

Live To See The Dawn

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youthful pessimistic sense of life's vanity harrowed him. A few days more and Christmas would be over. The Christmas trees would be stacked away in the dust-ridden attics. And here he was, his footsteps reverberating in the street; he—the product of the tumult of a modern city. He rubbed his eyes. A powerful imagination caught up with him. He thought: the child sleeping in the haymow is a rebirth. A rebirth...

In this hour of the night the lights of the city would be extinguished one after another. Soon all the world would be in darkness... but there will still be lights, the lights in the sky—the stars. ♯

Some X'mas Beliefs

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phany are especially dear and are believed to possess the gift of seeing what ordinary eyes cannot see and of hearing music what ordinary ears cannot hear. It is thought that the Guardian Angel of every household becomes visible to one of its members between midnight and dawn on Christmas, but is seldom seen as the exact time of his appearance is unknown. A baby who smiles in his sleep is hearing whispers from an angel.

There is an Irish belief that the gates of Paradise are open on Christmas Eve and one who dies on that night directly goes to Heaven without passing through Purgatory.

A divination by means of "St. Thomas' onion" is often practised at Christmas time. Girls peel an onion, wrap it in a handkerchief, and put it under their pillows at night. This would show them their true love in their dreams.

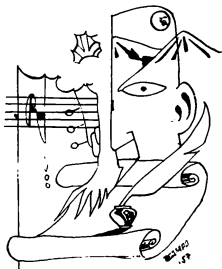
When the cock crows in the stillness of December night, people would remark: "The cock is crowing for Christmas."

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"Desire"

*There are the hills for me again,
the shaggy cliffs, the sky,
And nothing more but pen and ink
and inspiration by and by:
The green vales, the palm
trees,
the sea breeze breathing;
The morning mists on the
hill's crest
before my eyes a-dripping.*

*There are the hills for me again
for my heart is fettered there;
When twilight shades the sylvan
glades,
I hear them calling clear;
And nothing more but dewy nights:
the moon splendidly sailing,
Few soft strains of home-made
guitar,
A nightingale a-singing.*



—Montserrat D. Seno

Reverie

*"Life is but a passing shadow":
When we reach the end of noble deeds
and friends we must forsake
the sun would rise once more
and the world will always be.*

*The first gale would soon
leave my tear-wet grave
a parched, thirsty mound.
Beneath the soothing singsong of
mournful bamboo trees
I lie alone
and yet not too alone
because in moments of silence
amidst your years of life and memories
you will think of me.*

— Angelina R. Labucay

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