

Hello Green Leaf and Other Poems

“Hello Green Leaf”

By Raymond G. Falgui

Hello green leaf,
How do you do?
The Wind’s been blowing
And asking for you.
The Wind’s been whispering
And singing a tale
Of a whirlwind journey –
An adventure that will not fail.

Hello yellow leaf,
How do you do?
The Tree is dying
That’s been holding you.
Your color is fading,
You’re turning crinkly too,
And the Wind’s been crying,
Asking for you.

Hello brown leaf,
Are you still there?
Why do you quiver
In the fresh morning air?
The others have gone
And left you all alone –
They’ve ridden the Wind
And gone on home.

The Wind is whistling,
The Last Call is out,
Fast comes the end,
Time to move out.

Hello dead leaf,
Please pardon me,
Why were you so afraid
To be free?

“Mommy Fighting, Daddy Fighting”
By Raymond G. Falgui

Mommy fighting, Daddy fighting
Have to run away from here

Run to Kuya Nig’s room,
But he’s not around.

He’s hiding behind headphones,
Volume turned up loud,
Eyes tuned to outer space,
He doesn’t hear a sound.

“Mommy fighting, Daddy fighting!”
I shout, shout, shout.
Kuya Nigs just lets the music
Drown me out.

Call to Ate Lala,
But she’s not there.

Pillow pressed against one ear,
Phone against the other,
She calls her boyfriend,
Again and again.

“Mommy fighting, Daddy fighting!”
I cry.

But Ate Lala just talks louder
About friends in school,
Who’s dating who –
That’s not what she wants to say,
That’s not what she wants him to do.

I hear, hear, hear:
“Please come, please come,
Come and get me,
Oh why, Oh why,
Oh why won’t you?”

Mommy fighting, Daddy fighting,
I’m all alone,
Now I know.
I run to bed
And pull pillow after pillow
Over my head.

I bury myself deep

Away from
Mommy fighting, Daddy fighting.
Like Ate Lala,
Like Kuya Nigs.

The problem is:
I can still hear.

"Racing the Rain"

by Raymond G. Falgui

The thunder mutters,
The clouds gather:

"Pedrito!" Yaya shouts.
"It's going to rain!"

I run in place,
Legs pumping,
Arms shaking,
Not moving.

The thunder grumbles,
The clouds grow dark:

"Get inside!" Papa shouts.
"The rain is about start!"

Two hands, one knee
Touch the street,
My head down, my *puwet* high.

The thunder speaks,
The clouds turn black:

"Come inside this instant!" Mama shouts.
"What are you waiting for?"

The first drops start to fall,
But I don't go.
Too tiny, too small –
Not yet worth the race.

The thunder roars,
Lightning turns the clouds bright:

Mama, Papa, Yaya shouting,
But I can't hear a thing
Except for the pitter-patter
of tiny armies of tiny feet
Coming up behind me.

Too late!
I'm off!
Can't catch me,
Can't touch me,

I see the open gate,
Mama, Papa, Yaya within
Shouting

I can't hear.

I'm too fast

For words

Too fast

For sound

Too fast

For the rain.

Not a drop touches me.

"A Sun Happy Day Is Today"
by Raymond G. Falgui

A sun happy day
Is today!

The squinting light catches you smiling
As you blink,
In a sort of friendly wink,

And the itchy grass scratches at your heels,
Inviting you to lie awhile, and feel,

The sun, laughing from eight million miles in space,
At you picking prickly flowers off of your socks,
In an infinite variety of ways.

"Is Somebody There"

by Raymond G. Falgui

"Is somebody there?"
I ask my darkened room.

"Nobody here,"
My room answers back.
"Just a school uniform,
Shaking and dancing -
Maybe the wind is blowing,
Maybe there's a storm."

"Is somebody there?"
I ask my darkened room.

"Nobody here,"
My room answers back.
"Just the computer blinking,
On and off, off and on,
Where does the power comes from?
Just call Meralco in the morning."

"Is somebody there?"
I ask my darkened room.

"Nobody here,"
My room answers back.
"Just the door opening,
Don't pay it any mind,
It's just the shadows creeping
Out to have a good time."

"If there's nobody there?"
I finally think to ask,

"Then who's been answering me,
When my questions I ask?"

My room doesn't answer back.