

•
• A Cycle •
•

Jan Franz O. Macaso



Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

The Friend

"It must really be a lonelier journey than anyone could imagine. Cutting through absolute darkness, encountering nothing but the occasional hydrogen atom. Flying blindly into the abyss, believing therein lie the answers to the mysteries of the universe."

-Takaki Toono, 5 Centimeters per Second

Leave no doubts	I thought you will go?
I am just here,	How'll I know?
I will help you see the light	But I don't want to continue and fight
You are strong	But I can barely stand up for this long!
I am here, to listen	And I am here betrayed--by all of men.
I am here, for your relief	But I am here with none of a belief.
I am here...	Are you willing to hear?
There is a world,	And it is just full of 'words'.
There is nothing to fear	All I want is for someone to hear...
Life is filled with happiness	It is wrapped with sadness
That is why I am here...	To help me see the light and fight over my fear?
To help you see the day	And hear me out with what I want to say?
I am here as a friend...	You are here as a friend...
To listen...	To hear...
What you want	to say.

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

The Lady

am
locked in society
an ev'ryday act of chivalry
eyes stare on ev'ry deed
a soul which longs to plead:

to
be left: unsatisfied,
be left, to one side
be forgotten by a lover
what else do I need to offer?

A choice.
A voice.

is
left unsettled,
things on mind nestled
burdens kept
all's left:

a
heart torn
aches—and mourn
wound cut so deep
wish 'tis worth the keep:

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

The Woman

"Ode to my face jewelry metal. Shiny, sharp. Good pain I inflicted myself. Adorning my face where the smile used to be... once as a baby, when pain had no definition... now grown and alone... my jewelry off... naked again... identity gone."

-Jennifer Anne "J." Wilson (My First Mister *film*, 2001)

Once of being a child, once more to cherish worlds filled with fine polishes of imaginary landscapes.

A sky filled with echoes of adventure, rather than the melancholic hymns of rain,

a yesterday filled with the light shades of a graded pencil--
which knows,
only innocence and euphoria.

Of a childhood unaware of privileges, but simple things such as love, friends, and freedom are worth the keep.

But times are spent, a woman is not
Cleopatra: "Age can not wither her."

A woman grows weak, yet she becomes strong.
Insanely
she is sane, that is why she knows when to move on.

Strength undefinable by scars,
immeasurable by the fine jewelries she wore. A strength found in a heart, broken;
yet she
learned how stand up and move forward;

she still knows how to look what is her past,
she
knows when to see the glimpses of a mirror,
not to check of how fond men will turn about
her beauty,
not to seek for wrinkled lines on a face,
not to look up for a messy hair.

She
views her mirror to reflect her young self.
An escape to a society so picky of what she
should be--

A society choking with how conservative or open she is to be,
a society filled
with nothing but lies, which only taught her to pretend and be a woman of another;
who
locks up and chains those who unwillingly deserves to be, pure judgment, never to feel
empathy.

A day she chose to run, a day she chose to feel it is none, a day she gave a
smile, telling: "Someday, I will not need to fake it--it'd be just a while..."

The Pain,
Smiles, Loneliness, Hardship, Friends, Trust, and being a Woman itself... a true wonder
where it is gained. A question that deserves no answer to anyone but herself; to which
maybe:

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

"A woman is not definable by the love she gives and takes, nor by the beauty and the wits she possesses; it is by right that not even age can falter... A woman is a girl, a lady and a woman herself. She is an individual of three perspectives, rather than a personality. Being a woman is not gained by the words of men... it is a gift that belongs to each and everyone of them."

A past is not a Future,

A present not the Past,

Nor the future will be Present.

So long as you look back, you are who you are.

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.



The poems are dedicated to my dear friend and idol, Ms. Kellen McGee. It is immeasurable of how indebted I am in knowing you. Thank you for the kind words and for being such a great inspiration!

—Jan Franz

Sincerely: a super derpy fan who viewsms he madJan Franz.

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

Jan Franz O. Macaso bio: Jan Franz O. Macaso is a student taking up AB English at the Polytechnic University of the Philippines, Manila, and is currently in his senior year. His inspiration for writing are mostly the opposite of what he exactly feels of something or anything.