

Like souls meeting

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I was killed
in a crossfire.

In the dream
I was crossing

the rice field
which was also

a battlefield.
A bullet

whiz-zinged
past me.

It missed me
by a hair's breadth.

Or so I thought
until I dropped

like a scythed
stalk.

There was
no pain.

Only velvet
oozing

from my neck,
the sun melted

like butter
until there was

nothing...
It touched my

face, my hair,
my fingers, all

of me becoming
A brightness.

a flame
lengthening.

I felt my face,
my hair,

counted the veins
in my hand.

One, two ...
Three blue veins

to be exact.
And I was breathing.

I walked around
familiar faces,

flashing my smile,
wanting them

to notice my teeth,
my eyes, this

same body
and self.

But they didn't
see me,

They kept on
yakking penpen

de sarapen de kutsilyo
de armasin.

Then you were
there standing.

No silk-robed
wizard,

But just as you
always were:

grey-haired,
the wattle

on your skin,
the widow's peak,

your eyes
a declaration of

final
understanding.

You saw me,
made the slightest

bow of
recognition,

hands clasped
softly

in prayer
like souls meeting,

or like wings
from flight,

folding ever
so lightly.