



ALFONSO P. SANTOS

A Garland of Sampaguitas

A CRITICAL READING EDITION

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

ALFONSO P. SANTOS

A Garland of Sampaguitas

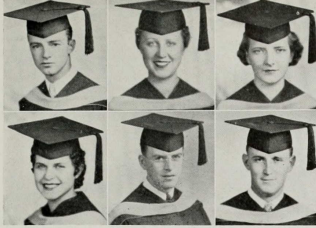
A Critical Reading Edition

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers · Los Angeles · 2026

ARCHIVAL PORTFOLIO

A selective visual record placed at the front of the volume



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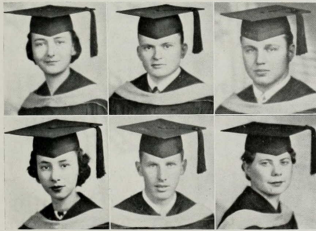
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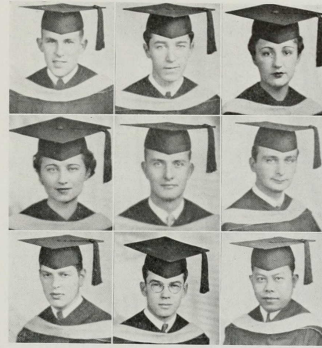
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UNIVERSITY
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INTRODUCTION

Editorial scope and the shape of the surviving record

Alfonso P. Santos wrote *A Garland of Sampaguitas* while studying in Los Angeles, but the book's imaginative center is San Antonio, Zambales. Its flowers, winds, birds, moonlight, and remembered streets become a vocabulary for distance: the poems speak from California toward a Philippine home that is sensuously present and physically unreachable. Don Blanding's introduction recognized the manuscript's open feeling, while Santos himself described sampaguita fragrance as poetry's mixture of youth, sorrow, love, and suggestion.

The collection moves from homesickness and romantic address through poems of friendship, time, study, autumn, animals, night, and fraternity life. Its traditional meters and rhymes coexist with a specifically migrant pressure: several lyrics measure American education against separation from family and homeland. A hostile 1936 newspaper notice reduced Filipino life to racist stereotypes even as it admitted the volume's "sad yearning." That contradiction belongs to the book's Los Angeles history and is documented in the archive rather than repeated as an editorial viewpoint.

This edition resets the complete 1936 volume and adds two later or previously uncollected newspaper poems. It retains Santos's lineation, titles, and ordering; the phrase "flowers of melancholy" is treated as his governing description, not as a reason to homogenize poems whose tones range from playful to elegiac. The later prose career and wartime record are documented in the biography and bibliography.

BIOGRAPHY

A documented life in poetry, print, and public culture

Alfonso Pablo Santos was born on June 17, 1911, in San Antonio, Zambales, Philippine Islands. His parents were Basilio Santos and Maria Pablo Santos, to whom he dedicated his first book; his draft registration also names Fortunato Joe Santos as next of kin. The poems repeatedly return to San Antonio and Zambales, especially the *camias*, *ylang-ylang*, palms, and *sampaguitas* of the region. These are not decorative “tropical” references added for an American audience but the coordinates of a remembered family landscape.

By 1933 Santos was living in Southern California. The *Los Angeles Times* printed a homesick poem in Lee Shippey's column that May, calling attention to a Filipino writer living in Glendale. In August 1934 a Santa Barbara newspaper placed Santos among University of Southern California students attending a Filipino gathering. He completed his USC degree on June 6, 1936, majoring in English and minoring in philosophy, history, and education. A contemporary account says that he was admitted to Epsilon Phi and twice won awards in the *Apolliad*; the 1936 yearbook confirms his USC affiliation.

Santos published *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* in Los Angeles in March 1936, with a short introduction by the popular poet and artist Don Blanding. The book acknowledged earlier appearances in *The Galleon*, *The Daily Trojan*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Philippine Tribune*, and the *Philippines Free Press*. It also thanked Jennie A. McGregor, Blanding, William L. and Ruth Brent, and Claude C. Crawford. An inscription in the University of California copy offered the volume for “careful and permanent preservation,” showing Santos's own concern for an institutional afterlife.

In October 1940 the *Los Angeles Times* reported that Santos and Pedro L. Baldoria, both USC students, had been chosen as two of three outstanding Filipino scholars by the National Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students and the Filipino Students Christian Movement. His World War II draft card lists him in Los Angeles, employed by William L. Brent. He

entered the United States Army and served in New Guinea, Leyte, and Luzon. A poem signed “Pvt. Alfonso P. Santos,” printed in the *Cooke Clarion* in 1943, turns the sampaguita into an emblem of military separation and national memory.

Santos returned to the Philippines and pursued a long career in education, writing, editing, and public commentary. By 1958 he edited *Diliman Echoes*, a collection associated with the University of the Philippines community. In a 1962 letter to the *Los Angeles Times* from Quezon City, he identified himself as one of several college teachers who had studied in America, been drafted into the U.S. Army, and tried to counter anti-American feeling during the war. He objected to congressional rejection of Philippine war-damage claims, arguing that it damaged the United States’ standing in Asia and dishonored Filipino veterans’ losses.

His later books moved beyond lyric poetry. Bibliographical records identify *Produce for Greatness* (1975) and *Heroic Virgins and Women Patriots: Female Patriotism during the Japanese Occupation* (1977), which Santos retold and edited from accounts submitted by former University of the Philippines students. The latter gathers fifty-eight wartime narratives. Recent scholarship has criticized its division of women into “heroic virgins” and “women patriots,” showing how its framework tied national heroism to sexual purity and could obscure the experience of military sexual violence. That critique complicates, rather than cancels, the book’s value as a record of postwar memory-making.

The currently available evidence does not establish Santos’s death date. Library and bookseller records confirm an active publishing life into the late 1970s, but no verified obituary or civil record has yet been located. The open end of this chronology is therefore stated plainly in the datasheet. The surviving record nevertheless connects a young migrant lyricist in Depression-era Los Angeles to a Filipino educator, veteran, editor, and compiler engaged with the contested memory of the Pacific War.

ORIGINAL FRONT MATTER

Dedication, acknowledgment, author's note, and contemporary introduction

Dedication

From A Garland of Sampaguitas (1936)

To my late beloved mother, Mrs. Maria Pablo Santos, and my dear father, Mr. Basilio Santos.

Acknowledgment

From A Garland of Sampaguitas (1936)

A number of these poems have appeared in *The Galleon*, *The Daily Trojan*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Philippine Tribune*, and in the *Philippines Free Press*.

The author is greatly indebted to Miss Jennie A. McGregor, Mr. Don Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Brent, and Dr. Claude C. Crawford for their kind assistance.

Sampaguitas

Alfonso P. Santos's note on the title flower

Sampaguitas are the national flowers of the Philippines. They look almost like lilacs, but their fragrance is more tender and caressing, more soothing and effusive, and more pregnant with meanings and subtle suggestions. Their fragrance is poetry itself: that elixir of beauty and youthfulness, that furtive balm of joy, sorrow, and love! . . . so full of gentle and delicate insinuations that cannot be singled out, lest they be profaned by distinction. Imagine such perfume pervading your whole body and all your senses! Imagine such fragrance awakening you ever! It is the immortal spirit of springtime and blooming season itself, lingering for always and would not go! Ah, death is painless with such an anodyne for passing!

Alfonso P. Santos

Don Blanding's Introduction

From A Garland of Sampaguitas (1936)

As I read these poems of Alfonso Santos, I was reminded of an evening in Honolulu in a beautiful garden filled with flowers from various parts of the world. There was one fragrance, curiously sweet, oddly disturbing with its suggestion of some far place . . . what place I could not tell. I inquired and found out it was a flower from the Philippines. An alien in an alien land, as strange as the thin falsetto singing of Chinese musicians, or the wistful dissonances of the music of the samisen.

In these poems, in turns of words, in similes and in odd patterns of thought, I find that same nostalgic perfume. As poems they are of less importance than the color and the fragrance of a far land which is given off by the words. I have enjoyed them. Aloha to you, Alfonso Santos, and thank you for your *Garland of Sampaguitas*.

Don Blanding

A GARLAND OF SAMPAGUITAS

Complete text of A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy (1936)

Flowers of Melancholy

In love there's jealousy,
In pleasure there is gladness,
In sorrow there is sadness,
But in melancholy there's joy!

F

In friendship there is care,
In faith there's confidence,

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Spring

Flowers and morning blue mist, then the sun,
And swallows, and robins, sparrows, mocking birds.
And then! and then! a beautiful thought, a thought
Of spring, and spring is here. My heart, your heart,
Ah! everybody's heart, feels young and full,
Brimful with nameless feelings sweet and gay,
Brimful with myriad longings, love, travel,
Riches, fame...all forms of human desires!
For it is spring, and you and I, the world
Of Nature, are all young, and Time forgets.
Behold the roses at your doorway, and
The 'peas. Behold the barefoot children, joy
Upon their faces, lilacs in their hands.
'Tis spring; know well what most your heart demands.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

The Voices of Spring and You

I hear the voices of the dawning spring:
Sweet Orphean tones mixed in the songbird's song,
Soft waking sighs of young buds opening,
Faint murmurs of the wind all daylight long.
New blooms and foliage green have grown again,
And everywhere there's beauty on the land,
And sunshine, too, for each life's moment's pain:
What loveliness is wrought by Nature's hand!
Yet even so her spring songs and her charms
Suffice not for my forlorn heart's unrest.
There's but one haven for my empty arms,
There's but one solace for my burning breast.
Who could she be, whom I have called my own?
Who could she be, if not you all alone?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Awakening

Do you remember still one evening twilight in the spring
When, on the shaven grass before a mansion on the hill,
We played a walking game, in which the tiny heel
Was torn off from your little shoe?
And since you could not put it back,
I, with my servant hands, nailed it for you.
Then when your little shoe was fixed,
I knelt down on my knees to help your foot
Back to its mold again.
I knelt upon the shaven grass to put
Your little shoe. I held your nimble foot
And felt its warmth and softness in my hand,
Which trembled so, but I didn't understand.
Then I gazed up and met your gleaming smile
Which lit your face and lasted for a while,
But I was innocent and very shy,
And did not know what's in a maiden's eye.
How'er, that evening twilight in the spring,
You stirred and set my thought to wondering,
And when night-shadows fell, I dreamt of you...
And even of your little high-heeled shoe.
Anon I was awakened in the night,
And in the dark I saw your image bright;
My heart befluttered and began to yearn,
And sooner, more of you I could discern.
Then I felt jealous and desired to enfold
You, as I clasped your brown shoe in my hold;
But I blushed and was much ashamed with pain,
For I'd have been reaching for you in vain.
Within, I struggled hard to free my thought;
Yes, to free it from you, I toiled and fought;
But my feelings opposed and mocked my will,
And I was helpless in the gloaming still.
Silently then I settled down to rest,
While in my mind and in my burning breast
My jealousy began to make me care,
To want, to long, and even kiss your hair.
Then tenderness caressed me in every part,

And sprang a fervent passion in my heart,
Which made me desolate and drear alone,
Forlorn...wishing that love my life disown.
My wishful cares soon heightened like a fire,
And I was sick and thought I would expire;
Then I found myself weeping in the dark,
Yes, I was weeping, sobbing in the dark!
And as I felt my tears from my heart rise,
I firmly closed my dim and feverish eyes,

But still up with my heaviness they oozed,
And slowly 'tween my eyelids they effused.
I caught them in my palms, and they were warm...
Warm as your nimble foot and your soft arm...
And thereupon they raised my passion's flame,
And I embraced my tears and called your name!
That night I firstly felt the spell of love.
I did not know till then till like a dove

It crept into my heart...I did not know
How beautiful it was to be in love!

Publication. A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Reminiscence

Fragrance of ylang-ylang blooms, blue moon
Back in Zambales, and a maiden fair
At home... what can be more afflicting to
Remember! Even at this hour, across
Forbidding seas that separate me from
My native land, I smell the perfume of
Sweet ylang-ylang flowers in my mind;
I see the blue moon in Zambales, and
The beautiful maiden I have loved in vain.
How cruel is my fancy to remind
Me of these things that make me pine...

more so

For her who broke my heart, yet never cared!
But it is nice to think of love, of home,
Of country, though in foreign lands I roam.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

When Camias Bloom in June

When camias bloom in June, don't write and tell
Me of their blooming; just leave them unsaid,
And let me but call them to mind. Don't write
About their whiteness, nor their fragrance, nor
The things they symbolize. Describe me not
Their golden anthers, velvet petals, and
The morning dew that glitters in their chalice...
Nor even their green leaves and leaning stems.
You ask me why? Simply because it hurts
Me less, being far from the Philippines,
If I but think of them myself. I much
Rather recall things that remind me of
My country. So when camias bloom in June,
Only let me with their spirits commune.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Back in San Antonio

There is a longing in my heart...
I feel homesick for my old home,
A little tropical town I love,
San Antonio, where I was born.

There now, across the deep blue sea,
The morn is dawning fast anew,
And mountain tops are glowing bright,
While twilight fades in U. S. A.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Thought of Home

The evening star shines
From the eastern sky
And finds me tearful on my couch.
What for am I weeping tonight?
—Perhaps this thought of home.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

In Zambales

There is a season of the year...do you
Remember?...in Zambales, when the east
Wind blows soft from the Zambal Mountains. And
While soothingly it fondles with the trees,
And fields, and winged things, it fills the air
With luscious perfumes of the earth, of fruits,
And flowers that awaken one's desires
And vivify before the eyes...someone!
'Tis then the time when every young man and
Young maiden feels a feeling native to
The heart, sweet love in bloom. 'Tis spring. Birds change
Their feathers, flowers put on colors, and
His heart and passion guide youth, not his will.
It has been thus, and it is so...still.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Back in One's Own Country

How sweet it were to be back in one's country!
How nice to be home after all these years!...
To meet once more old friends that you have left
Behind, to fill again the hearts that your
Long absence has made empty, and to feel
The warmth of love from all your relatives!
Through all the years that you have been away,
Perhaps a dream each night you've dreamt of home,
Of your dear Philippines, and eager hands
Awaiting you. There in Zambales, ah!
The moon and stars, no doubt, have kept their watch
For you ever...anxious for your return.
How sweet it were if you were home again,
Meeting those dear to you 'midst joy and pain!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Though I Have Gone Away

Though I have gone away, I have not
Forgotten. I went away not to forget,
But to remember...remembering
You whom I have left behind.

Eight years ago now, yes, eight years ago,
I left you, and perhaps when you saw
Me go, your heart said "Goodbye" to me.
But in silence my heart vowed, "I will come
Back to you, if only as a memory."
And truly now my heart is coming back
To you again across the years.

Have you forgotten me?
Eight years I have been away from you,
Indeed; but eight years also
My heart has always been coming back
To you...if only as a memory.
Have you forgotten me?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Show Me No More Pictures

Show me no more pictures of foreign lands,
Less tropic countries. Close your picture-book
And let me spend alone the lonely hours;
Leave me in solitude to dream. Let's not
Open again your picture-book until
Next spring; and don't remind me, either, of
Those beautiful pictures of the Orient which
You've just shown me. You would be kind to make
Me forget them instead...for every time
I see pictures of Guam, Hawaii, Samoa,
New Zealand, Australia, the East Indies,
Those South Sea Isles! my very life becomes
An endless longing for more tropic scenes,
And then my heart yearns for the Philippines.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To My Memory

Again! Oh, why remind me of those things
I left behind: home, parents, relatives,
Dear friends...and other things I deeply love:
A beautiful girl who broke my heart, love-songs
I sang to her, tear-stained love letters and
Love notes I wrote to her, perfumed rose-leaves
And fragments of my broken heart she filed
With my love letters...and the Philippines?
Oh, why remind me of these things again?
Look now, more come into my mind: night walks
Along the seashore in the spring, blue moon
And starlights on the river, camia flowers,
And sampaguita blooms. You bring regret
To me. How shall I now again forget?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To One Who Is So Sweet in Beauty and So Beautiful in Soul

There is something in your sweet ways
That appeals to me...a something
That gives me a sort of thrill,
A feeling of pleasure and delight,
A gratifying sensation that impels
A silent smile to flower upon my face,
Even only when I think of you.

Sometimes in my oneness,
You come to my mind and flash
Before my vision like a whiff of wind.
Then I awake and feel tendrils
Of remembrance clinging to the fringes
Of my memory. Then I see you,
I see the imprint of you in the glade
Of my vision.

Some say you are old-fashioned,
So you told me. Others may say
There are imperfections in you,
That you are an incomplete mold of beauty;
And others yet may say that you are
A faulty masterpiece of Nature.
But I do not see your imperfections,
Your incompleteness, and Nature's fault
In you. Where are they? I do not see any.
Yet I am not blind, I am not deaf,
I am not insensible.
Never mind. What does it matter?
People cannot take away your shortcomings.
People cannot become like you.
You are you, and that is all.
To talk about your faults and imperfections
Is not for the glorification of those
That chatter, but for you.

That some people talk about you
Indicates that you are somebody
In their midst, and you are what you are,
Not they. It indicates further
That you have values, inner and outer values,
That you are worth something to them.
You ennoble them. And that is virtue...
For virtue alone ennobles!

Never mind. Who cares for perfection
Without imperfection also? All I care for is:
That there is something in your sweet ways
That appeals to me...a something
That gives me a sort of thrill,
A beautiful feeling of pleasure and delight,
A gratifying sensation that impels
A silent smile to flower upon my face,
Even only when I think of you.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Music

When in the solitude of evening twilight
I muse upon the things I dearly love,
I seem to hear you playing “Meditation”
By Massenet, then Nevin’s “Rosary,”
And then the immortal “Serenade” of Schubert.
Anon your face, no less than music in
Its sweetness, blooms like dreams before my eyes,
And in my heart I feel a wistful pain.
Would that I had also the gift to be
A master of the song like you! Music,
Like poetry, makes me wish and yearn for more
And lovelier beauty...music makes me cry!
Each melody I hear within me lingers,
Each song brings back to mind your magic fingers.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Red Roses

I sent you red roses in the fall,
My felicitations for your recital.
My name I did not sign,
But on the card I sent with them
I wrote: "To one who is so sweet
In beauty and so beautiful in soul."
You might have remembered by these
Familiar words who it was that sent
Them to you. You are not one
Who forgets, I know.

I like white roses and pink ones, too;
They are all fragrant, sweet, and beautiful;
They all express poetic thoughts
And tender emotions;
But I like best red roses for you.
Red roses are ever young and youthful;
Red roses are sincere in their meanings;
Red roses are fervent in their suggestions;
Red roses bring spring in December:
That is why I like best red roses for you,
And I sent you red roses in the fall.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

“Blue Forget-Me-Nots”

If we should part someday, and in that hour
Of fated separation you would like
To give me flowers to remember you by,
Don't give me blue forget-me-nots, nor speak
Of them to me that moment when you say
“Goodbye.” And if that day should be in spring,
Don't turn your eyes above, for then I, too,
Would look up and behold the sea-blue sky.
“Why?” you may ask. Simply because blue thoughts,
Blue sky, blue flowers, would remind me of
That beautiful song we loved so much together...
Our dear beloved “Blue Forget-Me-Nots”...
 And in my remembrance of it, my heart
 Would break to tears before I let you part.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Please

Don't spoil it by asking,
Don't make me say it in words,
Don't mar it by your touch;
That which I think,
That which I feel,
About you...
Please!

At length you'll come to know,
You'll understand it, dear...
Somehow!
You'll learn some way of knowing,
You'll discover for yourself,
Perhaps through my eyes, my glances,
My smiles, my gestures,
The way I say your name...
That which I think,
That which I feel,
About you!

But don't spoil it by asking,
Don't make me say it in words,
Don't mar it by your touch...
Learn it alone yourself,
Then show that you understand,
Please!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

I Love You: a Song Wanting Music

In silence I divine you in my heart,
 Sweet maiden fair;
I worship you in my own fashion,
And call you mine till from my life you part,
 Then sigh and murmur soft anew:
 I love you!
Within my bosom-shrine my passions burn,
 Sweet maiden fair,
While in my mind I see your image;
Anon my fond-desires awake and yearn.
Would that you're really in my view!
 I love you!
I long to hold you in my empty arms,
 Sweet maiden fair,
And feel the softness of your bosom.
I want to feast mine eyes with your sweet charms,
Much as the flow'rs feast with the dew:
 I love you!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Vision at Daybreak

The wings of night are fleeing fast
From o'er the hills and valleys green,
Dawn's rosy fingers now are spread,
Awakening the eyes of day.
In these still infant hours of morn
Are heard the brooks deep in the woods;
The blithe, melodious songs of birds;
And gentle, soft sighs of the wind.
The skies now turn from gold to grey,
The sunshine kisses all the land,
The larks begin to soar up high,
And dew-pearls gleam upon the blooms.
'Midst this Edenic loveliness,
Aglowing like the morning star,
I see your face not quite awake,
And hear your singular sweet voice.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

I Like to Say How Beautiful You Are

I like to say how beautiful you are.

I like to express your loveliness;

But I do not know how to go about it;

I do not know what to say,

Nor how to say it.

I have no voice before your beauty;

I have no words, no speech!

I have only my feeling and my heart;

But I do not know why.

Please, do not ask me.

Perhaps I should not try to say
How beautiful you are. Perhaps I should
Not attempt to reduce the masterpiece
Of God to words. For words, even nice
And beautiful words, are too crude,
Too inadequate, too ephemeral,
To describe Beauty. They hurt,
They mar, they profane Beauty!
But I like to say how beautiful you are;
And I will say it somehow. I will find
A way to say it. But I am not going
To say it now. I am not going to say
It to anyone. I am not going to say
It to you, either. I will say it
When I am alone. I will say it
In my prayer; and I will say it
As many times as there are beads
In my mother's rosary. You will
Not hear me, but you will feel it
When I say how beautiful you are.
God will make you feel it.

And when you feel that I am saying
How beautiful you are, will you
Remember that it is I who am saying it?
I will implore God to make you feel
That I am the one saying it.
But you will remember...won't you?...even
If I forget to implore God.
Oh! I like to say how beautiful you are!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Beautiful Girls and Beautiful Names

I like to call all beautiful girls
With beautiful names...as I do with birds,
Trees, flowers, and pretty things.
I like to call them so with such names
That make me feel more beautiful;
That make me see them in my fancy;
That make my heart flutter to imagine
Their velvet skins; that make me feel
Their silk hair seem straying wantonly
Upon my cheeks; that make me smell the
Fragrance of their breath in my oneness;
That make me long to hold their soft hands
In my own; that make me see their red lips
In my dreaming; that make me dream
Of their lovely eyes, bright and joyful
Like the immortal stars of Eternity.
Thus I like to call all beautiful girls
With such beautiful names as:
Annabel, Araceli, Aurora, Aurelia,
Genevieve, Gloria, Griselda, Guinevere,
Olivia, Olympia, Ophelia, Luella,
Penelope, Phoebe, Perfecta, Priscilla,
Angeline, Eveline, Pauline, Rosaline,
Euryanthe, Eurydice, Roxane, Juliet,
Beatrice, Laura, Helen, Heloise,
Marcela, Consuelo, Elena, Perlita,
Marthella, Celia, Athena, Rosabel,
And a million other feminine names
I have always loved and cherished
Faithfully through my life.

But why? Why do I like to name
All beautiful girls in my own way?
—Because it makes me feel more
Beautiful about them, and it makes
Them more beautiful to me!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

The Feeling of Beauty

Sometimes I see a butterfly, a flower,
Or a rainbow-glint, and I feel beautiful.
I feel so beautiful that I do not know
How to describe it to you, nor will
I ever know how hereafter.
Please, do not ask me.

I feel beautiful,
Then I feel happy, I feel glad,
I feel sad, and I feel lonely.
It is funny to feel beautiful!

Then I feel that my heart is full.
I feel there is something there in my heart...
A sort of something I do not know,
But beautiful:
A soothing pain and a hurting sweetness!
It is something nice, something good,
Something very beautiful:
Oh, I cannot describe it to you,
Nor to anybody else!

Then I want language, speech;
I want to speak, whisper, murmur, soliloquize.
I want words, proper words, beautiful words;
I want to write!
What do I write, you ask?
I write the expression of a thing
That has no expression for itself.
I write the expression of the beauty
That I feel; I write the expression of my mood!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Beauty First

Beauty first must be looked after,
For even Truth and Virtue go with it.

Beauty I know and recognize,
But what it is I do not know.

Prettiness is not Beauty,
Yet what it is, also I do not know.
But Beauty first must be looked after!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Not One Word More

That day when you take leave of me,
Just say 'goodbye' and not one word more.
For it I'll thank you more
Than if you'd say
Two words, or three, or four:
For always it is hard for me
To hear you say 'adieu'—
And more yet when you say your last farewell!
So when you take your leave of me,
Just say 'goodbye' and not one word more.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Is There Such a Thing?

Forseeing ever, dreaming ever, and
Pursuing endlessly that which is good,
That which is ideal and most beautiful,
That which is perfect and most pleasing to
The soul, the senses, and to life...that's I!
But what is it that makes me yearn for this,
That makes me hunger for that which
May not be found...far yet unborn, perhaps?
O Life! O Death! O Heaven! Is there such
A thing as Perfect? Is there such a thing
As Blessed Beauty?—Yet I see it in
My vision, in the depth of dreams, of joy,
Of sorrow!...in the heat of passion's fire,
And in the violence of mad desire!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Lover's Perfidy

I did not know you had somebody else,
I did not know you had someone beside;
I only thought that in your heart there dwells
But one, as you alone in my heart 'bide.
Yet now I see you are not what I thought,
Nor you are what your words had meant to me;
For when your happiness I have all brought,
Then you repaid me with your perfidy.
This, no longer can I suffer to bear,
Hence we must part, oh! we must part this while,
Ere from my heart my bitter tears repair.
Our meeting was a mutual glance and smile;
 Our parting, let it be a lingering sigh...
 Farewell forever now, goodbye, goodbye!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Parting

After our parting I shall feel
The gloom and loneliness of day;
The hours shall soon seem long as months,
And dreary will they always be.
The heavens may be bright and blue,
The flowers may have fragrant scent,
The songbirds may sing sweet and gay,
Yet even so I shall feel lone.
What suffering my heart will bear!
What sadness has my soul to wade!
Please, come to me, don't say 'goodbye,'
Come ease and lift my heaviness!
When you have gone and said 'adieu,'
When your footfalls I no more hear,
And your footprints the wind has wiped,
What happiness is left for me?
Just thoughts and phantom images,
Those mimic wooings of your eyes;
Just withered ecstasies of yore,
Those make-believe loves of our hearts!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Parting and Reconciliation

I

Just forget that I ever existed in your life,
And I shall be happy and content to dwell
In the shadow of your forgetfulness.
Perhaps we were not meant to be one of those
Whose ties were inseparable forever.
We were but strangers to one another
Who had met and become friends,
Good friends, indeed, but only for a brief
Time, only for a short while, but a while
Of everlasting sweetness...now we are to part.
To part now is the last event of it all...
Of all our sweet wooing, of all that we
Have given to and taken from each other.
There is nothing to regret, but the pain
Of parting. There is nothing to lament,
But the unreasonableness of Fate, who,
Perhaps, is responsible for this separation.
Everything has been lovely, lovelier
Than it could ever be. What we have lost,
We gained by making the most of our friendship.
If you think you are a loser, and you got less
For your loss, I am very sorry not to have
Been able to give you more. I am
Very sorry, indeed, and I shall bear
My sorrow for you to the end.
Now let us part, part forever!
Are you afraid? Please, do not cry.
Wipe your tears...or shall I wipe them
For you? And let no more of them fall
Before my eyes. No, do not weep.
Let us instead smile to each other
For the last time. A smile will carry us
Farther to happier days. A smile
To remember is better than a tear to recall.
Someday your smile will come before
My vision, and I, too, will smile.
But if your tears instead should come,

I, too, would shed tears. So now
Smile, and let us embrace goodbye.

Just forget that I ever existed in your life,
And I shall be happy and content to dwell
In the shadow of your forgetfulness.

II

You do not know where to go; you cannot
Make up your mind. You said goodbye
And left, but now you are back again.
You said that we were but strangers
Who had become friends, whose ties
Were not inseparable forever...
Yet you came back, you came back
Like a lost child to his parent,
Or like a bird to its mother.
Why, why did you come back?
Perhaps your will could not brave
The circumstances ahead, or perhaps
The world, like the boundless sky,
Is too wide and lonely for you to roam alone.
And so you came back. Are you glad?
Are you happy to come home to me?
Do not look away from me that way.
Do not be ashamed to face me.
Now you look down and bow your head.
You are hiding your eyes from me.
Do you not want me to see your eyes?
Do you not want me to read the meanings in them?
Or are you ashamed that you came back?
Do not feel that way about it.
There is nothing for you to be ashamed of.
I welcome your coming back.
I have always prayed for you to come
Back since you left. When you were away,
I had been lonely and heart-broken.
Now I am happy, I am glad, that you came back.
So you must not be ashamed to face me.
Oh, I see! There are tears in your eyes.
No wonder you do not want me to see them.

You are crying. Why? Why do you cry?
When we parted, I was the one who cried,
And you consoled me; now it is you
Who are crying. Do you remember when you
Yourself begged me to smile when we parted,
Because a smile would carry us farther
To happier days, so you said?
Then smile for me too...now.
I know you are very sorry to have left me.
And you want to beg my forgiveness.
I understand, yes,
 I do understand it all.
You need not say a word. I forgive you.
I forgive you, though you broke my heart.
It is not broken now. It is whole again,
Made whole and mended by your return.
And I am very happy that you came back.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Can It Be Then?

Although you still keep me within your heart,
And always there shall I abide, as you
Have said, Time never can deny to me
The difference between the present and
The past, for roses that bloomed yesterday
Are not today as fresh as they were then.
Once you were free and virgin like a flower,
But when the florist came, he plucked you from
The bush...
and now you are his own. Can it be then,
my friend,
That you can in your heart, for always, keep me to the
end?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Remembering

Remembering that which I should
Not remember...

 a love now long forgotten
My heart aches and languishes with pain,
And I feel sad.

Loneliness fails me, and I yearn
For that which is far begone,
Wishing it were in bloom again,
If only as a passing sigh.
Faintly for love now in death's
Eternal keeping, my arms I reach
Out to embrace, but nothing
Avails my groping hands.

Love has fled from me.
I am forsaken in my deep longing...
Remembering that which
I should not remember.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Mood Inspired by Milton

How cruel is Death that claimed
You from me! How pitiless is Fate
That purloined you from my care!

“When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season...”

I think of you, I yearn, and I weep
For you, my Beloved! Death that has
Claimed you, and Fate that has purloined
You from me, both I woo, though against
My will and passion, that they may transport
Me from this world to you. When I come across,
Be there where the tide stops to rise,
Be there with a lily in your hand.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Fairy Brought to Life

Sometime in fairyland a fairy died
The fairy-maid who first awoke my love...
And all that's joy in life and song to me
Became a threnody of stricken passion.
The world was full of sadness, desolate
In gloom, devoid of cheer and gladness, wrapped
In garments drear. Ah! sorrow-laden was
My widowed heart, forsaken in despair!
But when my loneliness the gods beheld,
To life again my fairy-maid they brought.
Love in my heart awakened as before,
And all my joy came back to me. There in
My native land, where now my thoughts repair,
Blossoms my heart's desire...in Cupid's care!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Against Time

You lament that Time has marched on,
And you want to set back the clock.
But you cannot do anything,
Nor can anybody else.

Time goes on unstayed by any human hand.
It has a way of its own,
It flies heedlessly as it pleases,
And neither you nor I can help it.

The sands of Time flow on one by one,
In vain for man to delay.

Yet you lament and wish to slow down
The flight of the hours.
But you know it is useless,
Why still do you trifle with the ways of Time?

Just live on, live on, and make the best
Of all that each day offers you.
If sorrow is your lot today,

Take it and live through it
The best you can. If joy
Will be your share tomorrow,
Ah! receive it thankfully
And drink it to the last dreg!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Time's Perfidy

I woke up, and I found the New Year at
My door. So young and tender like a flower
He looked up to my face and smiled to me.
“What now, my little man?” I said, and then
Again he smiled and stood on tip-toe for
My hands to reach. But I gave not my hands
Because I feared my rough palms might injure
The childish delicateness of his hands.
But there he stood and waited long, until
With pity hand in hand I walked with him.
When as a child young and frail like a flower,
When as a child still helpless from his cradle,
Time waits for man, e’en at his wintry door;
But when he’s grown Time waits for man no more.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

The Ripening of Time

It's summer-time, it's June. I smell it in
The fragrance of the flowers, feel it in
The softness of the night winds, and I see
It in the evening stars and moon in heaven.
Much like the cherries, Time has ripened since
Last spring, and brought both joy and sadness to
My heart. As I behold the fallen leaves
Under the camphor trees, the ripening
Of Time beglooms my thoughts and future hopes.
Even as blooming season ends, the same...
A final pause...shall come unto this life.
How sweet it is to live upon the wings
Of Time, yet how painful it is to know
That every moment life is ebbing, till
It flies away to some unpeopled strand!
No more, no more, then, shall life be but a fled
Spirit from its shell, leaving only
Faint memories as sad reminders of
The happiness and glory that have been!
This River shall be dried and empty, and
The mosses on the rocks, once green, shall die
And turn to clay. The vines, the flowers, and
The trees upon the banks shall wilt and cease
To bloom, then turn to clay also. All things
Come to an end. Is there anything beyond?
Perhaps! What? Eternity!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

My Professor's Brown Cigar

To Dr. Gerhardus J. Holwerda, U. S. C.,
"The only one in captivity."
In just a few more smokes it will be gone;
It will be gone and vanish into air
And powd'ry ashes which the wind, anon,
Shall fling hither and yon without a care.
It's slowly burnt to basic constituents,
Once more to mist and dust as all things are,
Even to minute, formless elements:
So thus burns my Professor's brown cigar!
Yet are we blind to see that as the fire
Consumes tobacco leaves, so does Time bring
Us to an end, however we desire
To flutter more with Life upon its wing?
Live then and enjoy all your heart's requests,
For we are nothing more in Life than guests.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Mystery

So often in my idleness I want
To write and put in words elusive thoughts;
I want to write a cheerful song of joy,
Or some sweet dirge of loneliness, as it
Befits my mood; but I am at a loss
To express myself, I can not write a word,
Much less a line...yet I do not know why!
My thoughts I can not mold, nor say, nor tell.
Ah! What is it, O Life, that holds the stream?
What can it be that creates a mood or thought,
Or some sweet song, yet would not let it free
To flower into words? Would that I knew!

There're things which we are made to know forever;
They're things also we're made to know not ever.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Accidental Fancies

I

Silence...solitude...oneness
and melancholy.

What is to be gained?

—The restfulness of peace and detachment.

II

Dreaming...idling...gazing...and wanton reminiscing.

What profit does one reap?

—The pleasure of reverie and wishfulness.

III

Meditation...introspection...reasoning...and deep thought.

What benefit does one get?

—The gratification of creative contemplation and
indwelling.

IV

Is there anything that man can do for which he is not
compensated?

—None, while Time and Change remain endless.

What about death, has death any compensation?

—Yes, the infinity of non-existence.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Union and Disunion

From all the reaches of the sky, the wanton
Clouds gather and congregate like rivers
To the sea. Of what they speak I know not,
Yet they gather. For what they gather, also
I do not know, yet still they congregate

One brief moment or an hour, then they part
And fade away to distant places whither
The winds of God carry them.

Even as the clouds nations, friends,
And kinsfolk gather from all the provinces
Of Life and the world, brought together
By some common affinity, which in vain
Man has labored to comprehend. But like
The clouds, also they part and disunite.

Today friends are around me, and I feel gay;
But tomorrow I shall be all alone again,
With nothing left but solitude
And forgotten pleasure.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Two Imitations of the Japanese Tanka

The Birth of a Song

When inner voices
Begin to speak within my
Heart, it is then, and
Only then, that a song is
Born: sweet Poesy, my beloved!

To Loneliness

Go where I will, I
Always find thee. Wherever
I stay, wherever
I roam, there also thou abid'st.
Whither can I go without thee?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

One Sad Complaint

The gloom of winter's gone, and spring is here;
Bare branches and the vines that once seemed dead
Have turned to evergreens that freely swing
And flutter in the breeze; the buds that slept
While winter reigned have blossomed into flowers;
Now verdure has bedecked the plains and meads
With grandiose loveliness and youth renewed,
And all the world is young as yester-year.
Yet still there is one sad complaint within my envious
heart:
Would that, like Nature, life could flower again from a
new start!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

An Orphan's Song

When hours are lone, and life is drear,
For you I yearn, my mother dear;
When twilight ebbs at evenfall,
For me I seem to hear you call.
This is the time when gladness fails,
And when my longing heart bewails;
I dream of your sweet, radiant face
And miss your soft and warm embrace.
Oh, how I wish someone would care!
Or that indeed someone would dare
To love me as in days of yore,
And call me hers forevermore!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Hurt Me No More

Hurt me no more, hurt me no more!
O cruel one, please, I implore!
Could you but feel how my wounds pain,
Could you but hear my heart complain!
Your tyranny has brought me grief,
And almost made my life more brief...
How could you let me suffer this?
How could you dare to rob my bliss?

Perhaps you have forgotten now,
That you did wrong to me somehow;
If so, think back and try to see
What you have ever done to me.
I said I shall remind you never
And try to bear my woes forever;
But I was sick and desolate,
And my life seemed to dissipate.

You gloomed the sunshine in my heart
And rent my happiness apart,
As if you were without a care,
Then left me like a broken ware.
You scorned my artless mortal frame,
And even tired to hear my name;
Ah, why shouldn't I lament,
Since you give nothing but torment?
Enough, you have tortured me long;
What will you do to mend your wrong?
O cruel one, please, I implore!
Hurt me no more, hurt me no more!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To My Dearest Friend: R. T. F

I wrote to you a song, and in that song
A fragment of my heart was left, only
To find it gone when my breast ached for you.
Tonight a song to you again I wrote,
A song of passion deep; and as before,
Another fragment of my heart in it
Was left, with my sweet thought of you. And there
Shall it abide for always and for aye,
Even when life my spirit's bark forsakes!
What does it matter if too soon the end
Would come, or that this hour Eternity
Would sever from my lute its silver strings?
 My song is done, and in its melody
 Shall linger our perennial memory.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To One Who Is So Dear

To one who is so dear: - You are greatly
Discouraged, so you said, because the aim
Which you desire is vague and still too far
Beyond your grasp; because the world seems much
Against your way; because people and life
And things around you are indifferent
And proud; because all seem to be blocking
Your will and crushing all your plans to bits.
I know, I understand, how hard it is
To be 'midst such adversity, to meet
And fight the bitter tyrannies of life.
But never lose your hope to win...fight on!
If at the end you'll prove to be a loser,
Even so, you'll have won your goal much closer.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Something Hidden

You smile and laugh and seem joyful,
But it is not joy that lies behind
Your laughter, I understand.

You are only pretending.
Behind your laugh
There is something hidden,
A subdued hurt,
A disappointment of some kind...
Simply because the ways of the world
Are not like your ways.

I notice in the lines of your smile
That there are remorse and agony within,
Within your heart, I am sure...
And within your mind, also...
You are suffering.
O come on, cheer up!
Such is the way of life!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

If You Were My Son

If you were my son, I would advise
You to educate more yourself;
I would tell you to discipline more
Your passion, to enrich more your mind
With the love of the beautiful and true,
And to act more properly,
As Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son.
For a man lives not only for himself,
But also for other men; and those
For whom he lives, besides himself,
Demand that he conform with them
As he himself demands that they
Conform with him.

I would advise you, indeed, to temper
Your intolerance, to refine your speech,
To improve your deportment.
Be a gentleman, at least, if you can be
No better. Prove that there is something
Genuine and good in you, as there really is.
This is no sign of conceit; it is the act
Of a gentleman. You need not tell people
That you are a gentleman, or that you are
Learned; your deeds will suffice
To disclose what you really are.
Please, do not take this too hard.
That I express myself this way
Does not mean that I am more perfect
Than you are. In fact I have
As many faults and shortcomings,
Or more, as you have. I am only
Writing down my observations
As other observers have done.
Do the same thing to me if you wish;
I do not mind.

If you were my son, I would advise
You to educate more yourself;
I would tell you to discipline more
Your passion, to enrich more your mind
With the love of the beautiful and true,
And to act more properly.
But you are not my son.
Instead you are my dearest friend,
And I love you dearly like a brother or a son.
Yet still I advise you to refine yourself.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Letter

I have been waiting for your reply, Simona,
I have been waiting since the boughs were bare
And my heart was chill in the winter months,
Until today when spring is here
And the robins nest again;
But you have been unfaithful to me.

I have trusted all my hopes in you, Simona,
Yet you disdained my cares.
Ah, that you should treat me this way!
Don't you have a heart, O Love?

Please, do write to me now, Simona.
I am sick with longing,
I am desolate with waiting.
Could you but feel my abject loneliness, Simona!
Please, do write to me now!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Dejection

There is a sadness in the air,
The world is mirthless everywhere;
My life has lost all its
romance,

Since you have scorned my wishful glance.

There no joy left
is in my heart,

My hopes are shattered far apart;

My soul has oft mourned my mischance,

Since you have scorned my wishful glance.

The gladness that I've drunk from you
Has waned and vanished like the dew;
I but dreamt of your elegance,

Since you have scorned my wishful glance.

Take everything from me in
life,

Rend my heart with your dagger knife -;

I care not for another chance,

Since you have scorned my wishful glance.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Tearful Eyes

What sadness dwells within your lids,

What sorrows from the heart arise!

Both, ah, the soul forbids,

But still they seek you, tearful eyes!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

When You Feel Blue

When you feel blue,
My friend so true,
Just try to be
Enrapt like me.

When things go wrong,
Just sing a song,
Or hum a tune
Of love in June.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Faith and Hope

Where are the light-blades of the sun
When gloom the clouds betake?
Where are the merry-glows of life
When us our friends forsake?

Let it be, though the sun is hid,
Again it will radiate;
And e'en though shattered love has been,
Faith and hope scintillate.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Autumn Ripeness

It was noon in autumn. I looked out through
The window, and I saw her coming. Whence?
I did not know I just saw her coming

When I looked out through the window.

Our eyes met in the distance between us,
In the path of the autumn wind. But though
The breeze was cold, and the noontide
Was gloomy, our eyes were warm
At their meeting.

She smiled in her first glance at me;
I, too, smiled and stood by the window to watch her.
But she bowed her head as she walked
Toward Birdge Hall where I was,
And her eyes were hidden from mine.

Again she raised her head and looked up to me
On the third floor. We smiled at one another,
And in her eyes I saw a softer glow than before,
Some tender meaning of autumn ripeness
That I did not understand.

Once more she bowed her head and hid her eyes
From me; whereupon I felt a painful regret
In my heart...

because I did not understand
The meaning in her eyes.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

The She in “Autumn Ripeness”

On Thursday it appeared on page two of
The Trojan, no less shy than fearful lest
The critics jeer at it...my “Autumn Ripeness.”
And she saw it, clipped it, brought it to class
For everyone to read...much to my great
Embarrassment! And then she asked me who
It was that I called She in “Autumn Ripeness,”
The pretty thing I honored with my song.
But I didn’t answer her; and thereafter
I’ve always felt a wistful loneliness
Beholding her. I thought of her now and
Again, and always smiled on her recall.
I wonder why, in truth, why she asked me
That tender question...that about the She?

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Where the Twilight Is Calling Me

Far away from this pitiless day
The twilight is calling me,
Where there is peace and solitude
In the embrace of dusk.
And there now does my heart repair,
Where my soul may abide in deep repose:
In the cloister of silence,
In the haven of loneliness...yes, there
Far away from this pitiless day,
Where the twilight is calling me.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Twilight Lullaby

The sun has just set in the west,
And now, my soul, we can have rest;
Though we are shadowed by the night,
Deep in our heart there beams a light.
Let us send all our cares away
And gather thoughts that make us gay;
Let us forget the toils of day,
But keep sweet Love alone to stay.
While even peace climbs to its height,
Our dreary hours will take their flight;
The sun has just set in the west,
And now, my soul, we can have rest.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Though Shadows Blot My Care

While sunset glows upon the vales and hills,
And I hear but the purling of the rills,
Bright golden rays begown my summer walls;
Then twilight fades away, and even falls.

Soon reigns the stillness of the silent night.
Bidding the toils of day to wing their flight;
But though night shadows blot my daily care.
My soul remains a lonely solitaire.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Another Day Is Done

Just now the sun is setting,
Glowing the last hours of day
With her golden rays,
While a melancholy breeze brings in
The magic night pregnant with summer thoughts.
As daylight recedes and shadows lengthen,
Peace creeps into the world,
Memories drift back to me,
And solitude filters into my heart.

Another day is done.
Sunday is over, and tomorrow is Monday,
A day of labor, hopes, and new cares.
To rest now must we go
O my heart, my soul, and my life!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Night in Autumn

The moon, how beautiful it illumines
The world tonight! The clouds, how peacefully
They sleep on cradles hung unseen across
The sky! Twinkling like fireflies in
The boundless rosary of heaven, all
The stars look down upon the quiet world,
Look down upon the singleness of love
And hate and envy. Can this be a dream?
The winds now brush against my brow, and sweep
Into my breath sweet lingering perfumes of
Autumn flowers that bloom in U. S. A.
This season of the year. But what is it
That all of these this moment bring to me?
—A wishful thought of home across the sea!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Tonight

Tonight, it's daytime in my tropic land,
The Philippines where first I oped my eyes;
There now, the palms are swaying on the strand,
And silver clouds adorn the sea-blue skies.
Tonight, there's sunshine in a little town,
San Antonio, my home I long to see;
There now, joy gleams on youthful faces brown,
And young loves blossom like the flowers, free.
But there is gloom within my orphan heart,
A tristfulness that shadows my delight,
A yearning that makes tears unbidden start.
Ah, would that I had feathered wings tonight!
I want to be with my own people kind,
I want the happiness I left behind.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Moonlight in a Dream

“Why all your tears?” you ask. Why all my tears!

Indeed! And still they feel warm in my eyes.
I had been weeping in my dream, for in
My dreaming I beheld there’s moonlight in
The world while darkness filled my lonely heart.
Anon my bitterness dispelled my dream,
And I awoke, and truly I beheld
The moonlight soft and silken like the grey
Mist from the sea. Upon my tearful cheeks
It lighted gently like supernal blessings
Of life’s redemption, and through the green
And aspen foliage of the pepper tree
It filtered silently...oblivious of
The haunted night...like velvet gossamers
Of evanescent hope. The more yet then
Did my heart darken, and I was desolate
With envy. I envied the moonlit world!
And I felt sad and lone, heart-broken in
One hour of desperate jealousy. Yes, I
Was jealous...and I wept...wept in my dream...
Because there’s moonlight in the world,
While darkness filled my lonely heart.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

An Hour of Oneness

Would that I were alone this present hour...
Confined in some secluded restful realm...
With solitude and peace and sweet content!
I want to be alone, alone somewhere,
Apart from everything for but a while.
My mortal soul could pleasure best within
Some cloistered prison cell of solemn thought,
Where I could muse in silence with myself.
Away from me, O shiftless, vain, deluding world...away!
I want an hour of oneness, free from all the cares of day!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Euryanthe

Euryanthe! Euryanthe! Eden
Of peace, haven of solitude! Beside
The lilting sea you lie quite innocent
And oblivious of cruel restless life.
At sunset I come to you...at sunset when
The silver shimmers of the sea are turning
To golden pearls of twilight; and you look
Most beautiful, most beautiful as dawn.
Anon the grey mist from the sea brings dusk
Which enshrouds us together in the gloaming.
I feel glad and weep with joy in my heart,
For even but your warmth around my body,
And upon my cheeks, is enough to make
Me feel secure. safe from the pitiless world.
I am a fugitive from restless life,
And in my escape I find a haven in you.
In your deep stillness there is quiet for
My soul; there's time, eternal time for us.
At sunset when I come to you, Oh! I
Could die feeling nothing in death, for in
Your peacefulness there is a melody
That soothes my pains in passing, in my passing.
Aeons of years, ages, will come and go,
But in those after-years I'll not forget;
For even as the dust I shall then lie
Along the path of Time, yet I alone,
In deathless form, shall always come to you,
My Euryanthe, sweet Eden of peace,
At sunset when the silver shimmers of
The sea shall turn to golden pearls of twilight.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

The Mocking Bird

Last night, ah, yesternight,
I heard the mocking bird singing,
I heard him singing
His sweetest song of summer;
And I was happy,
Happy like the mocking bird.

But today,
When I came home,
A lonely feather on the lawn I found,

And my heart trembled and felt faint.
Tonight, the mocking bird
I hear him sing
No more.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

A Bird in the Storm

The storm is coming, yet you know
Not where to light; you're lost amidst
The firmament, do you not have
A home to go? Poor little bird,
Could I but reach you with my hands,
Or could I but withhold the storm,
I'd do all that is in my power
To save your life, O desperate soul!
As you are to the storm that comes,
So am I to the wants of life;
I have no home, nor one who cares:

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Bird of Dawning

Sing on, O Bird of dawning! Minstrel of
The night, immortal Singer of the dark,
O winged Joy that lights Oblivion and
The mantled hours of Gloom, sing on! Sing on!
Forever and forever! All is fast
Asleep, forgetful in the solitude
Of night, and even all the stars have drowsed
To deep slumber...all but you and me.
Just you, O Bird, and I, are wide awake,
And all this treacherous world is ours. for us
To shatter or remold. Two singers, yet
Unknown to each! Oh, may it be that when
O'er life Eternity shall spread its awning,
I shall, like you, be singing in the dawning!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To Wheezer: A Dog—I

Please, do not wait for me to play with you
Now, Wheezer. I can't play with you now; I'm
Too busy writing. Don't you see? Just play
Alone with your ball for a while, and then
Perhaps I shall get through in time to play
With you. Don't look at me that way with your
Ball in your mouth. I am too busy now,
Dear Wheezer, so be good and play alone.
Did I not tell you that next Wednesday
Professor Louis Wann will ask for my
Term paper? But, dear Wheezer, you don't know
What a term paper is. It is to me
 A black mental disease, a terrible kind
 Of psychophobia of a creative mind.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

To Wheezer: A Dog—II

What is the matter now, my canine friend?
Why all your pensiveness? Why do you look
So sad? E'en your brown eyes are blue. Brown eyes
Should not be blue. Are you homesick, or are
You merely feeling blue? Poor little friend!
I suppose you are homesick for the folks.
Cheer up, my little chum! They'll come home soon.
Come, let us play. Go get your ball. All right,
Guess where I'll throw it. There it goes! Catch it!
Bring it to me...right here. Thank you. All right,
Step backward now. Some more. Ready, Here it comes!
Who-up! You got it. That cha good work, Wheezer!
O God, only a dog-friend, yet I see
In him all elemental things in me!

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Lonely Clouds After a Storm in March

Up in the sky, O lonely clouds,
I see you scudding wearily,

I see your faces full of cares,
While your sad eyes look drearily.

Beneath that vast and infinite blue,
You never stop for your repast;
Your silver wings and naked arms
Are fiercely beaten by the blast.

I know your hearts are woebegone,
I know you feel just as I feel;

But mind not what you have gone through,
Your pains, your wounds, like mine, will heal.

Forget the storm and greet the spring,
Leave all the past and cast your gloom;
Some sunny days are dawning now,
And Easter buds are in the bloom.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Insolent Stars

Morning, morning at last has come! The night
Is gone, and no more are the moon and stars
That through my window mocked me in my bed.

But soon a star-beam would find its way to
My eyes, and softly creep between my lids;
And I would wake up and open my eyes
With disdain to the stars. But bitter as
I would be, I could not ignore and hate
The guardians of the night; for even as
I'd scorn their insolence, the blueness of
The sky would bring to mind blue tropic nights
Of spring at home, and soften my disdain...
Then all my hate would fade like sweet refrain.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Through a Picture-Book

Sometimes, in looking through your picture-book,
Do you ever feel a delicious pain
In your heart, a sweet-sadness that flowers
Into beautiful tears in your eyes?

As you finger the pages of your picture-book,
Pictures of people that you have known,
Friends, and places that you have been,
Meet your eyes, then your heart feels
Hurt, and sweet memories come back to your mind.

For the moment you do not know
What to do. You stop and look away
Somewhere because your feelings
Are overwhelming you, but the sweetness
Of it all brings your eyes back
To your picture-book again. You go on
And finger more pages. More pictures
Come, and they increase your homesickness.

Now your heart is breaking because
You want to go back and meet again
Those old acquaintances, and spend
Once more a part of your life
In those places. Or else you
Lament that Time has marched on,
And you want to set back the clock.

But you are helpless. You cannot do
Anything. You do not know what to do.
You just have to go on with life,
Though your feelings and your will
Are all against it.
As the tears rise to your eyes,
And your vision is clouded by them,
You slowly close your picture-book
Unfinished, and resolve to forget.
But a voice within you says, "No."
So you open it again and look upon

A picture especially dear to you,
While memories about it rush back
Into your feverish mind. You watch it
Regretfully, lamenting the days,
The months, and the years that have
Gone by, imagining yourself in the past,
Trying to hold yourself together
Because your broken-heartedness
Neither ceases nor abates,
But heightens until you forget
Yourself and lose your self-control.
Then you break into sobs, you weep,
Your throat feels dry, you bite your lips,
Resentfulness on your face, and you try
To close your picture-book again.
But you cannot let it out of your hands.
You want to take another last glance
At the picture. Again you open it
To the same page. You look at the
Picture, you embrace it, you look
At it again, and this time you are
Looking at it longer than before;
Then your feelings rush you, and you
Cannot help it any more, and your
Tears drop on the picture.

So it is, that even only a picture-book,
A simple thing in itself, but full
Of sweet memories and tender associations,
Can break the heart and bring tears to the eyes.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Phi Kappa Psi

Phi Kappa Psi! How often in my heart
Have I felt homesick for Phi Kappa Psi!
Over a hill it stands, and just below
Is Stanford University. There, long
Ago, I lived and served young students like
Myself, and when I left, it seemed as if
A part of my heart there was left. Now that
It is springtime, it makes me lonely and
Forlorn when I think of Phi Kappa Psi,
For as it comes into my mind I seem
To smell the roses, hear the songbirds and
The honeybees, and see the quails among
The pine-woods there. I still remember when
Nick and I used to go, at sunset time,
To pick blackberries by the tennis court
Below, while boys and girls were playing, and
Swallows were flying by. 'Twas springtime then,
And it is spring again. Such wanton and
Sweet memories! But my heart is in pain,
Forsakenly in gloom, because I want
To go back there and live once more, re-live
The life which I left in Phi Kappa Psi.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

How Strange

How strange that in my deepest loneliness,
For consolation, I read my own songs,
The works and creations of my very soul,
My heart, and my own hands! I read and read
Song after song, until my gloom is eased,
Then I put back my manuscripts into
Their keeping and reach for my lute to play;
But hereupon new songs my fancy brings,
Fresh draughts of poesy from the vintage of
My thought, and wistfully my lute I lay
And reach out for my pen to write my songs.
How strange, indeed, that in my loneliness
I find that it is myself I comfort, and
My life's desolation is dispelled—
'Tis myself who bring my happiness.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

Nothing But Songs

Life, like a kiss, is sweet but soon will fade;
It thrills and wakens all the sense of man,
Then ebbs and wanes like haze upon the glade,
When it has reached the end of its brief span.
Back to the mould it goes, where it began;
Yet what have I to leave when mine shall cease,
To will to this world's restless caravan?
Nothing but songs to all shall I release,
Ere I retire to my eternal rest and peace.

Publication. *A Garland of Sampaguitas: Flowers of Melancholy* (J. A. Alles Company, 1936).

RECOVERED PERIODICAL POEMS

Two complete poems located in California newspapers

Tonight, 'Tis Daytime in My Tropic Land

Tonight, 'tis daytime in my tropic land,
My Philippines, where first I op't mine eyes;
There now the palms are swaying on the strand,
And silver clouds adorn the sea-blue skies.
Tonight, there's sunshine in a little town,
San Antonio, the home I long to see;
There now joy gleams on youthful faces brown,
And young loves blossom like the flowers, free.
But there is gloom within my orphan heart,
A tristfulness that shadows my delight;
A yearning that makes tears unbidden start—
Ah, would that I have feathered wings to-night
With my own people I want to be kind;
I want the happiness I left behind.

Publication. *Los Angeles Times*, May 15, 1933.

Editorial note. The newspaper printed the poem beneath the column display 'Lonesome Filipino Sings of His Island Homeland'; this edition uses the opening line as a supplied title.

Sampaguita

When sampaguita blooms in spring,
And soft its fragrance comes to me,
How well I know that sweet refrain:
Philippines, my Philippines.

When other lips sing of the rose,
The lily, and the violet,
My heart sings of the sampaguita,
Flower of my fatherland.

What other blossom though so fair,
What other petal though so bright,
Is dearer to the Filipino heart
Than sampaguita of the Philippines?

When sampaguita blooms in spring,
My heart beats high and goes its way,
Because the thought that comes to me
Is from my home across the sea.

Publication. *Cooke Clarion*, September 10, 1943.

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CiNii Books and HathiTrust catalog records for *Heroic Virgins and Women Patriots*; USC yearbook and U.S. World War II draft-card records preserved in the project archive.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Textual method and limits of the present edition

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. Lineation and stanza divisions follow the available primary witnesses. Narrow-page wraps were rejoined only when the source clearly indicated a single metrical line; meaningful indentations were retained in twelve-point steps. Obvious OCR noise was normalized, but uncertain readings remain recoverable against the scans preserved in the poet folder.

All interior pages use the warm-paper ground, mirrored sixty-six-point inner and forty-eight-point outer margins, and the EB Garamond hierarchy established for the Julia Boynton Green volume. Every poem begins on a new page, and every poem carries a publication statement.

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS: EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY