

*Somewhere
Along
Those Lines*

Claire Belle

© Claudette Coronel, 2017. All rights reserved.

for everyone I met along this journey
whom I borrowed words from

CONTENTS

Introduction	ii
Reflections	01
Better Place	02
Writer's Block	03
The Mechanics of Leaving	04
Coffee Shop	05
Sailboat	06
I Remember You	07
Eyeglasses	08
Would You?	09
Rainbow	10
Differences	11
Paris	12
Reason	13
You	14
Chatbox	15
Thoughts of You	16
Love Me Not	17
Her Poetry	18
Unread Letters	19
Discovery	20
A Reminder	21
Between Once Upon a Time and Happy Every After	22
The Kind of Girl She Is	25
Acknowledgement	27
About the Writer	28
Contributing Artist	28

INTRODUCTION

I believe that whenever we do something out of love, we tend to leave traces of ourselves on those things. I think that there is always a different facet being shown as we go along.

While crafting this compilation of not so beautifully written pieces, I revisited the memories I had with each one — why I was able to write them, the person behind a particular piece or a dream I had, some of my experiences, victories and failures, aspirations, wishful thoughts, and favorites. And I realized the reason why I've always wanted to write — to remember. I want to keep a record of events which, in a way or another, had something to do with who I was, who I am, and whom I wanted to be. That somewhere along those lines, you would see traces of me.

I hope you enjoy all the poems here as much as I have enjoyed putting them together.

I turned 23 this month, thus, signifies the 23 pieces in this collection.

Much Love,
Claudie

REFLECTIONS

When you look in the mirror, what do you see?

I see poetry and love in those eyes, stories on those laugh lines, and warmth on those cheeks.

BETTER PLACE

In a perfect story book the world is brave and good. A hero will take your hand and true love will follow. But in the real world, there is pain and cruelty. It will all depend on your heart and how you treat the world as it should be and see it as it could be. It will take a lot more courage and kindness to make this world a better place.



WRITER'S BLOCK

Words have left
me —
the way ink
left my pen.

THE MECHANICS OF LEAVING

You held my hand,
bade goodbye and turned your back.

But you told me once,
you will stay forever —
That you will be right there beside me.
I guess you just gave me
the sweetest memories.
I kept your letters,
notes and gifts —
All traces that lead me to you.

Let me ask you one thing —
If you'll never be back,
please keep my memories
on those pens and papers.
Remember me when you see ink
or scribbled notes.
Treat me like a crippled past,
I don't care.
I'll be right here,
Giving the world a poetry,
with all you've left of me.



COFFEE SHOP

When the world tends to be cruel,
When there's no other place called home —
When there would be no warmth,
You are there, accommodating.

When no one else would say —
Thanks for uttering,
"It's kinda nice having you around."

SAILBOAT

You are a sailboat,
Always traveling and sailing
On the oceans of my emotion.
Blown by the wind
Of my thoughts and prayers.

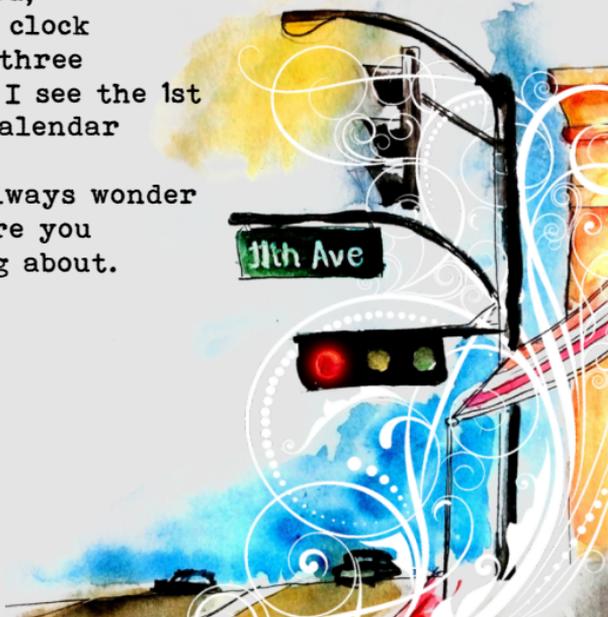
I am a shore,
Waiting fervently
For the sailboat to land
After a long journey.

I REMEMBER YOU

I remember you,
whenever I traverse the same street
we walked for the first time.
Whenever the traffic light turns red
because you always held my hand.

I remember you,
whenever I walk passed that bookstore
Wishing you are with me
patiently waiting for me to finish browsing
through the books I wanna have.

I remember you,
When my clock
strikes three
or when I see the 1st
on the calendar
And I
would always wonder
What were you
thinking about.



EYEGLASSES

When I looked through your eyeglasses,
I saw the future that I never even imagined —

the glimpse of what they call,
love.

WOULD YOU?

Would you still
hold my hands
even when they're sweaty?
Or would you go with me —
even on long walks?
If you don't like coffee,
Would you still
want to stay
in a café with me?
Would you read books
just because
I'm a bookworm?

I wonder.

Would you still love me,
if not everything
you'll see
is perfect?



RAINBOW

He is her sunshine,
She is his rain.
Together —
They made rainbows

DIFFERENCES

He felt everything about her,
as charming
and desirable —
despite
their differences.

PARIS

If there's
a place
I badly wanted to go
with you,
that would be -
Paris

Let's see the Eiffel
together
and hear how
Je t'aime
would sound
in our native tongue.



REASON

I want to be the reason,
why you can't sleep at night,
your first thought in the morning
and one of the things
you whisper in your prayers.

I want to be the reason
you stopped questioning your
existence.
The reason why
you strongly believe in love.

YOU

I have written you,
on every piece of notebook
my hands bumped into

I have seen you,
in every leading man
on movies I've set my eyes to.

I have imagined,
A you and me
in every love story.



CHATBOX

Where we talk,
and virtually meet.
Been a long day —
been a long while.
Still, a small chat with you,
completes the daily routine
of my life.

Little chatbox —
Let me open you,
say hi and hello.
To the one you know
dear to me.

Maybe a message
wouldn't mind the distance.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

I am lost for words,
But with you in my head,
I can almost write a book.



LOVE ME NOT

Love me not because you like me,
But because you're too comfortable
To show who you really are —
Without pretentious acts.

Love me not because we are compatible,
Nor because you found me perfect.
Love me because I could make you unsteady
And do things you haven't done.

Love me not because I'm the man of your dreams,
But the man who can make your dreams come true.
Love me not only because I made you happy,
But because I can also make you cry.
Love me not because you know me,
But because you didn't see me coming.

HER POETRY

There would always be pieces of you in every poetry that comes in her head.

That paradoxical feeling of seemingly endless hours of sleep and insomniac colliding together to give the best nightmare and daydream.

She always wished she could tell you those verses where you are exactly her whole poetry.

UNREAD LETTERS

She always secretly writes poetry and letters for you — whenever you talked, whenever she remembers a thing you've said by seeing something related.

She asks questions to you and tells stories she thinks you might be interested in through those letters. Each with details and as if really talking to you face to face.

Whenever she scribbles her thoughts on stationaries, she would look forward to that time when finally, she'd be able to hand you her letters — sealed with genuine words from the wellspring of her heart.

But for now,
those unread letters
will be sitting in a box
beneath her bed.





DISCOVERY

Love is an unending process of discovery. Every day, you would discover another facet but would realize that you're not done yet, you still have a lot more to see — and it's bravery on how you would keep on going, even when you start uncovering the nasty side. Believing that if you would be adamant, the reward is a lifetime of bliss — and it's priceless.

A REMINDER

If you fall in love with her, be ready to hold her hands tight enough — to keep her close to you in the entire roller coaster ride of her life. Assure her of your company even when she demands solitude.

Sometimes, you gotta read between the lines just to figure out what she really wants. Try to write notes on a random piece of paper, this will never be out-fashioned upon her eyes. Memorize her favorite songs by heart and you will never grow out of tune in every situation. She loves cafe's and long walks, always be there to keep up - a hand to hold, a coffee buddy, a silence in her chaotic mind, a shoulder to rest upon. Be patient when she's inside a bookstore, she will be needing your opinions most of the time and prepare something with sense to say.

If you fall in love with her, your presence will be the most beautiful poetry she'll ever read and write about. Be sure to hear it and keep it by heart.



BETWEEN ONCE UPON A TIME AND HAPPY EVER AFTER

Once upon a time, someone wrote a story about me.
It all started out fine and dandy
And peaceful and happy.
Like any other fairy tales you thought would be.
And then an enemy took me
away from my identity.
He threw the lies and shameful thoughts
and scared me to go out of my world.
I was trapped in that tower like Rapunzel
who let down her hair
For a witch who stole what should be hers.
I am helpless.



Once upon a time, I learned
the ways of the world.
I got envious of my sisters,
turned my sweet words into lies and curses.
Embraced the vices, the smoke and loud noises.
I can't even recognize the light from darkness.
I am hopeless.

Once upon a time, I fell in love.
With a monster who disguised himself
to be a prince.
Whose sweet words linger in my body
But his mouth tastes like poison.
I was robbed of everything
and it turned out as an apparition.
It is gone.
Vanished like bubbles, I was played with,
thrown around like a ball.
I am shameful.

Once upon a time someone wrote a story about me.
He started off with my words, brought
back my identity, set me free.
He turned my mourning into dancing and
taught me to write a poem.
I am protected.

Once upon a time, He broke my vices
and turned those noise into melodic voices.
I learned how to appreciate things in
a whole new perspective.
The truth comes out of my mouth
And light sparkles in my eyes.
I am redeemed.

Once upon a time, I fell in love again.
This time from the author of love who
wrapped me in His arms,
Who showed me the truth and how He created love.
His purity lingered around my body
And the sweetness of His words resounds His
promises.
He is holy.
He is faithful,
He is not imaginary.
He crowned me with salvation
And redeemed me with the truth.
He listens to my stories
and made my mouth a hole for prayers.
I am loved.

He turned my misery into a happy ever after.
I started believing in eternity.
And I know,
no villains shall prevail against me.



THE KIND OF GIRL SHE IS

She is that kind of girl who doesn't blend in with the crowd but doesn't want to be in the spotlight. Her shadows wouldn't be noticed but she wants her words to be read.

She is that kind of girl who loves collecting books, notebooks, pens and jotter pads instead of bags, shoes, or clothes. She would always have a pen and paper ready in case any idea or writing prompt would pop up her mind. She would always take note of the lines from the movies, stories, poems, or even advertisements that would leave a mark in her heart — and make a story or poem out of that.

She is that kind of girl who could spend long hours in a cafe or bookstore alone — just having a book to read or something to write on. She would stare blankly at people but already scribbling a story in her head about them, She is a hopeless romantic. She's fond of watching every single wedding videos she sees online — take note of the song used, some lines on the wedding vows, the venue and motif — and would always cry over the scene where the groom sees his bride walking down the aisle. She always loved the groom's reaction.

She is that kind of girl who won't let anyone question her faith, stop what she loves to do, step on her identity or hurt anyone in her family. She is a lover more than a fighter but would fight for those she loves. She is a dreamer, a prayer warrior, and a work in progress. She has yet to discover the greatest adventure of her life but will always pursue her passion. She is the girl she is.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Thank you, Daddy God
For all the unfailing love —
For showing me,
How wonderful Your creations are.

Thank you,
For giving me a bunch of talented and
Passionate friends —
Chito, Ate Mari, my co-bloggers,
Their support never ends.

Thank you,
To that special someone,
Whom I won't name above
But to him, revolved my pieces
about love.

Thank you,
For causing this tiny creation to
exist,
To be read by wonderful people —
I surely thank them all.

ABOUT THE WRITER

She is an intercessor, a poet and aspiring author. She loves cafés and bookstores and any surface she could write on. She is God's work in progress.

CONTRIBUTING ARTIST: CHITO ROSARIO

He is a civil engineer by profession and an artist by passion. He uses art to inspire and express God's love for people.

- end -