

US

Verse 1:

We do not question man's difference
nor do we try to ponder the metaphysics of things
Their strangeness is enough.
We care for nothing but the grease of youth
that has spared us chance to know each other
That youth seeds perfection in the fields of our brains;
taking care of the rusts of the soiled years
unmoved by the webs of our thoughts,
creating a biosphere, meagering with innocence,
crowded only by our shadows and the sighs of our longings.

Verse 2:

Yet, perfection departs when reality comes
and with it, goes the segmented moments of a wish —
of a youth's dream, that leaks . . . dry leaving
only ashes to palpitate patterns of a wrinkled conception.

Verse 3:

We cannot have understood each other at all
for it's only distance that links us
and our hopes exist solely in the dimensions of time
without knowing that time will fade like a song.
Now and then, we can have asked ourselves:
Are we points at random abridged by hypocrisy ?
Or are we parallel lines enveloped by pride ?



A Rebel's Prophecy

Will come the hour when the bullets that shred
the flesh of our nescient proletariat,
will be ours too.

But

with voices in unison, with arms in vertical,
We will drown the echoes of their guns
with the pool of our blood !
and red will be the only uniform.

There will be swapping of deaths . . .
rewounding of scars . . . redigging of graves
wherein no names need be printed
nor crosses staked.

Youth will be called . . . Heroes will be bought . . .
as our clustered corpuscles will embed the
banks of our archipelago, multiplying each cell . . .
to yield grains for our coming kins

for they shall be our powder to retrigger our cause
"To seek what is freedom and to bury what is not"
To carry our hopes in times when our fractured skulls
are in depths below, quenched with these moistened thoughts.

— Lucilo Boyles Jr.
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