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Running Late

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pati mga matang sadyang ipininid
nakatitig kung sa'ng hindi ko mabatid.

Si Zacarias Ka Kaya?

*(Kay Honti, Heswitant kompositor
na hindi makapagsalita dahil sa paralysis)*

Wala ngang hindi kapani-paniwala
tulad ng pagdadalanta ng matanda
o pag-aabot ng tag-ani't tagpunla.

Sa pagtatagpo ng liwanag at laman
tumatubo sa tuyong sinapupunan
napakabilis na pagsasanga ng buhay.

Pagsikat at pagdilig ng kalangitan
nalalaglag mga ginintuang uhay
upang lupain ay mahitik sa yaman.

Hindi ka amang pangalan ang pamana
kundi alagad ng insensong musika.

At ngayong putol ang kuwerdas ng bunganga
ayaw maniwalang wala itong wawa:
Pag Diyos nagsalita, uurong pati dila.

SID GOMEZ HILDAWA

Running Late

You've encountered this poem before.
When you skipped breakfast this morning,
Running late for work, you missed out
On the mushroom omelet, fried rice
And coffee prepared by someone who
Woke up early, making sure the eggs

Were moist, the rice smothered with garlic,
The coffee hot, with just a teaspoon of sugar,
Without milk. He had woken up from a dream
Of flying upside down, the full moon looming
Above like a gigantic frying pan; a dream of dying
From a stab wound without bleeding, without pain,
Only a fear of beholding a glass pitcher, empty,
With its mouth gaping wide where the wound should be.

He was still trying to piece together the scene
When you hurried out the door, running late
For work, got into the car, then tried to recall
On the road what he was saying, the food
On the table, the smell of garlic and coffee,
The dreaminess in his voice. A mosquito
Hovers above the passenger seat beside you;
How it keeps its position in flight, steady
In midair, moving with the vehicle.

JOY ICAYAN

Toothache

He leaves his dinner on the table
because his tooth hurts.

And in the morning, I tell him
come, eat, you must be hungry.

He shakes his head, picks up his hammer
and asks for a kiss.

I open my mouth to take him in—
the smell of his broken teeth, his hunger

from last night, the nights before that. They linger
in the corners. When he is gone