

philippine studies

Ateneo de Manila University · Loyola Heights, Quezon City · 1108 Philippines

Running Late

Sid Gomez Hildawa

Philippine Studies vol. 53, no. 2&3 (2005): 391

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Fri Jun 27 13:30:20 2008

pati mga matang sadyang ipininid
nakatitig kung sa'ng hindi ko mabatid.

Si Zacarias Ka Kaya?

*(Kay Honti, Heswitang kompositor
na hindi makapagsalita dahil sa paralisis)*

Wala ngang hindi kapani-paniwala
tulad ng pagdadalantao ng matanda
o pag-aabot ng tag-ani't tagpunla.

Sa pagtatagpo ng liwanag at laman
tumatubo sa tuyong sinapupunan
napakabilis na pagsasanga ng buhay.

Pagsikat at pagdilig ng kalangitan
nalalaglag mga ginintuang uhay
upang lupain ay mahitik sa yaman.

Hindi ka amang pangalan ang pamana
kundi alagad ng insensong musika.

At ngayong putol ang kuwerdas ng bunganga
ayaw maniwalang wala itong wawa:
Pag Diyos nagsalita, uorong pati dila.

SID GOMEZ HILDAWA

Running Late

You've encountered this poem before.
When you skipped breakfast this morning,
Running late for work, you missed out
On the mushroom omelet, fried rice
And coffee prepared by someone who
Woke up early, making sure the eggs

Were moist, the rice smothered with garlic,
 The coffee hot, with just a teaspoon of sugar,
 Without milk. He had woken up from a dream
 Of flying upside down, the full moon looming
 Above like a gigantic frying pan; a dream of dying
 From a stab wound without bleeding, without pain,
 Only a fear of beholding a glass pitcher, empty,
 With its mouth gaping wide where the wound should be.

He was still trying to piece together the scene
 When you hurried out the door, running late
 For work, got into the car, then tried to recall
 On the road what he was saying, the food
 On the table, the smell of garlic and coffee,
 The dreaminess in his voice. A mosquito
 Hovers above the passenger seat beside you;
 How it keeps its position in flight, steady
 In midair, moving with the vehicle.

JOY ICAYAN

Toothache

He leaves his dinner on the table
 because his tooth hurts.

And in the morning, I tell him
 come, eat, you must be hungry.

He shakes his head, picks up his hammer
 and asks for a kiss.

I open my mouth to take him in—
 the smell of his broken teeth, his hunger

from last night, the nights before that. They linger
 in the corners. When he is gone