

adoring you as my love—while you— you will not want to face reality and yet all the time seeking for that happiness and truth.”

“Do you forget that I am married, a mother of two boys and one girl? If my love for you was blasted, shall I still crumple the love of a mother to her little ones?” she returned doggedly.

I was silent, lost, wondering, not knowing what to say. And she continued. “Of course, you understand. You must understand!”

“But, Fe” I returned, “what has life in store for me? Like the good playmates that we were, we have grown together and played together until I left the Philippines. I have been used only to your ways. Believe me, without your care and love, I shall perish, I shall die.”

“We have to take life as it is. Two

ships that meet but cannot hail. Two figures on the coin that are always together but cannot face each other. What a life indeed, but still, there is beauty and satisfaction in self-discipline.”

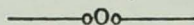
I was silent and she continued. “It is getting late. I must go and join my company before they look for me.”

I held her hand and asked, “If you must go, shall we meet again?”

“Next Sunday, perhaps, at the same time and the same place.”

Away she went and disappeared in the crowd at Luneta.

I was left alone. I passed from doubt from elation to profound depression—and always at the end, I rejected everything, as if I had been pouring sand from one hand to the other, spilling a little each time until nothing remained.



KAHIT AKO'Y BATA

(Tulang Pambata)

JOSE G. KATINDIG

Kahit ako'y munting bata
Ay mabait sa kapuwa;
Lubos akong naaawa
Sa inabot ng sakuna.

Pag may batang nagugutom,
Inihahati sa baon;
Ang hangad ko't laging layon,
Sa kapuwa'y makatulong.

Bilang tubo't pakinabang
Sa ganyan kong gawa't asal,
Daming batang kaibigan
Na sa aki'y nagmamahal.