

**MGATULANI ANGELAMANALANG GLORIA**  
**Sali(n) Na, Angela!**

**Poems**

There are so many poems in my head  
All wanting to be seen,  
And some are bright in silver lace,  
And some are plumed with green.

The gay and lovely ones pirouette  
Like dancers in my mind,  
And others, frail and wistful nuns,  
Tread somberly behind.

The madcap inspirations, bent  
on flinging stars about,  
Contrive to break away before  
I know that they are out;

While the ambitious fancies, dressed  
In proud, immortal white,  
Look upwards all the time—and so  
They never come out right.

But all of them, however perfect  
In my mind's retreat  
Appear bewildered when released,  
And oh, so incomplete.

**The Debt**

Oh I have been so near to Death  
So near it held me by the hand  
And taught me as Life never had  
To weave a rope of shining sand,

For Death was kind and more than kind:  
When my first terror slipped away,  
It rolled the lid from off my night  
And burned my coffin into day;

And it was good to breathe again  
The little breath it gave to me  
And see with Death-awakened eyes  
Enchantment sittin on a pea.

And wonder ripening on thorns:  
It was enough, enough to be!  
I am beholden unto Death  
For giving back my self to me!

## 1940 A.D.

### I.

We heard it whirring through the air  
Like some promordial, thundered word.  
We sought to flee it everywhere  
Yet everywhere it stirred.

Voiceless from palavers of peace,  
We watch the nameless horror grow,  
Watch it till, glazed beyond release,  
Our eyes see neither friend nor foe.

### II.

Talk of the sun that redly burned  
With glory in Homeric skies!  
That was no sun, but gore once urred  
And alchemied with epic lies,

Not glory, but catastrophic dust,  
The sad eclipse of flesh and bone,  
The twilight of the mind that must  
Yield to exigencies of stone.

### III.

There is no bright Apocalypse  
In this despair whereon to cling,  
Save that, in durance vile, the lips  
Break into prayer for another spring.