

An Kapungawan sa Syudad na Mayong Droga

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I.

Daing girong an mga dahon—
kun nararakdag ini huli sa labi-labing
kapaoyan sa paghalat kan paros gikan sa Timog.
Digdi, an madadangog na suriyaw minagikan
sa darakulang martilyong nagrereyibo sa pagtanos
kan mga batbat sa mga bagong pigtutugdok na edipisyo,
halangkawon kisa sa mga puon.

II.

Nagdadalagan parating rikas an oras,
Ta digdi, dai siya hahalaton kan bus
o kan tren. Kaipuhan niyang mag-amay
na magpila sa bangko, makanuod
na gibuhon an gabos nin tamang pagsunod-sunod.
Nagdadalagan na rikas an oras.
Dai siya pwedeng mahuri ta parating halaba
an pila kan gabos na naghahalat.

III.

Mayong droga sa syudad na ini. Buhay
an karibay kan siisay man na magdara
kan pinapangalad na bulong. Ulang

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sa progreso an droga. Dai ini nakakatabang sa pagkatawo asin sa estado. Mayong nangangata-ngata na magbalga kan tugon. Totoo man nanggad ta madaling nag-asenso an syudad na mayong droga: an mga tawo gabos naghingowa na magtipon sa bangko, pinatanos an gabos kan gobyerno. Marigmat an lanob tanganing madaling masusog an siisay man na tampalasan. Asin nagdakul an saindang itinugdok na mga haralangkaw na edipisyo, simbolo kan saindang marahay na etika nin paglapigot sa buhay. Alagad, kaining huring mga aldaw, may sarung drogang nadiskubre an kadaklan sa mga tawo. Nagpuon sana ini sa sarung lalaking dai naglangkaw an ranggo sa opisina, nagpuli sa iniistaran na harong: 15th floor. Asin nagtugdon sa may bintana. Dai girong an mga dahon. Mayong duros.

Melancholy in the City without Drugs

Translation by Marne Kilates*

I.
The leaves make no noise—
when these fall because of having been
so bored from waiting for the wind from the South.
Here, the loudest racket comes

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from the big hammers taking turns straightening out
the rebars and cables for the newly rising edifices
rising taller than the trunks of trees.

II.

Time is always in a hurry
here, for neither bus nor train
will wait. It must come very early
to join the queue at the bank, learn
to do everything in the right order.
Time is always in a hurry,
It cannot be late because the lines are always
long among everyone who waits.

III.

There are no drugs in this city. Pay
with your life if you are caught with
the forbidden stuff. A hindrance
to progress, that's what drugs are. Does no good
for the person or the state. No one
may absentmindedly violate the prohibition.
It is true that progress is quicker
in the city without drugs: everyone
strives to save something in the bank,
the government straightens out everything.
All walls are see-through so any transgressor
may be caught in the act. And so the tall
edifices rose and mushroomed, symbol
of their virtuous life ethic. Still, these last few
days, many among the people discovered
a new drug. It started with a guy
who wouldn't rise from the ranks in his
office, who went home to his 15th floor condo.
There he went straight to perch on the window sill.
The leaves were still. There was no wind.