

Say it with Lines

My Why

By LEONILA R. LLENOS

You cannot stop my poetry—
quench rather Beauty first—
Cannot choke me out of voice
From bargaining un-noted songs
With the sun,
astride a strand of hair.

You must ask what meter I do use,
What form of verse, what style of rhyme?

Would it not alter the lusty disregard
Of the Soul's vast knowledge unlesened by a school
If you're told:

a true idolator feels
and is not tutored
to trim and border
what he feels?

Why do I need to know of rhyme or meter
When I only have to drag consciousness
Unstruggling,
Along a long day's harmony --
from sun-walking down sun-dreaming
And from the master lips of the hours
Without lee or effort imparted flew out
The meter and the rhythm
of Infinite's verse?

Non-Entity

by
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lazy streams. . .
whipping up impetus
cascade upon still,
unmoving pebbles. . .
while inside of me, i look
at a low dark self. . .
and see nothingness.
painfully, i turn towards
blurred reflections
on swirling waters.
time. . . coming, gone
as the flood swells
and the pebbles are swept,
the whole of me lost
and dragged along
seaward. . . unknown.

Unknown
the word strikes me
like a dismal tone
of a dirge
that sings of gloom
and the sad refrain
of wind sighing in agony
while wandering
shitless and alone.
The sea shall claim me
as flotsam drifting
on and on
carried by the whims
of unchartered currents
restless and forlorn.

. . . . Say it with Lines