

To a Chinese Friend at Xiada

The dew moistens the pines under the moonlight.
Crickets cry out as we pack our books and bags.
For days, my mind was a wanderer in the labyrinth
Of law; my heart: a prisoner of your smile.
At dawn, we shall go our separate ways
Like the homing waves of the South Sea.
Thus, let us drink, then, one more cup of wine
To drown away the words we dare not speak.

—Jose Duke Bagulaya