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Ning Pinanggag Panahon / These Beloved Times
Duhawit: esoterika / Duet: esoterika

Don Pagusara

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II

Mark the twin city past meridian:
 Slums edge cathedrals
 and *Doña* Marta's vested novena.
Dumaans sweat their sickles
 in time to Chopin from the verandah
 of a pimply *heredera*.
 The twice-stroke of old cutters
 plying the trade to tonic
 tonight's scotch-drinking gamblers.
 All fiddle their impatience for a sun's demise.
 Burgos haply awaits both city's morbid lies.

DON PAGUSARA

Ning Pinanggang Panahon

Gikupaykupay mo ang mga hugaw
 nga nagyutik sa imong utok,
 samtang nagsayawsayawang mga ok-ok
 sa pultahan sa imong tanlag —
 gisimhot, giukiot, gikotkot
 gisupsop ang mga duga
 sa imong ambongang kamaot. . .

Gilalang ka sa pusong nga panahon
 diin naghudyaka ang mga lagong
 taliwala sa baklag nga alisngaw
 ug dunot nga sanglitanang giamoma
 sa imong limbonganong kalantip. . .

Magilakon ang mga dayandayan
 sa hardin sa imong mga pulong
 ug malipayon kang nagsaulog
 sa mga awit sa inutang kabuhong. . .

Ug nanaglurat ang mga mata
 sa mga binuhat nga nagdahik
 sa kapintas, nanagtilap sa inagos
 sa imong kaputong. . .

Nagtungtong ka man sa tronong
gianay sa kayugot, kasilag,
pagdumot. . . gilawalawa sa lamat
sa gahom ang lampingasan mong
kait-on. . . !

Apan ginoon, gitunglo ka
sa kasaysayan sa kabuang
ning pinangga mong panahon!

These Beloved Times

You have toyed with the filth
that flow thick in your mind,
while merrily dance the cockroaches
at your conscience door—
sniffing, gnawing, nipping
sucking the fluids of
your handsome hypocrisies. . .

You are born of cunning times
where pregnant flies revel
at your stinking vapours
and the rotten ethos nursed
by your swindler sharpness. . .

Sparkling be the adornment
in the garden of your words
and happily do you celebrate
the songs of borrowed comforts. . .

And starkly dazed be the eyes
of them who grovel
by the fierceness, licking
the exudates of your vile temper. . .

You have sat upon a throne
kept cavernous by ants fed
on hatred and vengeful wrath. . .
your vision cobwebbed by myths
of power and the masks
of charlatan wisdom. . . !

But sir, history curse you
for the madness of these
your beloved times. . . !

Duhawit: esoterika

1

saksi ako
 sa mga pagsaulog
 mga awit sa sawumsum
 nakighilawas sa mga langgam
 sa kagawasan
 tadlas sa dugoong wanang
 mga dila'g baso nagpingki
 danglog nga mga pulong miawas
 mahait ingog mga pinuti
 nanagbakyawang kabuntagon
 ug gugmang talinghagaon
 o kasilag o kayugot?

2

nagpaligid akog usa ka lusok luha
 duyog sa kapid-ang mga mata
 nagligid-ligid sa kadalanan
 sa dakbayan
 diin mga libaong ug ugdol
 makalilimos ug kabus
 dinhi ug dinha
 di na makatikbag luha
 ni makatandog sa paglutok
 sa kapid-an ka mga matang
 nakighagwa
 sa kapid-an ka milyong
 sugang dagitabuloknon.

Duet: esoterika

1

i witness
 celebrations
 songs of sunset
 fornicating freedombirds
 across bloody realms
 tongues and glasses clink
 spill liquid words
 sharp as swords
 upsurging sunrise

and esoteric love
or hatred or anger?

2

i rolled a tear
among a million eyes
rolling down the streets
of the metropolis
where humps and bumps
paupers and slums
here and there
no longer jar a tear
nor mar the stare
of the million eyes
ego-tripping
with multi-million
neonlights.

MARJORIE E. PERNIA

**This Skeleton
Must Have Been
A Poem**

Breech baby afloat
on the salt seas,
the umbilical —
a hangman's cord
around the neck
of my longing —

cut
free
with the kitchen knife
and boiled in the salt
of its own sea
to tenderness.

I keep
the broken skull: