

The Slum

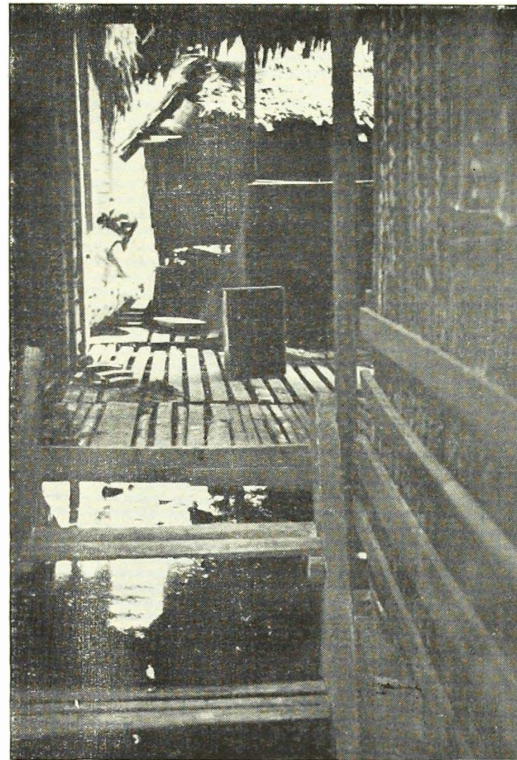
Unprettied Face of Life



***And though in the
sight of men they
suffered torments,
their hope is
full of immortality.***

(Wisdom 3:17)

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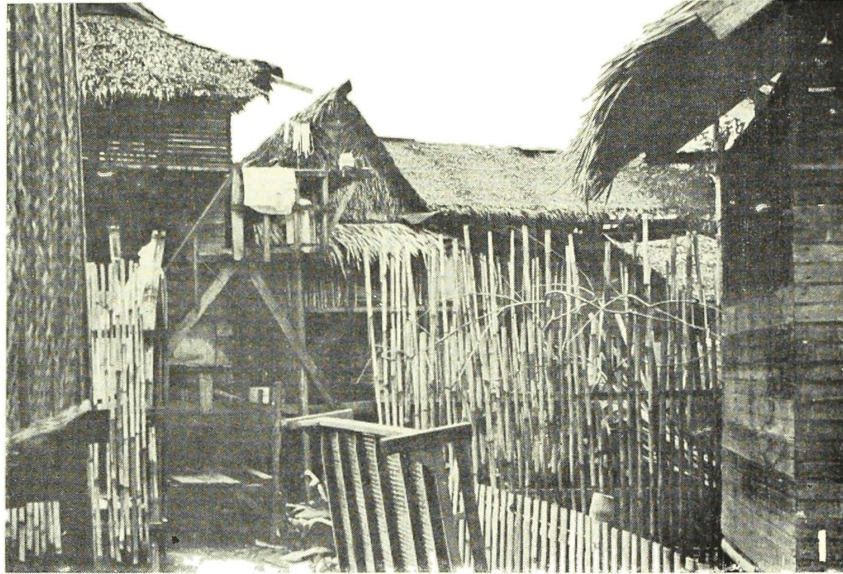


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*Life is a prompting voice
in the slum. The slum is an
unprettied face of life.*

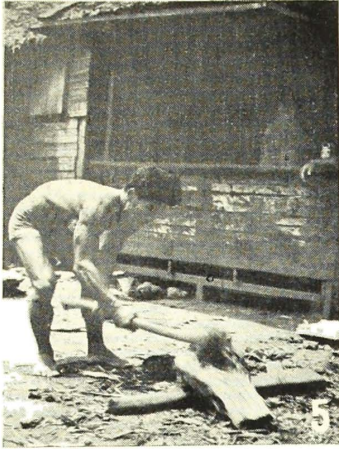


*Here, one experiences
even the passing of a second:
a prick.*



*Many "barong-barongs" squat on such
a limited place. Many souls occupy such
a small house.*

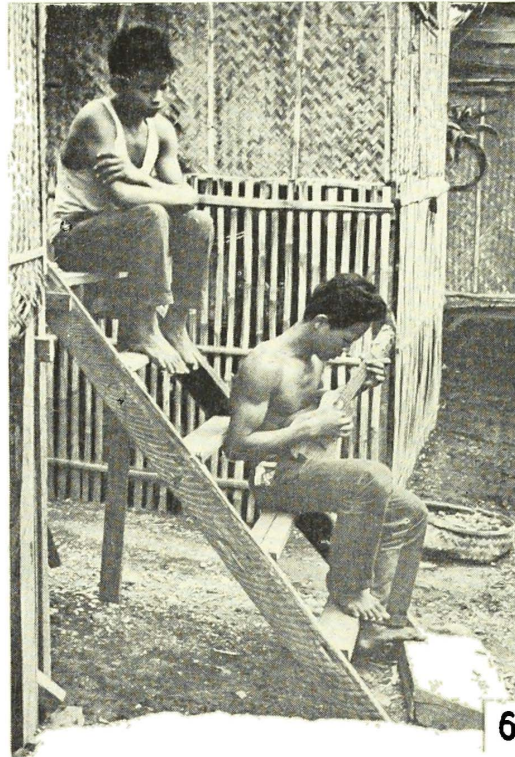




... a punting in the god.



... a joy.



*Dirty children play
cop-and-thieves.
The bigger brothers are
on the streets
brushing men's shoes.*

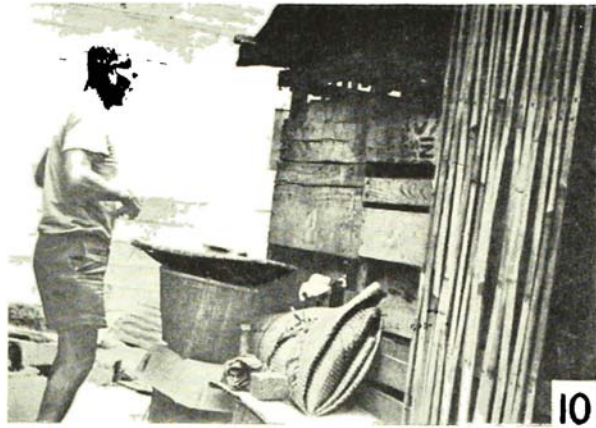
*An ear of corn is already lunch.
What else can he have?*



*In the attendance of neglect
and faintest chance*



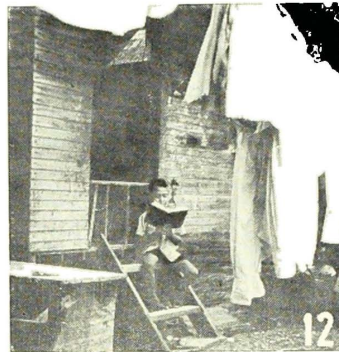
...where poverty is a bull-whip.



Early morning is the time for re-cooking yesterday's left-over.



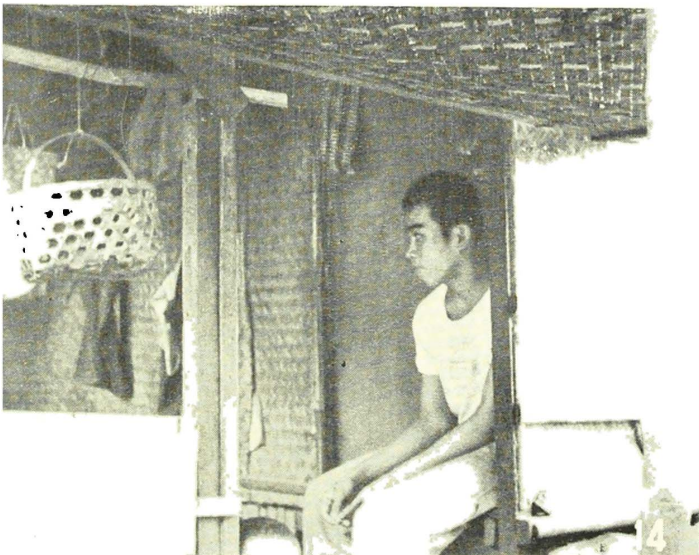
...and spirits resigned.



youth picks up the book, believing it is their liberator.



High noon is a vexatious hunger:



...young night, a looking forward to tomorrow or a sad thought, and an unfinished work.