

# Say it with Lines . . . .

## My Why

By LEONILA R. LLENOS

You cannot stop my poetry—  
quench rather Beauty first—  
Cannot choke me out of voice  
From bargaining un-noted songs  
With the sun,  
astride a strand of hair.

You must ask what meter I do use,  
What form of verse, what style of rhyme?

Would it not alter the lusty disregard  
Of the Soul's vast knowledge unlesened by a school  
If you're told:

a true idolator feels  
and is not tutored  
to trim and border  
what he feels?

Why do I need to know of rhyme or meter  
When I only have to drag consciousness  
Unstruggling,  
Along a long day's harmony --  
from sun-walking down sun-dreaming  
And from the master lips of the hours  
Without lee or effort imparted flew out  
The meter and the rhythm  
of Infinite's verse?

## Non-Entity

by

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lazy streams. . .  
whipping up impetus  
cascade upon still,  
unmoving pebbles. . .  
while inside of me, i look  
at a low dark self. . .  
and see nothingness.  
painfully, i turn towards  
blurred reflections  
on swirling waters.  
time. . . coming, gone  
as the flood swells  
and the pebbles are swept,  
the whole of me lost  
and dragged along  
seaward. . . unknown.

### Unknown

the word strikes me  
like a dismal tone  
of a dirge  
that sings of gloom  
and the sad refrain  
of wind sighing in agony  
while wandering  
shitless and alone.  
The sea shall claim me  
as flotsam drifting  
on and on  
carried by the whims  
of uncharted currents  
restless and forlorn.

. . . . Say it with Lines