RENJ

Midnight Sun

Table of Contents

Foreword 1
By the Narrow Door 2
For So Long 3
Books of Worth 4
To Believe in Ghosts 5
The Apple Had an Apple 6
Silver Moon 7
A Gem 8
Preset 9
Strings Attached 10
Silver Screen 11
Half and a Quarter 12
These Halls 13
The Door 14

Foreword

Midnight Sun is a collection of 13 poems that delve into the intricate interplay of light and darkness within the human experience. These verses, shaped by moments of reflection, longing, and resilience, are a journey through the shadows we navigate and the flickers of hope we cling to. Each poem offers a glimpse into the raw essence of emotion, grappling with themes of loss, self-discovery, and the pursuit of meaning. This collection invites readers to embrace the duality of existence—the midnight that shrouds and the sun that persists—illuminating the depth and beauty found in our most vulnerable moments.

By the Narrow Door

RENJ

A moment you figure out where the sky blows,
You ask what the divine have and knows.
Threats make the castles crumble;
The city died before the palace had a chance to fall.

Heaven eludes the sick of themselves;
They store potions of spite on shelves.
The sand by the beach draws their names,
Formed by the wrecks of those large tides.

The night kisses the ones who sing;
The best could only blow the beautiful things,
The rest could only ask to have the eyes for it.
They beg to history, which always repeats itself.

Weak would be the legs of those who hope;
Dry will be the heavens of those who weep.
Slowly losing the way words roll at the end,
'Til the rhymes take the edge of the deep end.

Knowledge they try to elude, brought by fear,
Eyes that can pierce to let you hear.
Seething are chances by the narrow door,
Yet large would be lifted to enter the shallow.

You only get to know what's behind
When all the venom they force climbs to mind.
You get to realize the planets you crossed
Are bigger than the galaxies tossed.

History would flash before your eyes,
A door that perfectly fits your time flies.
The chances on the other side are glaring;
Leaving would put these worlds flaming.

But one has to step out that passage
To find the others in that long message.
You can try to rewrite and show your questions,
But you will never quench the thirst of obsession.

RENJ

For So Long

One can constrain himself for so long,
And make the pain his own song.

One heart can beat a thousand times,
A year takes a lot of the world spinning.
To glare at the seas is to commit a crime,
As is to wish the world for winning.

The world is a garden full of flowers,
An Eden of great curiosity and devil.
I had picked more than once since ever,
Looking at those serpents, it feels civil.

The constraints would hold for so long,
And so I twisted them with the songs.

Empty is a heart that would not try,
But so is one who keeps pushing in.
Broken are the wings of those who try to fly,
But soaring are those using what had been.

I've been through the history of men,
Scourged the sororities they find.
Burned like a wrecker or of a coven,
Words that can't pierce one mind.

The constraints held on for so long,
And so I created my own songs.

I walked the ages past and true,
Flattened the surface of the strong and bold.
Aligning stars that defy you,
And turning my blood into heavenly gold.

I look at the eyes the Sun envies,
And so the letters of my past become dust.
Transcending from the walls of reverie,
And into the heart scribbled by a past.

The constraints could only hold for so long,
And so you became my only song.

Books of Worth

RENJ

Massive was the crowd who heard the news.
Smoked was the counter they used for you.
They all shake their heads for what I did,
But I kept myself on the promise I said.

All the wolves knew of the full moon,
But I'd stayed on the solace of the new moon.
Dark was the night, but sparkling were the stars,
So I let you keep count on my scars.

And so they warned me about the dangers at night,
But I chose to pick this fateful fight.
Books of worth come when they show themselves,
And you will find the one if you scour the shelves.

Big were the eyes of those who broadcast,
Wide were the mouths of those on the telecast.
Could a publication really tell your story full?
Could the news warn me from becoming a fool?

I did what I could do to block them off,
I did what I could to make them stop.
But glorious was it to run among the thorns,
Yet where's the worth in keeping my clothes torn?

So woe, they warned me of the dangers at night,
Now, I ask why I chose this fight.
The books of worth? No, they will never show themselves,
For there was never a shelf.

To Believe in Ghosts

RENJ

I wish to believe in ghosts,
Spirits that linger for hosts,
So that I could explain what I am,
And I could see what becomes.

I wish to explain the way I act,
Or the way I interact.
I wish to see my eyes upfront,
And witness what is gone.

I wish to know the facts and the not,
And to know which ones to knot.
The ghosts would explain a lot—
All my if's and all my but's.

I wish to know the reason
Why I put my life in arson.
A bad spirit living in me would suffice
For a mind bringing demise.

Would the spirits reprise their role
If I knew they're in my soul?
Could an imagination be real
If it's from the truth you steal?

If I enter the hallways of evidence,
Would their eyes look with prudence?
Could their enigma be a solution
To a life full of dissolution?

Could an illusion hold the truth?
Could imagination explain my youth?
For all I've been is a question,
And a test is my existence by extension.

Would these spirits explain me?
Would the imaginary tell the truth free?
I wish to believe in ghosts—
The spirits that I try to host.

The Apple Had an Apple

RENJ

A cloud can roam in the sky after another,
The trees will grow after another.
Some foot will take step on molded leaps,
Some eyes would fill the void of weeps.
Two people can share a sky and live,
One could have fun, the other would grieve.
Would it be dark of me to turn the lights off?
Would it be a sin if I told myself not to stop?

You were smart, everyone knew you.
You were the best, and I knew that thing too.
But we touched a person we thought we knew,
When time comes to choose, the choice is you.
Your name is revered in the halls of this city,
A shift in time that would alter us greatly.
Was it a sin that I used the glass after you did?
Was it a sin that I touched the same rails you did?

You were of wisdom, and of great option,
But a certain person cured our obsession.
I weep of the times this bee misses its flower,
Do you weep when it pollinates the lower?
I stare at the deep end to cure sadness boredom,
But was the choice of me, an insult to your wisdom?
I have always looked up to you my dear,
But you became my greatest fear.

But you kissed that apple in front of the orchard,
I only held the branches, wished too hard.
Do you see me as your evil spawn of youth?
Or an innocent drawn to the grown?
I was spelling your name in hopes to forget,
Because the apple had an apple in his eyes left.
Am I a stone to your cave domed tomb?
Or a child destined to be doomed?

I felt the envy and jealousy on my spine,
I've grown to buy myself wine.
Tell me that you were also weary of me,
For I will contemplate why I had this though free.
Tell me, you felt you were higher than me,
So that I could justify why I hold this free.
It wasn't your sin that I came right out the scene,
But mine for not looking what had been.

Silver Moon

RENJ

Every night, the moon takes our pictures,
Watching as people take steps toward futures.
It sees the plants of the day mature,
Presenting itself as a nightly feature.

Two people can watch the moon shine,
People that could share one heart and mind.
Falling like rocks on the surface divine,
Beautifully cracked, front and behind.

Where beauty crowns itself true,
Looking at the moon is looking at you.
Silver are the words you brew,
Golden are the rays you always show.

The benches at parks I can imagine,
Feel so real, like we had been.
But could the present be another scene,
A screenplay of fiction but unseen?

Every night, the moon moves to change;
Would you stay within my range?
Will these tides continue to rage,
Or must I pay some sort of exchange?

If the moments of us are like the moon—
Silver, but changing a little too soon—
Will we come back like spells in rune,
Or will these watchtowers turn to dune?

For you are like the moon, and you shift.
You rise to shine, and set to lift.
You roam the sky from right to left;
Your light is a tug of gain and theft.

But I would stay watching the silver moon,
Waiting for that full silver soon.
Like harmony split into different tunes,
Would you change like the silver moon?

A Gem

RENJ

What can become from the thought of nothing?
Could a beam of hope sprout from the loss?
Could a streak of light be born from air?
For what causes shall man take charge of doing,
To create a true memorable emboss?
And when can you say that it can be fair?

How can one stop being unfair if the world is too?
Could the chains of mountain push it though?
Or would that make it even more profound?
Even without man, the sky won't always be blue.
But why do these eyes hope for it though?
Why do dreams escape where it's bound?

Will there be a way to quantify loss,
To give enough to those credited to be?
But how can one experience the other,
If he can't be his own boss?
How can one man set someone free,
If he doesn't know how it is to be a prisoner?

Is the way we see fate really broken?
Or is the way fate sees us is?
For all that man can do is kneel on its foot,
And ill is does is wait for it again.
What if ignorance was truly a bliss?
Would that change how the world is just a suit?

Is it certain that the sun will rise everyday?
Or is it just an assumption that we treat true?
Would it really be a sin to think of one?
Would it be curiosity if I choose to stay?
Or a sign of weakness for staying through?
Would the feeling of loss ever be gone?

Will the colors ever change themselves?
Or will it be the eyes that squint for them?
Would it a sign if I make the stops myself?
Or just a forced entry of books on these shelves?
Is my existence that of a gem,
That I lock most of myself?

Preset

RENJ

Tired are my eyes this night,
My back doesn't feel right.
At home, I made a poem,
Found myself breathing in a dome.

Tired are my knees walking,
My nose keeps on tracking.
Touch down on the clock,
I hear you in every tick tock.

Empty are the streets I roam,
Like the ways to your home.
But peace comes with the sunset,
And you are my preset.

Cold is the air this night,
The time doesn't feel right.
I try, and try, to make a poem,
But I am stuck in a dome.

Tired are my thoughts walking,
The blades keep on tracking.
Swirling are my thoughts with the clock,
I breathe, and tick tock.

Empty are the streets I roamed,
Like the ways to your home,
Peace comes cold every sunset,
It was nice until it became a preset.

Strings Attached

RENJ

Late were the nights that fold on this page,
Those were the days the light faded to death.
Will the eyes of those I stare at change,
And leave a stain on this storyline's breadth?

All the people I have touched and tied with,
The strings attached and the loose ends.
Those whom I loved, cared for, and spent time with,
And those who crushed my soul in bends.

The kings and queens come to fall apart,
But I have been the scribe ached by my muses.
Pens and ceilings beyond the reach of heart,
A curse to a sadness that cruises.

Now that I've found you, they've all been blown out—
A history they become, figures done.
They fade and jump by the bound,
But the stones they've thrown, I picked up.

And so I will punch walls for you,
But would not break the ceilings of your castle.
Like the time I killed the lights to blue,
I would stay all night and keep to nestled.

Those people that my heart once touched,
The nights I also spent with,
The scarlet of a memory I try to brush,
Would make lessons for this new bid.

And of the girls I liked before,
And all the men I strived to be and have,
Are pictures hung on the other side of the door—
Years of beating to get what I have.

And so you will become my moon, my star,
Become the soul that reigns this universe.
Black holes of death are behind and far,
And so we become the end of those deserts.

Silver Screen

RENJ

I was standing high on my heels,
Watching Hollywood over those hills.
The silver screen, shining musically,
Beyond comprehension, the crowds rally.

Delicate it was to be at prime;
You fade in just a matter of time.
Shot are the days that put me here,
But arriving are nights I fear.

But one touch, and I knew the pathway.
My heart is swallowed in an alleyway.
Arrival of the eyes that see through,
Painted my world its own kind of hue.

Responding to your calls was anticipated;
In your movies, I participated.
Every time I see you, you call my name—
A voice that floats above this fame.

The red drapes of my silver-colored screen,
You watch as I act what I mean.
In a world full of black and whites,
You called me gold, and it felt so right.

So you had me before I had you,
But when I did, I started to color blue.
Slowly, the colors coated me mute,
But every night, you wipe out the soot.

Burning was my name, but you kept me.
You held my breath, only yours to see.
You made me golden and of class,
Only to be kept away in a box of glass.

And so I'm back, watching my watchers,
Waiting for you to open this chamber.
Light will be the blinding lights to watch,
But elusive will you be to catch.

Half and a Quarter

RENJ

Eyes are everywhere, waiting.
The feet stomp; I hear them by the hallway.
The smirks I hear creaking
By the window, breaking in like sunlight.
The sound of heavy breathing,
A freeway turns into an alley.
A back that keeps on breaking
But strives to keep itself right.

Contained was the shamefulness,
But scattered was the story of attainment.
Sorry were the eyes of the perpetrators,
Mad were the eyes of the fellows.
One could only hide it in loneliness,
But not so much that it's entertainment.
Growing inside like incubators,
A string that always follows.

You are only half of what you say,
But a quarter of what you show.
Broken is the time of the arrival of day,
But wrecked is the tick of the nights.
You're a theatre devoid of play,
But a telenovela full of show.
Smart is the idea of me to not stay,
But beneficial is it to stay right.

I let the record live for what it is,
But the camera doesn't love me.
Take me as a figment you perceive,
And treat me as the news you hear.
For what can the doer see what fits,
If the evidence isn't free?
How could the truth be deceived
If not enough of the words are here?

These Halls

RENJ

I stare through the windows of these halls;
The children are crying their hearts out.
Putting rings around the rose, passing balls,
Lunch is almost here, the afternoon is just about.
Good things come to close, for better to come;
It may be healing, but a worrisome one.

And at nights that I feel watching it again,
I could only stare at what's within.
Ecstasy on the ceilings as it begins—
I am yet to believe that it will end.

I walk through these halls, scathed and bruised,
My eyes tired and circling out of me.
Every tied braid comes to the fate of being loose.
You could tie me up to those to be free.
But too much of these good things isn't bad, right?
Or am I just a subject of the wrath of this night?

And at nights that I am feeling it again,
I could only watch the stories within.
The sky can rotate and create false beginnings;
I have to believe that it ends.

I pass through the halls, broken and blue,
Dressed like the dead through ages.
Covered in the words we tried to rhyme through,
Fresh was the air that keeps us on edge,
But rotten was the core of fame that pushed me,
Stubborn were the seagulls that flew free.

And at dawn, I rewatch the sun shine again,
I could only draw out what's within.
But cloudy is the sky as it begins,
For I am yet to believe that it ended.

The Door

RENJ

To all the people I loved,

I keep you in a box of memories.
Some pictures torn, some faded.
Some are burned, some are wet.
Some still haunt me in reveries;
The others visibly made me jaded.
The others had my cassette.

The back of my door is a dictionary,
Words for every poem I loved,
A story for every tale I had.
Markers that stroke my memory,
A glimpse of the memories I chose to save—
A wall of the bad and the sad.

My breath, synchronous with the music,
The lifeline when I felt dying,
A stop to what kept on continuing.
On the nights of war and terrific,
Those that I chased the thought of crying,
But with dry tear ducts after using.

I keep you inside the thoughts that occur to me,
At times when the mistakes haunt me,
And when the sins chase me.
Like liquor that sets you free
But keeps you to your knees' plea,
A visit that I pray not to come to me.

So, I fell to the floor, like tears on paper.
I hit my marks and tried to prove I can.
But the sky is vast, and so am I.
Just when it's done, new silt is brought by the river.
I tried to put you on ban,
But the words arrange so they could fly.
And all those rocks you threw and stacked
Became the words on this door's back.
And when I keep this door open,
I still write about the sad and grieving.

To all the people I loved,
You're on the back of my door,
Written and etched on the floor.

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