

The Young Wife

Tresses long
Speaking
Of her jasmine flowers
She gathers the ribbon
Of fragrance
In a bouquet.

At the first whimper
Of her child
She flies and nurses him
Thinking
Of her husband.

Last
Night.

Leticia U. Suarez

The Old Woman

In her heart
She is a wife
A new mother
Kissing the feet
Of her child.
After she bathes him
She uncovers her breast
And offers the whiteness
To her child.
A toddler
A grade-schooler
A young man
An adult

Who never was
For there never was
A marriage nor lover
Not even a hasty union.

She sits on her rocking chair
Dreaming.

Leticia U. Suarez

Bagulbol

Si Mister nako murag electric fan
Bisag sihagsihag na ang bagulbagol
Hala ang ulo
Kusog lang gihapon motuyok
Kon naay gwapa o dalaga.
Kalami nga duklon ning akong bana, oy,
Apan ako kuno ang maulawan
Kay ang lalaki kuno natural
Nga kuragan.

Hinuon, may panahon nga kining akong electric fan
Mopaypay kanako ug mobulada
Kay di-ay napandol o kaha walay kwarta.
Hay, apan dili ko igsapayan
Kay bana man lagi.
Ato intawon nga hinaguan busa dili ta pasagdan.

Ang electric fan gud gikinahanglang trapotrapohan,
Sininaan ug bantayan
Kay kon pasagdan, kuyaw
Madaot o pwera intawon tinuod
Kawaton sa uban.

Leticia U.Suarez

A Grumble

My husband is like an electric fan
Even though his hairline is receding
Well, his head
Still swiftly turns
At the sight of a beautiful lady.
I feel like knocking him on the head,
But I'll be the one put to shame
Because they say men by nature
Are philanderers.

But there are times when my electric fan
Cools and flatters me
Because he tripped or maybe he is broke.
Oh, but I don't mind it
After all he is a husband
Painstakingly earned so should not be neglected.

The electric fan needs to be wiped,
Dressed and guarded
Because if it is neglected
It might break down or God forbid
Be stolen by others.