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ANg Paraiso ni Amado
Amado's Paradise
Sini nga Biernes Santos
This Good Friday

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She must be on the other end of the strand
where the lights are,
picking the near-empty grounds clean,
even at night, of leavings and blown-down
wastes and oddments that mar
the worked-at glow and readiness
of a tended, tendered place.

ALAIN RUSS DIMZON

Ang Paraiso ni Amado

Nagbalik
Si Amado

Daw ginlansang
Ang iya mga tuhod
Sa batobusilak
Nga salog.

Nagaduko sia
Sa atubang
Sang krus.

Ginapilit niya
Nga panason
Sa iya panghunahuna
Ang hayahay
Nga may *imprinta*
Nga garab
Kag martilyo.

Gintusmaw niya
Ang iya tuo
Nga kamut
Sa balaan
Nga tubig.

Sa iya pamatyag,
Ginasangit pa
Sang iya tudlo
Ang gatilyo.

Mga bituon
Nga bulawan
Sa malapad
Nga kapula
Ang iya panan-aw
Sa mga bituon
Sa maitum na
Nga kalangitan.

“San-o pa
Madula
Ang kadena
Kag latigo?”

San-o ang duta
Mangin paraiso?”

Daw ginlansang
Ang iya mga tuhod
Sa batobusilak
Nga salog.

Nagaduko sia
Sa atubang
Sang krus.

Sa iya panghunahuna,
Nagalupadlupad karon
Ang hayahay
Nga may imprinta
Nga garab
Kag martilyo.

Amado's Paradise

Amado
Has returned.
His knees
Seem nailed
On the marble
Floor.

He bows down
Before
The cross.

He tries
To erase
From his mind
The flag
With the imprint
Of the sickle
And the hammer.

He dips
His right
Hand
In the holy
Water.

He can still feel
His finger
Crooked
Around the trigger.

Golden
Stars
In a vast
Redness
He sees
In the stars
In the black
Skies.

“When will
The chain
And whip
Go?

When will the earth
Become a paradise?”

His knees
Seem nailed
On the marble
Floor.

He bows down
Before
The cross.

In his mind,
Is fluttering now
The flag
With the imprint
Of the sickle
And the hammer.

Sini nga Biernes Santos

Nagmando si Don Pugoso Putico:
“Tapuson ang poso Negro!”

Bisan kontra pa sa iya pagtuo,
Nagtrabaho si Indo Kantero.

Pagbagting sang alas singko,
Nag-upod si Indo inom sa kanto.

Kay ang naghagad abi iya kabo,
Si Indo wala gid makareklamo.

Naghulat si Iska nga iya asawa.
Mapasimbahan kay maduaw pa sila.

Tinak-an hulat si Iska.
Gin-ilisan niya ang iya pangsimba
Sang biste nga pangkusina.

Nalipat magpamalandong si Iska.
Ginlampos niya ang kalaha
Sa ila kalan-an nga lamesa.

This Good Friday

Don Pugoso Putico ordered:
“The septic tank should be completed!”

Even if it was against his belief,
Indo the mason worked.

When the five o'clock bell sounded,
Indo went along to drink at the street corner.

Because it was the foreman who invited him,
Indo could not say no.

His wife Iska waited.
They were going to church for the *pagduaw*.¹

Iska got tired of waiting.
She changed from her church dress
Into her kitchen clothes.

She forgot to observe the *pamalandong*.²
She smashed the frying pan
On their dining table.

1. *Pagduaw*: Roman Catholic practice of kissing the image of the crucified Christ during Good Friday.

2. *Pamanlandong*: Good Friday vigil of Catholics characterized by contemplation and observance of silence.