

The Enemy's Son

*and other Poems
from the Warfront*

- MayaMor

Panay

(1st Quarter 2001 Poems)

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The Enemy's Son

This man came to see us
His built showed a youthful physique
As he humbly sat in front of us
Our officer, the political guide
Looked directly into his eyes:

Listen carefully, Jun,
More than twenty years ago
You were too young then to understand
But your late father,
A Constabulary Sergeant
Was a people's enemy...
In one long time,
He led his men and launched
Massive counter-revolutionary activities
Violating people's democratic and human rights,
He and his men were abhorred by the masses
Their notoriety gladdened the hated
US-Marcos dictatorship
Their terrorism resounded at the whole place
That until now, older generations
Could never forget,
They could vividly tell you
Details of their fascist acts...

Time had come
When the people, one and strong
In revolutionary cause led by the Party
And with the New People's Army
Decided and confiscated
Your father's property, that is,
His farmlands partially unproductive

The enemy's son, 2001.sxw

And let the landless farmers cultivate
To augment their needs to live,
Your father, then, was redeployed
Until he was killed in their own
Bickering with a relative
Leaving you, his family
To make your own in a hard way.

With the current social crisis
Bludgeoning the people including
Segments of the middle class,
Your family felt the shrinking
Of your sources,
And it came to our attention
Your family raised a point of reconsideration
To take a share from your father's
Confiscated lands...
We understood so well your situation,
With a mother getting older,
She finds it so heavily burdened
To school her sons and daughters
As she never married again;
You inherited nothing from
Your father's properties in his clan
Usurped by your father's broods
And it's good none amongst you
Had joined the reactionary military service,
Jun, you bore your father's name
And we hope you will not follow
His notorious footsteps...
When you go home, tell your mother
How we wish to see her in person,
Extend to her this message and decision:
The revolutionary movement had reconsidered:
Part of your father's confiscated lands
Shall be returned to you as heirs—provided—
You shall till the land to inherit its fruits

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And we will not allow you
To sell it to anybody
Indeed—your father was a people's enemy
And you are not!

(20 March)

* * *

Bulod*

Heaving earth's breast
Stretching along, down the plains
Nourished by earth's slit, cracked
By creeks and Pan-ay river beneath—
Feel how the peasants
Clothed your denuded skin
As parcels of you
Are plowed and cared..
Bear now your fruits
Feel their struggles
Landless as they are,
And blow your winds
Against the trudging feet
Of their class enemies
That pains you too
As they slice your skin.

(21 Feb)

* *a mountain in Tapaç, Capiç*

* * *

Upland

Who owns you but the calloused
Hands with protruding veins
That cared for you
And lived for years in your seasons
As you offered them gifts
Of their hard, tortuous labor

Who owns you? Absolutely not
The fascist generals and their men
With iron hands who cracked your earth
Pierced your heart
With fires, bombs and bullets,
They bled you dry and lifeless.
Remember the billboard:
“Beware of stray bullets!”

Who owns you but the peasants
Whom their forebears were buried
Here and their bones ad ashes
Nourished your earth crust
And as history written in their memory
Pledges this solemn truth...
These peasants will not abandon you
They are defending life in you!

* * *

Marching Along With Time

We marched along with time
Plodding the turbid rice paddies
Every home that housed us
Is only but a bend.

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And the miles with million
Steps we have taken
Leaves a story, a vista,
We're glad to see:
The seeds of power we sowed,
On every peasant's heart
Had grown red...

We marched in silence
Silent as time,
And we still wend undaunted—
With the waiting miles yet to be stepped on
That spread their seemingly
Endless grass ward...

We are with the masses
And the night is an assuring ally
Concealing our shadows,
Yet, amidst the darkness
We clearly see the right path
The vision of the future
The dawn of freedom
True we are, and we are the truth—
Even to unborn generations.

* * *

A New Start

This afternoon, we talked to this man
Broad shouldered and tendons of an athlete,
His balding head at 37, bowed down
A domesticated sly fox, we find it hard
To catch his eyes buried below his brows
Noticeably depressed, he blurted his words
As a soldier of misfortune

The enemy's son, 2001.sxw

A former element of Alpha Coy of the white army
This man is nothing without his M16
Dishonorably discharged
For having killed his buddy
When his being was diabolically possessed.

Now this former corporal spoke
His disgruntlement and the rottenness
Of the state's war machine
Ineloquently he told them all,
He gave his gesture of submission
As he sought peaceful domicile
Within our territory where people reigns
Our squad leader looked at him
And softly uttered a stern warning
Revolutionary justice is meted
To every crime committed
And he had a chance for a new start—
Start a new leaf, a new life
Take his hands on the rice fields
And learn well from the masses.

(9 March)

* * *

The Landlord's Hell

(With apologies to E.G.)

He is getting mad, too mad
Of loving, buying, grabbing, plundering
All things—power, wealth, wine and women...
Tonight he will stand by his veranda
To watch those sparking lightning
(Trying to confront his fears of those)
Is it the danger?
Inherent in them that makes them

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So beautiful? Or this distance?
I am writing this poem
From the other end of the world
Where Red political power exists
The sky bursts into flames,
The lord held his hands
Out of the rain,
And the rain remembers—
The lord now possesses nothing!

* * *

The Reason Why

| | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| ...Because class exploitation | and oppression wrenches our people |
| Because gods and angels | ruled their minds in cult and bigotry |
| Because many unborn child | had to suffer innocent deaths without seeing the sun |
| Because countless children | are bound to sleep forever with open, dilated eyes |
| I am here—with them, | in the struggle to be free. |

* * *

Tonight, Another Door Will Open to Us

...I will stand by this window
Then watch the raining skies
As we wait for the coming
The enemy's son, 2001.sxw

of friendly night,

Tonight, we will march again
Along the path less traveled by
And rise from the dark night
As another door will surely
 open to us...

Vanguard

...Consciousness emanates
From their being
And standpoint
Made them tough
Their dream
Rolls the seas
Lifts the mountain
Conceals time...

Their burning will
Trembles the angels
Vowed to carry on,
And on,
Nobody will liberate them
They along who possess nothing.

They never die.

* * *

Aroused

...for the lords broke their bones
stretched their every muscle fiber
until blood leaked out
from their veins...

the lords killed their children
and promised them with heaven
aroused—
they know nothing sacred in land titles
now, they are taking back
the lords had ruthlessly plundered
they are master of their fate
for the gods of the lords
know nothing, not even
how it became its
fantastic self..

* * *

Guerilla Red Fighters

Because they are.

... from the night embark
and depart in silence,
a concentration of armed force
nurtured, nourished
by the people in their struggle,
awake as the barrio sleeps
moving in concealment,
in rain or sunshine,
strike the enemies
and no more in silence

Because they are.

A people's precious gem
That can be never lost.

* * *

Journey

When the night delves into its depths
And time speaks its deafening silence
When the stormy winds seem
To suspend this summertime
As it blows its miles of journey
When the enemies are coming to an attack
With trudging feet in various columns
Physically containing almost the main
Areas of our territory—
Our revolutionary struggle persists
In the invincible spirits flaming like fires
In the hearts of these Party cadres,
Red fighters and the masses
That knows no nights and darkness,
Knows no flooding rivers, rains
And thunderstorms to seek ways and means
To preserve our forces
Saving all strength
And surprise the enemy troops
In a battle we must initiate
As it must be...
Time and silence,
Night and its depths,
Summer and storms
Always orbits a journey
And a new dawn is bursting!

(25 March)

**written as some estimated 600-strong enemy troops are launching their military operation in a front-wide scale*

The Defensive

Because he— the Great Teacher
Taught us the ways of war in the defensive

We moved keeping off even our shadows
As far as the fringes of our guerilla zone
Orbiting-- with watchful eyes—
The sphere of our political power
And influence
And more, establishing added ones
Then rolled the mountain and hills
Crossed the rivers and swam like
“Fishes on the riverbed” of the masses

The enemies tired themselves
In searching their target
Within their self-created interior lines...
They searched and looked into the riverbed
And see nothing but their ugly faces,
They scanned the forests but found
The folded pages of the tree leaves,
They trudged the roads they suspect our route
Only to bring them at the dead-end...

We tailed them as we took
Serious eyes on their movements,
The words of the Great Teacher
Of protracted people’s war guide us
And one day, the weak part
Of the trudging enemies
Will be entrapped in defeat!

(14Apr)

* * *

Red Justice

People's vengeance had watched
Like an eye of a coming storm,
Memory had never faltered
Nor enshrouded by moments of forgetfulness,
Through the long twenty years
This verdict, guilty of countless crimes
Has to pay his blood debts,
The scroll was never rolled close
And one, posted in the northern front
Undok's name is marred with blood
Shed by the victims of *Padi-Padi* massacre**
And children who got sick and died
In barrios turned into hamlet camps
He plundered the people's food and drinks
Burned their houses, abused men and women
Together with Marcos' mercenary army
And had never changed his life
Time is long overdue, this notorious
 enemy was executed
There were hearts rejoicing...
Rainy days may suspend its season
But red justice will be pursued
Who and what are in the scroll...
It comes in unexpected moment.

* *Agripino "Undok" Clarito, was the barangay captain of Simbola, Culasi, Antique; a former member of the Philippine Army, then he joined the CHDF; and was an active military informer when he was sentenced and executed to death.*

** *Three Comrades were martyred, one was wounded and another was arrested during this incident in 1985 in Padi-Padi, Bitadton, Culasi.*

* * *

Guerillas are also Poets and Poetess

Guerillas are also poets and poetess
They know how to sharpen
And lunge their pens
And gore the enemies to defeat;
They furbish their language gingerly
And lavishly spending time
Listening to the masses
And translate their dreams
With obeisance
Reflecting their spirits
Longing to be free...

Guerillas are also poetess and poets
Their words are profound, poignant
Putting the enemies' pallor in fear
Their hearts are freshet of poetry
Capable of putting into words
The seemingly ineffable feelings,
And heartthrobs of the masses
Guiding their spirits
To the way of freedom!

(21Feb)

* * *

Diptych*

He painted a diptych
On one board,
Colors are carmine and tawny
A tarnished boy
In sharp chiaroscuro**
His face distorted
With accusing eyes
Instead of gentle innocence
Lips were almost cracking dry
Cheekbones were prominent
As his head barely a skull
Wrapped with thin brown skin
Hands holding an empty plate
Symbolic of social injustice.

The other board,
A woman in universal face
But never a Raphaelic*** one
Wielding her weapon
Of death and liberation
Hair gently blown by
Soft, melodious mountain winds
Blended in leafy twigs
Looked not too uncanny
Obviously, a guerilla fighter
And colors were dominantly
Flaming with red.

There was no plethora of images
The piece was never lauded
As it was once hanged humbly
Along with others for exhibition
It was almost forgotten
And when some art critics, now,
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Declared the exhaustion
Of “post-modernism”
Somebody asked the painter’s friend
About the diptych—and the artist—
Perhaps remembering his critical social realism
This somebody was told
The artist has gone—gone somewhere
Living up the message of the diptych,
And the diptych work?
It’s just around us
The objective reality.

(8March)

** diptych, a painting on two boards hinged as to close like a book, the diptych referred in the poem was lost*

*** chiaroscuro, the treatment of light and shade in painting*

**** Raphaelic, in association with Raphael, a famous painter of perfect Madonna and angel faces*

Poem

Amidst the darkness of night
We are always reminded
With optimistic thoughts
Of her coming—a bursting light—
And as we passed through
This pathless walk, marching,
We touched the wet, dripping wet
Leaves of corn
Spreading her loom, even
Amidst the darkness
And her pollen, like millions
Of celestial bodies
Moving along their orbits
Across the corn fields,

The enemy's son, 2001.sxw

Touch and feel again her blossom
Pregnant of life—
And like that night,
Carrying along her bosom
A bursting daylight
With banners of our victory,
So sweet!

* * *

Starting a Day

Early dawn ushered us
A quicker march
Passing through a knoll
To the direction of cobalt mountains
Seen by those accommodating
Homes of poor peasants
That housed us days before
As we spread our plastic sheets
Turning them into blackboards
And cloth hat for eraser
Then discuss with them
Their role and tasks
In the democratic revolution...

We reach another home
And quickly opened the fence gate
With waist-level palings
Of bamboo materials
The watching dog just wagged
Its tail as one of us pat the head,
“Maayong aga, Tay, Nay...”
“Saka, mainom ‘ta kape!”
Silently, but hurriedly
We entered the house,
Shook hands and set ourselves

Our day started with pleasant talks
With the family over cups of coffee.
"Makadto sila karon?"
"Huo, madayon ang miting!"

(Feb '01)

* * *

You can do

Draw from a clear memory
With a stand for the masses;

Lines form shapes
In rhythmic patterns, designs;

Your unforgettable experiences
In forms and colors of songs
Poetry and emotions;

Understand aesthetics
That includes the ugly;

Be alive, sensuous,
Express your experiences
Free and objective;

We have so much of that
In our revolutionary life.

(27Feb)

* * *

Tabiac*

Indeed—
Shabby clothes could
Never shield you alive
Against the piercing M60 machinegun bullets
Of the enemies,
Your martyrdom and death
Come their way one morning
As your pale bodies laid in Tabiac,
Like butchered animals
Had all the message—so intense
And profound we felt, yes,
Every morning will be different
Without you.

Hear us, martyred Comrades,
Hear the vows of courage
Despite our tacit lips,
We will save our tears
And wend with the struggle
See, our guerilla zones distend;
We will save every tawny bullet
For our offensives one day
As we whet our minds and senses
In this protracted people's war.

Death comes our way
And we will deliver justice
Until that sweet day
Of freedom!

* *a barrio in Igharas, Iloilo where three Comrades—Ka Cesar, Ka Royroy and Ka Ronald were martyred in a raid conducted by PNP-Provincial Mobile Group headed by Col. Buco last February 2001. By*

December of that year, two informers were found guilty and were executed by a unit of the NPA on the same place.

The Light of Dead Fireflies Never Die

There is beauty
In the black night

There are stars
The lighted fishing boats at sea,
The lighted homes in the villages
And over there, not a few homes
Surely housed our Comrades
With unseen fires in their hearts
Enkindling others souls

And when we walked
Through the shallow waters
Of a winding creek
We would see down its bed
Bright tiny lights
From hundreds of dead fireflies
Drown through rain and storms

There is beauty
In the black night

It makes you see the light
Of dead fireflies
Really, never die.

*** * ***

Undaunted

We are not afraid
When skies would burst
Into deadly flames

The enemy's son, 2001.sxw

And deadly lightning veins
Would ensnare us—

Because we never walk alone
Through the debris of class oppression,
Because we possess nothing
Instead, we are a people's possession;

Because we dream
Dreams of the millions,
Because we do not believe
In guardian angels;

Because we know the law of change
And how would we die,
Because the young must grow
And persist on building anew...

Lightning is only but
A pulse in the sky and remembers nothing
Our dream moves in its orbit
And knows how it became itself.

(March)

* * *

[Untitled]

To Sarah earl

My memory of you walks
In the alley of your absence
Never departs
But stirs me up
In my solitaire—
Because you hold me
Even under the drizzling skies

Be rhyme me your endearments
Blow me a kiss in a far distance
When about to sleep
Understands why I've got this AR-15
And stood by my side at all times
Rendering that love for me
And our famished people
Whom we serve...

Our memories entwine
Witnessing our dreams unfolding
We don't have fears
We don't have that ruined hearts
Ours is timeless as the seas
We looked up at nights
When were together
And when a far distant...

(10March)