

# Intermezzo

by CAROLINA QUIBILAN-SAN LUIS

The Queen breezed in,  
Sailing along the nocturnal deep.  
Flashing a steering light  
For those who've gone to sleep.

**The hubbub, the din,  
honking horns, speeding rigs,  
rhythmic clatter of horses' feet,  
full-blast radios, jubilant kids,  
cha-cha hits of juke-boxes, ceased . . .**

The city life died out.

*liebesträum*, a serenade,  
a dream of love, a song,  
a violin, a guitar, an air,  
such artful finger-work,  
a reverie in weaver slumber. . . .

A nightful wholesome quietude.

Fair Aurora peeping by  
From the crimson eastern bed.  
Hours fleet by, hour on five,  
To Holy House pilgrims tread.

**well-lighted candelabra gleamed,  
multi-colored flow'rs embellished  
the altar, attractive nosegays,  
soft strains of organ hymns  
sincere whispers of earnest prayer. . . .**

Adorned the House of God.

**a half-hour devotion,  
betwixt night and day,  
a retrospection of deeds,  
of sin or of honor,  
contrition or gratitude . . .**

An interlude of living life.

The King now reigns supreme,  
Over the vast azure space,  
The disk with light of fame,  
The light of life from aged face.

**cars, horses, men, women,  
to, fro, here, there,  
sing, fret, smile, cry,  
walk, run, jump, sit,  
music, laughter, grief, galore. . . .**

A rhapsody of living life.

the dewdrop-moistened verdure,  
half-ope'd buds, sweet aroma,  
yawning kids, howling pets, chirping birds,  
emblems of daytime life,  
men to office, women to chores. . . .

Greet the ennui of life.