

MAKATA

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Las Vegas

sa pagtatakinsilim
anong rangya
anong gara
ang makukulay na ilaw
sa pagsayaw

sa pagbubukangliwayway
nalalantad
ang nagnanaknak
na bituka
ng syudad.

Sa Minsang Pagbakasyon sa San Francisco

Panatag ang pakiramdam ko
Sa minsang pagbakasyon sa San Francisco
Ang mga makikisig na kalalakihan
Na nakaakbay sa kapwa Adan
Habang naglalakad sa kalye
O di kaya'y naglalambingan at naghahalikan
Habang nag-aantay ng order sa restawran
Ay pangkaraniwan lamang na tagpo
Lalo na sa daang Castro.

Sa pamamasyal at paglilibot sa syudad
Nakakatawag pansin ang mga banderang
May kulay na bahaghari
Na kumakaway at masiglang bumabati
Pag-ihip ng hanging may simoy ng dagat.
Para bagang taas noong nagmamalaki
At nagpapaalala
Sa lahat ng mga bakasyunista
Na ang San Francisco ay Mekka
Ng mga lalaking umiibig sa kapwa lalaki.

Giessbach, Switzerland

pinaibig mo ako
sa paligid mo'ng
tila paraiso

ang katahimikan
ng lunan
na 'yong kinalululukan

ay nag-aanyayang
pagmasdan, pahalagahan
ang 'yong kagandahan

ang agos ng iyong talon
ay payapang musika
sa sinumang nababalisa

ang bughaw mo'ng lawa
kapag hinagkan ng bangka
mga bakasyunista'y natutuwa

pinaibig mo ako
sa paligid mo'ng
tila paraiso

kaya pangarap ko
ay makaniig kang muli
o, langit ko'ng minimithi!

© Edgar Bacong
Zurich, Switzerland

Edgar Bacong's poetry have appeared in ANI (CCP's Literary Journal) in Manila, Peryodiko Dabaw, Batakan and Pag-asa Magazine in Davao City, Tambuli in Zurich, and The Filipino in London.

CHANTEUSE

The rouge, the powder
Hides her skin
When she sings
About a wet lover
In emerald rain.
She joyfully recounts
Standing rain-soaked
In a lemon grove
As she waited
For a lover
Who thought
He was a unicorn.
Here in this boring
Paris bistro,
I feel as she sings,
Her pain, an actress
Without a humanity
Or a true lover.

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY NOT LISTED IN ANY GUIDE BOOK

A small church, high windows, little light,
Leather doors,
Dim old women dressed in black
Huddled together in prayer.

Outside on an orange dirt path,
A girl with long black hair walks barefoot
As she leads home a herd of pigs.
Her shoulders bare and bright.,

I sadly think, soon, I'll
No longer be a foreigner.

CAPRI

Steps, unseen
Stone.

Leaves cover
Leaves.

Leaves turn
Pale.

Dark brown birds
Hop on pale brown leaves.

The hidden stone
Is happy

As I am happy
Here in Capri.

THE DANCE

The dance furious,
Stomping,
Clicking of castanets,
Clinking of heels.
Dance, furious,
The dance that tries
To push away Death.

The dance, furious,
Because the dance is helpless.
The dance is useless
Because Death is immobile,
Cannot be pushed away.

Death, sipping wine, laughs
At the dancers' antics.
Death knows it is the only reality,
The dance is an illusion.

SCORPION

I watched a moonlit scorpion
Lift its tail.

The moonlit scorpion
Clicked castanets, but did not dance.

The moon heard the click of castanets,
The moon danced.

Squibs of moonlight
Flashed over and around us.

© Duane Locke
Tampa, FL., USA

Duane Locke, Doctor of Philosophy in English Renaissance literature, Professor Emeritus of the Humanities, was Poet in Residence at the University of Tampa for over 20 years. Has had over 2,000 of his own poems published in over 500 print magazines such as American Poetry Review, Nation, Literary Quarterly, Black Moon, and Bitter Oleander.

Longest Night

Sunrise has reached my darkened world
Unseen sights has been turned to bold
Darkened nights of past has ended
Chilling winds never dared to enter

Since the 9th of May... unforetold
The voice of thine bliss you'd hold
Misery of my yesterdays, unaware
Shall be erased instantly as that day came

You had brightened my nights everytime I hear
Your voice that tickles everytime it reaches my ear
From then, I had dreamed to see you
I had dreamed to view my life that is stored in you.

24th of May, my dream came true
Because it's the first time I had been with you
The sun shown everything it could
Brightness I can see struck my life and it came from you

We've been together for quite sometime
But for us, those days were years that have passed
Promises I had made shall flow through my veins
They shall be my blood and I will breathe with it.

But in reality, all days created will dim its sight
It shall find its sleep and reach the night
Unfortunately, this night shall last for months.
How long shall I feel the pain in me it shall punch?

In solitude, I long for you
In the first night of the long darkness
It rained `cause for the first time
Your voice has been unheard by my crying heart

Cold winds shall tremble me
In ten months, I shall seek refuge to thee
I will remain blind all days in this night
Until the fruit of our pain will be on our sides.

Twinkling stars will guard the dark
It shall remind us that daylight will always come
In tears, I shall remain breathless
Until the dawn shall reach and together we'll greet the sun!

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website: <http://schadow1.tripod.com>

Waking Up No More

I wake up each morning

Trying to figure out where you've been
For all these days since you're gone
Still I'm not used to hugging those pillows
As substitutes of you in each of my sorrows
Every night, since you were out of my sight

Each morning I don't know how I survived
Each previous night of struggling
Keeping you out of my longing
Even though to myself I would always lie
This heart will always take its side
In your arms my thoughts eventually will arrive

Perhaps I don't wanna wake up anymore
If dreaming of you will last that long
Each time we whisper those sweet nothings
Waking up is always been a nightmare
In my dreams I know you're always there
And nothing can keep us apart from this love we share

Opium Of The Heart

Before when I love, I always ask myself
Not once but a thousand times
If that love was worth trying
And I always end up sighing

This time it caught me in a short span of time
But I guess I have waited long enough
In this dear life so tough
Where anybody's heart's worth a dime

And now that I found you
I won't wait any second longer though
To convey this wonderful feeling
I had once forgotten or something

It's been sometime when I thought
Love is just the opium of the heart
And it will never be forever
And lovers will always end up apart

To my mind I made a big mistake
Afraid to feel it for my own sake
Still reeling from the after-effect
Of those loves I once knew and did reject

I have never been a disciple
Of those love stories I often hear or read
But until you came, I suddenly realized
That love is life itself, immortalized

That I should share it with someone
No other than you, my dear one

You, who have convinced this once stubborn heart
That loving is easy and forgetting is hard.

© Ronnie Ocate

Jeddah, Saudi Arabia / Manila, Philippines

Pag-asa

parang wala ng pag-asa akong nakikita
sa mundo kong ginagalawan mula pagkabata
kabiguan, kalungkutan, at pag-iisa aking nadarama
anong buhay pa ang naghihintay sa katulad kong talunan.

nawala na ang lahat pamilya at kaibigan
sino pa ang tatakbuhan ngayong kahit isa ay wala na
ano pa ang kailangan kundi lumisan na
iwan ko ang lahat at ako'y mamahinga na.

nagdidilim ang isip, sa masamang gawain
hindi ko naisip na makatarungan ba ang aking gagawin
malaking pananagutan sa Diyos na may maylikha
at labag sa aklat ng buhay ang aking gagawin.

nang bigla sa aking gunita ay aking naalala
may isa pa akong di nagagawa
ang lumapit sa Diyos at humingi ng awa
sa lahat ng aking problema ay magmakaawa.

sa isang iglap ako'y nabigyang pag-asa
ang nagdidilim na isip ay nagliwag na
nagsisi sa isang bagay na bandang huli ay pagsisihan
buti na lang sa isang saglit at nakapagisip isip pa.

sa gitna ng pagdurusa at pagiisa
huwag magalala ang Diyos ay laging kasama
siya ang nagbigay buhay sa buhay na tinatamasa
kaya kalimutan lahat ng pag-aalala.

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Calumpang, Marikina City, Philippines