

3 POEMS

by
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Heaven-Haven

A nun takes the veil

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided
hail
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens
dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Spring and Fall

to a young child

MARGARET, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can
you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal
lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed;
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Peace

When will you ever, Peace, wild wood-
dove, shy wings shut,
Your round me roaming end, and under
be my boughs?
When, when Peace, will you, Peace? I'll
not play hypocrite
To own my heart; I yield you do come
sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace.
What pure peace allows
Alarms of wars, the daunting wars, the
death of it?
O surely, reaving Peace, my Lord should
leave in lieu
Some good! And so he does leave
Patience exquisite,
That plumes to Peace thereafter. And
when Peace here does house
He comes with work to do, he does not
come to coo,
He comes to brood and sit.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1959

Al Amores'

LOVE

1. love is a rainbow

love is a rainbow arching
the firmament of the heart
and this is the meaning
of tears:

if there must be a rainbow
there must be a curtain of rain
with sun shining through.

2. love is a red rose

i saw you once
a red rose in your hair
and my heart wondered
whether love is born
in every red-rosed moment.

WHEN

when i can think of yesterday
without whispering your name
when i can see a crowd
without searching for your face
when i can hear music
without reaching for your hand
when i can walk alone
without longing for you

then i shall have forgotten you

but then i shall be
without a heart,
without a memory,
without life.



A POEM FOR OCTOBER

when the last centimeter of beige
september, shall have been
consumed,
shall have been woven into a robe
clothing an aching flesh
sunburnt by a merciless sun
october will come
rainbows will arch the skies
bowing a prelude to the rain.
the grasses will grow and wave their
blades defiant to the skies.
the pools will fill again
and frogs will once more sing
their stereotyped staccato
thanking their gods for an
answered prayer. but no, not i —
the raylings of a star
ricocheting from the puddles
blind my eyes
though rains will come to hide
the merciless sun and ease
sunburnt flesh
the same will wash away
my castles of sand erected
on rocks of river banks
while my cerebrum vainly
tries to grasp the meaning of
the overtures of rains,
the prelude of rainbows
and grasses growing blades.

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1. A FEELING OF WHITE

Roque was a machine-gunner, the best; he received medals. Upon learning that he had steady fingers, the captain sent for him; later, the former discovered that the latter had a weak stomach. He could not stand the sight of blood, of bones broken, of helpless men carried on stretchers. When the captain would say "Fire," Roque would falter, so that the former had to slap the latter's shoulder.

Roque grasped his Baby. Baby was a misnomer. The right term was Devil. What a noise it could make! And while his captain was murmuring "Good, Good," he watched his victims fall down. He thought of their sweethearts—they'd never meet them, their mothers who bore the pains of birth; and faces of fathers; their wives; their little loved ones, all asking aloud why he did it. He never had an answer. To say he had to was unreasonable. He knew. To know was easy; one had only to be in their places. So when nobody was looking at him, he cried. Roque has promised not to touch a machine-gun again, even if a Napoleon should blow out his brain.

2. FIRST ZERO-AIRPLANE ZOOMED

We were then gathering firewood by the river bank when suddenly the first zero-airplane zoomed and bombed the sugar central nearby. Chaos followed. Parents were calling their children, and running here and there in search for shelter. "Let's go to Mandi Anas' concrete staircase, it's safer there!" One did not lose his mind. The old women began praying the rosary, while we, boys, surmised how destroyed the sugar mill must have been. When the airplanes had gone away, we went home to eat dinner. The food seemed to be without grace, spiced and flavored thought it was. However, at the table we all tried to smile and look gay. That night, the young men gathered around in the moonlight, each one bragging that he was not afraid of the war, and that he was going to be in it. Only the old men remembered the harvest which was, at that very time, arriving.

by Junne Cañizares

3. AN UNIDENTIFIED IMPRESSION TO AN UNKNOWN

Here was the auditorium. And there, the Ferris wheel; the circus and the fruit vendors. I haven't forgotten yet those sidelong glances, and the nice words I would have spoken to her. I watched her get inside the car, and even followed it along the street blocked up by holiday-celebrants. Then, the car gained speed, and vanished in the distance. In the moonlight, as well as in the sunshine, I still go keep those moments alive and sweet with remembering.

4. HEARTBURNING

And now, the lover and the lover faced each other while out from the jukebox night, Frank Sinatra was crooning about a girl named Laura, and her only being a dream. I received your letter, the lover said. You kid me, it's quite ridiculous. Have you written your sports report? Making asked. When is the deadline? George said. Then, the lover said: I'm not joking. I'm sorry. Things sometime, just don't go. But, I love you, the lover said. Perhaps you don't realize how much I adore you.

Darling. Darling, nobody could be more serious than I. Come and sandwich, Rudy said to the waitress. Hi! Ben! Hi! Hello, Frankie! there were hailing each other. It's not reasonable, the loved said. When a thing dies—. You see, when a thing dies, it ceases to live. I mean. O I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't kill yourself, the lover said. I understand: what is no longer mine, well, can't be mine! It's funny, isn't it? He chuckled and tapped his fingers on the table and walked out. On the road, he kicked an empty can of milk; it went, clattering, clattering.

5. SENTIMENTALISM: THE QUALITY OF BEING SO TENDER

Sometime he has lost track of Time. All is, for him, a fixed single occasion. And growth is stayed. And there is an immobility, that which we often see in canvases of birds flying. And he is still there, asking her; the answer is: No.

To

by D. M.

drain the seas beloved drop by drop
of their gleaming waters
and strip all the skies of their countless
stars
and when you do
then i will wait no longer.
ah time is but a plaything
we can toss away the days
and the minutes to yesterday's winds
but isn't there a tomorrow?
tomorrow will always be
the now is ever now
and my waiting shall fly on their
unmoving wings
can you ask for more?
but the seas shall never dry
so shall my voice ride on their waves
singing with the waves
the song of the endless wait
nor the skies be ever dim
so shall I cling to the light of their stars
tasting of their fire
warming ever the cold of the endless
wait!



An After-Song

by R. M. ACAPULCO

Summer past
And soon the rains will come.
Fruits I can no longer gather,
For birds I can no longer hunt.
I still remember: the hut aslant,
The guitar and country songs,
The stream and seldom trodden lanes,
And the peace.
Summer is past
And soon the rains will come.

A
Page
of
Harvest



To Love You

by WILLIAM GONZALES

I love you, I love you
because you are my Reason.
Yet I do not love you enough
because I am me and you are you
and I am not you
and you are not me.
But when I will be no more,
and you will be no more;
and the million me
and the million you
become only us,
then I will have loved you
enough.

Tell Me

by RENATO M. RANCES

In this hour I wonder why
I still can see you with the moon;
Why I still suffer the pinch
Of one dead moment.
That was long ago, but ah
You still exist amidst
The whiz and crash and sssh of time.
Wounded desire.



Interrupted

by A. R. M.

Blame me for having said
What is to be said as much as
I blame myself for having seen
What is there to see.
Hate me for confessing what is true
As much as I hate myself
For telling it to you.
If the stars are not with us
Forgive me, Melvita
And forget. . . .



A Stanza

by DEMOCRITO BRIONES, JR.

With a handful of sand in the hollow
Of my hand, with frantic trumpet tones
And smell of ashes in the air,
I beg the memories to live again
And let me die with them.