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## **All Saints' Eve A Beach in Eastern Luzon, After Dumaguete**

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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.

**A Beach in Eastern Luzon, After Dumaguete**

What moved me to act this way or sent  
 Me to the shore—stumbling where bent  
 Beach grass overgrew damp crab holes—  
 I don't know. I know the nearby shoals  
 Glittered in the wet sunlight. I saw  
 The sea wrack at water's edge grow  
 In darkening heaps to set entire.  
 I felt the moonrise rim the sea with fire.

When I walked barefoot to the end of land  
 I found desire in the tangle  
 Of kelp and driftwood on the gritty sand.  
 Now see I love is a worn-out shell  
 That had unhoused its habitant  
 And rued her loss by waves, as they rose and fell.

HEBER BARTOLOME

**Debut**

Labinwalong taon,  
 Labinwalong taon ka na ngayon, at  
 Tila malungkot,  
 Tila malungkot kung wala kang ama  
 Upang ikaw ay isayaw,  
 Upang ikaw ay isayaw at ipakilala  
     sa lipunang magulo,  
     puro rally at demo.

Labinwalong taon,  
 Labinwalong taon ka na ngayon, at  
 Tila masaya,  
 Tila masaya ang bayang nakarinig  
 Ng resulta ng Agrava,  
 Ng resulta ng isang dramang kinumisyon  
     at ito'y unang yugto,  
     nitong bukas na madugo.