

## Macabebe, or after reading Ginsberg's *Howl* at a local pares<sup>1</sup> house

Happy Fiesta to my peripheral, coastal, marginal,  
sentimental Peoria of a town! Macabebe is once  
a happy town, but now a town w/ Macbeeb across  
its name. Holy Macbeeb! A town full of fruited  
history, of saints & scouts, photography religion,  
fiction & flood. Holy Macbeeb you now are!  
A town left by bearded egos who come & go,  
& who continue to hide their issues in prince  
automobiles. A town whose poor little hearts  
have flown over tenement roofs & far away  
from memory. Holy holy Macbeeb! A town  
forgotten by new souls who paraded their dreams  
of bleak capitalism above the skies International.  
A town whose 21<sup>st</sup> century local politics roars  
on the river, long romancing the neck of dynasty.  
Holy to Macbeeb & its shiny entrails! A town  
whose barrios turn into etuis of foreign  
ornaments, of ethnicity glowing no promised  
blood but glutathione. And I was just thinking,  
wishfully thinking, what if Macbeeb were  
the private Idaho & hipster Colorado of our  
holier-than-thou province of thought? You say  
it's a matter of principle, I say it's the point

of view of steam bakeries each open morning.  
Holy Macbeeb again & again & again! A town  
well conceived in theory, but doesn't exist in life.

—*Lawdenmarc DECAMORA*

<sup>1</sup> *Pares* in the Philippines refers to a beef-based dish often served in eateries — Note from the editors