

# Ballad of the Melted Shadows

## 1. TIME RECONSIDERED

i have been told  
you have scattered your name  
in the wind and lost your heart  
in the night:  
for what angry arms devour now,  
the sad laughter of my passage  
the bottle taunts  
my every day a perfect ritual  
of fish and song conspiring  
in the sanctity of one meeting  
in a cafe by the park  
where one haunting gaze  
reciprocates the grammatical difference  
between song and you  
in this absence gnawing  
into the quivering, dripping  
consciousness of blood and letter  
in a poem crucified in non-communication:  
  
please, god be not sad!

## 2. SHALL WE, OVER THE SALLY GARDENS?

that historic narrow road  
yells the inscrutable malice of god  
and time moves in a silent rage of fingers  
to what appears an indescribable end,  
but what unreality unclothes the doubt  
of the plot, the distance and the man  
over a white of clouds clutches god's feet  
when he was only laying a rainbow in her heart.

beyond the eternal magnificence of birds,  
of a chinese rose, a woman in glass smiles  
as a butterfly seeks to understand  
the hidden mystery between cloud and mist,  
nevertheless . . .

## 3. VIEW FROM DUMAGUETE

the centaurs converge with the gods:  
an olympus of the demi-gods is dumaguete:  
there are strange winds adrift in the sea  
when venus is a girl named rebecca  
and the god is ambisextious Nick:  
all is love in peace and quiet  
where the wind lashes over cocoons in the tree,  
a new birth springs in the Tiempo lair:  
the beaches are dark even in the rain,  
all the men come, finding fireflies in the sea  
and the young men yell and cry out:  
"do i dare submit a manuscript?"

young girons sleep by the sea,  
typhoon ebing quietly sweeps  
past tall trees and the university,  
the centaurs have come, zeus in a hotel,  
the derelicts are here, beware!  
dumaguete is a bonnet of white and gold  
sleeps in the mist of rain and sun  
and god Engle once sat here, by the boulevard  
as Mrs. Casper read her story of the peninsulars  
to the lovers sitting by the green of grass,  
reading poems before the tall trees  
while the acacia leaves clip their wings  
in their winged and lonely flight  
before complete sunset and dark:  
o to be lonely and fearless here,  
in dumaguete i will die in peace  
and lie quietly with the birds  
in their delicate nests  
even as the idle sea tranquilizes  
the literary wee in the evening of bottles  
and the murmur of a singsong rumble of trees,  
  
oh, it was a tragic dilemma of consciences!