from patrons 2 m-16.

I wanna tell my story that begun at the sea a long, long time ago, when our gods were the harvest-moon, the sun-king, and the names of women immortalized the fragrance and beauty of flowers; men the forest-timber—or the color of azure sky.

One day the white men came, brought with them heaven and hell. Baptized were we by them and we got names like Pedro, Jose, Maria, after those saints carved in wood or stone, at glorious cathedrals, before the plaza. One day they lost at sea. Again at the sea, they arrived—different white men with steel ships, with long guns, with cowboy hats, with fighter planes, with books and books. Their attire had the color of our virgin jungle, whose tall trees, wild ferns and flowers camouflaged their forbidden caves.

They called our girls Mary—or hon, often baby, when they are on R&R, sitting and enjoying the sun at our town square (I mean plaza) in torn Levis jeans, igniting Marlboro with Zippo lighters that clicked like hand-grenade’s pin, aimed to the speaker at the podium.

We ain’t know who really we are. We lost everythin at the sea. Only the strong scent of jasmine, at the altar of our Lady of Miraculous immortalizes a farmer ripped by slugs at picket line.