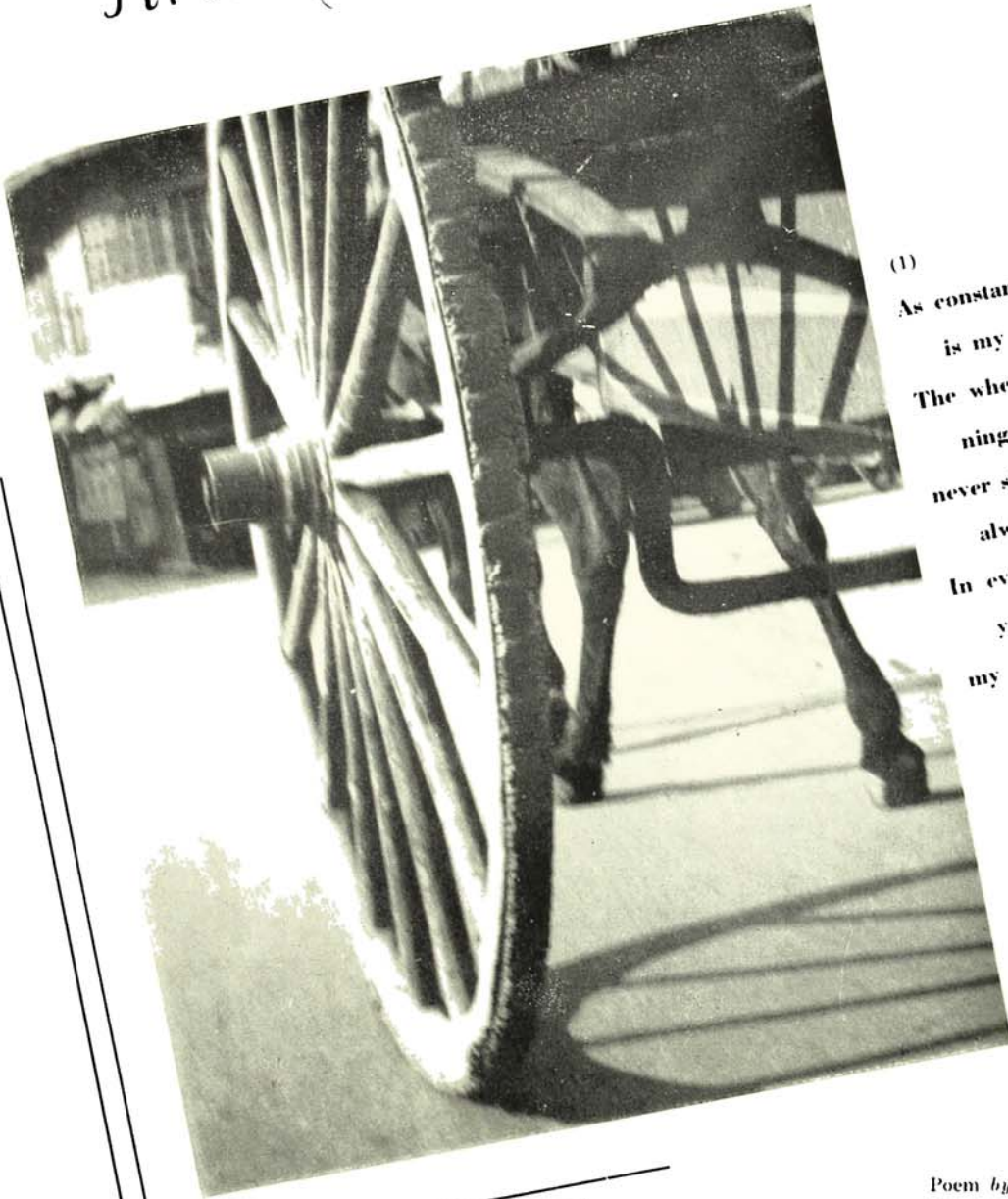


PICTORIALS

OF Loneliness ~ ~ ~
AND Loveliness ~ ~ ~



(1)
As constant as the wheel of Time
is my thought of you.
The wheel of Time goes on spinning
through the lives of men,
never stopping, always the Mother,
always the Angel of Death.
In every minute of the day
you are the sole inhabitant of
my mind, giving me delight,
giving me tears.

Poem by JUNNE CASIZARES
Photography by B. C. CABANATAN

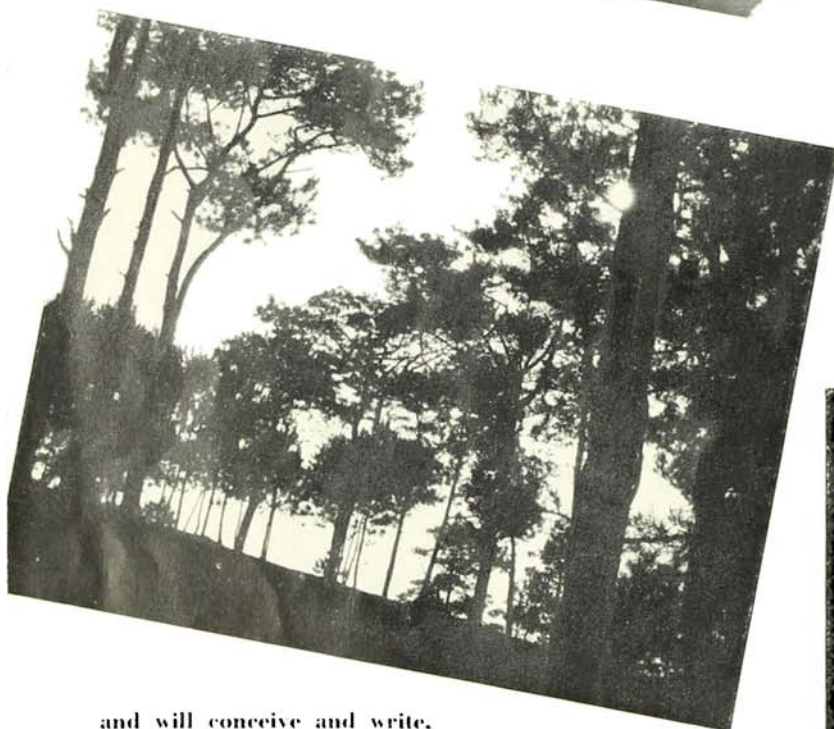
(2)

I am a cloud that whitens
in the Sun of faithfulness.
I sail the sky, looking for you,
picking up souvenirs of you
on the way and kissing them
and holding them sacred.
From the sky I sometimes disap-
pear, but I always come back.
It is you who are always present,
but seldom come to view.



(3)

I give you the multiplicity
of the leaves of trees to show
the number of the poems
I have conceived and written.



and will conceive and write,
for you.

In their shadows, in their fresh-
ness, in their coolness,
ballet-dance relax
all the fairies of the heartland.

(4)

Now when I see you, breathing is
briefly suspended, and my soul
becomes April, so blessed,
so abundant of loveliness.
There is that in every beautiful
that makes the beholder
either a dreamer of air-castles,
or the dream itself;
either a piece of remembrance,
or a gay remembrancer.





(5)

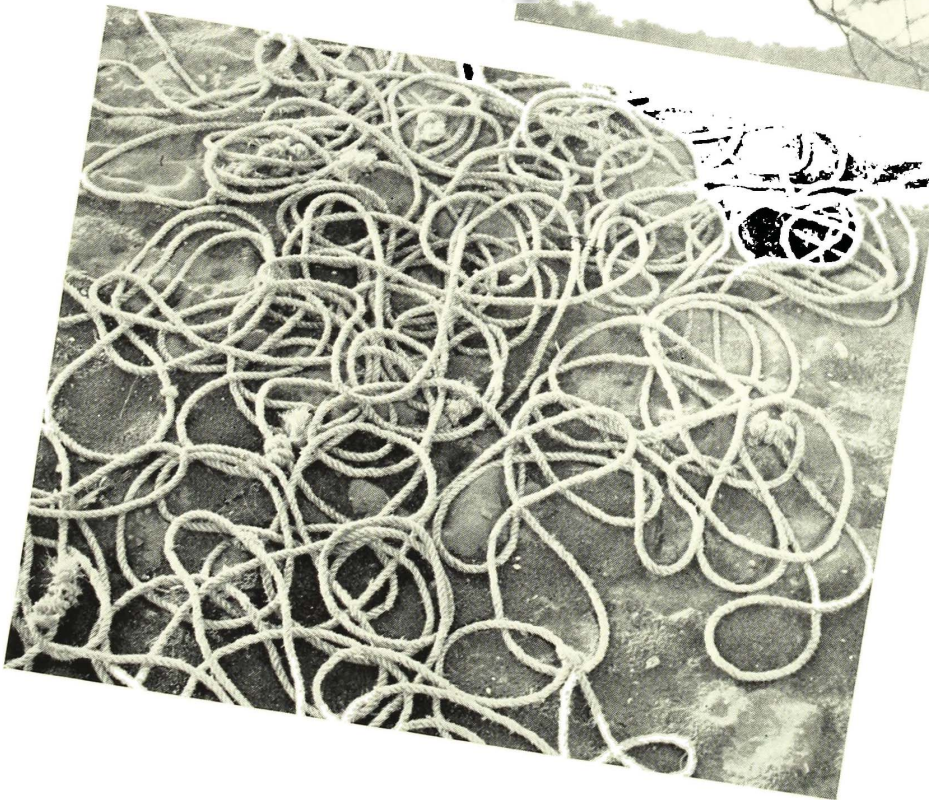
Suddenly nearness is transformed
into flowers,
or you move away from me and
put these flowers between us.
Suddenly anxiety wraps me, binds
me — I wish it kills me,
as you move on away, and the
flowers themselves are hazed.
Helplessly I cry, requesting
you to wait for a while.

(6)

Here is my emptiness, these
branches without even a leaf
to touch the passing wind,
without even a wounded bird
to soothe the hurt
with wounded songs.



Here I am, filled with
poignant poetry, forlorn,
welcoming in advance
your return.



(7)

Why is life so shifting that our
laughter now, no matter
how sweet it is, is not an assurance
that at the next moment
we shan't cry? Why must be there
tears always, even
in loves as true, as poetic,
as tender as mine? Why?
Life is an enchantment enchanting
me; a puzzle puzzling me.

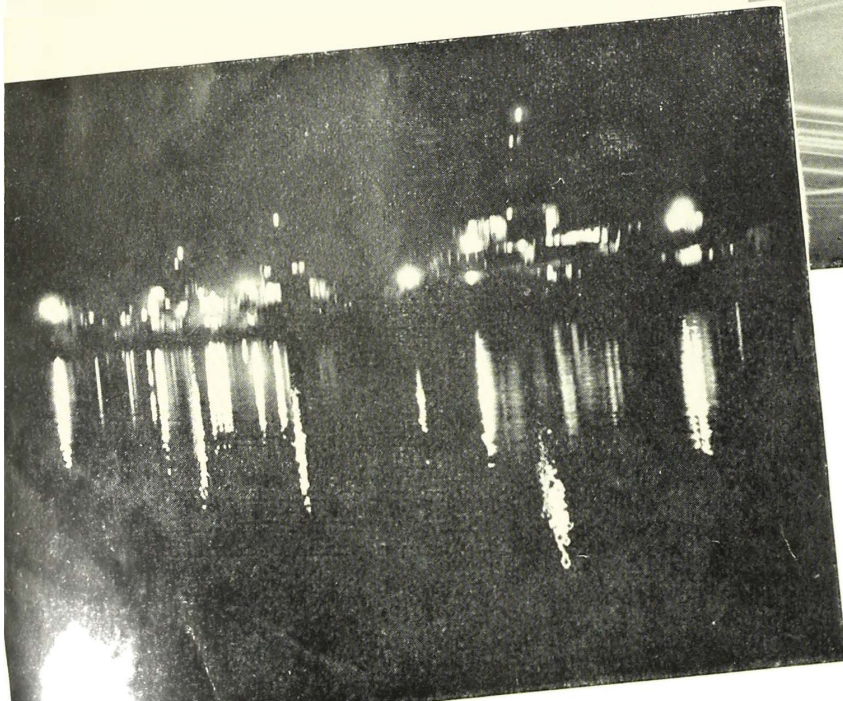
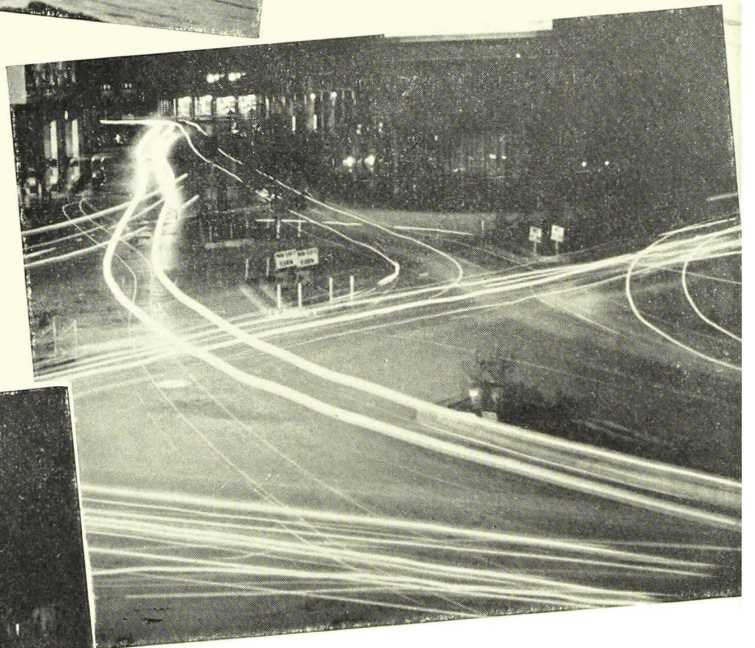


(8)

But silence is a great
comforter once you have
befriended it.
It conducts you
to things profound,
ethereal, reflective.
I run into the river
at sunset to share a
gentle experience of death
with the sun,
an eternal lover.
I toss a rose into the river;
the river smiles,
carrying it to you.

(9)

In the highways and by-ways,
roads and cross-roads of my
mind,
longings, desires, and schemes,
travel like lights,
capricious, earnest,
flexible, inflexible.
They overlap with each other;
centralize; tangle; untangle.
One frees itself completely.
One is involved again.
One gets lost.



(10)

Yet I am never tired of my reason-
ing; I never despair.
To me this existence is never
worthless even if I have
to walk on thorns,
even if I have to cry more.
For even in my darkest nights
there are always you, hopes,
meanings, like jewels reaching
for me through the still water.