

Poetry

Passport Tears

by: Rely Doronio

i  
 piloted  
 the ship  
 which crossed  
 the seemingly shoreless  
 ocean of ...

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 And  
 the huge  
 waves my ship  
 of life ...  
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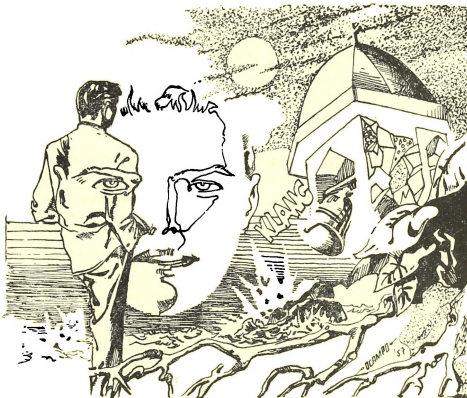
only now...

i  
 understand why  
 He washed my eyes with tears:  
 so i could behold  
 the invisible shore where  
 tears shall flow ...  
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 e!

The Night Before Christmas

I was alone, all alone  
 Fervently engrossed in deep meditation.  
 The bayside palms graciously swayed,  
 The street lamps flickered  
 It was the night before Christmas!

My trembling hand groped from  
 one bead to another,  
 Quivering lips murmured faint prayers  
 of supplication  
 The angry waves dashed upon the  
 seashore sands  
 Tears came running down my cheeks!



I lifted my misty eyes to Thine  
 I saw the glow of love and compassion  
 The soft peal of the distant churchbell  
 Broke the stillness of the night.

I brushed away the teardrops and smilingly  
 stood up  
 To greet the silver streaks  
 That penetrated the darkness  
 Of the night before Christmas.

— Elvie V. Alinsug