

POETRY

Time Treasures

The Sacred Hours

by: ROGER V. LACTAO

*Time treasures the sacred hours
Of whoever cleanses his brain
Though gospels often shine unseen.
Truth is sunrise, it is one
Meaningless now as has been,
Like fragrance from blooming flowers:
They're magnets to minds awakening.
Enroll now in this free school
Sling your books of tarnished aims
Leave nothing, bring them all!
Stand for sentence, its your claim
Swallow everything, sweet or sour
This moment is your sacred hour.*

Love could be You by DAISY MATE

*love could be you in a scent of blue-grass,
playing tricks on memory, like a tune*

*love could be in your voice whispering
like pain or melody.*

*love could be in the promise of autumn,
beautiful to memory*

*love could be in the long look you gave me
that went with words*

*love could be in the influence of sweet summer
winds*

love could be in every hurried weather.

*it could be you somewhere
in the tumblings of white balloon clouds on blue
sky.*

*it could be you in the mood of June: bird-song
around
love could be you . . .*

2 VERSES

on the Lighter Side

by PRAXEDES P. BULABOG

Age of Reason (during Lent)

*How young are you today,
my lad?*

*Sir, I've reached the age
of reason.*

*But why, my boy, look you
so sad?*

Sir, it is the season.

Unbudding Poet

He sighs, he mutters and moans;

He tears his hair for inspiration;

Then lo! comes that haunting line

Which he scribbles long and fine

But heck, how can I be a poet

When I ape ditties from a song hit?

Embolden

by WILFREDO M. CHICA

*if i can utter you and sigh
to find my breath so fondly heard
and whispered soft to homing breeze
as that sweet answer my heart craves,
then i will dare what distant cliffs
to mute these lips and songs they lay.*

*if i can warm my soul to bear
the cool, lambent morning's spray
with nascent hope your sight will fill
those silk-empty chambers of my sleep,
then i will dread no dear dream lost,
no silence, no darkness, no waiting on the lee*

*the soul of fire must rise and reach
so will my love climb yon Darien peak.*

Call

by: LAMBERTO G. CEBALLOS

*let what winds hear:
this world wears ugly,
the air sick —
come, death.*

*let what flesh bear witness:
mail-fisted hands of pain,
my body writhing mute —
come, death.*

*let tortured minds tell:
birds seeking nirvana,
up where space dwells —
come, death.*

Unravel

by WILFREDO M. CHICA

these things i ponder, being young:
 silk, slimy snake hands
stealthing on white flesh *the glow of mother*
kissing little Beb good night
 people
passing this beggar, afraid of
other looks *Iyo Terio, hungry and impatient*
before the sunset
 that question from the depths:
what does God want of me?
 that girl,
this feeling, eluding grasp or reach
 middle-aged men, haunted
by dark, half-open doors somewhere
 this prince, cursing
the stony silence of his God
 and time,
wafting these in the mind, like Penelope
weaving and unweaving her tapestry.

Firefly

by PAUL M. RODRIGUEZ

I can see you only in the dark,
this dark that devours your light.
Firefly, flying in the night, searching
in the dark, questioning the night:
What is it that you find?

Love wanderer, do you know
you are portrait of my mind,
meandering through the halls of life,
thinking, reflecting, searching
the meaning of it all
with mortal reason as my guide?

The night speaks of men all blown
to high conceit, are now begone;
But I, I am no color to the light:
I can be seen only in the night
That devours my own light.