



Life was here –  
*Milagrosa, Karatak, Malido,\**  
sesame seeds, melons  
and vegetables,  
Wilds to hunt  
rivers to fish eels  
and no talking serpents.



*Datu Labawdunggon and Matang-ayon*  
Made love in the meadows  
And covered themselves with sky.

Then one day the serpents spoke:  
“forbidden to eat fruit” they said  
and this land of life  
was declared a hell  
of exploding bombs  
and piercing bullets...  
the dogs of war  
in serpent’s skin  
went hunting humans.

Tourists visiting this paradise  
Notice is read:  
“Beware of stray bullets!”

(1998)

\* *traditional rice variety*

They had a small sky,  
Where *balatik, moroporo and sampok-maya*\* hangs  
The military occupiers brought it down over them  
As night flares and test bombs ensued;

They had rivers and streams—  
*Pan-ay, Manilamon, Binitanga,*  
*Marandan, Mambusao* and more,  
A simple dream: till the lands  
Live in their ancestral domain,  
Feed their children and grandchildren  
And die old and returned to tree-trunk  
The occupiers plundered them all.

But when the occupiers came  
To make these *Tumandoks* disappear  
People wore lightning and thunder  
And their children of age  
Took the road of protracted people's war.

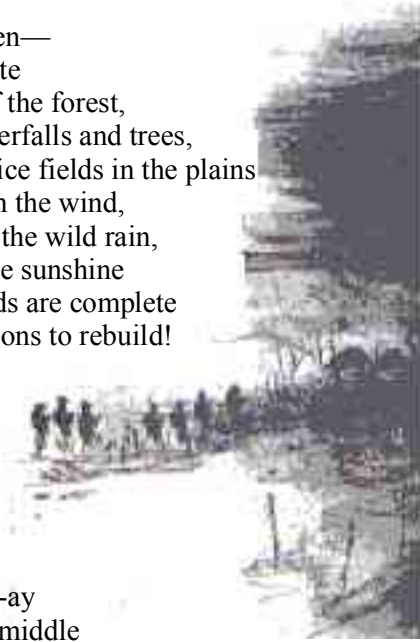
(1997)

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\* *constellations*

**T**ake a piece of cassava crop,  
Our bread, a fruit of labor at war  
Broken in two-halves—  
For you and me,  
Moistened with vinegar  
Dipped in table salt,  
And give the rest  
To the naked children—  
Let our bodies replete  
With high energy of the forest,  
The verticals of waterfalls and trees,  
The horizontals of rice fields in the plains  
There is fragrance in the wind,  
A soothing bathe in the wild rain,  
There is power in the sunshine  
Our bodies and hands are complete  
To carry these weapons to rebuild!

*(1997)*



**T**he river Pan-ay  
through the middle  
run chanting  
from the highlands  
to the open Visayan seas –

Chanting from Angas mountains  
passing through villages, towns,  
and homes along the banks –  
chanting to awaken  
those who sleep:

My forefathers  
dreamed their dreams  
they are the river  
runs in their blood...

Through the trunks of century-old trees  
i have walked a hundred of generations  
laughing in peace in our own – but  
now, I have a suffering soul...

But to the death-master  
i rise high  
lands are my power  
waters are my force!

The river Pan-ay  
runs in burnt umber  
flooding in vengeance  
rushing from the highlands  
unstoppable –  
as she gather waters  
the veins of the earth...  
the intruders- plunderers of these lands  
are deemed to be defeated.



(1996)

**T**he forest covers  
to protect us  
the leaves had eyes  
that never sleep

those newly trained  
war dogs from camp peralta\*  
are tired and fed up  
with their c.o. that  
commands off the frontlines  
hunting for us  
they yield nothing

the forest covers  
to protect us  
so we can rest  
so our energy can be restored  
after the day of exhaustion  
so we can stay fresh and win

the forest covers  
to protect us my eyelids are heavy  
i'm tired and want to sleep

let the eyes of leaves scan the dark  
let the dogs of war trapped in quagmire  
in the never- ending  
layers and trails of terrain  
let the enemies  
be occupied with their  
own fears because

they taught us  
to be their enemies  
they grab our lands  
they create hunger  
they create war

the forest covers



to protect us –  
invincible  
unbeatable  
powerful –  
the masses!

(1995)

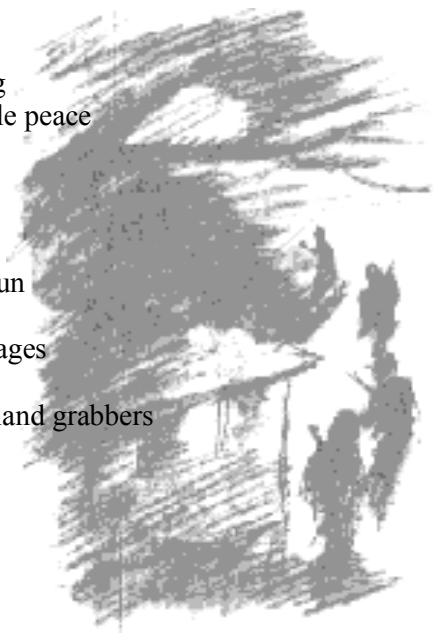
\* HQ of 31D (spearhead Division)/PA

When the eyes of children  
are filled with innocence no more  
for they knew who their fathers' enemies are  
and the hearts of the old  
are filled with anger and hate against intruders  
can peace rest in them?

when they can't speak  
and hunger is overwhelming  
tell them of your comfortable peace  
you will know  
they can't hear you  
they can't speak to you.

now they took the road of gun  
to get back their lands  
protect their homes and villages  
against state violence,  
against the laws that honor land grabbers  
and they can speak to you.

they can laugh and sing  
as this war rages on  
they know peace  
and tell you:  
they are on the road of gun



to eliminate the root causes  
of hunger and war

the road of gun  
is the road of peace.

(1996)

It got bright at midnight  
in the sky and within us  
laying shadows on the ground  
moving position and links  
a distance as we march—  
we will not forget  
the coded commands  
amidst the anticipated  
bursting of gunfire

and the echoing sounds and noises  
of treble and bass  
where the enemies dance to  
drunk and out of themselves  
they'll be disarmed  
or met by death  
tonight. (2003)

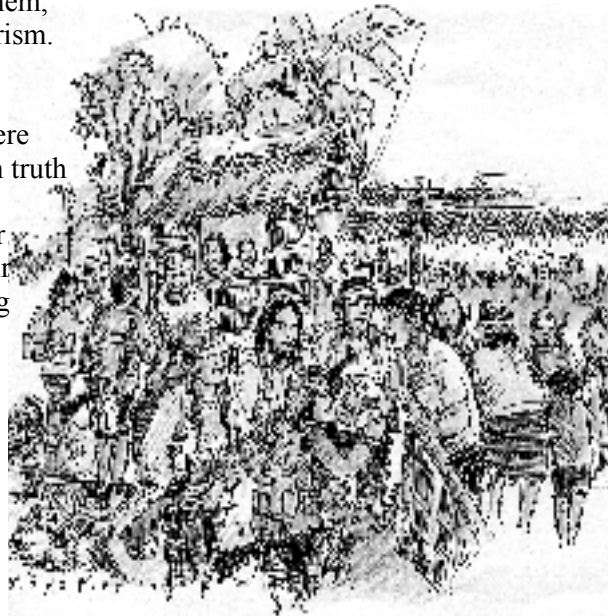




f or years,  
they told each other  
so many lies about us—  
we kill people, burn houses,  
extort—and all  
trying to make us  
a mirror of destruction  
our existence, for them,  
is nothing but terrorism.

but still  
we proudly stand here  
steadfast, shining in truth  
and as the enemies  
come closer  
to the mirror of their  
own making  
pointing it's us—  
it is their image  
that is seen:  
they are—what  
they say  
of us.

(2003)



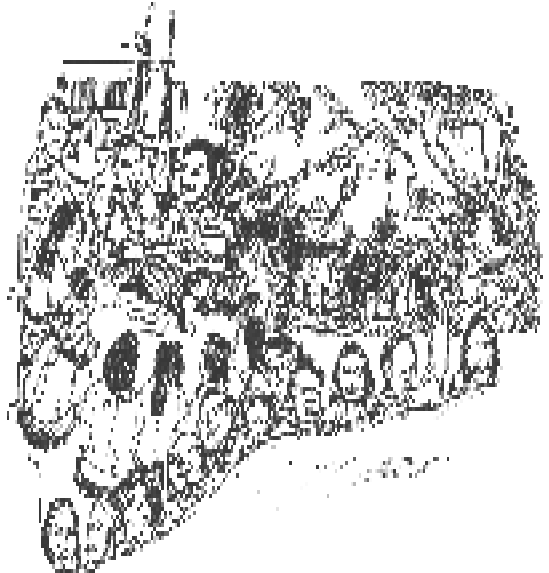
I stepped  
My bare feet  
On your sands  
Carved by gone-away flood  
And looked like  
desert dunes...  
and those wild, yellow *marigold*\*  
that thickly carpets your riverbank  
witness our hurried march...

early sunrise sketched  
our long shadows  
bearing arms

as we left  
but our fresh footsteps  
on your lap  
merging with those  
of the peasants,  
young and old,  
in one direction...  
a metaphor of an  
    enduring union  
of the people and their  
real army.

29 June 2000

*\* a wild flower*



**A**fter a tiring walk,  
And the night  
Sprawls under the moonlight  
And clusters of bamboo shafts  
Thrust their heights hollowly  
against the skies  
Aided by soft winds their green  
Blades moved desperately  
Stabbing those unseen enemies...  
Our bodies laid flatly against  
The cold uneven flooring of this hut  
We close our eyes  
But not to sleep deeply...  
We are angry having the news\*  
Of bad encounter our eight  
Comrades and Red fighters met

Against the fascist 32-men of 12<sup>th</sup>IB  
Our defensiveness will not be forever  
We take sure ways to gain initiative,  
Somehow, somewhere, one day,  
To defeat the enemies  
Piece by piece, one by one,  
No one could unfasten the moonlight  
Not even the bravest in the dark,  
No bamboo shaft and blades of leaves  
Could stab the moon's face!

20 December 2000

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*\* the Red fighters were able to maneuver, fought back and retreated unharmed on this December 3 raid initiated by elements of the 12<sup>th</sup>IB/PA in Sitio Bungbungan, Mabini, Tapaz.*

**W**e are an open-secret  
Of the masses  
Delicately kept in their

Wounds of slavery  
We complete the meaning  
Of their existence  
A bead of hope  
For their emancipation  
Through a protracted  
people's war  
Of all the spirits  
longing to be free...

We are an open-secret  
Of the masses  
Alive and nurtured  
In their passions and dreams,  
To own back these lands  
And feed the hungry,



We are the spreading light  
And have no bodies  
The enemies to hold,  
To strangle, to defeat.

*20 December 2000*

**N**agaumpisa naman sa pagpamukad  
Ang bulak sang kakawati  
Putos sang nagatiklop nga sinipad  
Ang di-malimtan nga handumanan  
Sang nagligad nga pagbuskad—  
Kabuhing nataktak kag liwat nga pagsublak  
Handumanan sang pagbanggianay kag paghiliusa  
Sa dungganon nga paghigugma, sa banwa,  
Sa isa ka isa...  
Pat-ud nga sa buwas  
Lubos ini nga magabuskad  
Kaugalingon nga kaanyag ihalad:  
Ang katumanan sang isa ka damgo  
Nga panaad sining siglo!

*(Enero 1, 2000)*

**S**a isa ka pagtipon sang hukbo kag masa  
Si Tay Asyas nagpamulong-pulong:  
Diyes anyos kag kami inyo nabalikan  
Kato hay naglibog ang ulo ko, diin na kamo  
Ginamigaw ako, kag ang akon lang nabatian  
Narangga ang hublag, hangaway kayot na lang...  
Pensar ko, diin na ang kumpanya kang hangaway  
Nga nagkuon kato nga madali dulang kita madaog?

Diyes anyos ninyo kami kag mabalikan  
Ang bahin sa pagpanadlong akon dun natun-an  
'Gakalipay gid d'yang dughan, hay gaduro duman kita  
Ang akon lang, hay kay-uhon gid naton  
Nga indi duman kita marangga...  
Kag handa nga magtadlong naman  
Samtang gamay pa lang ang depirensya...

Diyes anyos ninyo kami kag mabalikan  
Nakita duman ninyo, labi lang nga nagpigado ang baryo  
Sang wala kamo, wala man direksyon ang tawo  
Pay waay may nagtraidor ukon maluibon sa amon  
Gahulat kami sa inyo, waay man data ang gubyrno  
Nagaduro ang problema kag makabulig kamo  
Imaw gani nga nagapalamat gid ako hay dayan dun kamo...

Diyes anyos ninyo kami kag mabalikan  
Kag ako hay mal-am dun... maluya na,  
Pay ibuhos ko ang nabilin nga kusog  
Agud liwat magbaskog ang rebolusyon sa amon baryo,  
Imaw gani ang ginakuon ko sa mga kabataan  
Mga Panuy, Pane, mag-entra kamo sa hangaway  
Indi ta magdaog kon tulukon ta lang dya...

Diyes anyos ninyo kami kag mabalikan...  
Pay madumduman pa kang mga kabataan  
Kon ano kamayad ang mga Kaupod...  
Ti, may didto na nga mga pamatan-on  
Indi magnubo sa apat ang masunod sa hangaway...  
Interbyuhon lang kang mga natungdan nga Kaupod  
Ano, kon makapasar sila kag mabaton ...  
Amo lang ran ang akon...

Mabaskog ang pamalampak kag udyak sang kalipay  
Ang nagtugob sa palibot.  
Duag pula ang talon.

*(Oktubre 2003)*

**L**abing maghiliusa, magbuligay  
Pataason ang ikasarang, paslawon, lutuson ang kaaway!

I.

Mga Kaupod sa hukbo,  
Ang kaaway subong nagalunsar sang panibag-ong lebel  
Sang pag-atake sa ila tudo-gyera konta sa aton kag pumuluyo.  
Halin sa isa ka ginakonsetrahan nga prenteng gerilya,  
Nagapalapad ang ila atake, kag nagahana nga magasingki ini  
Kay may dugang nga batalyon nga mahimo ihampak sa Panay.

Ginakamang sang kaaway ang aton base  
Agud plastaran sang RSOT sa tuyo nga gub-on ang baseng masa,  
Rekrut sang CAFGU, kag balay network sang BIN  
Samtang padayon naman ang dalagku nga operasyon pang-  
istrayk  
Sa tuyo nga pusaon ang armadong kusog sang hukbo.

II.

Sa pihak nga bahin, mga Kaupod,  
Ining pagpang-atake sang kaaway nagapatong sa malala nga  
krisis  
Nga nagatay-og sa reaksyunaryong rehimeng GMA  
Kag husto nga tayming kag likuan na lang ang ginahulat  
Agud maigo sang patal sa pagbagsak sini sang pumuluyo.

Malala ang krisis, maluya ang produksyon sang bilog nga  
ekonomya  
Wala sang maarapalan ang rehimen sa masingki nga kinamog  
Sang mga paksyon sang mga hakugan nga pulitiko kag upisyal  
militar,  
Agaway manggad kag poder, pagkabuyagyag sang binilyon nga  
korapsyon  
Hamulag ang rehimen sa pumuluyo.

Gusto tabunan sang rehimen ang pagkainutil sa paglubad  
Sang mga basehan nga problema sang pumuluyo,

Gusto ni GMA nga magbawi bangud sa ambisyon nga magpadayon  
Sa poder kag ipakita nga kontrol pa sini ang di-matabangan  
Nga pagkapugday sang iya paltik nga “mabaskog nga republika”.

Gani ang deperado nga tikang sa nagahimumugto nga paghari  
Amo nga padag-an lang sa pakusog kag pagtudo-gyera kuno  
kontra-terorista  
Bisan pa ang mga tropa sini demoralisado bangud  
indi mahibal-an  
Kon bala madaog nila ang tudo-gyera nga tinuig na—  
Samtang ang rebolusyon nagalapad kag nagabaskog iya.

III.

Mga Kaupod,

Atubangon naton kag paslawon atake sang **kaaway**  
Madamo kita sang tikang nga himuon sa **pagpaslaw sa ila**,  
Apang bilang Hangaway sang Banwa—  
Handa bala kita sa paglunsar sang mga **taktikal nga opensiba**?

Naglanog ang singgit sang mga tropa **nga nakahanay**:  
“Handa kami!”

Ilunsar naton ang mga taktikal nga **opensiba**  
Sa tanan nga bahin sang isla nga **malab-ot ta...**  
Mabaskog ang kaaway, superyor siya sa **pwersa**,  
Apang maluya sini nga bahin makita ta sa **bulig sang masa**,  
Didto siya bunalan sang makamamatay **nga bira!**  
Handa bala kita diin man kag ano man **nga pagbanat sa**  
kaaway?

Mas mabaskog ang singgit sang **nakahanay na tropa**:  
“Bisan diin man, ano pa man, **maluyang kaaway banatan!**”  
Handa bala kita nga lutuson ang **kaaway**?  
“Handa!”

Nagabaga ang kampo.  
Nagapula ang kalangitan.

*(Oktubre 2003)*

**I**t rained again  
So heavy that it almost flattened  
The muddy ground that earlier  
Looked like a crumpled sheet  
Bruised under a hundred feet  
And its rim that edges  
In a small canal of flowing water  
Carries the spirit of a mountain  
Longing to follow the labyrinths  
Our guerilla feet had been through..  
Exactly how you follow my steps, dear,  
Over the slippery rice paddies of  
Irregular patterns  
Criss-crossing over the contoured rice fields  
Under the moonlight  
That seemed to be mystical  
As wisp of white night fog  
Curtains momentarily  
Her pale rounded face  
As we continue marching towards  
The fenced small hut  
Of a poor peasant—small indeed  
But a big heart to accommodate us...  
And it rained again  
How this mountain spirit wish  
You are here, so to feel you  
Though he's not alone by now  
But this protracted people's war has to go on  
And when you left, we knew  
You really left for war...

*10 December 2000*



**R**ain lashed furiously  
Against the rooftop creating a sound  
That seems like a music to my ear this night  
And the heavy boom of a thunder  
Echoed in a distance  
But heard it as a drumbeat  
A musical tempo that dragged  
This mountain spirit into rest  
So peaceful... so complete  
Savoring every precious minute  
Feeling the weight of your head  
Resting on my shoulder...  
This does not happen always  
Though we both have the love  
For each other  
That grows day by day  
So I will treasure this sweet interlude  
Filled with colorful and ecstatic memories  
In my life you alone can give...

*2<sup>nd</sup> week December 2000*

**W**hen you sung to me  
Our song of revolution  
I close my eyes  
And feel your head  
On my breast...

Your voice so soft  
You're so close to me  
That until now  
I can feel your heartbeat ,  
The warmth of you breath  
Your reverberating voice  
That filled me...  
You are my song.

*20 December 2000*

