

Paglabang ni Sheree Salud

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Malamaton tong kataposang takna
 sa hapon, diin nakit-an tika
 taliwala sa mga tawong nangtipok
 sa kilid sa Gaston Park. Sa akong panan-aw,
 bulawan pa sa adlaw ang gipatina mong buhok.
 Ang imong ngabil ug blusa pula pa
 sa galurat nga trapik layt. Inig labang nimo,
 gisundan kag pipila ka tutok sa sakyanan
 diin nanangpit ang dispatser ug konduktor.
 Apan, tataw imong panan-aw
 niining eskinang akong gibarogan.
 Sa gauyog nimong dughan, matay-og
 gyod ang mga *jeepney* nga *ga-alley*
 diri sa dalan Gaerlan. Bisag tuod gihugka
 nako ang akong kurbata, uga gihapon
 ang tutonlan samtang ikaw garampa.
 Nangasapaw nalang ang mga pito sa RTA
 dihang naglagubo ang akong dughan
 duyog sa gakindangkindang
 mong bat-ang—*Wala-tuo,*
wala, tuo...wala... tuo...
wala, tuo. Hay inday, init pa ka
 sa hilanat! Inanay ikaw
 nakatay sa pahina sa akong
 hunahuna. Ug imong ngalan
 maoy ulohan sa mubo nga gula
 dihang nanil-ip ang imong *office I.D.*
 nga gahipi diha sa bulsa sa imong *purse*.
 Sa tanang buot pa untang litokon
 ining talagsaon nga higayon,
 igo lang nako gituldok
 labi nang gikan ko nangompisal
 sa akong mga sala. Apan
 sa wala pa ko nakasakay,
 kalit ka milabay,
 nipahiyom. Ug ako
 nga nakasaksi niini,
 naugdaw. Naabo:
 napulpog sa tunob
 sa kahait
 nimong
 tikod.

English Translation of “Paglabang ni Sheree Salud”

As Sheree Salud Crossed the Road

Trans. by Mark Anthony Daposala

Mystical was the last hour
 on one afternoon when I saw you
 amidst the people idling
 at the side of Gaston Park.
 Your dyed hair was more golden than the sun.
 Your lips and your blouse were redder
 than the glaring traffic light. As you traversed the road
 you were followed by stares from the vehicles
 where the dispatcher and the conductor called for your attention.
 Yet, it was evident that you were looking at me
 from the way you gazed at the corner where I stood.
 As your breast jiggled, the jeepneys shuddered
 at the stop in Gaerlan Street. And though I loosened
 my tie, my throat
 was still so dry as you strutted towards me.
 The RTA's whistles engulfed
 by the thumping of my heart,
 beat in tune with your swaying
 hips—left-right,
 left, right...left... right...
 left, right...Oh inday, hotter
 than fever! Slowly, you
 spread across the pages
 of my mind. Your name
 became the title of this brief show
 as your company ID peeked at me
 from the pocket of your purse.
 More things I wanted to say
 from such a rare instance,
 but I had to put a stop to this
 as I just came
 from confession. Yet
 when I was about to take my ride,
 you showed up suddenly.
 You smiled, and I
 a lay witness to this,
 burned and ashen:
 crumbled as you
 went away
 with your
 sharp heels.