

IN MEMORY OF

*Cornelio Faigao*

by JUNNE CANIZARES

*(Number of  
world's poets being unknown,  
we say: X minus Cornelio Faigao.  
Is death determinant of man's mark?  
critic of his fabric? Aye!  
we never fully accept a leaf's gold,  
unless it itself is blown.  
O when's a man  
sainted alive!)*

*Of; for him. The one went up.  
We hold memories; sing In  
Te Domine. Here's a cup  
To the lustre of his pen.*

*He left appellations for  
Us to remember him by:  
Was journalist, professor,  
Poet. These refuse to die.*

*Was lawyer, but carved a pact  
Of alliance with art, part-  
ing from the codes & suits, act-  
ing kind, faithful to his heart.*

*Nature uncovered her breast  
To the gaze of his genius.  
He walked an adoring guest  
Along life's blest avenues.*

*Whatever loveliness he  
Saw, he had expressed in words  
Equally true: painless, free  
Like flushed, twittering churchbirds.*

*Sometimes, was absent-minded,  
Thinking of the beautiful.  
I at times caught him red-handed,  
Brewing poems for the soul.*

*Has gone to where is is  
Ever: what we exploit:  
Where Meeting is face to face  
And everyone's a part.*

*A. N. Manligas  
'59*

