kin. Dahil hindi ko na alam kung pa'no pa makakaahon sa pagkahulog ko sa'yo at hindi ko na rin nais pang umahon, kaya sana'y ako'y iyong samahan na lamang at sabay nating languyin ang lalim ng ating pagmamahalan. Tayo'y magpadala na lang sa agos habang magkahawak ang ating kamay. 'Wag mo lang ako bibitawan at hayaang malunod mag-isa. Dahil sa kabila ng takot kong paghiwalayin tayo ng hagupit ng alon, handa pa rin ako sumugal at lalong sumisid kung ikaw ang aking kasama.

LAST MUSE

Rest in Me

Rest your mind, my love
Let my voice drown out your thoughts,
Calm you with affirmations
Of my undying affection

Rest your heart, my love
Let me be the home you can escape to,
Tuck you in my warm embrace
I am your safest place

Rest in me, my love
Let my warmth melt your blues away,
Feel the solace in my touch
You're secure within my clutch

LAST MUSE

Kiss My Sadness Away

Let me taste the love from your lips 'til I can't taste the bitterness of mine. Make me feel loved and make me forget all the things I hate about myself.

Whisper your affection for me 'til I can't hear the negative thoughts in my head—just the murmurs of each other's names and the sound of our rapid heartbeats.

Let me feel your love in me. Be slow and gentle, love. Let us both get lost in pleasure until we tremble and release each other. Then kiss me one more time and tell me how beautiful I look this way—breathless, crying out your name.

LAST MUSE

I yearn for your touch; to have every inch of your body pressed against mine to the point where I can't think of anything else but you and the sensation you give with every touch of our skin.

Darling, kiss away my sadness and save me from this madness.

LAST MUSE

Serendipity

What are the chances of finding someone similar to you?

Both brokenhearted when brought together by fate,
Yet bonded from like-mindedness and shared desires,
Having unparalleled synergy between each other,
Finding similarities even in differences
Nonetheless, complementary

What are the chances of me meeting you?

I still feel like you're make-believe
A fantasy I've been writing about
A lucid dream I never want to wake up from
But you exist, much to my delight
My wildest dream turned sweet reality

LAST MUSE

Where did you ever come from?
If not a fragment of my imagination,
A manifestation through journal-writing
Of the kind of man I daydream about
And the kind of love I wish for since seventeen
Is the love I got at twenty-two

Do you believe it too?
In a serendipitous collision of two souls
Whose past are intertwined,
Aligning their paths to cross at present time;
Tied together with an invisible string,
And bound to each other, forevermore.

LAST MUSE

Pebrero

Ako'y nanatili sa lugar kung sa'n ako'y kanyang iniwan

'Di inaasahang may sasama sa aking kalungkutan

Pebrero nagsimula ang ating kwento

Hanggang saan nga ba ang ating dulo?

Sa paglisan n'ya'y ika'y dumating

Hindi para sa ibang lugar ako'y dalhin

'Di pinilit malimutan ang nakaraan

Kundi ay para ako'y damayan

Magkalapit man sa distansya,

Malayo pa rin ang nadarama

Gayunpaman ay 'yong pilit pa ring inabot

Ang init ng pagsinta na sa gabi'y bumabalot

LAST MUSE

Sa takot na masaknan ulit ay naging mailap noon
Ngunit ating narating, tignan mo ngayon
‘Yong nagawang gibain ang tinayong bakod
Na s’yang hadlang sa pagtataya ng pusong pagod

‘Di namalayan na sa paglipas ng panahon
Ay mabubuksan muli sa panibagong pagkakataon
Aking pinto tungo sa’yong pag-ibig,
Matatagpuang payapa sa’yong mga bisig

Marami nang nangyari sa loob ng isang taon
Mga pagsubok na nagpatibay sa ating relasyon
At sa kabila man ng ating pagtatalo
Mas mananaig pa rin ang pagmamahal sa’yo

Itong natagpuang pag-ibig na bago
Ay namukadkad sa buwan ng mga puso
At ‘tong pusong sawi nang magsimula ang taon
Ay buo na muli bago matapos yaon

LAST MUSE

At ngayong Pebrero na ulit
Aking napagtanto sa pagmuni saglit
Ikaw ang wakas sa lahat ng katapusan
Sapagkat ika'y nanatili at 'di ako iniwan

Hanggang saan nga ba ang ating dulo?
Hanggang sa walang-katapusang Pebrero.

LAST MUSE

Stay

I hope you still find a home in me
To shelter you from the hurricane
When you have nowhere else to go
Even if this house is in ruins
We can always fix it

I hope I'm your forever sunshine, still
Who brightens you up in the gloomiest of days
Even if I cause rainstorms onto your homeland
We can always dance through the rain
And wait for the rainbow to come after it

LAST MUSE

I hope you still choose me everyday
In a garden full of pretty roses
Even if you bleed from my thorns
We can always treat the wounds
And water me to grow

I hope I could put an end to my disasters
And appease you with whispers of apologies;
Endlessly yearning to see the afterglow
Even if there are unbearably cold nights with me
I hope you always stay

LAST MUSE

warm bodies

when I was cold,
you pulled me close,
you kissed my lips
and down you went;
love bites in red,
you left my neck;
my sweetest spots,
you touched and felt.

salacious talk,
so drunk in lust;
you taste of love
and so do I;
locked in your arms
and skin to skin,
shared body heat,
I'm cold no more.

hand in your hair,
I tugged and pulled,
the other one,
down there, I stroke;
eliciting
moans after moans;
how fast they went—
our beating hearts.



LAST MUSE

Alone, Together

In a world that never stops talking, his gentle waves meet her quiet shore; finally, they found peace in each other's company where silence isn't deafening and solitude is bliss.

How strangely amusing it is that both are perfectly independent yet cannot bear the absence of the other; both want to be left alone yet are drawn to each other like gravity, naturally and instinctively.

In a world they created for themselves, they never dared to let anyone be in it, who could destroy the tranquility within; finally, they found a companion for life that meets each other on the same wavelength for they, too, are content in their orbit—just alone, together.

LAST MUSE

I Wrote to the Universe

At **seventeen**, I wrote to the universe of meeting a quiet soul, preferably a musician who would sing Taylor Swift's songs with me and someone who also majors in English. It was very specific so I didn't think the universe would grant me that wish.

Four years later and after yet another failed relationship, I met you, except you were a pre-law student who's also admirably fluent in English and has a passion for literature, history and music; eloquent in both writing and speaking but can be vulgar and risqué when you want to. As if those alone weren't already astonishing, you continued to amaze me with your musical talent—being a vocalist in a band who knows how to play five instruments—yet you still remained humble; still reserved and introverted. Your abundance of knowledge has greatly astounded me as well. I truly

LAST MUSE

love learning from you. You never fail to amaze me everyday.

Because of your knowledge in music, you know which ones are of a certain quality. Maybe that's why you were impressed with Taylor's musicality and songwriting. You even discovered her first before I did during the blossoming of her career. Of course, after so many years, some interests have come and gone. I am just glad I rediscovered your love for her music when our paths collided. So now, we sing our hearts out to her songs and quote her lyrics that resonate with our own romance. In addition to that, our 300th day as a couple fell exactly on her 32nd birthday that had us both singing and quoting lyrics from "invisible string" (*Isn't it just so pretty to think all along there were some invisible string tying you to me? / One single thread of gold tied me to you.*) I love that we also share the same enjoyment of watching Hamilton and other

LAST MUSE

musicals. Another thing that brought us closer was our love for music and literature, making draft demos out of the literary pieces I write; poems waiting to become songs one day. It truly was our similar interests that initially strengthened our bond. With this much similarity in interests, personality, experiences and viewpoints, it seems like I have met the male version of myself. And I knew the connection wasn't one-sided when you said likewise.

After going through an awfully terrible breakup where both of us were on the receiving end of pain from our previous relationships, we became cautious of who to let in. We weren't looking for love, just comfort and intimacy. Unbeknownst to us, as we got closer, we also replaced the parts that were taken from us as they left. We filled the spaces with new pieces until we're whole again, ultimately forgetting those old and ugly parts that they took.

LAST MUSE

No forced chemistry, it just felt right and natural. So now, we're here. For someone who doesn't want to share his space with anyone as an introvert, I am lucky to have the privilege of being in yours.

You've shown and given consistent effort, understanding and assurance of our future together. I genuinely appreciate the lengths you go to, to make me feel loved and happy, especially at times when I feel very difficult to handle. You tame my tides with warmth and compassion. I didn't even need to lower my standards.

At **twenty-one**, the universe granted me my wish of meeting a quiet soul and a musician who sings Taylor Swift's songs with me; someone who has a fascination for the English language, much like myself. It was very specific but I didn't expect the universe would give me more than what I had originally wished for—you.

LAST MUSE

Simula

Kapag napapagod na sa gulo ng ating tahanan,
halina at ating balikan ang simula—
pakinggan ulit ang mga kantang inialay sa isa't isa;
basahin muli ang mga tula't liham sa isa't isa'y isinulat
upang maalala ang totoong nadarama;
magbalik tanaw sa ating mga tawanan at lambingan
kung saa'y puso'y umaapaw sa saya't galak;
alalahanin ang mga pagkakatulad sa maraming bagay,
mga paralelismo at 'di sinasadyang pangyayari
na nagpapatunay na nakahanay ang mga bituin sa langit
nang ang landas nati'y kanilang pinagtagpo,
sa ating pag-iibigan silang unang sumasang-ayon;
balikan ang init ng tagpuan kung saan tayo'y payapa,
kung saan mas dama ang pagmamahalan sa pag-iisang
laman,
katiwasayan na dulot nito'y walang sinumang
makakapantay;
gunitain ang mga sakripisyo't pinangako sa isa't isa—
na ikaw at ako hanggang dulo.

LAST MUSE

Malaman na ika'y 'di kayang iwan,
na 'di na maisip ang sarili sa piling ng iba
o ang buhay sa hinaharap nang hindi ka kasama.

Baka hindi na umibig pang muli
dahil hanggang dulo, hanggang sa susunod na buhay,
puso ko pa rin ay sayong-sayo lamang.

LAST MUSE

What Love Is

An attempt on finding love is you, unintentionally intimidating her with your knowledge on classical literature when you found out she's fond of writing and she studies linguistics but she couldn't keep pace because she only skimmed through Shakespeare in class.

An attempt on finding love is also her, almost arguing with you about reverse racism and xenophobia. Because part of attempting to find love is going through great lengths to impress the other with what you know about their knowledge and interests, only to embarrass yourself in the end.

LAST MUSE

But when you do find it, you'll realize that real love is actually doing, laughing at and talking about the most foolish things together—from classical literature to proudly belching the alphabet.

Because love is comfortability; of being yourself and acting foolish. Love is security; of knowing that you are adored for who you are. Love is acceptance; of your odd quirks that she finds endearing. Because love is not refined. Love is sequined with quints of you.

LAST MUSE

home

I've been wandering
the streets endlessly,
searching for someone
who could meet me at
like-minded intersections,
then I found you;
gone are the moments
I feel like an outsider
for I have found
a *home* in you.

DEAR READER

Collection IV:
Poems You'll Never Read

I thought the musician would be my last muse but he turned into the muse I lost. But even after love's demise, the musician remains etched in this poet's soul, immortalizing him through art as he left a lasting legacy that transcends time.

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[*My Lost Muse*](#)

[*Holiday Blues*](#)

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POEMS YOU'LL NEVER READ

My Lost Muse

I've never been this certain about someone before. Maybe I just didn't try hard enough to keep my previous partners because I didn't love them as much. But for the *first time*, I actually believed that forever could be possible with you.

I used to be unafraid of falling in love and getting hurt over and over again, believing that there's plenty of fish in the sea so why would I get worried? I'm young after all but this one "hits different," as Taylor Swift said. For the first time, I actually feel scared of releasing my grip as no one has ever matched the intensity of my passion and affection quite like you do.

POEMS YOU'LL NEVER READ

And I thought I'd stop writing pages once our story's over, but I keep crafting more, prolonging the climax because I refuse to believe we've already reached the final conclusion.

Maybe I spoke too soon when I said you're the last person I'll ever write prose and poems about—my *last* muse. And maybe that sentiment still lingers even in the absence of you as this freshly penned creation implies. Truthfully, I can welcome a new muse and consider him as another lesson but please don't you ever become one.

POEMS YOU'LL NEVER READ

Holiday Blues

All these eyes fixed upon me,
But my heart sought only yours,
Amidst the praises and admiration,
Still, I yearned for your affection alone.

Even with freedom's enticing call,
I find myself longing to return,
To the haven of your embrace,
Where I call and find my home.

POEMS YOU'LL NEVER READ

Holiday blues envelop my spirit,
As your absence taints the air,
The festivities lose their sparkle,
For you're not here with me this time.

Despite this vast sea of desire,
My being craves no other but you,
I'll hold onto hope, amidst the pain,
That we'll reunite and find solace again.

DEAR READER

Collection V:
*A Good Girl in a Tight
Little Skirt*

As our chapter closes, the allure of embracing
unexplored horizons becomes more enticing,
especially for someone who grew up as a good girl
and now harbors an insatiable thirst for liberation,
masking her mischievous nature beneath the
facade.

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DEAR READER

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

Which Poet Am I?

Poets can wield the power to either deceive you with mellifluous words that glide effortlessly from their tongues or love you as if you hold the entire galaxy in your eyes.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

Dear Church Boy

I would've given you a taste, but your mixed signals made me hesitate. You said I fascinate you but you're too much of a good boy—afraid to be tempted, afraid I might bite and taint your pure soul.

But here you are, still, keeping me in your thoughts while shutting out the rest.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

A Maverick's Point of View

I am ardently vocal and opinionated,
Some may be put off by my stance,
Yet I exude a daring allure,
A captivating essence that lingers,
Leaving them craving a taste of temptation.

Some may perceive me as flawed but bright,
A mix of wisdom and occasional missteps,
Or label me as a wild flame in passion's grip,
In my youthful fervor, fault takes root,
But beneath it all, a tender and bashful guise.

Drawing both the virtuous and the rogue,
And those who fall in between,
I navigate the spectrum of attraction,
A paradoxical blend, defying expectation,
A tapestry woven with intricate hues.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

A fusion of nightmares and daydreams,
Knowing my ideal, discerning hearts,
The ones I'd share passion with,
Who raise crimson flags of caution,
Differing from those worthy of my embrace.

This is my truth I hold steadfast,
But how do they truly perceive me, though?
A question that lingers, waiting to unfold,
For perceptions are as diverse as the stars,
And their view, a mystery yet to be told.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

What Might Have Been

We could've reached the stars overhead,
When you said you craved me in your bed,
The thrill of being friends with my former lover,
And your partner's bond to his significant other.

It's a small world we reside,
You deemed me memorable, deep inside,
Once I held him within my grasp,
And nearly had you in a similar clasp.

The allure of disruption, oh, how it enticed,
For a brief moment, like a forbidden dice,
The temptation whispered softly in our ears,
But you resisted for consequences were clear.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

I am the common factor, it seems,
He's still intrigued by what once gleamed,
You still conceal your attraction deep,
My name lingers, in both your whispers, it seeps.

But ladies, needn't fret over a shared past,
For I am but a fleeting shadow cast,
A specter of what-ifs, never pursued,
A chapter left unfinished, misconstrued.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

To A Childhood Friend

As kids, you irked me; as adults, you persist,
You stand apart among my closest friends,
The only one I never held a crush on,
Perhaps holding potential for something more in
time.

Twelve years have passed since our childhood days,
I never wrote him a poem back then,
Yet here I am, penning one for you,
Nostalgia, the culprit that stirs within.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

We were childhood friends, tethered by time,
Perhaps destined to remain as such,
For I dare not risk losing another bond,
Similar to how I lost him then.

Yet, still I sense your gaze upon me,
Watching from a distance,
A silent observer of unspoken desires,
Bound by the echoes of our shared past.

A GOOD GIRL IN A TIGHT LITTLE SKIRT

La Damsela y los Castillos

I have traveled far and wide as a wandering damsel,
where I stumbled upon two castles.

One was home to an aficionado, whose knowledge
and wisdom were profound.

The other was dwelling to a jester, whose wit and
charm were abundant.

Both have captivating voices who love to sing for
their men - the aficionado's rich and husky tune
enchancing me, the jester's soulful melody stirring a
sense of longing within.

They're so different yet entwined; souls I've found
of the rarest kind. Wherever the road ahead may
lead, I know that new horizons await.

DEAR READER

My Journal

Allowing yourself to fully embrace being human and finding healthy ways to acknowledge and navigate your thoughts and emotions can lead to personal growth and self-discovery. For me, writing in my journal serves as a therapeutic outlet and a means of self-reflection.

These are the only ones I *choose* to publish as the rest are very personal.

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The Stigma of Introversion in the Philippines

Apr. 30, 2019

A lot of Filipino people whom I've encountered consider introversion as a negative trait. From a very young age, children are made to believe that being outgoing is better and that there is something wrong with you if you are not as sociable as the rest. They force their children to socialize more to fill that notion of "pakikisama" and deem those who don't want to mingle with others as shy.

There's always a negative connotation to it and people often view it as a sign of weakness whereas my other friends who live in an introverted country think otherwise. Say, Finland. It is included in the [11 Most Introverted Countries In The World](#) according to LonerWolf, a blog I have come across. I had my Finnish friend confirm [this](#) and she also

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told me that they don't talk a lot and they have more people who enjoy being at home than most countries. In general, introversion is not frowned upon there which is why she lived a very comfortable introverted life compared to me.

Of course, this isn't just a Filipino thing because we live in a world that never stops talking. And in general, society favors a people's person or an extrovert more. But as a Filipino introvert in an extroverted society, I also got a fair share of stories of what it's like. And I tell you, I've struggled a lot in finding my place. It got to the point where people forced me to change my personality, telling me to "break out of my shell." They deemed me as a loner when in fact, I enjoy my quiet time alone. I am also contented with having only a small circle of friends. But because of the pressure of wanting to fit in, I've tried changing myself but it only made

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me feel worse, because I know I'm not being true to everyone and to myself.

We've been taught that no man is an island and interpersonal skills are essential to build connections that will help you become successful. Introverts don't necessarily disagree with it. In fact, they can become good public speakers and leaders if they put their hearts and minds to it. They can work alongside extroverts if necessary. But there is a difference between pushing one's boundaries and trying to change one's self. Introverts can take risks and push boundaries if it will help them grow as a person but forcing them to become extroverts is an entirely different thing and it will never be okay. Introverts can be successful in their field without the need to change themselves.

Being withdrawn and introspective is not a sign of weakness. It is just the nature of an introvert.

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Introverts should not be made to feel as if they were offending people because it's how they function. It should never be a basis of how well they do at work or in school and should never be viewed negatively. This is something a lot of Filipinos have yet to realize.

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Self-improvement is also self-love.

Aug. 16, 2019

I've been binge-watching beauty gurus and their skincare and haircare routines. But the more I watch, the more I feel insecure. I realize I still have a lot to work on to get the flawless hair and skin I dream of.

It took me a while to accept and love myself for who I am on the inside, my thoughts, and my mind. That's the part of me I genuinely appreciate. But when it comes to my looks, I can't help but compare myself to the pretty girls I see every day. I've noticed that some of them possess certain features that I find unappealing in myself, yet they still radiate beauty and charm. Even after a long, exhausting day, they still have that pretty glow. I never really cared about my appearance before, but since starting college, I never expected to feel so

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insecure. I wish I had known how to take better care of myself when I was younger.

I really can't do anything but accept the fact that I can't change my appearance, and accepting that has allowed me to focus on what I can change or improve. While I can't alter my looks, I can work on enhancing them by getting rid of the things I'm not happy with. I won't let my insecurities overpower me anymore. Instead, I'm determined to address them and work towards becoming a better version of myself.

I've come to terms with the fact that it's only human to feel insecure at times. I believe even the most beautiful girls and guys have their own set of insecurities too. But I refuse to let these insecurities haunt me for the rest of my days. Instead, I'm taking action. Because the truth is, not everyone is blessed with flawless looks. Some

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people put in tremendous effort to achieve the appearance and body they've always desired. So I'm jumping on that train and working towards my own goals too. It's all about embracing what I've got and putting in the effort to become the best version of myself.

I understand that beauty encompasses more than just outward appearance, but I can't ignore the impact it has on my self-esteem and confidence. Why should I settle for being "okay" and pretend to be satisfied when deep down, I know I'm not? Personally, it's absolutely okay to want to improve yourself, as long as it's for your own sake and not to please others. That is part of self-love, and it's something I'm actively working on.

Coming to this realization has opened my eyes to the extent of my own capabilities as a person as well. By acknowledging the areas where I need to

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improve, it has motivated me to take action and make meaningful progress. This self-awareness fuels my determination to grow and excel in those areas, knowing that I have the capability to achieve personal growth. Because true growth and self-improvement come from a place of self-acceptance and self-care. By focusing on loving and nurturing myself, I can make positive changes that align with my own values and desires. That is why I'm always striving for self-improvement both as a person and as a student.

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People are replaceable (myself, included).

Dec. 9, 2022

Realizing that there will always be people who are better than us is both humbling and empowering.

Humbling because you don't need to strive to be perfect, you just need to be better than the old version of you. Empowering because now, people who mistreat you will always be replaceable to you. Those who genuinely value and want to maintain the relationship, be it romantic or platonic, will not do anything to jeopardize it, because they know you can and will replace them. This means they have no power over you.

And as an introvert, I will **always** choose to be alone rather than be with people who make me miserable and lonelier compared to when I'm all by myself. It's not that I think I'm so great that people

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can't replace me, because the truth is, everyone is replaceable (including me). If you're not going to show people in general that you're worth keeping, they will replace you. If you take people for granted, then you're no different from anyone else, which means you aren't special to be kept in someone's life.

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How to NOT Cheat

Mar. 28, 2023

It's simple. If you recognize that there will always be people who are better than you—kinder, funnier, more intelligent, more talented, wealthier, better looking, more mature yet you're the person that your partner chose means that you've outdone the rest for you are the best for her/him.

Value that connection. Attractive people are everywhere which makes it so easy to cheat but a good connection with someone and a faithful partner is much harder to find.

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Love Love and Love Loudly!

Aug. 22, 2023

They say if something makes you happy, keep it private. But what if people just want to express their joy openly? Oftentimes, there's judgment about people who frequently post stuff as trying to compensate for something. While it may be true in some cases, the fact remains that some people are simply really happy with life. Sharing their moments, whether big or small, is no different from vlogging. It seems that vlogging is more accepted than sharing one's happiness on social media.

But I say, screw other people's judgment! Love your partner loudly, flex your achievements, be in love with yourself and post lots of selfies even if your friends are sick of them, share your partner's conversation that made you laugh/smile, be passionate about your interests or just be

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passionate in general. Love love and be loud about it!

Don't let other people police your own happiness! Your social media posts shouldn't be anyone's business because, first of all, you're not forcing them to interact with or even view your content in the first place. Secondly, if they themselves are on social media, they'd be hypocritical to criticize, especially since we live in the age of the internet. If they take issue with others finding joy, the problem is on *THEM*.

We don't see this same judgment being made when you always post about your friends and family but it's suddenly unhealthy when you post about your partner? We all have different ways to show love anyway. If this isn't your cup of tea, then it's fine but judging others for loving loudly when you aren't

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doesn't make you mature, it makes you bitter. Not everyone is miserable, some are just really happy.

Maybe we would stop determining how healthy the relationship is based on how frequently they post about it if we just learned to accept that people love differently and that being proud of your partner and relationship is a valid form of showing love to them.

This same principle applies in real life, too. Be happy! Be wild! Be sexy! Be naughty! Be romantic! Be cheesy! Be corny! Be basic! Be weird! As long as you're happy and aren't harming anyone, you shouldn't give a damn despite their negative opinions!

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Grieving for the Person I Used to Be

Dec. 16, 2023

The adults were right when they told us to enjoy our youth because we would miss it once we become adults ourselves. As I enter the “adulting” stage, here I am, missing my childhood more than ever which is probably the reason why I’ve been clinging onto the people I’ve met from childhood to early teen years lately—they bring back waves of nostalgia from my childhood, reminding me of the person I used to be during those precious years. In a way, through them, I’m able to catch glimpses of the younger version of myself whom they once knew but has long since died—still quiet but full of hope and love to give. I miss her, though.

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Moreover, my parents aren't getting any younger and that also makes me so sad. I do hope this is just a phase that everyone goes through when they enter a new stage in life.

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The Impact of Our Words

Feb. 9, 2024

It's incredible how words hold so much power. They can inspire, mend, and even break people. It's like they have this invisible force that can affect us deeply. That's why we have books and songs—they're vehicles for words that have a tremendous impact on our lives. Some people might brush them off as "just words," but they're so much more than that.

When we read a book, we enter a world created by the author's words, and we find ourselves connecting deeply with the characters, their experiences, and their emotions. It's a magical feeling to be understood, even by fictional characters, and that's why we often feel such a strong connection to certain books.

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And let's not forget about music. Songs with lyrics that resonate with us can make us feel like the artist is singing our story. Music has a unique ability to express emotions and experiences in a way that transcends language. It's as if the words in a song can reach deep into our souls and remind us that we're not alone in our joys, sorrows, or struggles.

Let me share an example that exemplifies the power of words in driving change. Dr. Jose Rizal, a remarkable author and national hero of the Philippines, used his words to awaken the Filipino spirit and ignite the fight for freedom. Through his books like "Noli Me Tangere" and "El Filibusterismo," Rizal fearlessly exposed the injustices and oppression faced by the Filipino people during the time of Spanish colonization.

His words were like a call to action, inspiring countless Filipinos to stand up for their rights and

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strive for independence. Rizal's literary works sparked conversations, united people, and instilled a sense of national identity. It's incredible how words can become a driving force for change and empower an entire nation.

Therefore, it's important to remember that the words we choose to use have a real impact. They can uplift and heal, but they can also hurt and break. Let's be mindful of the power of our words and strive to use them in a way that brings positivity and understanding to others. By doing so, we can create a world where our words become a force for inspiration, connection, and positive change.

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Intertwining Christianity and Politics

Feb. 9, 2024

I used to consider myself agnostic, but it didn't feel right because I still believe in God. So, I now identify as a Christian who doesn't adhere to any specific religious denomination (if you don't count my family's). However, recently I discovered Christian socialism, and as I continue to educate myself on the topic, I find that it aligns with my beliefs, values, and principles. Christian socialism combines the goals of socialism with the ethics of Christianity. I believe that politics and Christianity should not be separated, contrary to what some religious leaders teach their followers.

Personally, I find it ignorant to discourage members from speaking up about politics. It demonstrates an apathy towards non-members, while God supposedly taught us to love our

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neighbors as ourselves (Matthew 22:39). Is their empathy only limited to fellow church members? This disregards the fact that there are less fortunate members who would benefit from a better government. Some glorify poverty to the extent that we settle for meager concessions.

Sometimes, hard work is not enough when people lack the necessary means, such as quality education, affordable healthcare, and fair wages, which are basic human rights that the government should ensure. Successful and progressive countries begin with a good government that listens to and addresses the needs and problems of the entire population.

As Christians, shouldn't we care about these issues? After all, God detests tyranny (Isaiah 10:1-2), doesn't He?

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Embracing Life's Emotions: Lessons Learned Through 'Inside Out'

July 1, 2024

While Inside Out may appear to be a children's show, adults can actually learn a lot from it because it teaches us to appreciate and understand the role of negative emotions, guiding us towards a deeper appreciation of life's complexities and the pursuit of true joy. Many adults tend to dismiss the role and purpose of negative emotions, often advising children to always be positive. However, Inside Out reminds us of the importance of these emotions in our lives and the messages they try to convey.

Importantly, negative emotions remain significant despite their seemingly "negative" nature, as they allow us to cherish the smaller joys in life. In the first movie, it seems like all the other emotions don't want Sadness to interfere, but eventually, it

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becomes clear that to truly experience Joy, one must first navigate through Sadness.

The presence of negative emotions serves a purpose: they signal when something isn't right. For instance, when Anger takes over, where does that Anger stem from? How can we address it so that Joy can take its place?

The movie highlights that all our emotions are valid. What we need is a proper approach to handle them. It's about understanding why we feel a certain way and finding constructive ways to manage those emotions. This process isn't about suppressing negative feelings but acknowledging them and learning from them.

Negative emotions often act as a guide, pointing out areas in our lives that need attention or adjustment. They remind us of our values,

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boundaries, and needs. Without them, we might overlook important aspects of our well-being.

Moreover, experiencing negative emotions enables us to empathize with others going through similar struggles. It fosters compassion and understanding in our relationships. When we learn to manage and express our emotions effectively, we aren't only improving our own mental and emotional health but also contribute positively to our interactions with others.

In conclusion, while negative emotions may initially seem unwelcome, they play a crucial role in our personal growth and overall well-being. By embracing and addressing these emotions with empathy and understanding, we pave the way for a more balanced and fulfilling life, where happiness can thrive alongside sadness and other complex emotions.

DEAR READER

Short Stories

Short stories inspired by dreams and imagination.

I wrote these stories during my youth, a time when I was consumed by the idealistic notions of love and loss. As I've grown older, my perspective has evolved which is why I've decided to publish the ones I've already edited until I finish editing the rest, but they may still carry a certain level of cheesiness.

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An Unforgotten Song / Kahit Ga'no Katagal

[English](#) | [Tagalog](#)

This story follows the life of Chris, once a young aspiring singer, as he reminisces about the pivotal encounter with Catherine, a budding writer, during their school days, tracing his journey from the early days of inspiration to the twilight of his singing career.

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