

## LITERARY SECTION

### YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO WAR

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#### About the Author

Joi Barrios is Associate Professor at the University of the Philippines. She was Visiting Assistant Professor at University of California Irvine, University of California Los Angeles, and Osaka University of Foreign Studies. She has a PhD in Philippine Literature from UP. Dr. Barrios has published two volumes of poetry, *Ang Pagiging Babae ay Pamumuhay sa Panahon ng Digma* (*To Be a Woman is to Live at a Time of War*) and *Minatamis at Iba Pang Tula ng Pag-ibig* (*Sweetened Fruit and Other Love Poems*), 1998; a play collection, *Bailaya*; and a collection of romance novels and essays, *Ang Aking Prince Charming at Iba Pang Nobela ng Pag-ibig* (*My Prince Charming and other Romance Novels*). She has co-edited literary anthologies and published her essays in academic journals. She is a member of the Congress of Teachers for Nationalism and Democracy (CONTEND), literary manager of Ma-yi Theatre Company, and board member of the New York-based Philippine Forum. Nerissa Balce notes that the poem "Yankee Doodle Goes to War" was read by the poet in several literary events in California and New York. It was also read during the first anniversary of the September 11 tragedies on KPFA radio.

Pilipina ako.  
I am a Filipina woman.  
At sa bayan ko ngayon  
And in my country  
Tatlong libong Amerikanong sundalo  
ang naroon.  
There are three thousand American soldiers.  
Ito ang awit ko,  
Awit ng pagkutya, hinagpis, at pagtawag.  
This is my song.  
My song of satire, my lament,  
My call to action.  
  
Yankee doodle came to town  
Riding on a pony  
Killed and maimed and tortured us  
And called it a...democracy.

Yankee doodle keep it up,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Burn the village and the town,  
And with your gun be handy.

Amerika, Amerika,  
America, America.  
Kay dali mong lumimot, Amerika.  
How easily you forget, America.  
Ipinagpapalit ang dugo makapangyari lamang.  
You traded lives for power.  
Pagkat ano ang halaga ng buhay ng mahirap?  
What is the value of life  
In a poor country?  
Ang halaga ng buhay ng taong may kulay?  
The value of life  
Of a person of color?  
Bawat Pilipino'y may pilat  
We are forever scarred,  
Pilat ng bayang sinakop ng dahas.  
Filipinos marked  
By the violence of your war.  
Yankee doodle comes again  
Riding on a fighter  
Brings his war to my country  
And calls it a ... democracy.

Amerika, Amerika.  
America, America.  
Patungo ka na naman sa digma, Amerika.  
Off to war again, America.

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Ipinagpapalit ang dugo para sa langis .  
Trading blood for oil.  
Ang bayan ko'y hindi palaruan  
My country is not a playground  
Ng iyong mga tanke't sundalo.  
For your tanks and soldiers.  
Ang bayan ay di lamang lupa,  
O bundok o dagat,  
A nation is not just land,  
Mountains, sea.  
Ikamamatay namin ang iyong mga punglo,  
We die with your bullets,  
Ikawawasak namin ang iyong mga bomba.  
We perish with your bombs.  
Kami'y mahirap lang,  
We live in poverty,  
Kami'y taong may kulay,  
We are people of color,  
Ngunit inaawit namin ang dangal  
Ang laya, ang kapayapaan.  
Yet we sing of dignity,  
Sovereignty, and peace.  
Layas, Amerika,  
Leave, America,  
Sa aking bayan ay lumayas.  
Leave my country, leave.