

April 25, 1928

Therese Ferreria

Woman
wasn't built in a day
though some would say
she couldn't wait
to build and burn
to bleed and heal
stabbing holes in the ground
letting earth
fall between her raised brown fingers
into her hair
into her eyes
into her skin
to color herself

Filipina

Filipina

Quick!

To the marina
your brothers and fathers and lovers
are leaving
taking your flowers...

Withered petals
fall from their fingers
fragrance wafting
drifting...
miscarried
from the motherland
into the stark, bloodless world—

seedless plain
heedless pain
travelers in vain...

men hunched against the wall
in the dance hall
celebrating
nothing.

