

Second Prize, USC Literary Contest

The blood of the Patriarchs
Stirred red in Moses
When You opened his eyes from Adam's sleep.

He found his brethren grooping in Egypt's darkness;
So, dropping Pharaoh's diamonds,
And caring less for our gold.
He led us out, — out to walk under Your Light.
Through the desert of temptation we plowed
a score of years times twenty.
Though compassed on all flanks by
Ammonites, Philistines, and Chanaanites,
Though whipped by the tempest of rebellions,
bitten by the serpents of heresy,
shaken by the earthquake of world wars,
blinded by the sandstorm of time,
We still stood gazing forward and up.

Moses has long fallen asleep;
Multi-masked general have led us.
Pilgrims for centuries,
we have filled the seven thousand islands and more,
with thirty million strong.
Yet, still today,
our lips do not sip from a fountain of honey,
nor our eyes see a river of milk flowing.

Nevertheless,
we are not lost, nor deceived,
For amidst the frenzy of our journey
We have You, our Manna, forever;
We have amidst us the Arc of Your Covenant,
a whirlpool of faith, love and hope,
ever drawing us to the axis of Your grace.
Through the centuries we carried it;
We will keep on carrying it,
in our minds
in our hearts;
Through our works and breath
we will sing of You,
Whose union is the promised eternal bliss.

Earth, we know, only hazily mirrors heaven.

Llewelyn Navarra Hortillosa

Theme Yielding of Humabon

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1965

Four hundred bountiful years
The whole world is almost in tears
Amidst the troubles of many nations-chaos
Many came despite the rain, the crowd and
the wind of the local scene
Here and there, north and

south, east and west
The whole world is dead
It's only here, the pearl and the gem of
the east

Where faith continues day by
day since the time
The first Christian queen confided,
When to the heavens she raised her eyes —
To Him the Little Black Child

1565

Pagan innocence! Fear of Amto
King and God of the trees
She adores and worships him
She follows scheduled rituals
She bows down to his power
With all her pagan love she
would shower —
Savage arrogance! Regal in
native splendor
A hardy conviction within it seems
But for the queen of his heart
And his carnal delight

He can't say no, no, never shall be
bow down before him
He who is called the son of the father
The God of all things, supreme God
The God on the cross.

Brutal shyness! Sweet timidity
Gentle meekness, tender and devoted wife
That she is, without

It is Anitos she worships
King and God of the trees
She followed scheduled rituals
But she is the queen, queen of the heart
of the king

The real power on the throne
The winkless goddess behind the hall
and the wall of the empire
If what she desires, he denies,
Her eyes are like black gems afire
For a man when he loves gives his woman
anything she wants —

