



A Tale of the Chronicler

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In a desert land
Yes, in an arid land,
I wilt, I wither
Only to bloom again...

I rose and fell,
cried and laughed;
cared and abandoned,
still I bloom....

Like fire in the winter cold,
Like ice in the summer solstice,
I thrive and I bloom.

In the hands of a smith,
I arise like the phoenix
From gloom--- I bloom!