



1

Flowers, flowers, flowers,
Pink, white, blue, yellow, red.
Behold, madams, misters:
How they play, how they spread.

2

You put them on your hair,
Or wear them on your breasts;
Weave some to garlands fair,
For champions, heroes, guests,

And you, and YOU, and ME.
Let us have days of cheers,
Let us have hours of glee;
Picnics with the flowers.

3

Some thrive in water, some, air;
Some, homes. Some grow on lands.
Some are wild, some need care
Of tender, loving hands.

4

Flowers, flowers, flowers,
For all ages, all places.
Flowers, come all the years
To huts and palaces.

Why are flowers fragrant?
Mild and adorable?
O why are they enchant-
ing? Spruce? So kissable?

They establish nations
Along the lakes, on hillsides;
They breathe with devotions
In trees, for happy brides.

Dawn's fingers open them:
Splendid in the sunlight:
Night's zephyrs fan them:
Gentle in the moonlight.

5

Now it is time to fly
To waterfalls and woods;
Meadows and mountains high —
To floral neighborhoods.

6

O why am I always
Seeing some gold clover?
Why is my love always
Likened to a flower?

My love is a primrose,
Friendly with the river;
A trailing Arbutus,
In the wind a dancer.

by BALTAZAR SEPE

Mine's love is a Witch-hazel,
Taciturn, mysterious;
Also an Immortelle
That yields not to sorrows.

An adelpha's my love,
Scarlet as a meaning;
Lilac coy as the dove,
Yet regnant as a king.

"Wait. That charming lady
In the third floor above
Is tearing a lily."
No, it is not my love.

7

Now my mind is full of
Cadena de amor;
Now my heart is full of
Secreto de amor.

Write on a canna petal,
Darling, your note to me.
I'll send my pledge immortal
Through the Dama de Noche.

In that small earthen vase
Blooms a bougainvillea.
It is for your staircase
Near the gumamela.

I want the two shall flame
Faithfully, side by side:
A picture in the frame,
I dream for us with pride.

The Tree

How lovely this tree was
last Christmas.
All in multi-colors beautiful . . .
with tinsels and stars of silver
and golden paper . . . glistening
with tiny lights . . .

But time has killed my
beautiful tree and I am sad;
But December has come
again and a new tree I have—
This time, more lovely than ever.
I shall not let time kill it again.

by MANUEL SATORRE, JR.

Resignation

what if i couldn't see you again—
what if i couldn't be sitting
across a table from you again—
what if we share no more jokes
nor make plans together again—
as long as i know
that you miss me
and that the days we shared
are now a precious part of you
as they are of me—
beloved, i shall not grieve.

by AGUSTIN P. MENDOZA
philosophy III

April on the Hills of Summer

i watch my april on the hills of summer—
pentameters of clouds
sowing showers on the field of noon
to lose them in regions i know not where.
but showers are never lost,
they are reborn into flowers
to cheer the children, the lovers and may
as the gold-vermillion mist
of sunset that dies into the evening
is reborn in the arms of dawn.

by RENE ESTELLA AMPER

A PAGE OF HARVEST

Cigarettes

1. jazmins-everlasting
have finally sprouted
in the garden of time,
in my long vigil,
patient fingers have written
so many poems on the sand.

i never thought the time
would come for me to
write on soft petals,
i was searching for
flowers that would bloom
in the night.
there were none. They all
bloom only in the sun.

but now, jazmins-everlasting
have finally sprouted in the
garden of time. my hands
shall no longer touch the
petals of other flowers.
from now on, they shall
reach for only you.

2. i really love jazmins-everlasting.
each night i feel like idling
my whites away, i pluck them from
the bush nearby and tenderly caress
them in the hollow of my hand.
i always lose my loneliness in
the violent tenderness of
their sweet and virgin whiteness.

i sometimes wonder how far sweeter
they could be if they could live
and love back as much as i love
them. . . if they could contain my
love forever . . .

but then, when i think of the
possible antithesis, i feel
they're better off the way they
are. i can always love them
with all the intensity my
heart can muster without
their reproaching, "let's just
be friends. we can never feel
more than that to you . . ."

by CARMEN QUIJANO

by JUNNE CAÑIZARES

The

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It was near dawn, but inside a nipa hut two people were still awake, an old father and his son.
"Now let me see HOW MUCH you got," the son said.
"You do not sleep and wait for me again," the old man said. He paced towards the wall to hang his gone by guitar. Now he liked to lie on the bamboo bed; but never before had he wanted so much to talk to his son.

"Sleep? No, unless we finish this," the son said.

The old man's heart throbbed fast. Had his son also known what he felt would happen that night? When he slipped the notch of the guitar on the nail, his hands were trembling.
"What is it?" he said.

"You know well." He patted his forehead, closing his eyes tightly. "Do you think I can stand this going on?
This carolling business of yours!"

"Oh, that?" He smiled.

"Tay, Tay." His voice was heavy now.
"Give us some little respect.
Please, don't put us down."

"Have I done something bad, Lito? Have I?"

"It's not for me to say it's bad or good.
Tay, my friends are laughing at my back.
They laugh at me because of you."

"You come to that again . . ."

"Don't you ever know what you are doing?
Your voice is funny, you are old! you cannot sing now!
And your guitar, it's off-key! And old Christmas songs:
Don't you realize that when you sing, people just don't listen to you? And if they care, they just drop some five-centavo pieces in your palm and say, 'That will do, manong'.
You make us laughing-stocks!"

"I understand you, my son. But there is something beyond all this, all this that you speak of."

"Tay, we shall survive. I'm grown up. I have a job. You don't have to spend all your nights at all singing to people for their loose coins, just because it's Christmas and everybody is supposed to be soft-hearted."

"Lito, do not say that!" He was shocked. There was anger in his voice, but he calmed himself, before he could say something hurting.
One Christmas long ago, Lito, when he was that small, got very sick and was about to die.
He spoke to the Lord and promised that if He would make his beloved son live, he would sing praises to Him in all the Decembers of his life. He had already told this to Lito, but he called it fanatic.

"What else can I say, Itay?" he almost shouted.

"It's all right, my son, if you teach me more what to do. I'm already much advanced in age, and perhaps,
I'm no longer using my reason well."

"I don't mean that, Itay.
Okay, okay. We still have the morrow for this.
We're both tired and impatient. Let's rest now."

"Good day, my son. Be good." The old man went inside his little room and crawled into the bamboo bed. He lay restfully and watched the stars twinkle through the open window.

In the morning, when the stars had gone out, the son found his old man dead.