

A PAGE OF SELECTED POEMS

MAY

By MARCELO COLLANTES

*The flowers begin to bloom,
Songs of birds fill the air;
Young and old seem to beam with joy,
For it is lovely May again.*

*

A BOY

By ARTURO SINCO

*As I was walking, one day, down the
street,
I saw a boy fast sleeping on his seat;
His untidy neck and cheeks were red
Perhaps because he did not sleep on a
bed.*

*A loaf of bread was in the pocket of his
shirt,
And the nails that almost touched it
were full of dirt;
His uncombed, curly hair was as black
as night—*

*The boy, indeed, was a pitiful sight.
His shirt and pants were in places torn,
For weeks unwashed he had them worn,
As dusty streets and alleys dark he did
roam
Because he had no place to call his home.*

*

THE CHURCH TOWER

By MRS. SATURNINA CAPISTRANO

*Far up in the old church tower
Bells are ringing ev'ry hour,
Singing ev'ry day this song:
Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!
Hear the ringing, sweet and clear,
To the people far and near!
Singing ev'ry day this song:
Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!*

THE BONTOC MOUNTAINEER

By JUAN BUED

*When I come down from the green high
hills
To the lowlands and the plain,
I feel that I must go back to the heights,
To the pine-covered slopes again.
At last, when my errand's done,
And the need of the journey's o'er,
I'll fling the dust of the plain from my
feet,
And return to the hills once more.
For I'm no kin to the lowlands,
Crouched tamely 'neath the sky;
I long for the hard trail tipped in the
sun—
'Tis there I shall live and die.*

*

THE CHILDREN

By PABLO MERCED

*Noisy and troublesome though they
may be,
Ragged and dirty—not pleasant to see,
Born in a nipa hut, shabbily dressed,
Yet treasures of love dwell in each little
breast,
Waiting to open: Oh, seek you the key.
Feet that shall soon lead, today may
be led,
Hands that shall govern are governed
instead,
Minds whose ripe powers the nation shall
sway—
Train them aright—they will rule us
some day.*

*

MANILA BAY

By J. M. H.

*On the bay the ships go sailing,
Sailing off to sea,
Sailing off to distant countries
Where I'd like to be.*