

Places My Lips Have Yet To Touch

By Maximo P. Fabella

As one grows older, the contours of the human anatomy

becomes known territory.

Whispered words, a slight scent of Sampaguita

The cheeks explored, the mouth, the nose

And lower down to the twin peaks of Mayon and Beyond

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Thursday, 16 December 2010 13:25 -

Lower down the Navel, explored

Was Quijano de Manila wrong?

The unforgettable smell of Middle Creation,

Aha, this is where it all began,

from Garden EDEN.

Unless, it is a friendly cheek, the expected social peck.

Tempted to kiss, with or without, the fragrance of Kalamansi flower

Was it a Judas kiss? Betrayed a friend to its regret.

The poets of writ of kisses, forgettable.

How can I hold in old time see, a remembered NIGHT, a silent SEA?

My lips have touched the sun, many a day

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walking through roads, no tire threads have been –

Carabao steps mark after a shower rain.

I trod the same road, without a shoe.

I wonder why my feet are sore.

A sharp pebble touches the sole?

My lips have touched the rain, no house, no shelter,

I wish it short, for home is far.

My lips have touched the water, salty and regular.

It is not far, it is all around us, ISLANDER.

At other times, the murky water brings the mud

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To places, food plants grow and nourish

My likes have touched the moon, as children, playing in the light.

I would have kissed the plane,

as we stepped off In Narita from San Francisco.

Imperial hotel? Must be close to the palace, I murmured. # # #

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