

philippine studies

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

Toothache

Joy Icayan

Philippine Studies vol. 53, no. 2&3 (2005): 392

Copyright © Ateneo de Manila University

Philippine Studies is published by the Ateneo de Manila University. Contents may not be copied or sent via email or other means to multiple sites and posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's written permission. Users may download and print articles for individual, noncommercial use only. However, unless prior permission has been obtained, you may not download an entire issue of a journal, or download multiple copies of articles.

Please contact the publisher for any further use of this work at philstudies@admu.edu.ph.

<http://www.philippinestudies.net>
Fri June 27 13:30:20 2008

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

I will wash my mouth with water
and carefully, spit him out.

NEAL IMPERIAL

Monte Lago

Beyond the bed's wrinkled edge,
Taal whispers mist
to a blue-glass lake
on which our bodies drift.

Sa Gabi

Ang lagkit ng iyong katawan sa gabi
ay pagkawala mo
sa aking tabi.

Wala ka kahit naririyang:
matigas na unan, maikling kumot,
bangungot at pag-asam.

Pinag-iisa mo ako
kapag hinahagkan,
pinipira-piraso
ng iyong anino
sa pag-unat ng magdamag.

Ginigising mo ang mga takot
na pinuyat ng pangako, tiwala,
asukal ng salita.

Sa gabi,
pinagbibihis mo ako ng kaliskis