

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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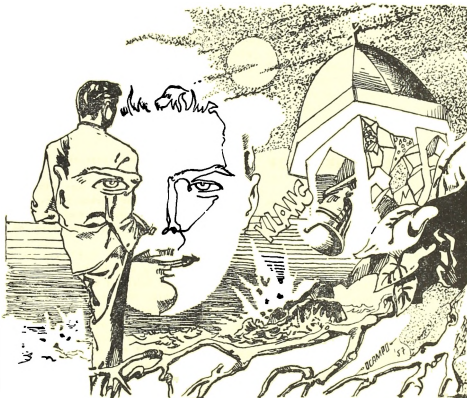
only now...

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