

TWO SONNETS

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A Prodigal's Prayer

*I've trodden on the pathways dark, Oh, Lord!
Thy way is bright, but I was lost, for I,
Against Thy law, have sinned, against the word
You gave to Prophet Moses on Mount Sinai.
Though I was lost and knew not where to go,
I still proceeded on that darkest way;
To grope my way back was a thing to do,
So easy, yet I found myself astray.*

*Now I am at the end of life's dark road.
Ah, what a dreadful spectre I foresee:
The fires of hell in utter wildest mood,
Out of their abyss leaping far for me!
So, Lord, reach out Thy Wounded Hands for one—
A prodigal, a sinful, worthless son!*

Upon Learning about the Death of my Friend, C.L.R.

*She, dead? Who told me she is lying still
Beneath the earth; beneath her cold, cold grave?
Shall I not once more hear her voice, or will
I never see the features I did crave
To see in her each time we met: her eyes,
Which sparkled like twin pools of beauty; her hair,
As numberless as the stars up in the skies;
Her lovely visage, looking smooth and fair?
Who told me she is dead? Come, tell not me
That she is so; It would be mighty vain
And futile an attempt on me to be
Convinced; for I would give the reason sane:
Though she had but to Death one life to give,
Forever in my memories she'll live!*



Dear Lord, I Love You

by

NELLIE PATALINGHUG

Dear Lord

I love You!

*So were the nights long, sleepless, and drear;
So was there no music for me in the air;
So was everyday's glad not of cheer*

faded . . . because

I love You!

*No light save that which my heart was burning;
No tears save those for You I've been shedding;*

*No hopes for joy save that which in You I've
been keeping*

confident . . . because

I love You!

Dear Lord,

because I love You

*Your home — my home; its bells — my bells;
Your cross—my cross; and its joys—my life's joys
in this home because*

Dear Lord,

I love You!