

Himalayas

From my woman's eyes
You are a huge linen
A female god tied to the trees.

Himal, house of snow,
There is a candlelight
Behind your draperies,
The tongue of a word,
The other side of my silence.

If there is a time for everything,
In my house there will be a melting of fears
When my lamp burns again,
Perhaps it is not by coincidence
That you are a fabric there
Large enough for my saddest tear.

In a room in my heart
I thought of you as a work of art
That many times I wished to pull you from the trees.

But like the moonshine on a night of memories
You are there by design to teach me
That life is not a soft sheet on my bed.

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Mt. Mayon

In the morning,
You are like a farmer's daughter,
Regal among the grains
With your bare feet
Marking the tiller's story
Of a thousand years.

At sundown,
Every rice stalk is a storyteller
Seated at your hemline
Of paddies and streams.
It has always been a theme of typhoons
And eruptions, Mother Mountain,

Our epic was born
From your womb of fire,
A flaming fierceness
To fight the demons in our mind.

clavecillas

Passion and conviction are no stranger to Francia C. Clavecillas, community organizer and poet. The two poems featured here are part of a collection of her poetry that will come out later this year.

Francia lives and works in the Philippines' Bicol region, home of mountain Mayon of the perfect cone.