

the bridge

when a child talks . . . .

he talks of things  
unseen  
strange,  
imagined.

when an old man speaks . . . .

he speaks of  
deeds  
of life  
with wisdom  
with experience.

then youth comes in . . . .

alive and grasping  
he talks and speaks of things  
many things  
strange  
yet wise.

the child adores him and

listens to him

the old man wonders

and ponders

where in the world did he learn  
these things ?

— daylin echavez



loneliness

I have seen the face of loneli-  
ness in the night dark at 3:00 a.m.  
Wednesday, cold sheets that wrap  
this body numbed by spacio-temporal  
pains. Beneath the grass crawl with red  
ants, mounting mounds smoldering in  
cold fires of dawnlight filtrate through  
my skin, — imprints of stories of a  
thousand and one dreams.

:now, night shatters into pieces  
beyond form, at my feet.

— Angela G. Kho

to the youth

when my eyes were once closed:

i saw you mum, secretive and free !  
i surveyed the world and lucky me,  
you I cherished, the vacuum's mossed !

now my eyes are open:

i can no longer see the moss  
it has been cleansed  
by your eager hands.  
you spread the moss:  
it reproduces,  
it grows into big trees . . . . .  
it has to be curtailed . . . . . !

— Felito Briones