

POETRY

Time

You get on with your life
Like a clock:
Get married,
Look happy,
Keep house and raise children.
At sunset
On a patch of earth,
Bury the loved one
With graying hair.
Let life fulfill itself.

Still there is no time
For grieving
The dark secret you keep,
Comfort Woman.
The tears you shed
On that day you were defiled
At sixteen
Has long turned to ashes

Erma M. Cuizon

Garbage Woman

She dipped a grimy hand
Into the heap
Of smudge
And fished out
A plastic ball
The size of the moon.
She eagerly wiped it of dust
And slime
With the hem of her blouse,
Not stopping
Until the ball revived,
Its color and life
Breaking through the film of dirt.
Her eyes danced
As though the toy played music.

Now she plodded to her shack
Where her small son waits for the toy,
For time to grow up
And in turn scavenge
On the city without a soul.

Erma M. Cuizon