

Quill & Ink

COEXISTENCE

You are not I, and I am not you;
Yet, you cannot be without me,
As I cannot be without you.
You condition my existence,
as I give sense to your being
And neither of us can be
Without one or the other.

I can know more of myself because of you,
As you understand yourself better because of me;
For if without me, how do you think that you are?
And if without you, how do you think that I am?

I exist as you exist,
Just as you are because I am;
And unless I know who you are,
I know not who I am;
And unless you, too, know myself,
You know not fully yourself.

Presence is always co-presence;
Existence is always co-existence.
I am present because of you,
And you are present because of me.
For to exist is to exist with you,
And for you to be, you have to be with me.

Life is not for you alone,
Nor happiness only for me.
For whatever joy there is in me,
It is meaningful because of you.
And life will be meaningless to you
Unless you share it with me.

Remember: you cannot love no one,
As I cannot hate nobody!
If you love, you love someone;
If I hate,, I hate somebody.
For whether it be in hatred or in love,

You can love because I am,
And I can hate because you are.
Life, therefore, is no true life,
If you live it only by yourself;
And joy is no true joy,
If I am only by myself.

For life means being-together,
And joy means sharing-each-other,
You need me as much to be you,
As I need you so much to be me.

FLORENTINO T. TIMBREZA

To the Editor:

To all my most solicitous friends,
most esteemed colleagues, most accommo-
dating non-teaching staff, and concerned
students of St. Andrews, this poem is sin-
cerely dedicated.

My brief but memorable associa-
tion with you has taught me one of the
greatest lessons in my entire teaching ca-
reer: Life, human society, and the world
relate us existentially to one another. We
are living a shared life in a shared human
society within a shared world.

Our nation is but a nation among
other nations, a people amongst other
peoples, and a culture among other cul-
tures.

Despite our socio-cultural differ-
ences, we are all inhabitants of one and
the same planet. We share the same human
conditon for we are all human beings. We
exist for and through one another.

We are human beings only though
other human beings. We are all citizens of
the world.

Hence, life becomes more mean-
ingful and worth living only in the pres-
ence and help of others, in communion with
others, and for the benefits of others.

I will never forget you all the days
of my life. St. Andrew, I love you so much.
Maraming salamat
(Thankyou very much).

Florentine J. Timbreza
Asian Visiting Professor from
the Philippines

Slipstream Hell
reckless abound
I am only a friend of yours
(to some)
and others that depend on what
is anticipated
have lost out
for nothing the nexus
could grant
could ever be as great
as vivid memory
dreams
lost in the rough
sweet preciseness dead drunk on the
guitar
crammin' & rappin'
so sweet a tune
all mythology lost
just you
just me
and kisses are taken
as they are dealt

Paul Bullard

SENSELESS

There is no feeling left now,
just an all over numb.
I am waiting to suffer
...wonder when it will come.

The pain, now approaching...
now, leaving me crushed
In reminding me how
great a place this once was.

Back when we all glistened
and shimmered in light.
Way back when the love
meant more than the fight.

The wars that we've started
...have now torn us apart.
The fight and it's madness
...have ripped at our hearts.

I've cried 'til the teardrops
no longer will fall..
In comes the anger,
at the pain of it all.

I am angry for every
cruel thing done & said,
Angry that absence of love
rules our heads.

Where did compassion
and tenderness go,
How could they forsake us,
...how were we to know?

Where do we turn now
to put things back right,
or was peace just a moment...
once glimpsed in the light?

The next move is yours...
if you still want to play,
Our mistakes now behind us—
will we still hope for today?

MICHELLE HAYES

WINDFALL

Lightly touching
A glow, catch the breath
And it is gone
Too soon
Not soon enough

Out of reach
Continuous failures
Continuous hope
Infinite beginnings
Eternal ends

Brushing the shoulder
Too slight
A passion for more
A longing for less

(I grow impatient for the everlasting Paradise of your touch)

Pamela E. Coble