

Two Poems

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Editor's Note: These poems, translated into English by Conchitina Cruz with help from the author, were originally written in Filipino and were collected in the author's collection *Basta* (Ateneo de Manila University Press, 2012).

About the Writer. Allan Popa is the author of ten collections of poetry, including *Drone* (Ateneo de Manila University Press, 2013), *Laan* (De La Salle University Publishing House, 2013), and *Incision* (UST Publishing House, 2016). He has received the Philippines Free Press Literary Award and the Manila Critics Circle National Book Award. He teaches at the Filipino Department of Ateneo de Manila University and is currently the Director of Ateneo Institute of Literary Arts and Practices (AILAP). He is pursuing a PhD in Literature at De La Salle University.

About the Translator. Conchitina Cruz teaches creative writing and literature at the University of the Philippines Diliman. A recipient of Fulbright and Rockefeller Foundation grants, she is the author of *Dark Hours* (UP Press, 2005), *elsewhere held and lingered* (High Chair, 2008), *Two or Three Things about Desire* (The Chinese University Press, 2013), *There Is No Emergency* (the Youth & Beauty Brigade, 2015) and (together with Adam David and Delilah Aguilar) *A catalogue of clothes for sale from the closet of Christine Abella—perpetual student, ukay fan, and compulsive traveler* (the Youth & Beauty Brigade, 2012). Together with a few other Manila-based writers, she runs a small press called the Youth & Beauty Brigade. She is currently pursuing a PhD in English at the University at Albany, State University of New York.

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Liwasan

Bumabalik ka sa lansangan nitong lungsod kung saan
muntik kang maligaw sa kabataan, makaraang masaulo

ang pasikot-sikot ng mga kalsadang walang patutunguhan

kundi ang isa't isa, bumabalik kang tila nawawalang muli
upang maupo sa liwasan kahit walang katatagpuin

sa piling ng mga tulad mong hindi rin nais matagpuan

kahit panandalian habang walang-patid na pumapailanlang
ang tubig na sinasahod upang walang-said na bumukal

dito sa puwang na inilaan ng batas, bukas sa lahat ng dako

anumang oras para sa lahat, kahit sa walang pag-aari walang
malay sa sarili walang hiya walang dala mula sa nakaraan

kundi sapat na agwat na maibibigay sa iba at sa iyong sarili.

Park

You keep returning to this street in this city
as a child you were almost lost in, after

learning the winding routes leading nowhere

but into each other, returning as if lost again
to sit in a park with no one to meet, in society

with those who wish like you not to be found

for the time being, while the fountain water
rises, collects, rises again here in a cleft the law

provides, on tap from every direction anytime

even for those with no possessions, no memory,
no shame, those like you who saved nothing from

the past but distance from others and yourself.

Translated from Filipino by Conchita Cruz and Allan Popa

Santo Entiero

Munting katawang nagkamalay sa pagkatingkayad nang akayin
ang iyong kamay ng kamay na pinagkakatiwalaan papasok

sa butas sa paanan ng aninaw na kabaong ng Kristong nakahimlay
upang masalat ang kanyang mga sugat nang hindi nasisilayan

ng sariling mga mata kung kaya't naniwalang LIWANAG
ang minsang nasaling ng isipan na hindi na muling nakamtan

gaano man kariing pumikit hagurin ng palad ang mga ukit na pilat
ng rebultong kahoy sa pag-asang mapaghihilom ang iyong isipan.

Santo Entiero

You were awakened on tiptoe to how small you were:
your hand led by a hand, trusted, straining to reach the hole of

the crystalline casket where the taken-down God lay dead so
you could touch the wounds in his feet without beholding them.

Blind to where your hand disappeared into, you made yourself
believe it was LIGHT you held, an impression you would never again

host no matter how hard you shut your eyes, scour the carved
wounds of the wooden icon for the hope of healing your mind.

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