

Imagining Distance

Raul G. Moldez

More or less. That's how you describe the distance between us. You, being in the city that never sleeps, humming lullabies for babies that never grew in your womb. Babies, in whose veins, there's a clear absence of our blood. And I, here in the city that gets new monikers each time a new chief executive sits in. What used to be the city of golden friendship, it later progresses into a city in bloom, in blossom and in boom.

This new tagline speaks of accuracy.

Because recently a loud boom exploded amid the city's silence. And on the spot, lie amongst shattered glasses, broken San Mig light bottles, deformed chairs and tables, bodies lifeless like statues. So don't come home yet as I thought of going in there instead. And join you in finding hopes for our tomorrow. And together, perhaps a decade from now, let's pack our stuff and fly back home. By that time, maybe the pangs of grief that grip the people's heart are gone. More or less.

No thoughts for a hand flying kites
Waiting for the wind to pick up
For you to pace up.

A hand holding your hand
Perhaps a little too tightly
that last day.