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The Obmutescent Game **Chromatext**

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RICARDO M. DE UNGRIA

The Obmutescent Game

I would like to think
it's all about loving
this breaking of words
apart like lips full
of something to say,
or a hand almost
upon a woman,
or about the woods
that will sustain
and not defend a king.

It is a country won
from crows and crossroads.
Morning comes
inscrutable horde of signs,
and what preserves directions
carves deepest wars
like diamond names of whores
being near in the night
like night.

Art and poetry,
chess, beer, fidelity
comb wild eternity
with barest hands.
Like love, like faith,
warned of details and shrines
and yet undaunted summers
wide as gravity's gates
where moves the changing light
between most secret lines.

Chromatext

(for A.N.S.)

Words to sell
and use
shall make the roundness
keener
 light in the hand
 & loving on the run
as once in summer
& once too in the rains
we cleared the grounds
of saying
 and we woke
dyed in the undistracted day
to find as now
in the attitude of our house
 the basic design
that leads without hands
lines drawn & writ.

RIO ALMA**Alamat ng Bulag na Salamin**

Isang tanghaling bawian siya ng bait
May sampung kutsilyong gumagapang sa dibdib
At bulag ang salamin.

Ibig niyang managinip ng birheng buwan
Habang sinisisid siya ng pagmamahal
Sa harap ng salamin.

Ngunit tinutuklaw ang kanyang alaala
Ng patay na kalan at mahalay na hininga;
At bulag ang salamin.

Noong tanghaling angkinin siya ng senyor
Naglalaro ang kanyang bunso at nilaro ng simoy
Ang nabasag na salamin.