

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCE CENTER

FLAME



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Flame

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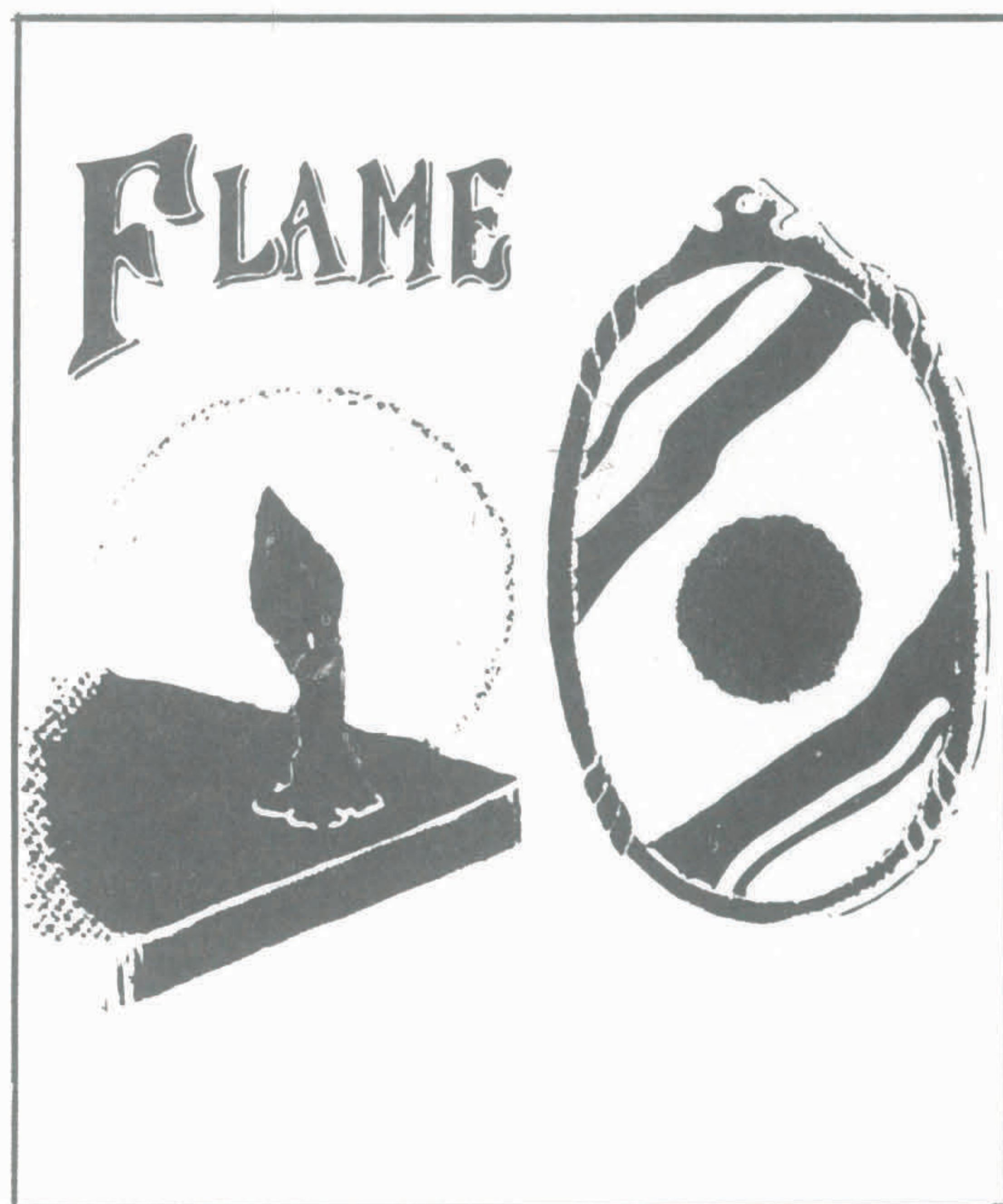
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The Review is the official Student Publication of Northwestern University

March 2004

*"The flame danced
with a light breeze.
It has air, fuel and
catalyst that gave
birth to it.
In a word, it exists."*



Cover Design: Mangel R. Ancheta

Dedication

*To the wanderers and dreamers
of Northwestern University who
kindled the flame and inspired us to write.*

*To those who served as our light
that illuminated our minds.*

*And to those who nurtured the light
so the flame will keep burning.*

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The Review's Flame

Preface

Human brain with all its complexity sometimes experiences that vertigo of nothingness, a deep blackhole which continuously imbibes the wonders of outside world. Yet no outputs are created, thus, ideas, genius and human knowledge are put in a dormant state.

But once a solitary disturbance kindles the wick of unlighted human's mind, a tiny spark will take its alpha and rouse ideas from their dormancy.

As ideas begin to spread their wings, the flame starts to evolve and burn into insatiable glow. Flame represents the ardour of passion; passion that goes beyond the physical reality but reality in the deep excesses

of man's imagination and emotion. It is the desire to reveal life on its most poignant at the same time marvelous meaning, nature in its potent beauty, and love in its deepest shade of colour.

The Review had gone through the state of dormancy; of being in a limbo for a long time. The owls were caught in the vortex of an invincible blackhole that devoured the existence of their ideas and imagination.

Now the time for awakening has come. The single disturbance which created the spark and nurtured the flame has happened; the people who give breath to the **Review**.

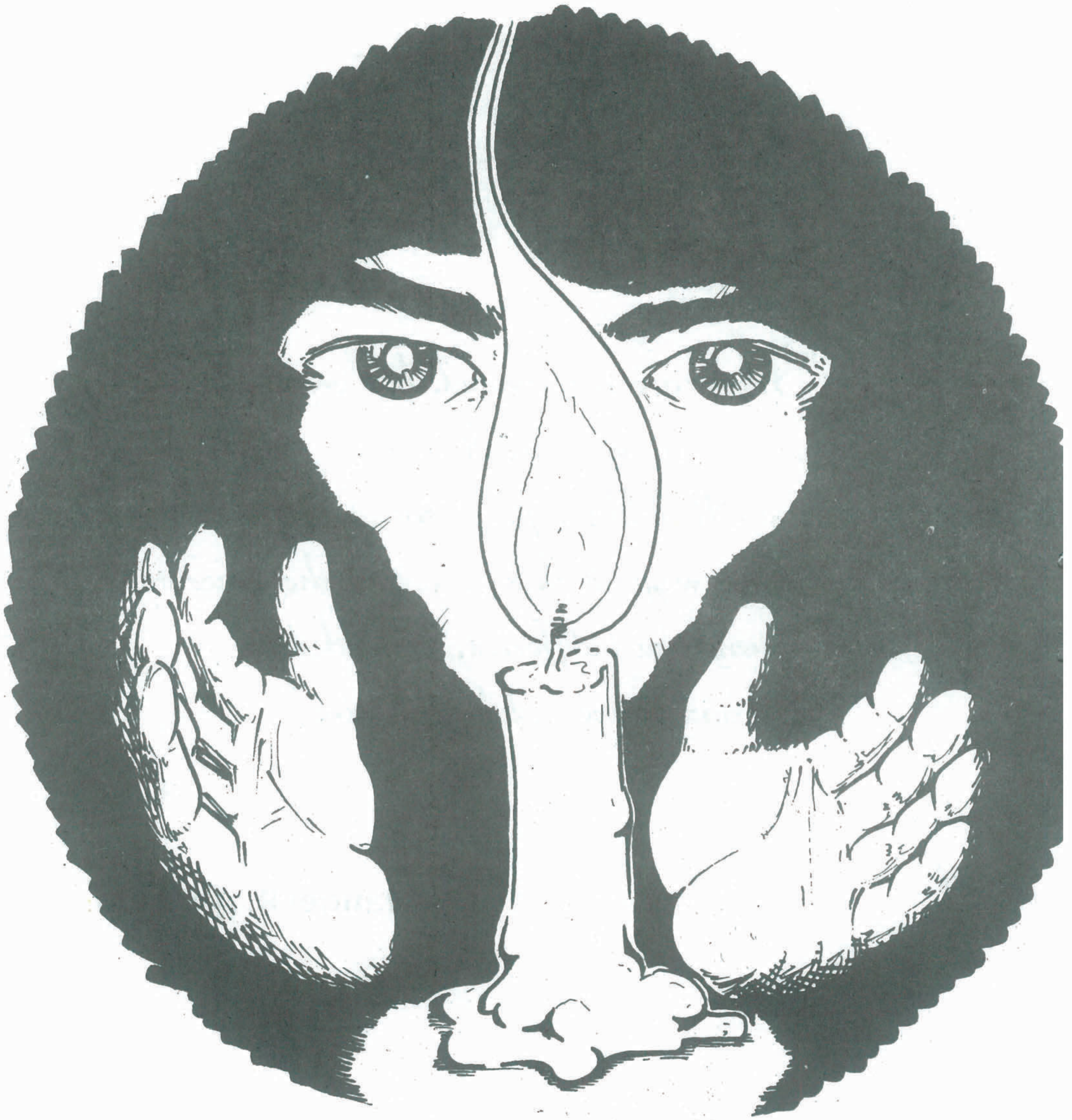
Owls are once again restless in their quest for ideas and knowledge. The flame is in its vigor. It will not flicker and die for a long, long time.

Jessa Aballe

*“Ideas are not created, but creations
awaiting realization.*

*It is like a flame that ends
in just three ways: it flickers out in the ignorant,
burns the indifferent, or tended to
and harnessed by the wise”*

Mangel R. Ancheta



Flame

*“Ideas are like gems created
from fragments of time and matter
in the depths of entropy.
Should it escape from this vicious cycle
of creation and destruction,
then it had come to fruition.”*

It's still raining outside. I sat alone on the dining table, mutely staring at the blank page of my battered notebook, illuminated by the flame dancing at the edge of an old candle's wick. The wind of a wayward May monsoon whispered old tales to the rural fields and to the weary walls of our makeshift home. All was silent save for the dusk creatures and the steady pelting of raindrops overhead. Occasionally, a vehicle would pass by the highway a hundred and forty long paces to the south, though no other worldly creature except me would come to notice.

I continue to stare at the page; nothing special, just a recycled paper of thirty-six lined composition note. I held a cheap ballpoint pen casually at my right hand. I am in a pit.

A writer's block, for me is a mental state of not having an idea, rather, it is the difficulty and guilt of the mind of not being able to expound an idea. I've always believed that ideas are not

created, but creations awaiting realization. It is like a flame that ends in just three ways: it flickers out in the ignorant, burns the indifferent, or ended to and harnessed by the wise.

Ideas are like gems created from fragments of time and matter in the depths of entropy. Should it escape from this vicious cycle of creation and destruction, then it had come to fruition.

Though it may, may not, be subjected to change. The forces surrounding an idea, be it physical or otherwise shapes it. And through this metamorphosis, evolution, new concepts are formed. Thus preventing the stagnation of the cycle. It's half life is lengthened and its essence becomes eternal.

Let's take the creation of fire: the raw materials are all there: friction, combustible material, and an endless supply of oxygen. The man who was thinking of generating heat by knocking stones together was there. He had grasped the idea. But what was lacking?

What was missing to him to finally scratch the surface of the general knowledge about fire.

The intervention of the human mind.

Of all creations, the human mind is the most complex. Its worth unequalled, its ability unmatched. With the dawn of artificial intelligence and data processing hundred times faster than humans, it fails miserably in the field of conceptualization. It maybe intelligent and sentient its limited to the extent of its basic input-output system consisted of computers string programmed into it. It may be 52000x faster and smarter than an average human being or higher, depending on the raw materials used to create it but still, any number found an

specification, be it a hundred digit or so, is still a limit.

The human mind can pick up an idea and create multiple concepts, possible otherwise. It can do so with beauty and grace or cold and clinical. As long as ideas exist

In that aesthetic pool, man would never cease to be innovating. And it is truly a very deep fool.

The flame danced with a light breeze. It has air, fuel and catalyst that gave birth to it. In a word, it exists.

I have the idea in my mind, bends around it, tweaking, feeling, cajoling it. What was missing in its fruition?

Why, the catalyst. The talent, skill or knowledge to act upon a concept.

My pen began to write.

Let us look into the future.

Mangel R. Ancheta



*Love is the nucleus that holds humanity
The essence of sun shining;
The palette that colours the rainbow
And the gravity that makes the world go round*

1-4-3

Mark Bryan Damasco

So many times I've tried my dear
To simplify the words I feel
I wonder why what words would mean
The whole of what I am to tell.

I've tried Physics and Calculus
To classify these classy thoughts
I've tried Trigo and Chemistry
But the unknown is increasing by "3".

I've planned into the drawing board
To look and find the magnitude
But as I reached the boundary
I extended into infinity.

So what I've used in Algebra
To solve it with all formula
And with the aid of Geometry
I got the answer... 1 - 4 - 3...

Unspoken

Chariz Mae

You came to my life so quietly
Like unechoed songs
Within a silent heart
A silver pond, a silhouette
That words can't take no part
We could not utter a word
Not a simple gesture showed
I like you and I want you to know
How much I really care for you
But I was scared
Scared that you'll insult me
So I kept it as a secret
And kept my mouth shut
But then you are moving apart
Still not knowing that I like you a lot
Will I still show you?
Or tell you how much I love you?
But if I keep it, how will you ever know?

*If You Love Me
And I Love Thee*

(assejellaba)

If you love me and I love thee;
I shall sing you songs
My melodies shall colour your dreams
Till you wake in an endless dawn
If you love me and I love thee;
I shall write thee poems
Under the shadow of the rainbow
I'll embrace love by letters

If you love me and I love thee;
I shall paint thy soul in my heart
In the purest shade of emotion
Picasso's masterpiece shall pale in comparison
If you love me and I love thee;
The earth shall be our heaven
The sun shall shine in thy eyes
And eternity will no longer be an illusion.

Loved And Lost

Harry

I have loved
But
I have lost

I had you in me
But
But still I lost

Where am I now?
Who am I now?
I don't know who am I.
I don't know where am I.

You blinded me!
I was blinded by your goodbye!
You blinded me!
I was blinded by your goodbye!

Give me my eyes back so I could see
Give me my eyes back so I could see my way
Give me my eyes back so I could see
Give me my eyes back so I could see my way

Ephemeral Love

Harry

When I told you
I love you
I was so confident
So confident enough
That we will be together
One time, one dream
One relationship

When I asked you
Are you serious?
Then you told me
You were then serious
I love you
You did love me too
But now, we're ruined

Now we don't talk
Now we don't smile
Now I'm so much hurt
I just do not know now
What you're feeling
How you're doing
Now you've said goodbye

True Love

Mary Joy Coloma, BSA-II

I've never been this way
Since you come into my way
You brighten up my day
And dry my tears away

You showed me the true meaning of love
And how to deal with everyday life
Now I know you're sent from God above
To fix, fill and heal my lonely life

I thank Him for you
'Coz you make my life a memorable one
I promise to keep you a precious one
And to treasure for the rest of my life

If my time in this world will be through
My love for you will never be blue
'Coz I love you more than you ever know
And more than my heart could ever show

Love me

(lawrence)

When rough winds trouble in the cold night
And the heaven's painted in dim light
My body longs for your caress
The solitude's drowned, I confess
In heaven I cry, "surround me tight!"

When this coldness lapses in time, right
Through your side, cherish you, ne'er in plight
As our hearts unite, life's fearless

Your love defeats my fear with might
Sleepless nights, ne'er. With delight
Of yours, there's a shade of happiness
With your gentle touch, life's boundless
Leave me not, my love, in this cold flight.

Mistaken

Leah May Abarra

Your every glance
Makes me feel perfect
Your every word
Makes me feel important
Your compliments make me feel wonderful
Your every action
Makes me feel that something is going on.

The first time you call
It's like heaven to me
The thought of being in love
Becomes alive within me
Every second that I cannot see you
Makes me feel uncomfortable
Every moment that we've shared together
Affirms my feelings for you

As time passes by
You're going away
I am becoming desperate
To be in your loving arms
I thought it was me
But it's not
It was just a mistaken perception
Of what he has shown me.

Regrets

Harry

You snared me
I loved...
I cared...
I trusted you!

Shadows of the past,
I want to forget
Reality of once knowing you,
I want to regret

"Oh, I regret knowing you!"
"No, you don't have to!"
"Oh, I regret loving you!"
"No, you don't have to!"
"I said, I regret!"
"I said, No!"
"Who are you talking to me that way?"
Are you life?
Or are you death?
Who are you?
Is it you that I loved before?
Is it you that I'm regretting for?
"Oh, Who could heal the shattered life you
brought?"
The spiraling road I'm taking now,
Who's to straighten it so I could find the light?

I regret
I want to forget
But please heal me
So I won't regret this life anymore.

The Essence Of Man and Woman

Leonard Corpuz

A man who lacks love needs to be loved
Needs to understand his feelings
Only a man who can understand a woman who lacks love
Needs to understand her feelings
Only a man can understand
I never meant to hurt you, why does it hurt so bad?
Forgive me for what I have done but I always love you
A woman must love her husband
To love and to cherish
To take care of her children for the rest of her life
A man must love his wife
To love, to cherish
To support his children for the rest of his life.

Broken Wing

Fatima Audrey S. Co

A broken wing
A song without melody
A dimming sun
A score without harmony

My soul in pain
Knows no finality
I loved, you waned
And that is reality

I saw forever
In all its totality
Beyond my dreams
You were my eternity

Our stars did come
To remind us our destiny
You followed it
Betrayed your sincerity

Now here I am
Drained from all my glory
Still in love
Yet sad and all empty

A broken wing
A song without melody
A dimming sun
A score without harmony

Love

(assejellaba)

Love is...

The innocent joining of two fingers and for the first time discovering that the other finger bind in yours is like a part that was lost and has come back to be a part of yours again forever.

Love is...

The image of a mother kissing her baby in her early stage of sleep and cuddling him so that no evil can harm him because of the warm protection that her body offers.

Love is...

The picture of a lover in his lover's eye painted in the ball-like canvass by an invisible brush with the colors coming from the rainbow, which lies inside the heart.

Love is...

The tight embrace of two lovers with eyes closed savouring every second of skin touching and heartbeats colliding wishing that the clock will stop ticking and be frozen in that state for eternity.

Love is...

A lover intently watching a loved one sleeping, guarding every heartbeat, sighs and unconscious smiles never aware that the world around them is revolving and anytime soon forever will not be enough for him to stay awake.

Love is...

The raging of thunder when two different hands clasp each other and when one let go of the other, as if a part was torn and the hand with five fingers, five nails and a palm is no longer complete.

Love is...

The longing of one's scent, voice, apparition, smile and the rest of him in his presence and absence, in your dreams and wakefulness, in your sanity and lunacy consuming your well-being.

Memories Of Christine

Dane Paul Andres

I refuse to cease
Your existence within my thoughts
In my life, full of misery yet
Its meaning restored

I miss you

Of time taken for granted
Of dreams never realized
Actions of simple meaning
Yet of purest intentions

I love you

When do rhymes lose their sound?
Why do you try so hard to read what's in between?
When everything's so shallow?
Words, with doubt...utter
Or leave it, satisfied, never knowing?

I'm sorry.

I was just your friend
Bliss at its peak, so why give it up?
So much more emotions
Never expressed, never will be
Accept and deny at once, your love for another.

Time has denied us of being together
Whatever relationship it be.
I refuse to let go, of what we had
With tears that cannot restore
But its your memory that keeps me waiting, hoping.

Cristine

As your name resounds in my head
The memories playback in harmony
I regret never letting you know
Of the love that could've been ours, together

*As the zephyr whispers
a melancholic melody in my ear
I let you take a trail to the horizon
Far away from me
The vestige of your memories
I stripped away from my sanity
By the painful liquor of oblivion*

Friend

Janice V. Duco, AB English IV

F-or the joy you bring to everlasting
And to everyone around you
May happy hour like lovely flowers
R-eminisce and make new memories with
Few tears and all the laughters
All the sharing through the year
I-m so glad that I can be myself around you
You know my qualities
And my faults
E-verything will last as long as I live
You are indeed special for me
No one can ever take you away
N-eed a hug and open mind
You'll always there with open arms
And need someone to understand
D-ear I'm so thankful
To have a friend like you
Faithfulness is my promise to you.

I Am Done

Fatima Audrey S. Co

I freed myself
To follow my soul
Bled like hell
Sought to be whole

And in distress
We crossed the borders
In readiness
Sufficed our hungers

But now I'm done
I'm doomed to fall
Myself is gone
A sin was called

I want to regret
A lonely heart
I've been beset
The lonely past

Now I am nothing
But left with fear
That in the wind, saying
They would hear

A sinful lass
Imprisoned by hurt
It, too, shall pass
But not unheard

I only loved
And failed to wink
Now I am done
I failed to think

A thousand futures
Are drawn aback
'Coz they, the vultures
Shall dig the sack

Of shame and guilt
Of fear and anxiety
That shall not wilt
For all eternity

Letting You Go

Ma. Julita Kaye Centeno, AB PolSci I

I'm taking a walk away from someone I love
And take the road from a friend
I can write the course I had taken
And I can start over once again

I don't really want to let you go
But inside me, I know I must;
The times we've lived, the time you've left
Me hanging around and thinking of us
For you... like no one
My heart says stay... but it's my mind
I must trust

We have shared a few things together
Laughs, fun times, tears
Yet sometimes we can turn back time
We must walk away and allow our
Hearts to heal

I know one day I'll be happy
And my soul mate I'll find
I know we each have one out there
And you already have me
I know for now, there's a person
Who give up everything for me

May life be gentle with you
May God's best come unto your way
And some quite tomorrow
You will realize things were better this way

I'm letting you go coz "I LOVE YOU"
I won't let you think twice
Just follow the beat of your heart
Then soon you'll be free.

A Broken Heart

Ayisha Joy Legaspi

Tiny drops of rainfall bring back
Fond thoughts in my semi-conscious mind
Rainfalls keep on reminding me
On how foolish you've been to me.
There were times when I'd thought
I'd die because of you
Because you're no longer by my side.

I watched you, loved you
For all the days of my life.
My heart faltered
Whenever you are in sight
I wanted to die for life
Without you is meaningless
But it is perhaps written in the stars
That I am destined to be fooled
So as to pass the test of time.

I began to think the world is evil
Nothing seems to be real
But the music never died
Even if your love has ended
The real music is one thing that
Served as a panacea for my aching heart
I did not understand the meaning
Of love then...

For years, the thought of you is still in my mind
Became the sole food of my memory
And even I the most of crowds
I felt so alone and lonely
I reached the deepest depth
Of despair
I can't get away from bringing
Our past back.

Death

Harry

Death. Apathy. Numb.
Epitaph-
"Here he lies, A man who loved,
Ruptured, Yelled to call death."

Paralyzed dreams.
Ave farewell...
Ut infra. Life.
Death.

My happiness is in you death...
My nightmare is in you life...
My life is in death.

Evanescent

Tough_guy

Whenever there is alpha,
 There is omega
If it had begun,
 It'll soon reach the end
It hurts, but it's reality
 That nothing in this world
Would last like eternity

I just want to thank you
 For the love you have shown
 For the laughter and tears
 For the belongingness and company
 For all of the memories
All these I'll keep and treasure
For what can we do?
But to accept that forever
Is nothing but an illusion

Memories may last for years,
 Not forever
Pain may hurt
 But it would soon faint
Wounds could become scar
 But as time pass, it would just be a mark
That once I learned to love,
Once I have sacrificed
Once I was hurt
And once I learned to survive...

Foolish

(light)

I haven't felt this way;
Until you came one day;
And taught me so many;
Including the person I couldn't possibly be;

I thought I found someone;
Who'll stay when everything's gone;
Thought I found the one;
I can own as my man;

I learned to give my all;
Probably my heart and soul;
I am there whenever you call;
Lift you up whenever you fall;

But all along it was a charade;
So blind by your masquerade;
Guess this is the end of your parade;
Can't imagine I'd be this afraid;

Why end could be this painful;
When love started so beautiful;
Well, I could jump in the temple;
But I guess I'm not a fool;

Well, not really....

Learning To Let You Go

Lucky Faith Taggaoa, BSC-III

I'm not good for this
All alone just memories
Trying to hide what's on my mind
Trying to leave the pain behind

I feel so lost without you
Tell me what else can I do
I don't know what tomorrow will bring
Whom will I turn to... to whom will I cling?

You broke my heart and caused me pain
You left me alone in the rain
I don't know why I should love you still
I'll forget you somehow... someday I will.

Maybe we don't belong to each other
Because your heart belongs to another
Now is the time to say it's over
Because between us there's no forever

I do believe that dreams do end
And broken heart will someday mend
Years will pass I'll never know
Someday, I'll learn to let you go

Farewell Is A Friend

Jessielyn Rodrigues, BSC-II

Goodbye is always a hurting word to say
But when it is coupled with a whole lot of reasons
Reasons to end the horizon of our love
When it lasts long, would he vain

Thanks to you for loving me once
For the precious moments you have shared with me
Regret is not a mere word to say
For the joy of living is with me
When I am still with you
But I must break now that spell of love

Now I stand a forlorn figure
Not in the eyes of people and God
But in your eyes which I once behold
I wish you the best of luck and happiness
Together with your love one
Farewell... my friend



*Passion for life is the elixir
That kindles the primal instinct of man
Of desiring to savour immortality
And embrace the promise of eternal life's bliss*

Bubbles

(assejellaba)

Haven't you seen the bubbles of life?
They're hovering around you
Full of different colors
Whispering in your ear to catch them

You shouldn't let them just pass you by
Pressure around will destroy them
Then your destiny is shattered
For future lies in that small and fragile bubble

You know how delicate and rare it is
In just one blow of wind
The fragile thing will explode
And the chance of lifetime will vanish

Man has single bubble in his life
He must not ignore it
He must chase and grasp it
'Coz in just a blink of an eye, it's gone forever

The Journey

(assejellaba)

Astray soul wandering in the dark
Amidst the vastness of sunlight
Peeling's luster blinded those who see
Ignoring to peek on the deep core

Inside mute voice craves to shout
The macabre of obscurity
Like incurable malady drawing
The breath of unguarded sanity

The liquor of oblivion fails
To etched the nightmarish reality
That heart and mind refuse to gorge
And leaves the human spirit crippling

Fugitive in the arms of solitude
The cold iron of loneliness
Numbing the dormant emotions
Until graves and coffins are left

Beneath the lush serene trees
With nightingale in constant serenade
The breeze kissing the pure sampaguita
Finally peace is found underneath

Broken Haikus

(Meg Ryan)

The sun coming up
Waking up with soul regret

This pain in the chest
Of which for long have been kept...

The chamber within
Attempting to break the spell

But the crimson vault
Persist on playing the fool

When will the yoke leave?
Ease the burden of this fawn...

Will he only rest?
Behind the closed glass cover.

Time

By: RESA

Tomorrow is not today and today is not yesterday
Just think why there's today, yesterday and tomorrow
Because I guess you don't know where you are right now
You don't know where to start
You don't know when to begin
And you don't know what to do next
I hope you'll catch up with time
Because the clock is moving
And you should get on with your life.

Time

(len myrelle s. cena)

Time is God's Creation
His masterpiece of beauty
Of light...
Of life...

Time is man's measurement
His memories of events
Of actions...
Of communications...

Time is history's partner
His memories of events
... of wisdom
... of justice
... of love

Time lingers moments
Records communication
Stores memories
Creates events
Perhaps...
When
It's
Time...

In The Eyes of A Child

(assejellaba)

In the eyes of a child
Lies a clear, blue sky
No mask of dark clouds
Showing the glittering little stars

In the eyes of a child
The serene monsoon wind blows
It caresses the raging storm
Bidding him to say adieu

In the eyes of a child
Black is the same as white
Beautiful and unique
Captivated in child's soul and mind.

In the eyes of a child
The world's colorful and bright
Void of pain and cruelty
No pretense and envy

Nirvana, utopia and tranquility
Peace, freedom and equality
The beauty of paradise
All can be seen in the eyes of a child

Fairy Tales

Dane Paul Andres

Deceive me with your innocence
Tell me the truth of your lies
I anticipate your every decision
But in the end, I question how you defy

What is real, you never say
Instead, I walk your paths that leave me lost
Deny me of what I need to know
Replace them with what is false

I fight your battles that leave me bleeding
When I cry, do you hear me call?
Make me believe and then destroy me
Give me part with exchange of whole.

Strip me of my essence
The flame you have now kindred into my hell
Why do I believe you? I want to
You dedicated mine; now I tell you you're a fairy tale

Losing Yourself

Leah May Abarra

To be with somebody
Brings about a mixture of feelings and emotions
He may make you happy and sad,
Proud and humble, successful and a failure,
Brave and coward, good and bad
The worst of all they may take away yourself
They let you lose your identity- your personality

To be with somebody
Needs a lot of big self confidence and self esteem
If you perceive yourself poorly,
Without a doubt you'll surely lose yourself
If you perceive yourself positively,
without a doubt you'll be able to keep yourself.

Losing yourself
is just like having a house with no foundation
a skeleton
without a muscle
a head without a brain
Always keep in mind
and in your heart
that you're the only one who knows yourself
Be yourself and love yourself!

Frightened

**(limerick)
marky**

There was a mother whose mouth was drooling
Loved making stories, deceits and neighboring
That passed her man's endurance
Gored her mouth at once
Terror-stricken, the mother ceased firing

On Man's Disparity

(petrarchan sonnet)
maci

In life, every man has rights, I recall
None of indifference or injustice
But humans become inhumane, for this
Ill is the world of corruption and all
Why one suffers from misery withal
God, in my thought, gave life eternal bliss
But of other's grave superiorities
The weakling concede, let morale befall
Of frail being, one detest against one
Of earthly desire, one covet e'er more
Alas! These mere worldly things, in time, end
Ne'er a moment partiality dwells on
Agonies be buried, gold wasted for
Untouchables shall rise as the rich bend

Dreamer

(assejellaba)

I dream of a melody
That soothes anyone's emotion
Fly them by into the sky
Makes them hear the gentle waves of the sea

I dream of a poem
That would make great poets envious
With words so fertile
Flowers bloomed as they hear

I dream of a child
With Monaliza's smile
Giggles like thunder from the sky
Disturbing my peaceful night

I dream of a lover
In his eyes, I see the sun shines
Lighting my darkest days
Easing my uncertainties

I dream of a dream
That makes everyone wish to dream
Leave them in their deep slumber
For they dream what I am dreaming

Fiction

Assejellaba

I want to drown in the sea of dreams
Where roses don't have thorns
The gentle breeze don't turn into storms
And sky is constantly blue

I want to contort the face of reality
Paint it with palette of paradise
Cloak it with the veil of goodness
Till nirvana is reached

I want to live in a fairy tale
Where hugs and kisses can be a cure
Of a rotting and dying soul
And questions are always answered

I want to embrace the sensation of fantasy
Where people live happily ever after
Love conquers everyone's heart
Sans famine, sans wars, sans death

A Glimpse At Night

Aprille Gay Albano

One day I went astray
Nothing went right
In every dawn
My thoughts lingered in the dark
Insanity invaded my soul
And brought me in a place
So arduous and drear
An arid nowhere in the midst of the night
Seems to be endless and deep
Zephyr environ my innocence
I never felt as dreadful as it was
Finally I came to the zenith
Now the direful nowhere is gone
The winding horizon is concise
I woke up in my dream
At last I felt relieved
Now I'm again ready
And willing to face the day
With a calm and sound mind
In the midst of this long journey
Everything is clear and pure
A wanderer stands up once more.

Coward's Plight

Ivan

Hides her face...
With the cloak of darkness
As her life lays useless
Body lies...wasted flesh.

All around her...
Nothing really matters
No one cared
As worms of loneliness ate her courage away.

She is afraid...
To stand up and fight
She was beaten
And she did nothing but cry...

She thought that there is nothing to do...
The world is cruel...she had to let go
She is too weak to try...
She had chosen to die!

Gone

Assejellaba

Have you ever experienced?
Neglected something so precious?
Because its presence made you blind?
For you it's invincible...

You let it slip away...
Not bothering to hold it back
You are sick of its existence
You're not even aware it disappeared!

Then reality struck your face
You are no longer whole
You begin to look and listen
But the missing part is gone, gone!

Its invincibility made you see
Your sleeping senses become alive
Noticing a big void within you
But they can no longer cure, no longer!

Now you realize its worth
But it's not coming back
It's hidden in the dark forever
Where you can reach and feel no more!

Mourning

Assejellaba

Unchained in the shadows of the past
Frozen in the trance of a dream
Living in the illusion of reality
Conscience annihilated by greed

Arid soul invades the human flesh
Now beauty is a mere apparition
The flickering beam of hope vanished
Chaos ruled the Utopia within

The zenith of artifice reached
Now the craving for unknown is great
Even a minute residue of reality yearned
Yet the silhouette of truth had faded

Tomorrow will never be the same
Chase for the end of the rainbow is a myth
Everything is under the cloak of darkness
The nightmare of humanity commences

Shattered Life

Ivan

Live in peace
Life full of dreams...
Plans waiting to be fulfilled
And goals nearly within reach.

Foundation is so strong,
It is made of stone...
Unshaken and unmoved
That's what I thought.

Pillars made of steel
This I knew for real...
That even the fiercest wind of trials.
I thought I shouldn't fear.

But what I thought is wrong,
The goals escaped my grasp,
I wasn't able to hold on tight
And I lost it from my sight.

The stones crumbled with just a shake,
Pillars bent... I bowed low...
As trials came, then I knew...
Fear settled like the cloak of death...

Then and there, I realized...
All were illusion,
And reality bites...
That I am living a shattered life

Lost In Life

Aprille

Your eyes are filled with tiny drops of crystals
Yet, no one is there to dry them up
Nightmares environ the innocence of your days
And dawns cover your dreaded life
The surrounding is quiet and cold
Your body is in the midst of the journey
Nobody is around except your floating soul
Chaotic horizons beset your ignorance
"Is anybody there?", you uttered
The sound of the gentle breeze caress your being
You cannot do anything than to lie down in a corner
With your arms flying as an angel
"Where are you?" you said the second time
Still nobody dared to answer you back
Only the sound of the bats that flew in the dark
You heard nothing but the mourns of your heart
Your weak body tried to stand-up for once
Nevertheless, as if the earth is immersing you down
You held your pliant arms in that barren land
However, you found not even a single curve for you to cling
Where are the person who cares?
Where are the people you love?
No one is there to carry you up
All you have to do is to wait
Wait for mercy and warmth
This is the reality of life
Nobody lives in complete abundance
People are imperfect
You can feel pains, hurdles and resentments
That if you look at yourself, you are alone
Everything that happens is just in your palms
Life is a journey of passion and antagonisms
A lot of times you're caught in between a variety of alternatives
And hey try to look at yourself once more
You are lost and your life is done....

Disassociation

Dane Paul Andres

To the depths of uncertainty
My mind, an enigmatic puzzle
Of pieces never meant to fit
Irony in its purest form

With its meanest of intentions
Waiting to, competing to surface
Choice is essential
Refusal is stupidity
Denial is of the will itself
Crying to exist
To be known within what is reality
Riddles of the chosen identity
Future within uncharted territory
Discovery of negation
Society decides for the bothered mind
Reducing grotesque but likeable images
Of what is right
Of what is discriminated
Criticism listened to without learning
Trying without being human
Decisions uncontrollable, associate my
Will to create own outcome
Of what is wrong but
Never knowing, never wanting to be
Emotional
Fighting with doubt
Leaving paths of created mockery
Of salvation, living within my own
Realm of disassociation.

I Am A Responsible Boy (Leonard Corpuz)

The parents of my girlfriend place their trust in me
I will not violate it.
I will respect my girlfriend
as I expect other men to respect my sister
I will respect womanhood
because my mother is a woman
I will ask my girlfriend to do nothing
that I would be ashamed of if my mother found out
My girlfriend has given me the honor
and pleasure of her company.
It is wrong for me to expect more
in payment for this date
My girlfriend will be a wife and mother someday
She must be an example to her children
and the pride of her husband.
I will help her to be as pure and decent
as I want my own wife to be
Manhood means strength of character as well as body
Lack of self-control is a sign of weakness
I want my girlfriend to know I am manly
God is everywhere, sees everything, knows everything
Darkness may hide me from people,
but it cannot hide me from God
If through my lack of self-control
I'd get a girl pregnant;
I will not put pressure on her to kill our unborn child.

Cognate Words

(Grace T. Gay-ya)

Belong to a distant place
Far from yours
Raised with a language
Different from yours
Can relate to my own
But never understand yours

You utter good
I mean it wrong
You say it bad
I smile 'coz it was a song
You wonder why
I too, ask how

Then I realized
All was never right
My word is not your word
Yours was never mine
But what you mean
Is what I really mean

Confused Thoughts

Dane Paul Andres

Can't I straighten my life?
Directions- multiply, unfold
I take one, now lost
Return? "NO" Head on
Apparitions surround me
Family, friends, enemies
Go back for them? Move on for myself?
Forget! Remember! "REGRET"
Can't I straighten my life?
Options, limits, consequences
Mistakes- I often make
Success! Failures! Gain? "NONE"
Faith now lost despair I hear calling
Hope? "WON'T " Believe ? "WOULDN'T"
I look back; recognize nothing
Cry! Be brave! I am both
I trip and do nothing
Falling... falling... falling- Pain
I get up feeling, Pressure
Standing now but what to do?
Run! Go back! Stay! "I'M SCARED"
I'm covered, blinded
Suffocating! Dazed, focused- "WAKE UP!"
I reach for something-a hand?!
Who's? Let go! Hold on
My eyes look on, feeling deceived
Dark. Illuminated. Stabbed!
Pain surges through my body
Run...run...RUN! - "I CAN'T"
Bruised! Sore! Broken!
Heal. "FIGHT BACK!" sting
Can't and wouldn't
Can't I straighten my life?
Will you? Won't you? Want to
I hear someone
Who are you? What are you? "LEAVE ME ALONE!"
It begins to speak to me...
"Rid of me, rid of you problems be gone,
still I will stay"
I'm paralyzed, I can't breathe; I wake up
I understand, I don't, I feel...
Sweat. No. BLOOD! Heat,
I need to straighten my life!
Need to! Have to! But these...
Confused thoughts haunt me...
Rid of me, rid of you, rid of them...
Problems be gone, or I will stay...
Disturbing you, killing you
Till you are "NO MORE"



*That single soul that's yours and I
Shared by thou mortal body and mine
Shall thy flesh perish where coffins lie?
I'll live to nurture it, until the end is mine.*

Raven

(Assejellaba)

Captive in the illusion of love
The virtual chain encase your soul
Rusty conscience devour your existence
The fragile shield was ruined

Swimming in the sea of chaos
In lies you found refuge
Trying to evade the ghosts of your past
Yet, history repeats in your mind

You desire the taste of freedom
But it eludes you like a sweet dream
Suddenly you saw a glimpse of hope
Promising a glorious tomorrow

You doubt the promise of horizon
When it was painted red by an angel
In there lies the reality of truth
Waiting to be found like a pot of gold

So hush now and sleep
Wipe that streaming scarlet in thy eyes
For rainbow is in your heart
Colouring your darkened world

To my friend

(Light)

You can't find her in the crowded city
She's nowhere to be seen in the wildest jungles
She's as elusive as the lightning
But Eureka! I found her, here in my heart

Imagine how lady luck smiled at me?
She gave me a friend as precious as she
A friend who won't fade like diamond
She who won't rust like platinum

I haven't seen a pal as patient as she
She understands my selfishness
Gives warmth to my hollowness
Makes my weaknesses into great strength

I wish she will accept
The friendship that I am capable
Of offering and nurture it
To mend my doubt and uncertainties

I don't care if she's the only one
For I know our friendship will overcome the odds
We will stand tall amidst the great storms
And we'll walk hand and hand to the horizons and beyond

Dedicated to aldianrose

People

Aprille Gay Albano

People meet people
In time that is irresistible
A variety of attitudes and beliefs
But have created closeness and memories

Friends, intimate or cliches
Whatever relationship may arise
As long as the ties that bind
Will forever remind

People learn from people
For no one knows all
Life is worth keeping
When you're beset with learning

Obscurity is everywhere
But you will never be a loner
Just make life simpler
And you will feel better

People need people
To make life possible
There is always a reason
For everyone to be born

Mistakes are but normal
Embrace it and recall
Because people are just people
Who can't be perfect after all

Take Me Out

Aprille

Take me out!
A vagrant in a labyrinth...
Where's the promise of impunity?
Vagueness emanates from within...

Take me out!
Everyone is absurd!
What did I do?
Vigorously, you took me.

Take me out!
Show me a piteous act.
I'm so much of grief.
Look at my lamentations...

Take me out!
Give me back my escapades.
You don't own me!
Leave me alone and take my vale...

Thank You

Janice V. Duco, AB English IV

When I'm sad, you make me happy
When I'm trapped, you set me free
When I feel blind to the world, you always
manage to make me see
when I am in pain, you heal me

When I'm lost, you help me find my way
You guide when I feel I can't go on
When I'm speechless, you just know
what to say

The time I'm feeling lonely, you are always near

When I need someone to talk to me, you tell me
Just what I want to hear
And when I feel I can't go on, all I have to do
is to think of you
To remind me how special you are
So thank you and I love you.

Haunted

Assejellaba

Every morning I woke
With nagging thoughts in my head
Is this day the end,
Of the great play that I did?

My heart's running in wild staccato
Fear is crawling inside me
Consuming my sanity
The sickening cries haunt me

I am trapped in the dark tunnel of pretense
Truth like morphine crippled my senses
I refused to be cured!
I am afraid to be free!

I can't take the torment anymore
My soul's rotting
Hope is no more!
My spirit's flying in the atmosphere of nothingness

Water could not quench my thirst
Music could not heal the wounds anymore
Happiness eludes its meaning
Life seems to be void

I am broken into pieces
And no one seems to care picking me up
I am lost!
I can't breathe anymore!

I And Misery

Lawrence

My heart laments
in misery
bound to an endless flight
of mourning.

Crying for the anguish
in life
shows the bitterest pain
ever borne...

What sorrow is here
that is not mine?

My heart weeps
wounds bleed
dripping over me
and...

I've yet to see
an unending
to this agony...

Wish

Aprille

Pardon me! Pardon me!
I had written words in clear waters.
A vow so pure and simple.
Now I have to chase a shooting star.
I want to make a wish.
A wish that will make me whole.
Listen to me fair heaven.
Show me your lavish judgment
Have mercy on me and show me the light.
I had made the wrong perception.
Now I know what my heart desires.
I plead for this to be granted.
Please break the spells.
I'm tickled with butterflies.
I want to see the flowers bloom.
A face with tantalizing smile.
A great wish awaits heaven's victory.

A Martyr's Cry

Tough_Guy

Trapped in these four corners of loneliness
I can feel nothing but the cold walls
I can hear nothing but my heartbeat
I can smell nothing but deception
I can see nothing but darkness

Alone... I was alone
No arms to reach for
No heart to share mine
No one to give me strength
No light to show the way

Left alone...
By those who promised to stay
Forgotten...
By those who promised to remember
"Where are you?"
Where are you who promised
I'll never be forlorn
"Where are you?!"

"Can anybody hear me?"
Nobody...no one is around
They were gone... left nothing
Robbed all I have... my life, my dignity
Left alone...afraid and helpless

Fear

Leah May Abarra

It's like a place
That is full of maze
It's like a feeling
That needs a healing
Once you have it
You don't want to believe it
But it's true
It now conquers you
You want to run away
But you can't get away
He's like a shadow
Who always follows
There's no other way
But to face it
You may say I can't do it
But just believe in God and pray
Then you opened your eyes
And suddenly realized
You have overcome your fear.

Why Should I Dream

Janice V. Duco, AB English IV

What's the use of dreaming?
When dreams rarely come true
Why do I keep on believing?
That someday I'll be with you

What's the use of wishing?
When wishes never reach you
I always keep myself asking
Why should I dream?

What's the use of dreaming?
One thing I'm sure it's true
At least in my dreams, I'm feelin'
That someday you will love me too



*The world is donned with neon
As the sun licked the surface of tranquil sea
The great ebony rest in surrender
And wait again for his turn to invade the earth.*

Ode to the wonders of Nature

(Mac-Mac)

As I gaze at the lovely firmament
A vision of life comes to shape in mind
And the breeze caresses me gently with scent
What a feeling! From nature's comforts find
The seasons change, then by then, round and round
But nature's lovely, ne'er changes as I wish
The sights and sounds, God's presents a marvel!
The trees whisper a sound
So mild and temperate as the winds swish
My life glows, thy spirit flies as well

Of all that dwells within the wilderness
Keep one's solitude and dreary life bright
Within the home of perfect blessedness
Where surprises, charms of nature delight
Vibrant flowers in meadows, amazing!
Birds sing splendidly as I sigh
Eases life's somber discontent and it's odd
O! How wondrous blessing
Flourished in the bounds of earth and sky
A profusion of delight graced by God

As the majestic sun descends in gold
A reflection of life's pictured in me
Sweet remembrances begin to unfold
And thoughts, so enlightening to foresee
Dusk comes, darkness unveils the world behind
Wonder up heaves as I gaze up above
Of sparkling gems that enchant my eyes
God's power undefined
Yes, for these marvelous gifts of his love
For this world of overwhelming surprise...

The Sunset
(King John Villamayor)

Gently the sun sets
As its amber glow touches
The rippling waters of the sea
While the waves
Lap unceasingly to the shore
As the shadows lengthen
To shroud the crown
Of the stately trees
Cradling the sleepy birds
As the crickets chirp
To welcome the dark mantle
That lulls the world the vest

Cry Of Weakling

Assejellaba

I heard her moans, cries
I listened to it, I'm not sure
I saw her body bleeding
But I don't seem to see it
My senses are numb
Where are my senses?

I felt her hand reaching for me
I felt nothing
Only emotions, twirling emotions
I wanna reach out
But I couldn't, wouldn't
What happened?

If I could just hold that hand with my strength
If I could just heal that wound with my hand
How I wish I could;
How I wish I would:

But my strength, my strength's not enough
I am so weak, so weak
I can't reach out, my hand's dirty
I long to see, my brain forbids me
I should have listened but I only hear;
The moans, the cries, the anguish;
My heart breaks into pieces
Oh! Mother please forgive me

Day Cycle

(Assejellaba)

The dawn covers the earth like a white blanket
Rooster crows furiously bidding the world to rouse
The sun with all its might kiss the sea good morning
Like a shy lady, moon hid herself unto the clouds
Letting the master to invade her once territory
Stars like obedient children followed their mother;

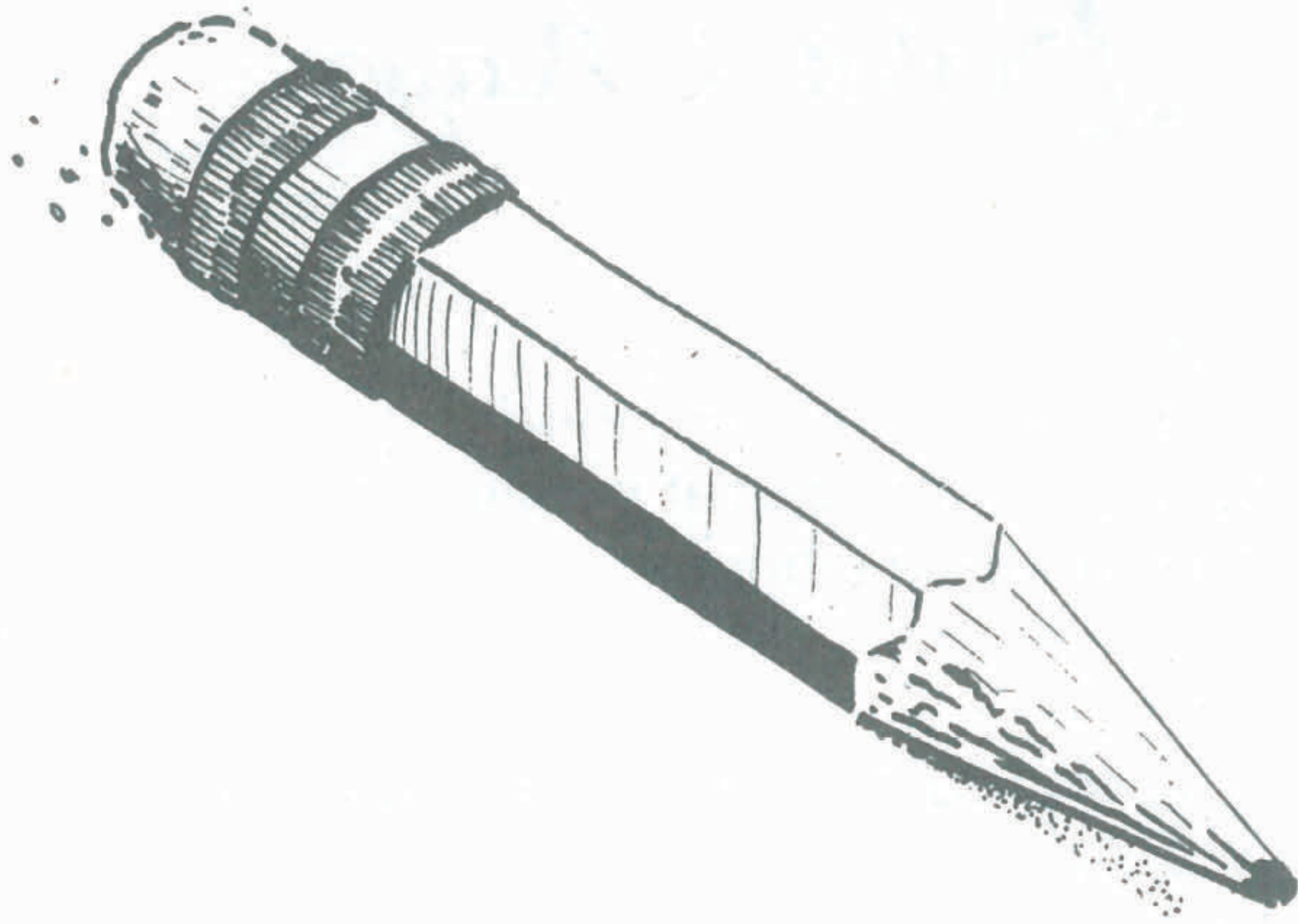
People woke from their deep slumber
Remembering the nightmares the darkness had brought
Crippling their courage to discover the intricate web of life
Perhaps a new day has begun
A new day to begin a journey that crippled some
Those who survived continue their walk on the crossroads ahead

The virtual clock keeps on ticking
Giving its hourly rings on human mind
Darkness is ready once again to devour the universe
The sinister elements of the dark keep man in frantic
If only he can ask God to freeze time and continue walking
Toward the end of the road he chose

Alas! Darkness enveloped the land, the sea
Man was beaten and he needs rest
The music of silence begun and his limp body surrendered
His mind refused to sleep, afraid of nightmares to visit
The half moon coupled with the glittering stars comforted him
"Tomorrow is another day to finish what you started", chorused
they

The Path

Along the path,
I met you just like that.
I am alone,
And you're living on your own.
I shared you my story,
that had made me weary.
You shared your own,
and listened to your mourn.
we went on the time,
and our thoughts once rhyme.
we made a promise,
that we ought in each others' risks.
suddenly we met a curve,
and we faced it with nerve.
both of us have faith,
and our hearts clanged on fate.
I'm feeling down,
because you're no longer mine.
I don't know if you're leaving,
But I'm sure you're my everything.
now the time is here,
The moment I fear.
What will you tell?
Will I feel hell?



*Pluma ang aking karamay
Sa pagbilango ng mga nag-uumpas na
imahinasyon
Dulot ng matalinhagang pag-ibig
Kasabay ng pagkaunsiyami nito
Ang pakikiramay ng reynang kalikasan
Sa mga hinagpis at panaghoy
Ng isang paglisan*

Bakit Kaya?

Bakit kaya...

Pulitika ay nagbihis na
Mga artista'y kasama na sa karera
Pasikatan, paningningan at patalinuhan
Walang patatalo sa labanan

Bakit kaya...

Itong eleksiyon sumisimbolo na ng pagyaman
Palad at bulsa ng bawat mayayaman
Uto-uto, bulag, tayo'y ganyan
Tuwig kikilos ang opisyal na gahaman

Bakit kaya...

Pulitika'y kay dami ng dala
Impeachment, Pidal at Velarde saan nagmula
Patong-patong na kontrobersiya
Pawang sila ang bumibida

Bakit kaya...

Sa kumpetisyon, sila'y nakaalerto
Sa hukom, gayundin sa senado
Patagisan, pagalingan, paramihan ng isyu
Wala rin namang nagbabago

Bakit kaya...

Mamamayan ay walang magawa
O di nama'y wala nang ginawa
Kundi magalit at mag-alsa
Sa tuwing sila'y napagdadamutan

Bakit kaya...

Di mo pag-isipan
Pagbabago ng pulitika'y
Sa iyo nakasalalay
Noon pa sana... bakit kaya?

Buhay

Minsan ang buhay ay mistulang bankang papel
Sa gitna ng napakalawak na karagatan
Di alam kung saang direksiyon tutungo
Sapagkat tangay-tangay ng di nakikitang hangin

Habang ito'y palutang-lutang sa dambuhalang dagat
Maraming panganib ang sa kanya'y nakaamba
Maaring magalit ang hangin at biglang bumangis
Sa isang iglap ang bangka ay malulunod at masisira

Ang mundo ay hindi laging mapayapa
Sapagkat ito'y katulad ng karagatan
Na laging may mabangis na hangin na sumisira sa katahimikan
At ang buhay ay maaring masayang sa isang iglap lamang

Ngunit kung ang buhay ay ituturing na buhay
At hind isang bankang papel na walang direksiyon
Gaano man kalupit ang mundo'y kanyang makakanan
Dahil ito'y nakadepende sa sarili at hindi sa anupaman

Maaring ang buhay ay isang misteryo
Ngunit sa kalaunan ay matutuklasan din natin
Na ang misteryo ng buhay ay nakasalalay
Sa taong may hawak ng buhay at tumutuklas nito

Kayod-Kanyod

Ronald "Allan" A. Manglal-lan

Kayod ng kayod
Malaki kasi ang pamilya
Sandosenang bunganga
Ang sa kanya'y umaasa.

Pagdating ng bahay
Hapo na ang katawan
Gusto'y kumain agad
At tsaka babanatan ng tulog.

Hetong si misis
Aburido sa buhay
Paano?! Pagod din
Wala pang karinyo.

Siya na ang kumalabit
Wala pa rin
Tulog na si mister
Tulog na din si Pedro.

Kayod ng kayod,
Hoy mister!
Ayan tuloy,
Kumpare mo ang kumakanyod.

Gutom

Ronald "Allan" A. Manglal-lan

Nakatunganga sa kawalan,
Gawa ng tiyan,
Na kumakalam sa gutom,
Sa walang maisubo,
Upang pawiin bitukang nag-aalbuoto.

Sa pag-asang magkalaman,
Ang nagmumurang tiyan,
Nagnakaw, nagnakaw!
Upang mapatahinik,
Tiyang na naghihinagpis.

Akala niya pagkain na,
Yun pala, bala!
Hayun! Nakahilata!
Pinapanood ng mga matang nangungutya...
Magnanakaw!

Nakakaawa?
Ba't di pagmasdan,
Di ba't ngiti ang nakaukit sa kanyang mga labi?
Sa kanyang pagkamatay,
Dala'y wala!

Gutom, hirap...wala!
Mabuti ng mamatay,
Mas mabuti nga...
Siguro,
Siguro nga...

Kaibigan

Ennaira

Pagiging tapat sa aking sarili
Ay pinkamimithi kong lagi
Pero mayroong mga sandali
Na ako'y nagkakamali

Tulad nitong matagal nang pangako
Na pipigilin ang nararamdaman ko
Kung sakaling tumibok muli ang puso
Pero mahirap palang turuan ito

Sa lahat na babaeng aking nakilala
Marami kang ipinag-iba sa kanila
Nawawala lahat ang pangamba kapag ikaw ay kasama

Ayokong ipaalam ang nararamdaman
O subukang ika'y ligawan man lamang
Hindi dahil sa ako nailang...
Ako rin lang naman ang masasaktan

Sana'y huwag mo nang malaman
Ang katangahang aking nararamdaman
Dahil ako'y lubusang manghihinayang
Kung masisira lang an dating pagkakaibigan

Pero sana'y huwag mong ipagtabuyan
Kung saka-sakali lang na iyong malaman
Na sa iyo'y may nagmamahal na isang kaibigan
Nang higit pa sa isang kayamanan at kaligayahan.

'Kala Mo Lang 'Yon

Jesusa Mandac

'kala mo masaya ako
'kala mo wala na sa akin 'yon
'kala mo limot na kita
pero 'kala mo lang lahat 'yon.

Nandito ako sa dalampasigan
Nagmumuni-muni sa mga sandaling tayo pa
Mula sa simula hanggang sa huli
Na 'di maaring dugtungan pa muli.

Ang mabagsik na pagaspas ng alon sa dagat
Parang galit na humahalik sa aking paanan
Nagtatago ang buwan sa langit
Waring nakikisama sa aking pagdadalamhati

Natatandaan mo pa ba?
Ang mga sandaling tayo pa?
Walang araw na di ako masaya
Sapagkat lagi mo akong pinatatawa.

Ngayon dumating na ang araw
Na tayo'y kailangan ng maghiwalay
Nitong hapding dulot ay walang kapantay
Kailangang tanggapin ang itinadhana ng kapalaran.

Sa ngayon ako'y nag-iisa
Wala man lang mapaghihingahan
Sa saloobing hindi mailabas
Basta ang alam ko masakit.

Kung ang akala mo wala sa akin 'yon
Nagkakamali ka
Kung titignan mo lang sa kaibuturan ng aking puso
Nakatago ang mga alaala ng nakalipas
Walang makakapalit kailanman

Mahal pa rin kita
Hindi mo lang alam
Maghilom man ang sakit
Pangalan mo pa rin sa puso ko ang nakaukit
Pangako 'yan.

Kailan?

Rommel Angngasing

Hanggang kailan ka ba magtitiis?
Sa kanyang mga pangungutya at pasakit?
Hanggang kailan ka ba mangungulila
Sa kaniyang pagmamahal at pag-aalaga?

Hindi ka pa ba napapagod
Sa paghihintay?
Hindi ka pa ba nagsasawa
Na umaasa sa wala?

Hindi pa ba malinaw sa 'yo?
Hindi na iyo ang kaniyang puso
Bakit ka pa ba nagtitiis?
Bakit?

Hindi naman sa pagod na ako
Sa pakikinig sa mga hinanakit mo
Ang sa akin lang naman
Sana'y isip mo'y maliwanagan

Hindi naman sa pagod na ako
Sa pagbibigay sa iyo ng mga payo
Subalit parang balewala naman ang mga ito sa iyo
Kunwari'y nakikinig hindi naman tatanggapin.

Hanggang kailan ka ba magiging bulag?
Hanggang kailan ka ba magiging bingi?
Hanggang kailan ka ba magiging tanga?
Hanggang kailan?

Hanggang kailan ka ba magiging manhid?
Hindi mo man lamang ba nararamdamang mahal kita?
Hindi mo man lamang ba makita ang aking mga luha
Tuwing ikaw ay lumuluha?

Hindi mo lang alam ang sakit na aking nararamdaman
Sa tuwing umiiyak ka dahil sa kaniya
Ang mga labi mo'y parang punyal
Na ituturok sa aking puso

Sana nama'y imulat mo ang iyong mga mata
Nang iyo namang makita
Ang isang kaibigang nagmamahal sa iyo
Nang higit sa iyong inaakala.

Kanino Ako Magtitiwala?

Janice V. Duco, AB English IV

Kanino ako magtitiwala?
Sa mundong ginagalawan
Na walang kasiguraduhan
Ang patutunguhan

Away dito, away doon
Mga tao'y di natututo
Kaya't pagdurusa
ang siyang nararanasan

hinagpis ng aking puso
ay inyong bigyang kalinga
na walang pag-aalinlangan
pag-unawa ang aking higit na kailangan

kanino ako magtitiwala?
Malinaw sa aking isipan
Na ang Diyos lamang
Ang nakakalam at siya's maasahan

Paikot-ikot

Alvin Ancheta

Paikot-ikot ang pagkamit at pagtanggap sa mga
paulit-ulit na hatol ng malupit na tadhana.
pabalik-balik ang tinahak na landas at
paminsan-minsan binabalikan ang mga 'di nauunawaan.
Pasilip-silip na lang sa mga nagawang pagkukulang
pagala-gala ka man ay 'di maiiwasang magkamaling muli.

Palukso-lukso ka sa pagdedesisyon, darating ang panahong
pangawa-ngawa ka sa isang tabi, ngunit kahit papaano'y
pabugso-bugso rin ang solusyon sa mga suliraning
palutang-lutang sa ating paroroonan at doo'y muling
paikot-ikot ang mga mensaheng ipinapahiwatig sa atin at
paulit-ulit nating hahanapin ang likas na pang-unawa.

Patawad

Mark Bryan Damasco

O pinakamakapangyarihang Lumalang
Ako ba'y sadyang makasalanan
Dahil sa mga di inaasahang tampuhan
Ng mga matatalik na magkakaibigan

Sa mga pangyayaring kailan lang naganap
Bago nu'n ay mayroon akong ipinagtapat
Isang lihim na hindi dapat maibunyag
Pero ito ang naging dahilan ng pagkawasak.

Sana'y huwag niyo naman akong pigilan
Na sabihin ang aking katungkulan
Dahil mayroon din naman akong pakiramdam
At ako'y sadyang umiibig lamang.

Sa lahat ng kasalanang aking nagawa
Ako'y humihiling ng inyong taos pusong pag-unawa
At kayo na lang sana ang bahalang magparussa
Pero huwag naman sana ninyong idamay ang aking sinta.

Ako ba talaga'y pinagdadamutan ng kapalaran
Pero tama lang dahil wala naman akong karapatan
Ngunit huwag naman sana ninyong pakasakitan
Ang aking mga natatanging kaligayahan.

Ang tanging hiling ko lang sa aking mga kaibigan
Ay mawala na ang mga galit at tampuhan
At maibalik muli ang ating dating kamalayan
Patawad sa mga nagawa kong kasalanan...
Patawad, mga kaibigan.

Takot Ako

(assejellaba)

Natatakot ako....

Natatakot akong gumising ng isang umaga
Na ang aking kangitian ay si Dexter na Boy Genius
Natatakot akong malaman isang araw
Na ang kausap ko'y si Buttercup ng Powerpuff
Na ang natitira kong karamay ay telebisyon

Isang bangungot para sa akin kung aking matutuklasan
Na ako'y nabubuhay na lang sa isang nobela
At ang tanging naiintindihan ay mga pangunahing bida
Na alang naibibigay kundi panandaliang saya
Na nagkaroon lang ng hininga dahil isang obra-maestra

Nakakarimarim na isipin na di ko na maririnig
Ang totoo kong halakhak at iyak
Ang mga payak na biro ng isang kaibigan
Na nagpapatunay na ako'y nabubuhay at hindi nawawala
Na ako'y di nakagapos sa mundo ng pag-iisa
Sa daigdig na puno ng lungkot at pagdurusa

Natatakot akong lumabas sa mundo ng nag-iisa
At magmimistulang hangin na kailanma'y di nakikita
Gustong mapansin, nagnanaisna madama
Ngunit kailanma'y di magagawa
Sapagkat tuluyan nang nakalimutan at nawala

Natatakot ako....

Bakas

Alvin Ancheta

bakas
himakas;
hawas;
wagas;
ningas...

kumalas;
mapigtas
likas
landas
bumibigkas

Sundan mo ang iiwan kong mga
Sa daigidig kong hinablot ng
kumatok ka sa pintuan kong
hanapin mo ang pag-ibig na
at habang ang apoy sa aking puso'y patuloy ang

huwag hayaang ang puso'y
sa pagkakatanto ng init at nang 'di
ang mga abo nang bakas, ganun pa ma'y
sa pagguhit ng pangako na patungo sa
na tinatahak ko at sasariwa sa pusong
ng tunay na pag-ibig...

*“As long as ideas exist
in that aesthetic pool, man
would never cease to be innovative.
And it is truly a very deep pool.”*

Reality

Romel Angngasing

We had long been a prisoner of our fantasy. Too bad we do not even notice it. We are living in a world full of pretension and fallacies.

We only see the things we want to see. We only hear the words we want to hear. We are living in a world according to our comfort and not according to what God had intended when He created us.

We are afraid to see what is real and to hear the truth. We are afraid to be hurt. But we do not know that these fears inside us slowly feast on the human within us. These fears gradually turn us into a heartless, conscienceless, bloodthirsty and flesh hungry creature. A monster. The creature we were once afraid of will become us. Us who were too coward to free ourselves from those fantasies... who were too coward to wake ourselves because we want to escape reality.

We were happy to watch the news about terrorists being hunted because of the action and thrill, not because of our support to the government. We are happy to go to school because of the allowance, not because we want to study. We are glad whenever there are delicious foods served on our table. We feel proud of ourselves because we have friends. These are just one side of the world

we enjoy today, short-lived fantasies. Nevertheless, when we open our eyes to reality, when we try to face our fears, when we courageously face the consequences of living in a real world, would we still be happy? Reality is that hundreds of people die, some wounded because of the war between the armies and terrorists. Reality is that parents have to experience hardship just to send their children to school. Reality is that so-called friends leave you when you're in need. Reality is that millions of people around the world die of famine. Reality hurts but it is a part of life.

All of us were born choosers. I still remember the movie *Matrix Reloaded*. Neo was given the choice to take in a pill to escape reality or to live in a world full of alien invaders. If he takes in the pill, he would have the chance to live peacefully but if he does not, he would live a life of struggles in a world infested with aliens. If you were Neo, what would you choose?

Living in a world of truth is far better from living in fantasies. In reality, you know who your enemies are. When you know your enemy, you know how to fight them. Unlike in a world of fantasies, our enemy waits for a chance to snare us and we do not even recognize him. The world of fantasy is a world of pitfalls that with only one wrong move, we're history.

Friends At All Times

Romel Angngasing

Everything that happens in our life is connected with special people— our parents, brothers and sisters, cousins and other relatives close to our hearts. But “friends” occupy the best part of our life. We interact with them almost everyday and we spend most of our time with them.

We all long for friends. Someone we talk to and who understands us. Best of all, we long for one who will laugh and cry with us and will always be there for us no matter what.

We need friends who are ready to accept us for what we are. They are always at our side, whoever and whatever we are.

They are friends who always bring a bright smile even when we are in foul mood; they are always there who cheer us up, make us laugh and make us feel comfortable.

They are the friends who understand when we have problems and always ready to be at our side to ease our pain. They are the friends who inspire us to move on.

Friends come and go. That’s why we should treasure them specially those who are honest to us. If friends only come to us when they want something from us, then we better get off the way. Because true friends remain through thick and thin.

Promises

Romel Angngasing

It was late in the afternoon, six o' clock to be exact. I was sitting along the shore as I diligently watched the sun goes to rest after a long day of work. It has always been my habit to watch the sun as it sets. For me, it's the most beautiful view I have ever seen. It reminds me that nothing in this world would last long, that everything will soon reach the end.

The breeze is slowly getting colder. As I look into the orange clouds beneath the dark blue sky, I saw a silhouette of a lady.

She is the woman that I know through pictures and spoke with over the telephone. The lady that I've been longing to see. The woman that has always been a mystery. The woman I never knew. The mother who has always been a stranger to me.

My father told me my mother left us to work in Canada when I was only three years old. I was too young to

be "abandoned" that I do not even remember a fragment of any memory with her.

As a little boy, new toys, dress, shoes and every child stuff that my mother sent easily replaced my passion to see her. In fact, I have always been wishing she'd stay longer there. That means I would always have new toys to show and boast of to my playmates and have all the luxuries I want.

As the only child, I am not wanting in attention from my father but I feel there is always something missing. My father is always at my side when I am sick but it seems that is not enough. He always gives me pieces of advice. He is both a father and a mother to me. I know he always gives his best but I feel those were not enough.

I was 13 when I came to see the real picture. I saw the missing part of my life that I've been searching for so long. It was then that I realized that I needed a mother to give me warmth when I am sick,

to cry on when I am hurt, and to punish me when I did something wrong.

One day, when she called, I asked her to come home and she promised she would on my special day- my birthday. I was the happiest person that time. If only I could make the time run faster. The day has come but no mother came. A broken promise, it was the first time.

She called and said, "Sorry son, I didn't make it"

"It's okay mom," I said

"What do you like on your birthday?"

"Nothing mom, I just want to see you soon."

"Okay son, on your next birthday, I promise"

I tried to hold back the tears because I didn't want to look emotionally weak before my visitors and my father.

The day I've been longing for has come and passed but still the promise remained to be a promise. The same promise keeps on hurting me. I tried but I just can not hate her, I am just a son who is craving for his mother.

One, two, three, four, five... five years of promises, five broken vows, one son always waiting. She again promised but this time, not on my birthday but on my graduation day.

She challenged me, "I'll only come home if you will be the summa cum laude."

A challenge? Or just an excuse? Maybe she's expecting too much from me. Another promise to be shattered? Or a vow to be fulfilled? Another day to look forward to, another reason to dream. Whatever it is, I told myself, I'll do my best so that someday when she'd break that promise again, I would just tell myself, "I did everything."

The sun had set, the moon took over its place and the stars began to appear.

"Come on, it's getting cold, let's go home," my father said, as he tapped my shoulder.

A Woman's Lamentation

Angel

We shared a passion that seemed to have no end. Each passing day is too good to reminisce. As if I'm floating like cool breeze that surrounds me. And when I wake up each morning I can't help but smile because I know you are there. That sweet, sweet smile I always longed for. I will always remember that time you made your vow with all the sweetest words I would love to hear. But those words I now realize were all written in the sand and blown by the wind. Now I ask, what did I do that you treat me that way? Do you think I deserve it?

Now I hear people talking about me. And what have you been doing? You're just there standing, watching them throw stones at me. You know that I don't have vengeance in my heart. I just cry. And you know that if I don't say a word. I'm desolate. And what if I die because you never defended me from nasty things heaped on me? Will you cry? Will you eventually take the cudgels for me?

You're so unfair! I have always been there for you. But you are selfish. You just left me alone. You only think of yourself! I'm in pain! So much in pain because you never fought for me.

You never realize or give importance to people who care and show respect. Maybe you will never realize it. But I'll try my best to move on. Someday, you'll see my worth.

Sentimentals

Jesusa Mandac

He is my best friend. I could not believe that I fell for him. He was a neighbor, a schoolmate, and a friend whom I later considered as my best friend. But those ordinary expectations turned to something different, something extraordinary: a special feeling that touched the depths of my being.

Before all these, I was attracted to someone else. That person, my crush, was also a dear friend. I dared to share this feeling I had for my crush to my best friend, who even saw my crush's picture in my wallet. I never saw any hint of jealousy on his face, so I thought that it was perfectly okay with him.

What made my best friend so special to me, that I don't know.

I just knew that when my best friend told me that he's got a girlfriend, I became jealous. By that time, my feelings for my crush had already vanished. All I knew was that I was hurt. Hurt by my best friend's revelation. I shed tears that night, bitter tears of solitude.

Since then, he hardly spent time with me. He stopped hanging out at our house where we used to enjoy each

other's company. He was always with his girlfriend's *barkada* and this really bothered me. I would be a hypocrite if I say that I don't like him nor love him now: I am totally in love with my best friend... my best friend who is now committed to someone else.

I am hurt. I am faced with the hard task of mustering the confidence and courage to reveal my love for him. We will be graduating soon and he will pursue his studies in Manila. It pains me to learn that he will be leaving, without knowing that I love him. That his best friend loves him quietly all these time.

How I wish I could tell him everything.

How I wish he could love me, too.

But how? I'm just his best friend! I fear that he will not accept me. That he will think friendship is full of pretensions.

Come what may, my love will always be there for my best friend. Never would I think that in love, there is, aside from a happy one, a lonely ending.

I'll always be waiting, longing for that day, that right place and time when all that I feel will be revealed to him... and hold on, until he will say that he does love me, too.

Sin

Elmer Dumbrique

*We people, are lovers of sin
Sin that we know is always "bad"
We want to satisfy ourselves with it,
That, we know, would hurt ourselves
and God.*

*But God, our Lover, doesn't want it...
He doesn't want us to suffer in the
fiery hell*

*As he says, "My sinful child, accept
my Son, Jesus Christ,*

For you to have everlasting life."

*Sin is the thing that hurts your life.
Therefore, consider this: Accept Jesus
and be forgiven,
or just ignore Him and be bound to
hell.*

*That's the greatest decision to be
made right now!*

Experiences are known to every person- some are hurting, some are bad, and some are good. But the best or I will call it the "greatest" experience in my life is the experience of being changed.

I once had a miserable life. In my nearly 20 years of living in this "wretched" world, I often ask myself why I experience turmoil inside. There were times I wanted to give up. The terrible things that are happening in my life and in my world seem to have no end. I longed for satisfaction but unfortunately I got none. I longed for inner peace but I did not find it- Oh what a tragic life!

But during my first year in the tertiary level, I met Eddie, a Christian classmate, who shared to me the "eternal damnation in hell and eternal life in heaven". At first I ignored him. But as I

heard the Living word of God, fear of going to hell sunk into my mind down to my heart, and hope and excitement of going to heaven perked me up. Eddie shared to me about this One Person who alone could save me from hell because of my sins. This Person came down from heaven. He suffered a lot. He was hanged on a tree. He died and rose again three days after His death. He loved me though I didn't. He had no meaning in my life back then, until I realized how important He is in my life- He is JESUS.

Eddie told me that according to the Bible, Jesus is my only Way of going to heaven and my only Way to have the best life I have longed for. He then encouraged me to accept Him because He knew I needed Him. And so I did. I was 18 at that time. At last my longing before has been filled: inner peace is now in my heart even in the face of problems. I discarded my old lifestyle. It's all good now! And now I am satisfied with my life because I have hope- **eternal life** in heaven, where there will be no more death, sorrow, no more crying neither shall there be anymore pain (**Revelation 21:4**)

I know that every man experiences lots of problem, as I do. I know that every man longs for peace, as I did. I know that every man will find grace, comfort, love, peace, satisfaction, and every good thing from God's heart if only they would confess their sins, and invite Jesus to live in their heart, like I did.

Salvation Prayer:

"Lord, I am a sinner bound to hell, but I thank you for giving Your Son, Jesus Christ, to die for my sins. Therefore, I would like to invite You today to live in my heart and cleanse all my sins, through Your blood that were shed in the cross, so that one day I'll live with You in heaven as You have promised. Thank you Lord for saving me. I pray this through Jesus Christ. Amen"

A Short Story: Our Religion; and A Poem: The Angelus-their Intertextuality

**Grace T. Gay-ya
AB English 3**

Intertextuality is the utilization of text dependent upon knowledge of one or more previously encountered texts which include recalling textual content. In all forms of discourse like essays, short stories, poetry, news articles, advertisements, movies, magazines, etc., the interrelation of ideas is always observed although they are structured differently. These are made possible by writers who adopt the work of other writers and re-structure it in their own way without changing its meaning.

However, as a reader, this method is very interesting because it allows us to remember, compare, and analyze a previous text from present existing text. To do this is time consuming but challenging, for the creative manipulations of both the conscious and unconscious text creation has something to do with the critical analysis of the readers.

This textual analysis discusses how two texts, a short story entitled “**Our Religion**” and a poem “**The Angelus**” show textual relationship.

“**Our Religion**” is a short story written by A. Reyes Asuncion. She wrote

this as a proof to her observation that Filipinos have always been deeply religious. The main character Impo, narrated dogmatic practices to her three grandchildren who eagerly asked questions. Impo told them how religious her family through group prayers and how at an early age she learned to recite the Lord’s Prayer, the Hail Mary and the Litany, solemn observance of the Angelus at home or in the streets.

During family prayers, the old folks knelt on cushions observing a posture that would speak of sincere adoration in the altar of icons and that everyone would give proper responses in an intense degree that no one should fall asleep during the long prayers.

Many times the flickering of the candles, the dim room and the drone of the praying voices created sleepy jolts. Then a sharp pinch from her mother or one of her elder sisters would alert her to catch up with the prayers.

Impo’s strict compliance to the Christian faith requires all house members to attend Sunday mass and holy days of obligation. Failure to hear mass was considered a sin. They went to confession and took Holy Communion

regularly. The highest point of regular fervor was observed during lent where they read the passion (a poem narrating the birth, death and resurrection of Christ), or sang it because it was really meant to be sung. She explained how holy week is saliently observed with real obedience and commends sacrificial penitence among believers. The most solemn celebration was on Good Friday.

Little children like her were forbidden to hop, skip, jump, or run. They were told to sit still and read their prayer books, the passion or recite the rosary. As early as ten o' clock in the morning, people began flocking to church to hear the *Siete Palabras* or Jesus Christ's seven last words, a monologic dramatization of his last hours in calvary. On the evening of Good Friday, everyone who joined the procession came on foot and wore mourning dress. No one could display smiles or funny faces until the resurrection on eastern Sunday, when the bells rang joyous peal.

The "Angelus" by Natividad Marques tells us what happens during this solemn period.

*Statues on the Altar
Darkened by coming night
Yonder, a cross,
In fitful candlelight*

*And from high above
Tuneful sound of bells:
The Angelus rings:
Of peace and mercy, prayer it tells*

*Dies the din of the world
Stilled the fevered pace,
With the Angel of the Lord-
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!"*

The intertextuality of the two literary genres are intertwined as religious activity called the "Angelus". From the short story, the author showed and proved people's respect and love for their religion specifically on how they

value and obey the practice of observing silence as the bells toll. The dominance of the statues, cross and candlelight foreground the altar character adorning the home of every Catholic faithfuls.

Whereas in the poem, the author talks about the imaginative source of the ringing, the boundless text of peace and mercy prayers. Nonetheless, both texts emphasize Angelus as part of man's culture and belief. A conjecture of space between God and man, the immortal and mortal polemy was shown on the message of both codes used and acknowledged by the authors.

The ideas presented in those text convey spiritual force because when we say "Angelus" it always reminds Jesus Christ. The tuneful peals of bells in the church awaken everyone's heart to remember and praise Him through prayers.

But sadly we, in this modern generation, have given the Angelus message a new version.. It is true that we still observe and practice this tradition but the application is gone. We have dismissed obedience.

The automatic gesture of passers by in Baguio City to keep still when bells ring for the Angelus, which is also practiced in Laoag City, is a tradition we should nurture to uphold this forgotten value. But what is prevailing now when the Angelus is played are the thunder-like voices in conversations and the deafening sounds of karaoke bars and disco pubs.

The text provides the readers the proper perspective to get the message. Readers would now easily assess, examine and teach themselves to do what is right and address what has been neglected. Most of all, the message allows one to appreciate text as they are done differently according to structure by creative authors and have them as basis and a part of their life. Because the truth is, this is where we learned most, through reading.

“Kismet”

Aprille

Nobody knew what they have. It's funny that even they have no idea that they would be touching each other's lives.

Chances were inevitable: Their eyes met in just an ordinary day of their lives. Not one of them expected for that day to happen. They smiled at each other as if those were enough for them to tell each other what is within. The girl is just “starting” her life after recovering from a past love. And the guy was living his life. What they have for each other was uncertain. Rain was rushing to school after an out-of-town trip. She was supposed to stay home and rest because after all she was not doing anything in school that day. Upon arriving, her eyes were almost in every corner of the campus. If only she had eyes all over her body. Funny, but he is the reason she's in school.

She was already sweating but still she didn't see him. Rain sat down in a corner and wiped her sweat gently and

she saw him holding pieces of paper walking towards her.

“Hi! You're supposed to take pictures this afternoon,” she said.

“Yah, I will,” Angelo answered.

Her hands were cold and her pulse rate became faster. He went on his way. Rain realized she was not supposed to remind him because he is responsible and committed to his work.

Rain went on with her friend Belle that afternoon. Belle was also his great friend.

“Hello! I have seen...”

He didn't have the guts to tell the name when he saw Rain behind Belle.

“Yah, I'm with her,” Belle answered. That was the start of their friendship. They found themselves telling each others story. Rain opened up to him. She related every episode she could muster about her past. At first, Angelo was unsure if he would tell Rain what he had on those moments. His fears conquered him. He was afraid that Rain might judge

him too like the others. He was unsure if Ran would accept him as a friend.

Angelo finally found himself telling Rain about his life. She listened and showed him that she cares. He felt relieved, Rain was different. She was so kind and understanding. From then on, they became great friends.

They laughed and cried together. Angelo had changed according to his close friends. Rain's presence brought a fresh perspective on his life. The days of their friendship were so good to reminisce.

Until one day...

"Angelo, I'm leaving..."

Silence surrounded them.

"But Rain, where are you going?"

"I'm leaving our place and I doubt if I will ever return. I can have a brighter future away from here," she explained.

Angelo didn't know what to do. He has found a friend who could be there for him and understand him; all the while she's leaving. "How will I be?" This question preoccupied his mind.

When it was time for her to leave, Rain went to Angelo's place. Angelo only showed her his crossed face. Rain hugged him so tight and went on.

When Rain left, Angelo was depressed. The day Rain left seemed to be long and sad. She's gone and he'll never see her again. Angelo wondered why he was so affected that much because he spent only few months with her. He was searching for an answer.

Until one morning, Angelo got the answer. He has fallen for her. And he found himself crying because it was too late for him to realize that. But what is more painful is that he didn't have the time to tell Rain that he loves her.

Time went on and years passed by. Angelo became a successful lawyer and has remained uncommitted. He was working in a prestigious company in his town. And one day he attended an international lawyers' conference abroad.

When he was at the hotel where the conference was to be held, he saw this elegant and glamorous woman sitting at the lobby reading a book. It did not take him long to recognize that it was Rain, his long lost best friend and the woman he had loved all his life. He realized that she also wanted to be a lawyer. He walked towards the sofa where Rain was sitting and sat beside her.

"Excuse me, are you attending the conference?" Angelo asked her.

"Yah, I will," she answered and looked at him but didn't recognize him. She continued what she was reading. Angelo didn't stop right there.

"By the way, I'm Angelo and I'm attending too... And you are?"

Rain looked at him.

"Rain..."

"Rain can't you recognize me?"

She looked at him once again.

"Oh! Yah! You're Angelo... So how are you?"

"I'm fine... I thought I'll never see you again..."

"It's destiny I guess!"

"So you're now a lawyer like me?"

"Yah, after those pressure and hardship in the law school. So how's our hometown? It has been a long time since I left."

"It's okay and we really missed you. We never heard from you. What happened? You never explained that well to me and the rest of the friends. We were surprised that all of a sudden you bade us goodbye."

"Well my family had to move because my father got a job opportunity here in Singapore. Sorry I didn't bother to tell you guys about that."

"Attention! Calling all delegates of the conference. Please proceed to the function hall," the receptionist announced.

"So I'll go ahead, you have to see your room first. Nice meeting you again!" Rain said waving at Angelo as she walked towards the hall.

"She has changed." Angelo whispered to himself as he got his trolley and moved towards the elevator.

After fixing his things, he went down the function hall and tried to look for Rain. She was with some delegates. He just sat down all by himself. Rain was talking to some people.

Angelo never had the chance to be with Rain again. He was ashamed to approach her because she was so busy and she was with her friends in the business. And for Rain, busy at the conference, she never remembered Angelo. A formal dinner was held at the last day of the conference.. Rain, looking so glamorous in her suit, approached Angelo.

"Oh, so when are you returning to the Philippines?"

"Tomorrow evening."

"So do you want me to take you around the city before you leave?"

"Yah, it's okay, anyway I'm all by myself." Angelo accepted the invitation with a great smile in his heart. He wanted to shout because at last he'll be with her again.

After the conference, they went around the city and shared their stories and laughter. Rain is now really different. She seemed to be engrossed in her profession.

The long day was over but Angelo never had the guts to tell her his feelings. And Rain, just treated him as a friend.

It's time for him to go. Rain went with him at the airport. She gave him a small box and hugged him. Then Angelo waved her goodbye. Upon arriving home, he opened the box and there he saw a photograph of them in Singapore. He regretted that he never had the guts to tell her.

He never saw her again. His frustration of his love kept him from raising his own family. And Rain became successful in her chosen field and married a guy she loved.

You Were But a Dream

Esthelyn Grace Curameng

I t was night. But it was no longer night. Darkness drifted while the persistent glare of morning began to stain the polished curve of night.

The day dawned a cloudless sky. Glint of stars finally surrendered from a flip struggle with gold, then gone.

I rolled down my car's window for a better glance at the idyllic sketches of farmlands and the wild flowers quietly swaying with the gentle wind along the roadside. I smiled to myself as I finally ground my way up the last incline towards the town. I had left Manila ten hours before, and as the winding road climbed up into the hills, cool breeze kissed my cheeks and made me feel I was almost home.

I took a huge, heavy breath and drove slowly to have a perfect sight of familiar places. My heart leaped at the view of the vast, rolling landscape that resonates with stillness so palpable at

the moment I could almost gasp. These are the things I cherish so much.

Small turns led to a newly built gas station at the town's entrance. I looked out and recognized the road. I knew that in a moment I would be crossing the bridge and drawing, at last, into the main street of the town.

As I crossed the bridge, something caught my eyes at the side mirror that made me step on the brake. Could it be a mere twist of fate then that all those years, I have not forgotten the built of the man I loved when I was 18? Or my eyes deceived me undeniably knowing I'm still under his spell. Obviously the magic is still there.

One wink and the blue car is there. I thought he was driving. Then, I just shrugged off the idea of seeing him around.

I stopped at the pavement in front of *Flower Sparkle*, whose owner is my mom's best friend, ever since I could remember. I got off the car but stayed

outside for a while to look around. I was blessed. Had it not been for the door, I would not have recognized the place. The flower shop went on a total make-over from structure to the business itself. I walked towards the main door and crossed fingers I could find Tita Meg.

Our family left the town the day after my father who worked in a bank was assigned to Manila. We never had the chance to visit our place or at least return for a vacation because we moved to Quezon City after I got my first job as a nurse in a private hospital in Diliman.

My father indulged in his newly-acquired business after retiring from the bank. Together with my mom and my elder brother, he seemed to be living all over the world.

So everybody got stuck with our busy lives. After three years, I moved to Makati Medical Center and lived in a pad away from my parents. I visit them once a week to cushion my loneliness.

I still remember how my heart sang in solitude the day we left for Manila. Such frailty moments I can't afford to miss whenever I sit down in a tranquil mood. The thought that all those wonderful times were about to end in a split of a second made me cry so hard.

I was absorbed in the local town life. But the best- and this added color to frustrations- was our frequent visit to my Ninang Lou, one of my mom's best friends whose house was built atop a hill overlooking the whole countryside. Nothing can compare Ninang Lou's endless hospitality. How she genuinely loves people and there was always a selected group of friends, their children, perhaps a godchild or two staying in the house for a day.

But Ninang Lou had only one grandson, the only son of her only child with her late husband.

I was always included in a ploy that could perhaps, have been planned... a picnic, party, or simply a get together. I remember how the front door of her house always stood open and the dining

room table laid with sumptuous food for the next generous meal. I think of roses and I think of Ninang Lou's house anchored at one of the town's highest lands, that's why people fondly called the place Alta. It is the place where I've seen the most beautiful garden of roses, bowlful of them indoors, filling the whole house with heavy scents and vibrant colors.

When my mother told me by phone that I should visit Ninang, mixed emotions of longing and compassion enveloped me. I knew and I felt at that moment, something happened to her.

"Mom, give me a day to prepare, I'll be on my way. But uhhh, Mom... I know I must go but do you think she will remember me?"

"Darling of course she will and she'll be happy to see you. I don't think though that she's awfully well... I heard something about a stroke but perhaps she's better now. Please tell her the rest of us will be there, too. Your Dad is trying his best to finish everything. Besides your brother would be home from New York this week and I know he would be joining us, too".

Upon hearing those words, I filed a one week leave of absence and rushed home to pack my things.

And now I am here, standing like a stranger in a place where I spent most of my youth. I crossed the pavement and headed to the flower shop. As I opened the door I was met by an oh- so familiar scent of fresh flowers that again reminded me of Alta.

I smiled at the woman who can never be mistaken for anyone else. Despite the years added to her age, she's still young looking and pretty as ever. But I can't trace an immediate recognition from her. Other than staring at me, she was in her usual self, treating me as an ordinary client. I broke the ice and said "Hello, Tita Meg".

She looked at me across the counter then hesitantly smiled. I removed my smoke-tinted eyewear and

flashed the smile she recognized. She gasped in delight, her hands up in the classic gesture of astonishment.

"And if it isn't... Patricia!? Is that you? Oh my, you've grown, how long was it since I saw you?"

"It must be eight years, Tita." I reached for her cheek and planted a kiss.

"We've missed you all. Well yeah, I expected you here because your Mom told me yesterday about this visit. I'm really surprised you've become a lovely woman. It seems like you've grown into such a majestic beauty huh! I wonder how many men have fallen for that beauty."

"Uhhmm, Tita I didn't have time for that, you know that!"

"Oh dear don't tell me, until now!?" her face etched with disbelief.

"Well you heard it right Tita. Maybe the right man isn't on my road yet, duh, I'll wait for him. Maybe I'll see him, at the right time and place where we are destined to meet."

"I told you not to dwell much on those pocketbooks you used to read. Fairy tales won't do any good to you. Or you are still imagining Danielle Steel heroes. Pat, look for a man who's real, a man who exists for truth and life, a man you believe can be with you for all times... just look around and you'll never want to dream again."

Ouch. If those words were bullets I could have been dead right there. Most of my friends too are worried for me not to mention my Mom who at my age still scolds me because "I haven't found the right man". I've been on and off with guys and never settled relationships longer than a month. Perhaps, I've been looking for qualities I expected them to possess and ask them to have until I got tired and stop going out for dates. Perhaps, I've been looking for him all along but failed to find him in those men.

"Thanks Tita, I'll remember that but I think I have to go and see Ninang Lou for now."

"All right please give my regards to her. I heard they are also expecting Ashel this week. I just don't know the exact date".

Ashel, Ninang Lou's grandson. What must have prompted Tita Meg to suddenly mention his name? I looked at her and tried to get an explanation but her eyes remained innocent and met my own with an untroubled gaze. I told myself that she could not have guessed the pounding of my heart at the mere mention of his name. Ashel. I had always thought of him as Ashel, and will write it that way but his name is spelled with Swedish marks, E-i-z-h-e-l-l-e.

I fell in love with Ashel one unforgettable summer day when I was eighteen and he was twenty-one. I had never been in love before. But the feeling made me dreamy, at times intensely perceptive. Suddenly, objects, previously unnoticed became beautiful; leaves, trees, flowers—everything was touched with a spellbinding novelty, as though I had never known any of these ordinary day-to-day things before.

We had many picnics and went swimming in the lake that summer, but the best was the idleness, the casual getting to know each other.

At the end of the holidays, Ninang Lou arranged a little party. We decorated the garden with disco lights and put on the sounds and dance reels, and Ashel wore a royal blue shirt and khaki pants that made him look gorgeous at twenty-one. He's more than dignified and disciplined. We were dance partners till midnight. He showed me the steps and spun me till I was breathless. It was at the end of the evening that he kissed me, but it didn't do much good because he was going back to Manila the next morning, and I would never be sure if it was a kiss of affection or a goodbye.

After he left, I lived in a fantasy world of getting phone calls and cards

from him and having him realized that he could not live without me. But all that never happened because when he started working, I never heard from him anymore.

And now Tita Meg had said his name, and I remembered that young Ashel, with his worn blue cap and his brown eyes and killer smile.

I said, "What's he doing in America?"

"Oh, some business in New York. He practically owns a shipping company, in case you don't know my dear."

"I expect Ashel' is a married man now with children."

That would be the last thing on my mind.

"No, no Ashel never married."

I bought cattleya for Ninang Lou and said goodbye to Tita Meg. I went out and headed for Alta.

I drove along the canopy towards the hill; along the narrow lane that leads to the gates of the house. I came to them and they loomed before me, standing open, so I went over the clearing to park. Only to be stiffened.

It's like my heart stopped beating at the moment. The blue car I saw this morning at the bridge was the same car parked in front of the main door. That confirmed my idea he's here. The sudden feeling of excitement and nervousness dawned upon me.

This is it! I took a deep breath and got out of the car holding the flowers I bought. The garden was well maintained. Flowers were everywhere but roses still dominated the awesome landscape.

The silence was disturbed by other sounds. Leaves gracefully danced into the open air. The bubbling, watery whisks of mini-fountain centered in the lily pool, where I recount Ashel and I raced for paper boats. Beyond lays the newly-mowed lawn, sloping up to the terrace.

Through the nearly vanishing fog, the house took shape. The pastel colored stone house looked like a sweet candy, the outer door stood open. I went up the slope, towards the porch and rang the bell. Then after several seconds of waiting, I opened the inner glass door and let myself in.

It was very quiet, very clean. Just like before, all vases were filled up with fresh flowers minus the children's voices.

I went into the sala and looked up at the empty staircase. I said in modulation, "Is anyone around?"

In a minute came footsteps from upstairs; not so heavy, masculine steps. My heart beat faster. I decided to hold my breath as he reached the last landing and stopped. He was silhouetted against the light of the stair windows. He was still the same as ever- tall, gorgeous and dignified.

"Who is it?" he asked, and then he saw me, I met his eyes. There was a long silence. Then, for the sweet years of mine I heard the name he used to call me which no one else does.

"Angel."

I felt mystified. I tried to act casually, smiled at him and uttered "hi".

He came down the stairs, crossed the sala and took my hand.

"Oh, God I don't believe this," he said and hugged me tightly.

"I don't believe it either. For eight long years, we never saw each other."

"I missed you so much Angel. I didn't expect you to be here this early, though your brother phoned in to say you were on your way."

"That's surprising. Are you keeping in touch with my brother?"

"Yeah, I told him to keep this from you. I've been following up what's going on with you, keeping myself well-informed about you all those years. I know you'll be surprised when I will tell you everything. Hope you'll forgive me."

“Oh no, not now. Afraid, I quickly checked his fingers. Relief flooded me.

No wedding ring yet.

He caught me with the gesture, he chuckled. That’s what I waited, for the world seems to be glowing, and everything can be made easier when I watch his eyes smile while the sound of his laughter genuinely flowed like a melody to my ear. He took my hands and led me to the sofa.

“Angel before I tell you everything, please promise to forgive me, I did this because I love you. Despite the distance and time, I still long for the girl who took my heart away eight years ago. Honestly there were women, yes, I’ve dated them. But it’s only you who made me really happy. You don’t know that the mere mention of your name brightened me up. I tried to fight my longing as I watched your pictures Lola had sent. All those years I nurtured you in my heart, that everything about you gave me the reason to live and to look forward to the day I’ll be with you and hold you like forever.”

“I ask forgiveness for all those times I neglected to keep in touch. I had been mistaken. I thought you never loved me. After learning that you were going out

with t guys, I assumed you’ve found happiness. But it was all a mistake. I was wrong. Your mother told me you never had any special relationship with anyone. That gave me hope for us. This is the reason why I told your family about it. I talked to your Mom and Dad and they gave me their blessing. That’s why you’re here.”

“Don’t you know Angel, that it’s your Mom and my Lola who planned everything so you would be here? My Lola is much better now, especially when she heard you’re coming. In fact since I arrived, she never wasted any opportunity to mention your name. She kept telling me to take care of you till my last breath.”

I was stunned and speechless. That’s when I realized that tears were streaming my face. The joy I felt at the moment was indeed unequalled. And the next thing he did was the surprise of my lifetime. He handed me a small velvet box and before I knew it, he opened it up and a diamond ring stood with all its splendid glory.

He took my hand and pulled me close and kissed me. I was in tears... but never will I close my eyes again to surrender, for sunshine had just started. Tomorrow, surely, will be a beautiful day.

Paper Cranes

By: Aprille Gay Albano

The guy was very much in love with his girl. He knew he was the best for the girl because she was so dear to him. He would make hand-made gifts for her.

They were so happy even in their young minds. They developed a love for the environment that they would go on nature trip to express their love for each other.

Everything went on smoothly in their relationship although at times they couldn't avoid simple misunderstanding. Sometimes, they argued but they would easily kiss and make-up.

One day, the guy folded 1000 pieces of paper cranes as his birthday gift to her. The girl was so happy that she even hugged him tightly.

The guy was just an ordinary guy in his company and earns sufficiently enough for his daily living. But it was not enough for a stable future. Still, the girl didn't mind. She couldn't afford to lose her man. They were contented with what they had and for what they are as long as they're holding each other's hands. Everyone envied their relationship.

Years passed. One day the guy was so surprised when his girl called him

on the phone telling him to come quickly in their house. The guy rushed immediately. They talked. The guy was shocked when his love was bidding him goodbye telling him that she was going to France and would be staying there for good. She also told the guy that she couldn't visualize any future with him so it was best for them to go on separate ways and make their own destiny. Heartbroken, the guy allowed the tears to fall. He had to let go of the best thing that happened in his life.

They went on separate ways. It took time for the guy to heal the wounds. It took him years to muster enough strength to pick up the pieces. He worked hard and slogged his body and mind. The future and his success preoccupied his mind. He never thought of anything but his work. Finally, his hardships bore a very successful company of his own. He got all the things his girl thought that he would never have. The guy acquired all the luxuries in life but he never tried to have anyone to fill in his girls' space in his heart. He became happy and contented.

One rainy day, while he was driving his luxurious sedan, he saw an elderly couple sharing an umbrella under the rain. While he was moving towards them, he realized that they were his girls'

parents. He drove slowly because he wanted to know where they were going. The couple was walking towards the cemetery. He went out of his car and followed them slowly.

He was surprised to see his girl, a photograph of her smiling so sweetly at him from her tombstone. He saw the paper cranes he made for her. The couple saw him. He asked them what happened. They explained that his love didn't leave for France because she was ill of cancer. She had hoped that in time, she would be fine and because of her love for him, she didn't want to be his

obstacle in his dreams and she decided to leave him.

She requested that should she die, the paper cranes should be placed on her tomb. He was told that even in her deathbed she believed that someday fate would bring him to her again. The guy wept unabashedly.

The guy opted to have no family of his own. All the things he had put up all his life were all donated to charitable institutions. And at the hour of his death, he requested to be buried beside his girl and hoped that they would be together once again in eternal life.

Sa iyong Kaarawan, Northwestern University

Aijomay, CES 2004

Ika-pitumpit dalawang kaarawan mo na
Northwestern University
Kami'y nagagalak
Matanda ka nap ala ngunit
Ganda mo'y hindi kumukupas.

Ang inyong mukha
May ngiting kumikislap
Puso't kaluluwa mo'y
Sa madla'y nangag-busilak,
Mundo mo'y pinaganda at pinagyaman
Dunong, lahi at kalikasan.

Dambana ka ng kagitingan
Digmaan sa polusyon, droga at karukhaan
Taimtim mong inialsa at ipinaglaban
Katiwaliang sa gobyerno at pamahalaan
Isa kang susi ng kaluwalhatian.

Pilit mong inilayo ang anak mo sa hirap
Nang bukas nila'y gumanda't umaliwalas
Sandata sa panahon na nagpupumiglas
Dahil sa mga anino ng dambuhala
At malignong kumakalat.

Ngunit bawat umaga ay nay pag-asang naghihintay
Sa bawat isa na nagsusunog ng kilay
Pilit isinisigaw ang halaga ng karunungan
Na inihahandog mo at inilalaan
Hindi maagaw ng kahit sino man.

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