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Inot ko Itong Pagtambo, Sainman It Was My First Spring, Anywhere

Gode Calleja

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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,

inot na taon ko sa Columbus, OH.
 Namuot gayod ako simo.

Namuot gayod ako simo
 ta nahirak ako sako
 kan nahiling taka kaiba ni Craig
 sa awitan ni Joan Baez
 saka muya ko malingwan,
 garo bagang su kaya ko,
 semanang inot sa patukad na maawot sa likod kan bantayan carillon,
 hinapiyap ko simong buhok,
 hinadukan taka,
 hinadukan mo ako, nasagyadan ko simong mga dudo,
 sa uran.

Namuot gayod ako simo.

It Was My First Spring, Anywhere

I must have loved you
 for my voice cracked
 when I first called you on the phone.

And later when you refused
 to go with me to the Charles Laughton reading
 because (you said) you had a math exam the next day,
 because you did not want to be seen with me (I thought),
 I could not hide—I tried—
 my instant clinical depression,
 you had to console me,
 would I be interested instead
 in going to the picture house the coming long weekend?
 It was springtime, remember,
 my first year in Columbus, OH.
 I must have loved you.

I must have loved you
 for I felt sorry for myself
 when I saw you with Craig

at the Joan Baez concert
and I wanted to forget,
as if I could,
the week before on the grassy slope behind the carillon tower,
I stroked your hair,
I kissed you,
you kissed me, I brushed your breasts,
in the rain.

I must have loved you.

EUGENIO R. CORPUS III

Forgiven?

People walked amid
the summer sun's heat
to offer flowers
with fumes
of immortal prayers.
They would make
the sign of the cross
and close their eyes
as they make a wish,
ask for forgiveness.
They kneel down,
walk on their knees
hoping God would make
them rise.