

Three Voices of Man

by Junne Cañizares

1. WAR

*The horror of war is manifested
Sharply by a shattered coconut tree;
By the hush of ruined cathedrals: the
Sacred lodgings of things recollected.
The actual scene of men's bodies blasted
Isn't as frightful as that seen when free
Is the heart from anger and hate. Yes, we
Are appalled by what we had created.
And the sight of a legless man knifes us;
The sound of a wrecked organ is hurting,
Especially if heard when someone's gone.
In the backyard is the junk of a bus
Abandoned, moldy, rusty, decaying,
While again the blood-red light is on.*

3. RELIGION

*My Father like the Son: the Holy Ghost:
Is God. And my Church is universal.
There is a strong assurance that He shall
Crown me, if on my hour I stand out unlost.
Thus, I ask Him in sunshine and in frost
To be at my way. There are Biblical
Proofs, He will. But: I, mortal/immortal,
Must not deny Him whatever the cost.
On account of this, it's written, I shall be
Persecuted. Amen. Is to die in
His name not to live gladly forever?
I believe that He Who Is looks to me,
For I keep the Faith that leaves no margin.
Me, my antagonists shall not conquer.*

2. LOVE

*The moon can never be as shy as she
When it hides its face behind a thin cloud.
But she's as pretty as the moon could be
When it takes away its white nylon shroud.
My lonely heart beats with the galaxy,
Holding dear these beauties my eyes have seen.
O how sweet to call her, not you, but thee
That word so fitting could never have been.
But diction and syntax can only help
A poet in his dying for matter.
They cannot paint nor show the real self,
Or the spiritual loveliness of her.
I do find some cool moonshines on her lanes,
And her fairness on the moon in silence.*