

TWO POEMS

Salvador B. Espinas

THESE ISLANDS

*Come, Dinadiana, green are the valleys,
Mountains, hills, and plains again —
Leaves are unfolding: dawn is pitching
Its silver tents upon the listening sand.*

*For a while forget those who perished
On these islands: the bones of fathers
And sons scattered in Capas, Corregidor,
And Bataan for this, our native land.*

*Grieve not, my child, over my hapless fate
At Atimonan. THESE ISLANDS are ours again —
As they rightfully belonged to us
Before the barbaric Nippons came.*

*Walk the street erect and unafraid:
This is our own, our native land,
Now truly ours from shore to shore —
Proudly afloat our country's flag alone.*

FOR HEROES ALL

*Glory be to the missing, lost, and dead
Who fought against the evils of the earth
With but the insistent hope for glory;
Who, on the altar of freedom, sacrificed
Their love for family, home and life;
Who, for our country and the world, preserved
DEMOCRACY AND PEACE.*