

the hands of God

hands so small
they can't quite reach
the huge head of the ox
in the stable:

hands so young and tender
amidst the wrinkled, shrunken ones
of the temple's sage:

hands callous'd, strong, but kind,
chiseling a rough beam of wood:

hands raised to bless many a child,
to heal many a sick,
to forgive many a magdalen,
to bring back to life many a lazarus:

hands sweating blood-crimson:
hands riveted to the cross:
hands limp,
alone with a broken heart
in the stillness of a lonely tomb:

hands shining glorious,
more dazzling than the rising sun
on eastern morn:
they are the hands of God!

by RICARDO DE LA RIVA

the leaf

on a barren bough
sits
a mellowed leaf:

it
quivers,
shivers,
against the evening
breeze:

detaches itself
to float
and fall,

to be borne away
by a wailing stream:

must it be so
when
i am gone?

by RICARDO DE LA RIVA

finale

Now, in seismic agitation,
His emaciated flesh
Meekly trembles.

A mournful theologic voice,
Gasping in anguish,
Crushes in.

Then, a White Hand clasps.
A bugle sounds,
The house weeps.

by CLAUDE AL. EVANGELIO

interlude with the noose

the advent of the noose

let there be music
wrap the throbbing, mellifluous note around me
i can choke in its drowning stupor
let the toes stand the cormorant pirouette
suffering the nails dug their graves, split their agonies
the dark tresses are but seaweeds clawing the night
the opium-drunk eyes behind foggy lashes
denies the denouement
which is the corrosion of the flesh
to that of a wriggling worm
but i am content.

let there be mirth
peal the bells that god stole from a spire
to suspend pendulous in my throat
the world blooms and bloats and cracks in the lungs
over a blooming, bloating, cracking, joke
open the mouth, contort the face,
toss back the head, shed a tear,
grow a canker, because life is jest sometimes,
the diaphragm ripples a butterfly
fatigued and painful to breath wrought
but i am content.

then the noose comes

then the noose comes, beckoning furtive
in its defamed, doom-starved ring
in seemingly tremulous rapture
it commences its swing,
of ballet dancer and juggler wed
are its grace and finesse:
to the right, to the left
a pendulum dereliction shammed
to the left, to the right
death deity!
hallucinating
fascinating

coding its contiguity ominous
i stagger backward raving with scorn
bare a claw, freeze afang, blossom an eye,
the noose persists, mutely adamant
so i flirt my toes and twirl myself near
toy a finger, dart a shoulder
while the noose is lost in a lullabye
jerk a limb, jeer a smile
while the noose is lost in a lullabye
jilt a seaweed, bare a neck
while the noose...
i'm caught!!!

by MELINDA M. BACOL