

philippine studies

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

Humuhunos ang Tatlong Dekada

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Philippine Studies vol. 53, no. 2&3 (2005): 427–428

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Fri June 27 13:30:20 2008

AGUSTIN MARTIN G. RODRIGUEZ

From the Maid

I cannot understand why your houses are so big
but I understand why you need us.
Dust is stronger than stone,
even the very polished stone of marble.

If it gathers and is given a chance to rest
it will turn the bright into dark and grey.

Our houses are small, soft, and damp so
they invite dust to settle and darken everything
that is why everywhere is stench there.

You do not want that stench in your world.
You do not want our grayness in your world.
It seeps into your bones and makes you understand
that pain can emerge from within you
and seep out like vapors to cloud your mind.

That's why you need us to keep the dust away,
the vapors away, so that things stay bright,
so that things stay fresh and clean, and your minds can dwell in
crisp and clear air where love is exciting, where people look
always so loveable and the dark is kept in its place.

JOSEPH T. SALAZAR

Humuhunos ang Tatlong Dekada

Gaya ng alamat,
hindi ko pinatatawad
ang pagkakabinbin ng panahon
sa palad.

Laging tinatanto ang sukat at lawak
ng sariling paghuhunos
sa kamay ng iba.

Naliligalig sa kahibangan
ng isang salaysay tungkol sa pantas
na nagkatawang-ahas
bago ikinulong ng liwanag
sa kanyang pag-iisa.

Ayaw kong mag-isa.
Ayaw kong maramdaman
ang pagsambulat ng daigdig
sa aking hinagap.

Humuhunos ang tatlong dekada,
at walang nakababatid
kung paano ako nabibihag
ng pagtitig sa mga saglit.

O kung paano ko nasabing
ang alabok ay maligalig,
at nagbabadya
ang kakambal nitong init
ng unos na darating.

Ni ang pagsinghay ng kampana
sa aking alaala'y walang nakakalampag
maliban sa kawalang inaakalang
umaalingawngaw sa aking
kalooban.

Anong lalim pa ng sisidlang
paglulunuhan ng alaala mo,
Mangingibig—

Nakagapos sa walang patid
na pagkakalagot ng mga saglit,
mulí at mulí akong isinisilang
nang hubad sa hiya,
sa bait.