

He is a willing slave at her command
Even if a thousand lightnings are at hand
Wifely dominance! Now is the time,
her queenly persuasion reigns
Her final choice must not be ignored
Lest he shall find her less adored

She persuades Humabon her king and husband

Liketh sound of the waters of a virgin spring
Her voice seems to sing
Pinaangga, hinigugma (My dearest beloved)
She sweetly pleads

Let us submit ourselves to them
Surely their God must be the true one
For they have come from a far distant land
Their clothes are far superior
Their looks compassionate and their voices
sweet to hear

Strange benevolence!
For she saw The Little Black Child
Regal looking like a king
from a shovel filled with filth
While she was on her promenade
Along the shores the shores of which she was fond
That low hut on the sand.
She felt compassion and great joy
Upon beholding Heaven's King — Boy,
He was God, she was told

The early sunlight of that pleasant day
Seem to blink and blink with naughty joy
The heavens too and all
For ne'er has a king of that kingdom
in the orient seas yielded to a stranger
If not of his wife's great wonder
Over the tiny black child
which filled her with such surrender

By the shadow of the cross
Young Humabon brave and strong
King of Cebu, ancient city of the east,
Came with a sudden glaze of glory in his face
As the white shore stood ready to embrace
the tender lashing waves

Maddening quietness! On a mantle white laid upon
a Persian rug
Knelt the tawny haughty ruler
Beside his graceful dark and lovely partner

The sacred water dripped as the Castilian friar
blessed them with a rod-like whip

Juana is her new name, queen of Cebu
As the dear father pours the holy water
The slender tiny queen raised her eyes heavenward
with a pray'r
God, Lord, bless all my people
May faith continue to grow upon our land
Until there are no stars and moon in the sky
Until the sun shall come back no more to die

By Vencanda Abregana

The Triumph of the Cross

by Ricardo I. Patalinjug

PROLOGO

Now we have to pause for a while,
Come, help me dig the loam of time
The history of Humabon's reign
And Magellan's arrival
And let us trace back the germ
Of our Christian ancestry
nascent from time primeval.

CANCIÓN

1.

And on the shining edge of day
On the threshold of an island
Peopled with pagans who walked like
Brave brown gods
The strangers landed. And the bold
Captain spoke: "Lay down the sword!
Come, plant the Cross! Let this be
The living symbol of our achievement.
Henceforth the world will know
That we have conquered the Orient
For Christ and for the Crown!
Pigafetta, record this in your book.
Write down in bold letters what we
Have done today. Ah, the future
Generation will ponder over this
And will exclaim: "They are agents
Of God. We have proof! This
Cannot be destroyed by the elements.
For in this Cross runs the living
Blood of our living God!"

2.

And in the trembling flames of the tribal fire
And in the grieving rhythm of the *agonys*
The natives knelt and were unmirred
While they sang the cleansing songs!
And the ancient dreams of the pagan gods
The hallucination of primeval sods
Grisly as nightmares; dark as nights
Perished at the foot of the Cross!
Thus they had come as saviours
Their precious gift the light of faith
They taught the hearts to love and give
Instead of breeding fear and hate
And the soul to seek purgation
In eternity's bold dimension!
That was the genesis of our creed
Erected from the tattered womb of the years
A crude pattern of odds and ends
A concoction of faith and flames!

3.

The present self is very bold
 A being with a fearless shadow
 Its endless pursuit of a spiritual hold
 Rips through the gloom of the
 Immense structures of the years,
 Slices the subterranean tombs
 The cathedrals of the weeping bones
 And labelled the spectrum of sombre
 Still life
 Whispering in hushed refrain
 The evanescent dreams of the stubborn gods:
 Now we live with the movements
 Of eternity's heavenly hymns
 Replete with thankful prayers
 To the Divine Shepherd of all times
 And like meek lambs we follow Him
 For He leads us to a pasture forever green.
 And this is but an obvious manifestation
 Of the triumph of the Holy Cross
 This is but an obvious manifestation
 Of the triumph of the Holy Cross!



Good Friday

by ricardo de la rica

on the brink of despair
my life hangs limp.

alone,
alone with the beating of
my heart
i bleed:
loneliness gnaws at my
mangled existence.

frantic
i search for god!

in vain.

for his face
is hidden from me.

to the man at my left
i turn my head,
"remember me,"
my crushed lips utter in plea.

he replies:
"come,
stay with me in paradise."

The Jealous Pearl

by c. y. enge

before the early courts did once proclaim
across the calm without a single lane
to give what chanced-upon a christian name
beyond the calm commerce was not profane:
though it was without a heavenly name:

the age was golden as the natural rains
and lovely the living and the dying
abed hills of rock and grass, surviving
clinging as shell to pearl with love and hate
clinging in jealous guard o'er heaven's gate
though heaven was where then a nameless state.

the proud beneficiaries of that age
who have brightened from the long bonded cage
long since in curious alien wonder gazed
at galleons emerging to solicit rage
have learned from philip to see without haze.

it could have been a day of great rejoice
with less foreplay of many a great noise
to heal wounded continent beyond
physical boundaries of chinese land:
such task began in fifteen-twenty-one

the mustard did grow in fifteen-sixty-five
four and forty years of struggle and flight
till today from galilee seed to tree
of enduring oak—foe to heresy—
there is no nobler end to nobler intent
an edenward quest without fiscal end.

god is unprecedented who is wise
a shiver of wind, in various device
of sea-life like fish, and land-wealth like rice

a symbol in fifteen-sixty-eight
of fruit no more in silence enjoyed
when isabel—niece of datu tupaz
with legaspi's man sacramental love
enjoying earth in the domain of god

the abolition of limasawa
where before the mass of valderama
this and where more in ignorant content
come in conscious strife sans conscious contempt

who has ever hoped is hoped still for man
neither he nor his laws could prevent
the prime reason of thing, the evely plan
nor cause such a jealous cause to be rent.

commerce in god's oriental marketplace
beams busy with his unseen effectual face
in ecumenic earthly phase it seems
a realization of catholic dreams
theirs and ours, all the lovely jealous pearls
have seen, held the hour in unison — dear.