

# POETRY

## Poem for E.

*Alfred A. Yuson*

Going, you must be perfect.

Going must be perfect,

Born, died, in Mindanao.

Name of street you last said

embraced you, first.

Pen in the nozzle, guitar on the beach,

know anyone else who steps on a guitar

on the beach, at waking, swish of dawn?

A man of carousing, as well. A man who could

ride all the horses, up and down, wave at the

crowd on bends, a man who could, albeit clumsily,

compose pratfalls for the party's lighter veins,

make curious fun.

The last time. The last

time we took some tokes together and

you didn't want to talk to the politico

anymore, the mountains are here, anyway,

and my brother shall pay for me, for

all the signatures we get tonight or

assurances from the politico, let's laugh.

Instead.

You belong to the jungle, you are my

jungle friend. Everything I told you or heard

from you is mine, mine. Friend,

I need your jungle selflessness, roots

giving way or marrying, dead leaves  
dying together, mulch is one, always one.  
Yang friend. Jungle friend.  
Light is scarce for you there, it is  
your province, in chaos you want order,  
while my very shadow seeks polemics, for  
contrast, I shall say, as we perhaps said together,  
before you crossed, totally, over,  
from order make chaos.  
Instead.

Emmanuel, whose body has been paid for  
Thelma, whose body was her mole  
Linda of the sway and the typewriter  
Aida the stately carcass  
Evelyn Cebu.

In theory, first and last an aesthete  
does no good, being an organ all your  
own, or perhaps sharing in immen-  
sity, the cosmic who. But.

There are some who think the path you  
chose took you to deep woods but didn't  
lead you any deeper into  
deepest woods.

The girls laughed; they flirted,  
gossiped, snorted, and remembered you.

There was a poem, once.

Your mother said you said you  
were happy. Both words are taken.

Do you suppose the most beautiful  
friendships are those  
flung from both  
sides of the river which led  
to different cataracts of the same  
poem?

Do you suppose there was, once?  
Opening doors, never closing them.  
Let's go back, it's dark and I feel too  
safe. Where's the rope, the wire? Tie  
up the flotsam with, walk on, attach as  
pennants to the throat . . .

Going, you have been perfect.

The going has been perfect.