

3.

The present self is very bold
 A being with a fearless shadow
 Its endless pursuit of a spiritual hold
 Rips through the gloom of the
 Immense structures of the years,
 Slices the subterranean tombs
 The cathedrals of the weeping bones
 And labelled the spectrum of sombre
 Still life
 Whispering in hushed refrain
 The evanescent dreams of the stubborn gods:
 Now we live with the movements
 Of eternity's heavenly hymns
 Replete with thankful prayers
 To the Divine Shepherd of all times
 And like meek lambs we follow Him
 For He leads us to a pasture forever green.
 And this is but an obvious manifestation
 Of the triumph of the Holy Cross
 This is but an obvious manifestation
 Of the triumph of the Holy Cross!



Good Friday

by ricardo de la riva

on the brink of despair
my life hangs limp.

alone,
alone with the beating of
my heart
i bleed:
loneliness gnaws at my
mangled existence.

frantic
i search for god!

in vain.

for his face
is hidden from me.

to the man at my left
i turn my head,
"remember me,"
my crushed lips utter in plea.

he replies:
"come,
stay with me in paradise."

The Jealous Pearl

by c. y. enge

before the early courts did once proclaim
across the calm without a single lane
to give what chanced-upon a christian name
beyond the calm commerce was not profane:
though it was without a heavenly name:

the age was golden as the natural rains
and lovely the living and the dying
abed hills of rock and grass, surviving
clinging as shell to pearl with love and hate
clinging in jealous guard o'er heaven's gate
though heaven was where then a nameless state.

the proud beneficiaries of that age
who have brightened from the long bonded cage
long since in curious alien wonder gazed
at galleons emerging to solicit rage
have learned from philip to see without haze.

it could have been a day of great rejoice
with less foreplay of many a great noise
to heal wounded continent beyond
physical boundaries of chinese land:
such task began in fifteen-twenty-one

the mustard did grow in fifteen-sixty-five
four and forty years of struggle and flight
till today from galilee seed to tree
of enduring oak—foe to heresy—
there is no nobler end to nobler intent
an edenward quest without fiscal end.

god is unprecedented who is wise
a shiver of wind, in various device
of sea-life like fish, and land-wealth like rice

a symbol in fifteen-sixty-eight
of fruit no more in silence enjoyed
when isabel—niece of datu tupaz
with legaspi's man sacramental love
enjoying earth in the domain of god

the abolition of limasawa
where before the mass of valderama
this and where more in ignorant content
come in conscious strife sans conscious contempt

who has ever hoped is hoped still for man
neither he nor his laws could prevent
the prime reason of thing, the evely plan
nor cause such a jealous cause to be rent.

commerce in god's oriental marketplace
beams busy with his unseen effectual face
in ecumenic earthly phase it seems
a realization of catholic dreams
theirs and ours, all the lovely jealous pearls
have seen, held the hour in unison — dear.