

Offering

At the feet
of the icon
Salmon yellow
Roses tell
of marriages healed.
Contemplating
between petition
and praise, I see
Roses do not choose
Between requisition
and worship,
They are thorn
Silk and stem,
Their offering.

Fe N. Reyes

Remedy for Myopia

My glasses glide
down my sight
adjusting to priorities
the weekly pay dictates.
Calling off the visit
to the optometrist,
I clear my vision
and focus
on our need
for rice
and ground beef.

Fe N. Reyes

Chronicle

Should I tell my story?

No battered wife am I,
I hate my husband not,
Instead he gives me comfort,
Look at my pretty lot.

I understand Jamina
whose husband left her dry
Her tales, they should be told
before they leave her cold.

But spare me from the exercise
I have to be exempt
I have no axe to grind
I've nothing against men.

Fe N. Reyes