

LITERARY SECTION

THREE POEMS

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About the Author

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THE TORMENT OF PHOEBUS

Blazes ripple off
burnished beams of gold,
the atrium is spackled
with splendor, columns

shafts of sunlight are. Such
storm of light the boy had
strained to look straight
into and unbridled in him

awe of a father,
an affection
he would steer to blunder.

Shards of a light (day and night)
smite him awake long after
his boy's every black limb has been retrieved.

A VISITATION

Of that perhaps — To begin with, a lie.
A misdeed the child, to his father's delight,
simpered and yessed to and bettered the surprise,
a heap of tricks, a trip to the circus,

his father had said when it was done,
We're not yet done — they snuck in
and in the dark strained and tottered to find
where was kept this seething fierce magnificent.

There. Circling inside tight metal ribs,
this thick black fanged lumbering bulk
grumbling its large resentment the boy
wanted to step back from. The stink
of his fear it smelled in the dark, knew where
to charge. There: where he was held in place.

PRAYER

My senses are dim, I cannot tell
if ill intents are furred with love;
under soft coat if wounds dwell
there tight and hid I cannot prove.

Nor is my tired soul keen to sight
shape of his affection, if otherwise: stoop
that fits ill I feel on one's might,
an eagle nature that must bend to a coop.

That again these eyes turn bleary, blind:
the dark bottom of this river stirred
so to the surface which long ago sank

weary and washed of its rank;
That this creature sees no reason not to bend
as a son would from your cup to drink.