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Dai Mo Kaipuhan an Panyo
Don't Bother with Handkerchiefs
The Gift

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LUIS CABALQUINTO

Dai Mo Kaipuhan an Panyo

Kaluyahan nin tao an pagmati nin kamunduan.
 Girahaw an manga lawi, laban sa lipot nin winter,
 sa helang na naglaog sa sadit niyang hawak,
 maliksi an saiyang pagpurot kan giniris na tinapay
 (na maan kong sinasabwag sa saiyang pamitisan)
 dawa kuldass sa kadaklan, huli kan pataplis na tuka.
 Alagad may hustong nakakakan na pampakusog
 sa paglakaw, paghanap nin paiplian sa dangadang
 na banggi, ta kulang an saiyang kusog sa paglupad.
 Sa nagpipirong nang liwanag, yaon siya sa tangkilik
 nin dakulang gamot kan halangkaw na sycamore.
 Dai niya ma-aabtan an sunod na pagbanaag kan aldaw.

Don't Bother with Handkerchiefs

Sadness is a human failing.
 Feathers puffed against the winter cold,
 the ailment that has taken hold of her body,
 she eagerly goes after the fresh bread crumbs
 I toss gently near her wiry feet,
 missing most with her ungainly aim.
 But she eats enough to win her the strength
 to walk off steadily and find a place to
 huddle for the night, with weakened wings.
 In failing light, she's cradled deep in the cup
 of the large root of a tall sycamore tree.
 She won't be seeing the light of a new dawn.

The Gift

The bluejay flitted from branch to branch,
not making a sound, eyeing the nut

in my hand. I cracked the walnut with my teeth
and tossed the kernel on the grass.

The bluejay swooped down and picked up
the seed with its beak, flew

swiftly back to its sycamore branch.
Later, returning home from the post office,

I passed by the sycamore tree, at the foot
of which I spotted a blue feather.

Taped on my living room wall, the blue
feather hasn't stopped sharing its secrets.

GODE CALLEJA

Inot ko Itong Pagtambo, Sainman

Namuot gayod ako simo
ta su tingog ko nagatak
kan inot kong inapod ka sa telepono.

Dangan kan nagsayuma ka
mag-iba sako sa pabasa ni Charles Laughton
ta (sabi mo) may usisa ka sa math sa masunod na aldaw,
ta habo mo mahiling na kaiba taka (sa isip ko),
dai ko naitago—binalo ko—
sakong tulos na pagmundo,
nangaipo na agoy-agoyon mo ako,
baka muya ko lugod
magduman sa sinehan sa maabot na halabang katapsan-semana?
Panahon kan pagtambo kadto, rumdom mo,