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## **Inot ko Itong Pagtambo, Sainman It Was My First Spring, Anywhere**

Gode Calleja

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## The Gift

The bluejay flitted from branch to branch,  
not making a sound, eyeing the nut

in my hand. I cracked the walnut with my teeth  
and tossed the kernel on the grass.

The bluejay swooped down and picked up  
the seed with its beak, flew

swiftly back to its sycamore branch.  
Later, returning home from the post office,

I passed by the sycamore tree, at the foot  
of which I spotted a blue feather.

Taped on my living room wall, the blue  
feather hasn't stopped sharing its secrets.

## GODE CALLEJA

### Inot ko Itong Pagtambo, Sainman

Namuot gayod ako simo  
ta su tingog ko nagatak  
kan inot kong inapod ka sa telepono.

Dangan kan nagsayuma ka  
mag-iba sako sa pabasa ni Charles Laughton  
ta (sabi mo) may usisa ka sa math sa masunod na aldaw,  
ta habo mo mahiling na kaiba taka (sa isip ko),  
dai ko naitago—binalo ko—  
sakong tulos na pagmundo,  
nangaipo na agoy-agoyon mo ako,  
baka muya ko lugod  
magduman sa sinehan sa maabot na halabang katapsan-semana?  
Panahon kan pagtambo kadto, rumdom mo,

inot na taon ko sa Columbus, OH.  
Namuot gayod ako simo.

Namuot gayod ako simo  
ta nahirak ako sako  
kan nahiling taka kaiba ni Craig  
sa awitan ni Joan Baez  
saka muya ko malingwan,  
garo bagang su kaya ko,  
semanang inot sa patukad na maawot sa likod kan bantayan carillon,  
hinapiyap ko simong buhok,  
hinadukan taka,  
hinadukan mo ako, nasagyadan ko simong mga dudo,  
sa uran.

Namuot gayod ako simo.

### **It Was My First Spring, Anywhere**

I must have loved you  
for my voice cracked  
when I first called you on the phone.

And later when you refused  
to go with me to the Charles Laughton reading  
because (you said) you had a math exam the next day,  
because you did not want to be seen with me (I thought),  
I could not hide—I tried—  
my instant clinical depression,  
you had to console me,  
would I be interested instead  
in going to the picture house the coming long weekend?  
It was springtime, remember,  
my first year in Columbus, OH.  
I must have loved you.

I must have loved you  
for I felt sorry for myself  
when I saw you with Craig

at the Joan Baez concert  
and I wanted to forget,  
as if I could,  
the week before on the grassy slope behind the carillon tower,  
I stroked your hair,  
I kissed you,  
you kissed me, I brushed your breasts,  
in the rain.

I must have loved you.

### EUGENIO R. CORPUS III

#### **Forgiven?**

People walked amid  
the summer sun's heat  
to offer flowers  
with fumes  
of immortal prayers.  
They would make  
the sign of the cross  
and close their eyes  
as they make a wish,  
ask for forgiveness.  
They kneel down,  
walk on their knees  
hoping God would make  
them rise.