

Where

Darkness

Ends

by pat l. castellano

VERSE I

That is me . . .  
swollen by shadows  
against the whitened  
bed of sand.  
I, the man  
cursing the exactitude  
of derisive spells  
of wave on rock.

Note the breeze  
feeling the pain  
in my eyes  
soothing my blood  
to searching calmness  
while I stand  
frustrate but unbent  
by Darkness.

This is my arm,  
my palm clutching,  
veins cleaving,  
reaching for Light:

Without fear . . .  
against unchartered ages  
with mossy lichens  
feasting on my niche.

But it must die:  
this Darkness, this foe!

And I must find  
the venom's source . . .  
by sailing waters  
or scaling heights.

By waters and heights?  
No.  
Springs run downward;  
heights may rise  
to dizzying altitudes  
choking my breath.

I maybe confused:  
All is memory  
sheathed in mud  
of flowering plains  
and still forests  
edged by rugged peaks;  
my past is incubated  
in shell-chambers  
hallowed in dunes  
blessed by ocean kisses.

VERSE II

I fought  
clashed  
and  
fought!

Plodding, wiggling,  
this bundle of flesh,  
I surge . . .  
into a poignant dot;  
my consternation dripping  
into the gray cup  
of pulsating tendons  
loaded with dreams.

While gnawing despair  
unlatched menacingly  
dangling sharp blades  
above groaning flesh,  
from out of rays  
distorted in shadows  
scorching my lips  
into muteness,  
I suspend!

Slowly my soul was lettered,  
stored hopes petrifly,  
trembling into abstractness  
into pulseless beats.

VERSE III

But I refuse:  
For myself cannot be  
my enemy;  
for my foe cannot be  
me.

Darkness should stop;  
Light must come!

I, the captive  
cannot be conquered;  
my breath bears  
eyes to my sight  
for Truth.

Thus,  
With my touch,  
I felt my face,  
lighted my brow  
with gleams of hope  
to behold Reality.

Avaunt, Darkness!  
Come, Light!  
No death can scare  
the undying.

# The Quill

## Why Should I?

by a. p. arwain, jr.

why should i blame anyone  
if i am lonely  
when the world itself is  
a void of loneliness,  
a pool of tears?

why should i cursingly frown  
if suffering afflicts me  
when this lovely earth is  
one place for this  
one piece of mockery?

why should i desire unlimitedly  
for tempting finite things  
when i am one limited being  
who on earth lives only  
a wink of life everlasting?

## Pride

by  
g. sison

Though I am what I am,  
You are what you are:  
Bones and flesh and blood,  
Begotten from the dust.

Though thy form is heavenly,  
Remember, thou art once a  
Part of me. A part can ne'er  
be greater than the whole,  
Nor the whole lesser  
Than its parts.

why should i not be wowed  
with my existence  
when man is born destined  
to enjoy eternal assimilation  
with Eternal God?



To  
*A Wayside  
 Rose*

by *Ledinila Amigable*

*Has a dewdrop ever told you  
 How lovely you are, dear?  
 Do lirting breezes whisper  
 Sweet nothings in your ear?*

*What makes you sigh when'er a bee  
 Your moon-kissed petals touch?  
 Is he murmuring soft love-words  
 That make you blush so much?*

*Does night in your crimson soltness,  
 Hide wooing moonbeams there?  
 To wear upon each coming moon,  
 As dewdrops in your hair?*

*Hate*

by  
*g. sison*

*i hate you because  
 i love you: for making  
 me an atom part of me,  
 and you the whole, the  
 whole, the very whole  
 of me . . .*

*i hate you because you  
 mean so much to me: i am  
 but the lessee of my life,  
 and you the lessor of the  
 part and whole of me . . .*

*i hate you because you  
 own the whole of me, and  
 i never own a part of you:  
 i was not what i am, and i  
 am what i was not before.*

*i hate you because i  
 love you: for making me  
 an atom part of me, and you  
 the whole, the very whole  
 of me . . .*

*and The Man*

*The Lighted Candle*

by *a. p. awitan, jr.*

*a child is born and gradually grows taller and taller  
 but this candle before me is burning and slowly becoming shorter  
 is it a candle that i see — its light eating up its slim wick?  
 what can i expect — this long waxy body dissolved to nothingness?  
 no, never do i want it consumed and let darkness absorb its light  
 i will lose my appetite when i eat, the inspiration when i learn,  
 the things it produces in my little shell of imaginations . . .  
 the apparent visions of a sacred altar — the light of men's souls  
 on their way to ever-waiting God.*

