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Kung ang Tula ay Wala

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In deep of night I wake to sense
A chord vibrating in the air, the way
Buds are resting in their pewter vase.
At noon my eyes behold
The wonder of doves
Fluttering in the frieze
Of noon heat
And the breathless trees.

But even these move: birds scatter
And shadows shift their purple weight
From leaves and boughs,
And no seam shows.
Daily my feet repeat the old
Familiar paths, and lead me back
To my own hearth.
There the heart notes and executes
The shuttle's silent exercise
Upon taut and comprehending threads.
Outside, in the hills, love roams.

ALBERT ALEJO, S. J.

Kung ang Tula ay Wala
(Pasintabi sa makata ng Obando)

Kung ang tula ay wala
kundi kangkong sa sikmura
lalo pa nga kung inumit
sa munting tindahan
ng kapwa nagpapawis,
di hamak ko pang
nanaising makinig
sa dalawampu't isang
taludtod ng kampana
na binibigkas
sa katanghalian,
o kaya nama'y tumitig
sa andap ng kandila

na bumabasbas
sa oras ng hapunan,
pagkat ako'y bumubuay
at ang loob ko'y pagod na
pagod na pagod na.
Nasilaw na ako sa kinang
ng mga langit na de-lata
at nalason lamang
sa pagsubo't pagdura ng bala.
Kaya't para na ninyong awa
mga makatang kapwa ko rin dukha,
huwag kayong manukso
at huwag ding magpatukso
kahit pa nga ba ang tula
ay maging letson sa bunganga.

FIDELITO C. CORTES

All Saints' Eve

It is wrong to think leaves never
Fall in this climate; they lie strewn
On the ground in the wettest
October in memory,
Stripped from branches by wind, rain,
By perhaps the call of the season.

One would say they shroud the earth,
Honoring the solemnness he feels.
Or that these leaves—dun cerements rotting
On the sod—honor the dead,
As they might with the pungent smoke,
Among the trees, of their own burning.

If led to a sad reflection,
The walker of these paths may find
In this wet, smoky, joyless day
A kind of mellow dissipation,
Like the smoke disappearing into
The trees or their seasonal death.