

## **Prelude to a Revolution**

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### **Overture**

The old song plays on the radio  
in my country a week  
after the elections.

It is the song many of us  
who studied history know.  
A song laced with numbers

and lies. No, we do not sing  
its malady, nor dance to fake harmony.  
What desecration of a memory.

Bruises and blood in blank verse.  
Meanwhile, the martyrs  
of the masses, disturbed

by the chanting of their dead  
torturers' children, gather once again  
on the streets, their blood wiped clean

and their names reduced to a list.  
Who, then, will sing our own song again?  
Those who resist? Those who listen.

The old song plays and plays louder  
as bodies fall into a trance.  
Quietly, a rhapsody swells in the heart

of the dissident and the weary.  
The ensemble is patient, waiting  
for the overture, playing without a conductor.

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## **Against Forgetting**

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What history? You mean  
the stories children hear

from the dead? There is  
no memory without name,

without grave. Without body,  
there is no story.

What story? You mean  
the trails of blood that

you follow to the mountains  
that breed sons of the enemy?

This is his story: The devil  
is in the eyes of the rebel.

## **Lullaby**

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Young girl, wake up,  
your mother is away.

She left early with a basket,  
she'll be gone for a day.

Take the bag full of clothes  
with mud stains and holes

Wash them clean, wring them dry.  
But do not hang them –

if you try

you are dead. The sky is red.  
A monster is waiting to be fed.

Little one, stay low and be quick.  
Follow the river, hide for a week.

Somebody shot a woman on the street  
They go after those who dare to speak.

Gather, what you can,  
to survive the night –

not the clothes, but  
the memories – no

the faces of those who  
disappeared in the dark.

Carve their names on your  
Skin – it doesn't matter how

it feels now. Cover your  
shivering shoulders. Wait

for the lamp to glow red.  
The music will fill the streets,

and when your body starts  
to tremble – sing! And sing well.