

Poetry

Gerald Carl Cielo

The Work of Love

A man sits,
One hand upon the head,
And another upon the heart
 – often in thought of Love,
 Reminiscing,
 Remembering,
 The beginning of everything.

A woman lies,
One hand over the temple,
And another plunged into the bosom,
 – often in the dream of Love,
 Reviving,
 Resurrecting,
 The end of everything.

So much is to be admired,
Of the idea of love,
 Of loving,
Of the idea that one keeps,
 A treasured memory,
 Of a long, fading past –
 Strung only together by faint images.

So much is to be cherished,
Even at the absence,
 Of its presence,
 Yet remembrance pales,
 In what lies yet present,
 Remaining,
 Lingering.

So much is to be favored,
Of the idea of Love,
 Of loving,
Of the idea that one hides,
 A fortunated tale,

Of a short, fleeting moment –
Tied only together by dim words.

So much is to be praised,
Even at the loss,
 Of its company,
 Yet nostalgia wanes,
 In what lies yet evident,
 Abiding,
 Enduring.

That is,
 The work of Love.
When the idea fails,
 Falls and falters,
 It is what remains.
When the thought succumbs,
 Submits and surrenders,
 It is what resides.

When the soul becomes
 Weary,
When the body becomes
 Frail,
 Only the lasting works of Love,
 Resist.

When the toils and the cares
 Of the world,
Plunge one's heart into the precipice
 Of the abyss,
 Not all hope is lost.

For the labor of Love denies –
 Ruinination,
 Damnation.
For the fruit of Love nullifies –
 Desperation,
 Desolation.

Only then does the scrying thought
 And the somber dream,
 The exalted idea,
 And the purest wish of and for Love
 Become the greatest –
 If not for the trials and the tribulations
 Of the heart,
 For and of Love.

The Solitude of Love

Love is—

The first light,
The break of dawn upon glistening shores;

Love is—

The last ember,
The kindled blaze upon the remnant of ashes;

Love is—

The glorious day,
The fiery iridescence upon the plains;

Love is—

The somnolent night,
The frigid breeze upon the mountainside;

It blooms upon the lull of the mind,
As the efflorescence of the flower,
That bursts forth from the leaf.

It strives upon the quietude of the heart,
As the solace of the rain,
That parches the dry land.

It labors upon the work of the hand,
As the hammer clashing on the anvil,
That crafts many marvelous things.

It grows upon the solitude of the soul,
As the tranquil beams of the sun,
That breaks the storm and its clouds.

O seeker of Love,
Dare not defy the god,
Protect its prophecies;

O friend of Love,
Dare to appease the god,
Proclaim its mysteries;

O wisdom of Love,
For its truth none other than peace,
Its beauty none other than serenity,
Its gift none other than solitude.

I met you by chance; I loved you by necessity

When, I,
First,
Met you,
 Bound by time,
 By season,
 By the moment.

Never, never, never,
 Did it come to pass,
 That Necessity,
 Already spun the thread.
 That Chance,
 Is what appears to be true.

When, I,
Last,
Loved you,
 No longer bound,
 By time,
 By space.

Ever, ever, ever,
 Did it come to be,
 That Ananke,
 Drew our fates together.
 That Fortuna,
 Had no share of luck.

Blessed, I am—
 Without doubt,
 For I inherit the Kingdom of Love.

Blessed, I am—
 For grace abides,
 When much all is lost.

Blessed be, o friend of Eros,
 He favors you with Joy.

You, I have yet to love (and take root in me)

You,
I have yet to love.

You,
I fancy,
 with all my being.
Yet to fancy,
 And to be fancied pales,
 To the love that has taken root.
Roots,
 Which no tempest of wind takes.
Roots,
 Which a spring of water shall nourish.
Roots,
 Which tangle deep within the earth.

That, I pray,
 To love,
 To be beloved by you:
 It is beyond all fancy that the world might afford,
 That no honor be great to offend;
 That no oath be profane to neglect;
 That no wish be grand to dismiss.

Take root in me,
 Whose fruit bears an immortal offspring;
 Whose branches carry leaves with the dew of morning mist;
 Whose trunk hold on unto ages of worlds.

And once,
 The seeds have taken root,
 I will love you,
 In the truest sense.

And once,
 The roots have taken hold,
 I will love you,
 In that no swell,
 No stream, no flow,
 No gush, no surge,
 And no tide can take away.

So take root in me,
 Whose flower bears the light of day that never falters;
 Whose limbs extend the foliage to its blessed summit;
 Whose column stand until the world be unmade.

Only then, that I pray,
 To love,
 To be beloved by you:
 As it is beyond all greatness that life offers,

That no edifice be strong to ruin;
That no artifice be lofty to admire;
That no stone be firm to weather.

Only then,

I can say that I love—

 You,

Whose roots have taken and sheltered me,

 Roots,

 To which no despair can dampen.

 Roots,

 To which my heart becomes covered.

 Roots,

 To which entangle deep within my soul.

We are like moths (drawn to the flame)

We are like moths—

Drawn to a solitary flame,
To which our life ends.
Drawn to its glory, its beauty,
Its gaze, its promise—
Though its gift takes,
More than we can give.

That we are like moths—

Drawn to a solitary light,
To which our death begins.
Drawn to its fury, its mystery,
Its haze, its enigma—
Though its boon curses,
Our visage to turn into husks.

However,

Little do we know—
Until our frame turns into embers,
Charred beyond reckoning,
Burned beyond cognizance—
That its generosity,
A sly trickery.

But in its deceit lies:

The truth of all,
Blessed are they who receive its grace.
The truth of all,
Blessed are they who receive its kiss.
The truth of all,
Blessed are they to know,
That Death is its name.

Yet, despite all its truth,

We cling to life-yet-no-life-at-all,
And its impermanence—
This resplendent lie.
For those with the wisdom,
They call it a grand delusion.
And grand it is,
A magnificent fiction.

Yet, we cling to it,

The life that is no life at all,
And deny all:
For beauty-yet-no-beauty,
For fame-yet-no-fame,
For wealth-yet-no-wealth,
For power-yet-no-power,

And for love-yet-no-love-at-all.

But who is to blame the fool—

They who are enamored by life,
Without the taste of death?

And who is to blame the wise—

They who are seduced by death,
Without the sight of life?

Who?

Who shall blame?
And take upon the hand of justice;
Who shall blame?
And take upon the hammer of righteousness;
Who shall blame?
And sit upon the throne of God.

Who?

Is it I?
Is it thee?

No, as we are these moths,

Wise and foolish:
Wise in the ways of the world;
Yet fools—
Eager to be given the kiss of death.

Foolish and wise:

Fool in the ways of the unknown;
Yet wise—
Delaying the truth behind all.

As the Truth behind all,

Is not merely the name of Death—
It is only one face-among-all-other-faces.

For what is a moth?

Without the light that gives?
Without the light that takes?

We are moths,
always drawn to that solitary flame.

About the Poet

Gerald Carl Cielo is an adjunct instructor from the Polytechnic University of the Philippines.

He spends his time writing short poetic pieces from time to time aside from writing articles.

He is predominantly inspired by both classical and romantic traditions of literature and philosophy.