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**A Shot of Death
The Drowning
Poem for a Child About to Grow**

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LILIA LOPEZ-CHUA

A Shot of Death

There is a sleep that doesn't come
when a life loses its way
out of this world through the front door
and everyone out there in the daylight
misses it

There is a sleep that leaves the bed
because all night long one hears
nothing and knows nothing
but the shouts of guns
and one man dead or wounded

There is a sleep that dies with so many deaths
that keeps a country of men
wide awake and turning in their beds
because the ground on which their houses stand
heaves in pain

There is a sleep that wakes to itself
ashamed of loving itself and only itself
and it flees the eyes
to leave a man alone
to take a good look at the dark

The Drowning

We see there in the rains
harmless tiny rings the madness
that water dreams up and brings to us
soon there is going to be
that great flood of the old
only this time without the great boat
without the old man
but there will be the drowning
and the drowning is going to be so good

Poem for a Child About to Grow

(for John, Joventino, Ian, Celeste, Lyrach and Boogie)

You ask me
why today I look at you
like it would be the last time

All my life I have looked
at so many things
have seen so many changes
and have looked for one thing hidden
but something there is the eye
always misses
and even as I look at you now
a wind will have passed between us
will have taken something with it
and what is left
is always what is here
always all of a sudden

BENILDA S. SANTOS

Mahal na Birhen, Ngayong Disyembre

Mahal na Birhen,
Maria ang pangalan,
ngayong Disyembre,
punung-puno ng grasiya
itong aking pagod at pag-iisa.

Lumisan na silang apat —
ang aking asawa at tatlong anak —
iniwang punung-puno ng mumo,
tinik at simi ang hapag-kainan
pagkapananghali.

Mahal na Birhen,
Maria ang pangalan,
ang Panginoong Diyos ay sumasaiyo.
Sumasaakin din ang iyong dalangin at pagsuyo