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Brownout Volunteer Worker

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At sa pagtangis ko sa pampang ng ilog Pasig
 tulay na simento'y babagsak, sasabog ang
 mga ilaw sa poste, at guguho ang mga gusali,
 mga damong talahib ay libong sibat na tutudla
 sa araw, buwan at mga bituin, at luluha ang
 langit ng apoy, at walang bahagharing lilitaw,
 sa halip maghahari ang dilim, at maririnig
 ang pagtangis at pagngangalit ng mga ngipin,
 at dala ng malakas na hangin at kulog,
 dadagundong ang tinig: Lumayo kayo sa akin
 kayong mga isinumpa sa walang katapusang apoy!

At ang kaluluwa ni Antonio—
 Señor, kaawaan Mo po at patawarin
 Siya'y anghel na may pakpak na tanso
 Tumakas sa paglalaro sa ulila nang groto.

TONY PEREZ

Brownout

Rather unexpectedly, the lights went out
 In the middle of my cousin's story.
 He stopped talking,
 All around us paralyzed
 And we sat still, rather slighted,
 Wanting the dark to explain its horrid intrusion.
 I rose and switched the flashlight on,
 Detesting its strange brightness afterwards.
 The room looked different this way, I said,
 Showing up shadows which were not there before,
 But my cousin said nothing, he turned to me
 And stared — he, too, looked different,
 And continued his story — it was different, too.
 I shut off the light and all was still again.
 We lay patiently in bed,
 Waiting in the dark, wondering
 What would happen next.

Volunteer Worker

The small ones wanted pieces of me.
 I was big. They wanted pieces of me.
 They pulled me apart.
 There was no pain, and so I did not struggle.
 "I want his eyes! " they said.
 "I want his lips, I want his ears! "
 "I want his hands! " they said.
 There was much blood,
 But thinking it charitable,
 I lay myself.
 They ate of me.

After they had feasted,
 I rose, and found I was as small as they.
 They ran. I followed.
 "Let me play with you! " I cried,
 But they said they did not love me.

ELYNIA S. MABANGLO

Paghabol ng Dyip

Muli'y sinusian akong tila relas
 ng umaga—
 kamay at paang humaplit
 sa patak-patak na tubig,
 walang pangalang pagsusuot
 ng kaninumang damit,
 saka kapeng iginigiit
 sa pagitan ng suklay at *lipstick*.

Nagkakandado ako ng pinto
 sa bawat pag-alis,
 umaalpas ang gunita
 kahit sa nakasarang bintana,
 hindi pa ako nakalalayo'y
 naniningil na ang kalendaryo.