

Twin Stars

by
LEO BELLO

*My waking hours were joyless, restless nights
With gloom and darkness hanging on my way,
But then, there came up gentle, lovely lights:
Twin-stars, so bright, which turned my nights to day.*

*My path is clear: this time, I cannot stray;
Beneath two beacon lights, my steps are sure;
I cannot grope nor bungle on my way;
I cannot fail, I have no fear, and more ...*

*I've learned to gaze into the tender depths
Of those twin-stars while plodding on my way,
But never could I seem to pierce their depths
Nor quite explain their lovelorn mystery.*

*I'm at a loss to understand, no lore
May help me unravel their tenderness,
And worst: my heart now begs to love, adore
And worship them, in spite my lowliness.*

*As when a moth attempts to reach the stars,
My spirit takes the wings of my desire;
With them, devotion flies, 'though chance is scarce
Of ever reaching gleams that I aspire.*

*And yet, poor earth-bound mortal that I am,
'Though not content to worship from afar,
May well clip wings of my desire, and calm
My spirit down; — my hopes can't get that far.*

*But then, there is a gnawing feeling deep
Within my heart, a dread that time may be
When my twin-stars may fade away to keep
A date with cruel, heartless destiny!*

*Alas, at once, their tender glow, (which I
Have learned to love and call my very own),
May leave this moth, unknown, to grieve and sigh
Amidst the darkness of my world alone!*



By AGUSTIN B. JAMIRO

College politics seem to get cheaper but livelier! And true to form, the cake goes to the College of Law. Man, they play the game like the "Real McCoy". Take the case of the lords of the department — the seniors—where a number of them coveted the Lex Circle presidency. When four seniors signified their intentions to run, the senior organization decided to hold a convention, to forestall an ensuing storm in a tea-cup which might doom their chances for the Lex Circle high-chair into an unnecessary fiasco and which would give the lone ranger from the lower grades more than a chinaman's chance of winning. A standard bearer was elected with the aspirants pledging their word of honor to withdraw and support him.

As a gambit, there were backpatting here, rum-coke sessions there; man-to-man whispering campaigns here and siopao parties there; and a lot of other vote-getting approaches everywhere. Meanwhile, literary mud-slinging circulated around the campus. Handbills and posters littered the corridors.

Then came the days of days! The candidates, (Some of whom applied Pedrosa's theory of deficit-spending) waited for the verdict. Result: The campaign manager upset the gravy in his favor. Why, everytime he was pretending as the campaign manager, he must be secretly campaigning for himself. Tchh, tchh! Myself? I like elections (provided college politics won't stoop so low as that) because the last time there was one, brother, my tummy was heavy with siopao proffered by one of the embryo politicians. So, everything must be well that ends well.

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There was a time when a college Romeo didn't find any difference as to which tip of a fag he should stick into his mouth and which to put the light on. But with the advent of import control and the flow of cheap and locally-produced cigarettes in the mart, however, a few got smarter. If his is a cheaper brand, he burns the fag on the tip nearest the trade-mark and does it otherwise if it possesses stateside brands. Another trick is pull it stick by stick in offering to his friends if it's the four-for five-centavo kind and to extract the whole package from his pocket for everybody to notice the stateside brand. Personally, I prefer anything although I sometimes have to resort to some tactics when I'm in the

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