

Glimpse

Jim Paul S. Ungsod

A man is indeed a king of disguise
He conceals what should be told otherwise,

Atop his feeling is felicity
When a glimpse is with subjectivity,

Fears, self-doubts, and worries seemed a nightmare
To him, that's seems a new moon whom no air,

Courage is a long plus thorny journey
When will it be so entirely handy?

In the rings of his head, he tranquilly spins
His vigor name and his vague face that glimpse,

Mi amore, forever, yours is this heart,
Yours is this for no one else will I trust.