

Second Prize, USC Literary Contest

The blood of the Patriarchs
Stirred red in Moses
When You opened his eyes from Adam's sleep.

He found his brethren grooping in Egypt's darkness;
So, dropping Pharaoh's diamonds,
And caring less for our gold.
He led us out, — out to walk under Your Light.
Through the desert of temptation we plowed
a score of years times twenty.
Though compassed on all flanks by
Ammonites, Philistines, and Chanaanites,
Though whipped by the tempest of rebellions,
bitten by the serpents of heresy,
shaken by the earthquake of world wars,
blinded by the sandstorm of time,
We still stood gazing forward and up.

Moses has long fallen asleep;
Multi-masked general have led us.
Pilgrims for centuries,
we have filled the seven thousand islands and more,
with thirty million strong.
Yet, still today,
our lips do not sip from a fountain of honey,
nor our eyes see a river of milk flowing.

Nevertheless,
we are not lost, nor deceived,
For amidst the frenzy of our journey
We have You, our Manna, forever;
We have amidst us the Arc of Your Covenant,
a whirlpool of faith, love and hope,
ever drawing us to the axis of Your grace.
Through the centuries we carried it;
We will keep on carrying it,
in our minds
in our hearts;
Through our works and breath
we will sing of You,
Whose union is the promised eternal bliss.

Earth, we know, only hazily mirrors heaven.

Llewelyn Navarra Hortillosa

Theme Yielding of Humabon

Third Prize, USC Literary Contest

1965

Four hundred bountiful years
The whole world is almost in tears
Amidst the troubles of many nations-chaos
Many came despite the rain, the crowd and
the wind of the local scene
Here and there, north and

south, east and west
The whole world is dead
It's only here, the pearl and the gem of
the east

Where faith continues day by
day since the time
The first Christian queen confided,
When to the heavens she raised her eyes —
To Him the Little Black Child

1565

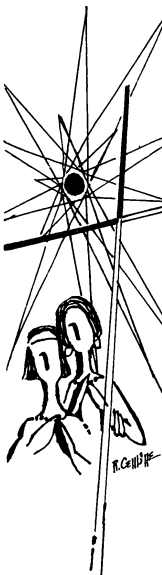
Pagan innocence! Fear of Amto
King and God of the trees
She adores and worships him
She follows scheduled rituals
She bows down to his power
With all her pagan love she
would shower —
Savage arrogance! Regal in
native splendor
A hardy conviction within it seems
But for the queen of his heart
And his carnal delight

He can't say no, no, never shall be
bow down before him
He who is called the son of the father
The God of all things, supreme God
The God on the cross.

Brutal shyness! Sweet timidity
Gentle meekness, tender and devoted wife
That she is, without

It is Anitos she worships
King and God of the trees
She followed scheduled rituals
But she is the queen, queen of the heart
of the king

The real power on the throne
The winkless goddess behind the hall
and the wall of the empire
If what she desires, he denies,
Her eyes are like black gems afire
For a man when he loves gives his woman
anything she wants —



He is a willing slave at her command
Even if a thousand lightnings are at hand
Wifely dominance! Now is the time,
her queenly persuasion reigns
Her final choice must not be ignored
Lest he shall find her less adored

She persuades Humabon her king and husband

Liketh sound of the waters of a virgin spring
Her voice seems to sing
Pinaangga, hinigugma (My dearest beloved)
She sweetly pleads

Let us submit ourselves to them
Surely their God must be the true one
For they have come from a far distant land
Their clothes are far superior
Their looks compassionate and their voices
sweet to hear

Strange benevolence!
For she saw The Little Black Child
Regal looking like a king
from a shovel filled with filth
While she was on her promenade
Along the shores the shores of which she was fond
That low hut on the sand.
She felt compassion and great joy
Upon beholding Heaven's King — Boy,
He was God, she was told

The early sunlight of that pleasant day
Seem to blink and blink with naughty joy
The heavens too and all
For ne'er has a king of that kingdom
in the orient seas yielded to a stranger
If not of his wife's great wonder
Over the tiny black child
which filled her with such surrender

By the shadow of the cross
Young Humabon brave and strong
King of Cebu, ancient city of the east,
Came with a sudden glaze of glory in his face
As the white shore stood ready to embrace
the tender lashing waves

Maddening quietness! On a mantle white laid upon
a Persian rug
Knelt the tawny haughty ruler
Beside his graceful dark and lovely partner

The sacred water dripped as the Castilian friar
blessed them with a rod-like whip

Juana is her new name, queen of Cebu
As the dear father pours the holy water
The slender tiny queen raised her eyes heavenward
with a pray'r
God, Lord, bless all my people
May faith continue to grow upon our land
'Till there are no stars and moon in the sky
'Till the sun shall come back no more to die

By Vencanda Abregana

The Triumph of the Cross

by Ricardo I. Patalinjug

PROLOGO

Now we have to pause for a while,
Come, help me dig the loam of time
The history of Humabon's reign
And Magellan's arrival
And let us trace back the germ
Of our Christian ancestry
nascent from time primeval.

CANCIÓN

1.

And on the shining edge of day
On the threshold of an island
Peopled with pagans who walked like
Brave brown gods
The strangers landed. And the bold
Captain spoke: "Lay down the sword!
Come, plant the Cross! Let this be
The living symbol of our achievement.
Henceforth the world will know
That we have conquered the Orient
For Christ and for the Crown!
Pigafetta, record this in your book.
Write down in bold letters what we
Have done today. Ah, the future
Generation will ponder over this
And will exclaim: "They are agents
Of God. We have proof! This
Cannot be destroyed by the elements.
For in this Cross runs the living
Blood of our living God!"

2.

And in the trembling flames of the tribal fire
And in the grieving rhythm of the *agnony*:
The natives knelt and were unmired
While they sang the cleansing songs!
And the ancient dreams of the pagan gods
The hallucination of primeval sods
Grisly as nightmares; dark as nights
Perished at the foot of the Cross!
Thus they had come as saviours
Their precious gift the light of faith
They taught the hearts to love and give
Instead of breeding fear and hate
And the soul to seek purification
In eternity's bold dimension!
That was the genesis of our creed
Erected from the tattered womb of the years
A crude pattern of odds and ends
A concoction of faith and flames!