

In Memoriam

By APOLINARIO A. ACUÑA

1.

*Fallen heroes
are leaves
fallen from the tree of summer,
scattered o'er fields:
faces once flushed
with sunshine,
vibrant with air
now sombre,
with shadows,
silent,
still.*

2.

*With dust and prayer
Honour buried each one:
a leaf to a plot;
a plot for a leaf—
so many leaves
so many plots.*

3.

*And tilled by Love,
watered with tears of Grief,
they grow
row upon row
of stones or crosses.*

4.

*Sleeping rows
that when touched by the magic wind
of Memory
stirs and rises up.*

5.

*And from out of each bed of stone
or cross
blossoms forth a flower,
a radiant flower—
GLORY-of-the-land!
(How rare you flowers are!
How sweet their smell!
How prized by all!)*

6.

*Now pleated into gurlands,
Men wear them
over their hearts.*

Two Men

By JOSE LA MADRID ANGELES

*He loved his country. Yes in words
Alone but failed to act,
He did not know his sweat and hand
Were what his big words lacked
He claimed he loved his land Then what?
The flowers and trees and soil?
He loved not knowing why? . . . who?
And did no fruitful toil
(Another in great silence toiled
unknown by them he loved. .)*