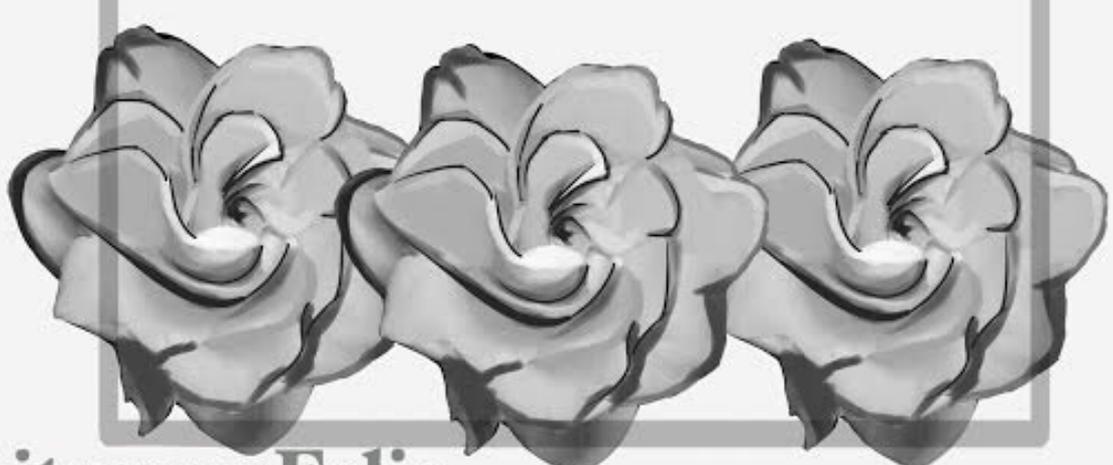
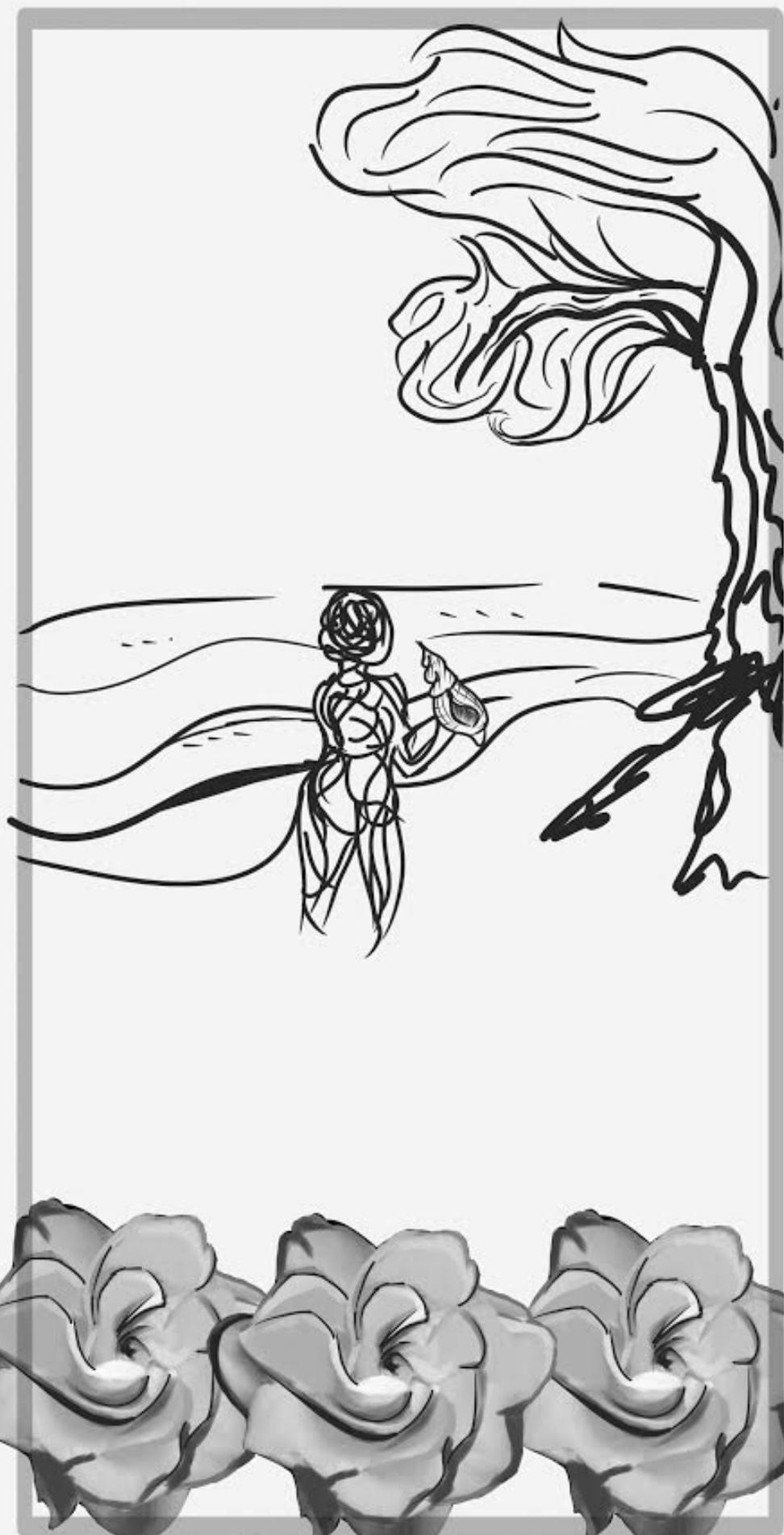


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**Stallion Literary Folio  
SY 2019-2020**

This year's Lit Folio is entitled Soliloquy. Every poem in this collection is inspired by everyday thoughts. By putting these thoughts to ink and paper, we, the Stallion Literature Department, share to our readers what occupies our minds:

Our hopes and dreams,

Our fears and anxieties,

Our failures and regrets,

Our perceptions of reality.

If our eyes are the windows to our souls, then these poems would be the bits of our souls we chose to chip off from the whole.

- Andrei Ledesma,  
Literature Department Editor  
Stallion 2019-2020

# Soliloquy

## Stallion Literary Folio

### SY 2019-2020

Literary Works by:

Andrei Ledesma

Kang Lee

Jack Kua

Herb Tan

Richard Ong

Amery Atinon

Russell Kho

Anton Labos

Art by:

Justin Chua

Sky Angeles

Chino Tesoro

John Paul Sabater

Cover Art by John Paul Sabater

# Ate

By Herb Tan (G10)

You were family,  
My second mom,  
And it calmed me everyday knowing you'd always be there.

Through all the sleepless nights,  
You'd come to me and hold me tight.  
"Don't worry, I'll always be by your side"  
Were the soothing words that eased my mind.  
Whenever I felt low,  
You'd always find a way to show me  
That I was never alone.

At times, I wish you'd come back into my life.  
I'd fill you in on the things you missed,  
But I know you're in a better place.  
I know you're watching over me every step of the way.  
So from the bottom of my heart,  
I love you *ya*.

# Butterflies

by Richard Ong (G10)

Butterfly, Butterly, fly fly away!

With a flap of its wings  
It soars high across the heavens.

After its metamorphosis  
Comes a new journey, a new life.

Crawling minuscule of the world  
Ignorant to the skies,  
The caterpillar of humankind  
Then dreams to fly  
After nothing but green.

Life after the death of its past,  
Filled with slow-paced boredom  
And ever growing struggles,  
The caterpillar of humankind—  
So weak and fragile.

Life is a metamorphosis:  
A cocoon of reincarnation,  
A time to stay still and reflect  
Until the very end of time.

Out comes the triumph of freedom  
Flapping with its wings of paradise  
A time to rejoice,  
A time to breathe,  
A time to soar to the heavens.

Goodbye, my butterfly  
Have a safe journey  
In eternal peace and happiness  
While your lifeless body smiles to me

# **Saxophone Blues**

**By Kang Lee (G12)**

The saxophonist can only blow so much of his life into the shining brass

The air being puffed by a soulful resonance

Enveloping himself in the beads of heroin among the floating smoke of  
cigarettes

Glorified in a dance of death

As if each note hums his deafening screams

# Dimmer

By Kang Lee (G12)

A flickering bulb is merely an incandescent firefly  
Of which can be a blinking glitter  
On a whale shark's starry graceful swim  
Under the lightless blanket of the void  
A dark quiet, that is nothing more and nothing less  
As it cannot be more than it already is

Now don't open your eyes just yet

Just let it be sometimes

There's a reason why it is preferred for dead people to have their eyes  
closed

It wouldn't make sense to die with eyes opened  
As if there was still life waiting to be poured out  
But it was time, oh it was time to go

After all, what is a night without first, a day?

# How Could I Have Known

By Amery Atinon (G10)

I stared at you, nodding my head.  
You gazed back, hollow, shaking eyes.  
The sun's facade uncovered the beautiful moon  
Because you allowed me to understand.

How could I have known?  
That your soul's broken,  
Shattered into a million pieces,  
A void full of chaos.

How could I have known?  
That, despite your sweet smile,  
Your heart turns darker  
Every weary breath you take.

It was that one, strange time  
When you finally opened the box  
And brought out misfortune and pain;  
Your revelation struck my core.

How could I have known?  
That you are as sad as me,  
A similar false face, hollow happiness,  
You stumble through the same suffering.

We remove our facades  
Only to see two shining moons,  
Our cores being the same imperfection,  
And now, I think you're more beautiful than ever

# Tucked Away

By Kang Lee (G12)

And his big little eyes watched his father's  
What once was has been swallowed up  
For far beneath the abyss  
His father tucked away  
The coal-blackened arms,  
The dying dark dyed chiseled hair that hardly resembles his son's,  
The callous roughness of his skin,  
And those early mornings of chalking sawdust  
Because the birchwood cost a shilling less than a bed frame  
  
Hardly anything goes gentle in those good nights

# Euphoria

By Jacob Kua (G12)

Far above the canopies,  
You and I are free.  
Like the birds in the sky,  
We flew up so high.  
So high that we could touch the clouds,  
To the lair of the moons and stars.  
We escape the weather dome of home,  
To venture into the unknown.  
With nothing but the silence of the void,  
Where the colors of the stars mingle  
In a dazzling and amazing fix;  
Twisting and turning like a kaleidoscope,  
A collision of planets before your eyes and  
At last we fall back face planted on the dirt,  
The exquisite experience leaving an addiction  
To experience a journey like never before.

# **Bobby Darin: Somewhere Beyond the Sea**

## **By Kang Lee (G12)**

Blanket of stars  
A night with white dots poked upon it  
As if God strayed the darkness with beams of light  
And around a single beam, the shadow of Ella Fitzgerald approaches  
To sing about dreaming of a little dream  
A thud to the mic and the creaking of a stool  
She opens her mouth  
A voice as clear as the deep blue sea  
Nothing more and nothing less  
Just the blue hues descending upon each other  
A metronomic pitch echoing from somewhere  
As I gazed at a whale shark for as long as time could tell

# Savanna

By Jack Kua (G12)

Under the heat of the midday sun,  
the golden hunter prowls through the grass.  
Hidden from sight, the lean hunter spots its prey.  
A meal that could feed its insatiable appetite:

A foal that had just learned to walk.



*Sky Angeles 2014*

**Untitled**  
**By Sky Angeles (G8)**

# Senses

By Amery Atinon (G10)

As you sit in your room, relax your senses.  
Turn off the music, turn off your notifications.  
What do you notice?

## Sight

Beyond the walls of your room  
You see the shadows cast by the sun  
Dancing a sonata composed by nature.

## Hearing

Listen. You now notice a slight hum  
It's a sound that always crept,  
But went unnoticed till a blackout.

## Smell

Normally, there was no distinct aroma  
But you had certainly left your mark,  
Be it good or bad, you smell... you.

## Touch

Depending on where you sit on,  
Your back starts to relax in comfort  
Reacting to its newfound silence.

## Taste

Your taste buds fondly remember  
Whichever previous meal you've had  
Memories do come from strange places.

Now, go back to what you were doing  
Knowing the depths of silence,  
It's easier to appreciate the world's sounds.

# **The Well**

**By Jack Kua (G12)**

In the center of a certain meadow,  
underneath the greenest willow  
stood a 6 feet deep well.

A man peeks into its waters.

He knows very much he can't stay inside his shell.

All it takes is a push to send him  
straight

into

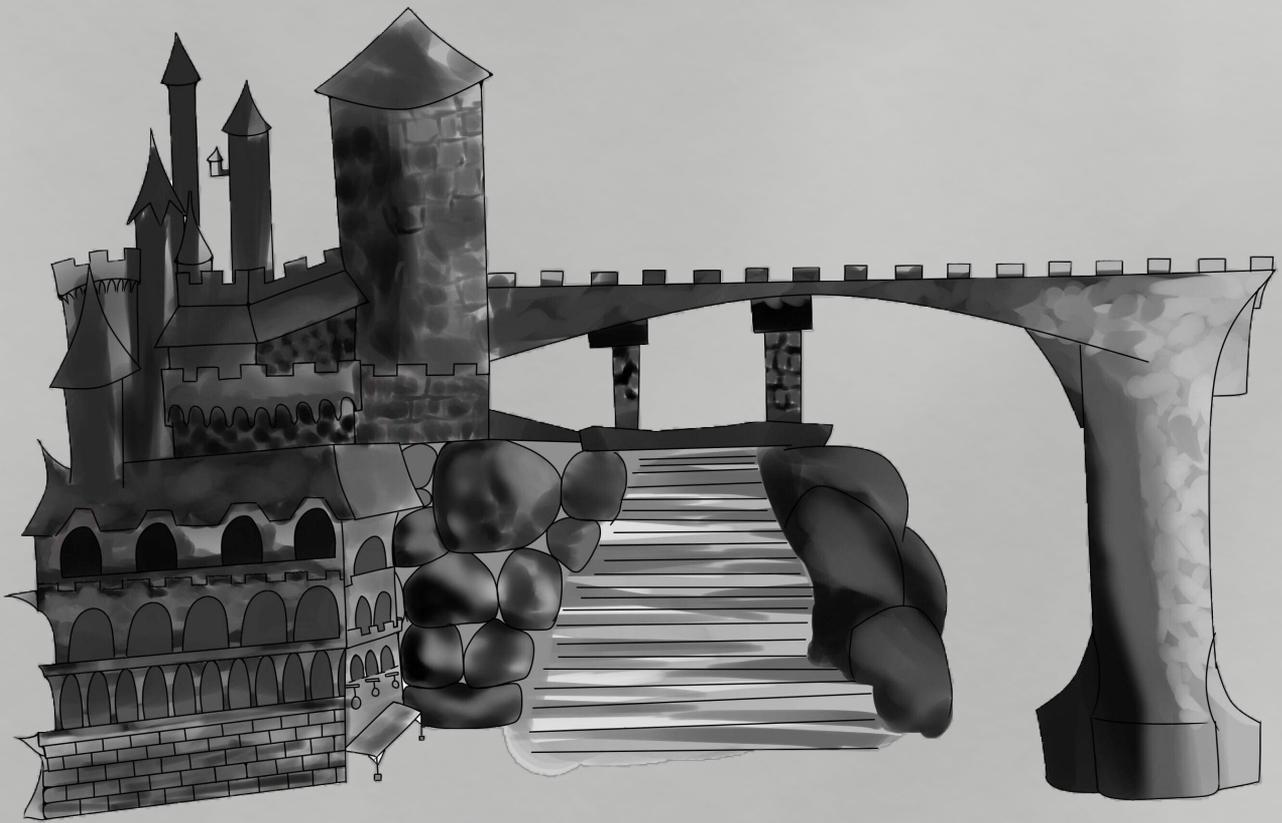
hell.

# The Castle

By Jacob Kua (G12)

The dusk has arrived and  
I know you'll never come back no matter how hard I pray.  
Since you left for a world that exists as a fairy tale  
where fairies and demons lurk in gallows,  
where the trees grow crooked in a gloomy meadows  
by the stairs of a castle,  
castle of lime and cobblestone that rests atop a mountain,  
with golden gates and feathered servants.  
You drifted to the top of the mountain and entered its ancient halls,  
Met the king upon his throne,  
His prince at his right and messenger by his side.

I don't know where you went nor why you left,  
But just remember  
I loved you as you loved me,  
as sure as the sun would rise and as deep as the sea,  
undying and evergreen.



# Castle

By John Paul Sabater (G12)

# Night's Walk to 7-Eleven

By Russell Kho (G12)

I.

My feet carry themselves across the rivulets rolling along the sidewalk banks. With every step comes a splash: unheard but felt, the water hops up to my heels exposed by my sandals. I never knew water could feel so cool and yet so sticky with grime. Every step makes me shiver, but I saunter on knowing that I have to follow through on my decision. My pride won't allow me to turn back.

II.

It was not the darkness that made it unnerving. It was the sudden flashes of somethings that did—the sounds of tires grinding against the pavement, the engines with their light hums that pervade the air, the lights that blotch the bath of darkness to an unknown sporadic pattern—for you remembered that you were not alone; you were nothing but flesh in a sea of machines: hidden, but only until they were right behind you.

III.

Crossing to Ortigas was as simple as hopscotch, as fast as *patintero*. Remember when we would jump across everything as kids? The tiles, the stairs, the humps on the street, and everything became our own track-and-field hurdles or long jump pits. Who knew that crossing the street would be what brings me back to carefree days?

IV.

I pass a man passed out on his side: limbs at the sides like those at a tomb, save for his outstretched arm that seemingly reaches for the sky (I pass by silently, even if he is pointing in the wrong way).

V.

After every storm comes a rainbow; at night, however, there is only a calm.

Silence is impossible, even in the night—if it is not the cars and their chaos, it is the crickets, their buzzing human-like (only for themselves), but every individual life connecting—messy noises, intentions separate yet blended to form a single tune that nothing can interrupt. The random becomes harmonized: the final symphony is organic yet the apogee, like the Buddhist “Om.”

As cars faded, so did my heart rate. Wide roads narrowed and there came the all-familiar scene of concrete brick walls towered by gigantic hanging specks and bushes of green. Avalon and Sunnyvale stand as historic monuments that I knew even before I was born. There was a calming familiarity in absence—the morning gridlock of cars, guards whistling to help students with the morning daze to beat the 7:30 clock, the warmth of the newly-risen sun—in the night, only I knew the street for what it was in the day, and I smile upon thinking that that is part of my story.

I follow the road to see light at the end of my journey. I turn right at the steps and transition off of concrete. I allow myself to be a moth to the light.

# snow globe

By Russell Kho (G12)

crepe paper flies all over before  
settling at the bottom of the glass.  
or at least that is what it seems like. what  
seems like flying is the disruption of  
balance: equilibrium forced out by  
gravity—or is it the lack of floor to stand on? should  
the movement of the hand be considered at  
fault? nothing can stop it, so  
maybe the snow is expected to fall and crash and  
fall and crash and live anywhere that it can in

between. how disappointing flying becomes when you break  
it down into thoughts—sad even. and as santa's workshop stays  
glued to nothing, i wonder if the revolutions that cause the snow to fly  
are meant to show me the wheel to which i am tied.



**Fallen Down / Eternally Bound**  
By Justin Chua (G9)

# Evening I

By Kang Lee (G12)

The stoplight of the cars trailed fluorescent cent streaks  
Neon restaurant lights reflect against windows  
Rustling branches mark the evening

Such warmth in the being of a moment  
That it will just go on and on  
While the human mind desperately tries to perceive time  
As a conquerable thing, much to his despair

# red lights

By Andrei Ledesma (G10)

you're riding in the backseat of my car,  
fast asleep  
as we make our way across the city past midnight.

i glance at the mirror and i see you,  
fast asleep  
yet still so beautiful even without you knowing.

i never really thought of us as anything but friends  
but here i am now, and i think i'm falling  
faster and faster-- just like this car  
speeding through red lights,  
fated to crash and burn.

# Thinking at 12:59 in Beijing

By Kang Lee (G12)

The first frosts were misting upon the window  
Thereupon swirling patterns danced  
And accompanied the loneliness that comes in the late hours  
When the hallway lights blink once in a while  
And the quietness amplifies the sound of a lone heartbeat

Or was it rather the sound of a door being knocked?



**Elegant Thoughts**  
By Chino Tesoro (G12)

# I'll Be There

By Herb Tan (G10)

The spaces between us,  
They keep growing bigger.

There was once a time when we were inseparable.  
We would talk everyday about everything:  
Our dreams,  
Our aspirations,  
Our fears,  
Our sorrows,  
The highs and the lows,  
The mundane aspects of day-to-day life.  
You were one of my best friends,  
And I took comfort in knowing you'd always be there.

But nothing lasts forever  
As with all things.  
Maybe we've drifted apart.  
Maybe we changed  
(for better or for worse).  
Maybe it was something I did  
Or maybe I did not do enough.

But I'm certain  
This was never meant to last.

But the moments we shared  
Were some of the best times of my life.  
You showed me that life could be more than just  
Dull,  
Lifeless,  
And ordinary.

So if you need me,  
Wherever you are  
I'll be there.

# **Seen. Delivered. Sent**

## **By Anton Labos (G11)**

### **Seen**

*5 JUL 7:44PM*

Am loving Chem

Are you enjoying Bio?

I have so much tea

Mamaya, magkwentuhan tayo

### **Delivered**

*29 AUG 9:19PM*

Hello, hello?

Why aren't you responding?

May ginawa ba ako?

We haven't been talking

### **Sent**

*MON 2:24AM*

Fine, don't answer me

Put me on ignore or block,

I'll still be here for you

You need only knock

# Fame

By Jack Kua (G12)

On the stage and in the limelight,  
I stare upwards and see a single bright light.  
I look down and see my serious audience.  
My name is going down in history.  
I take a seat and sing my final song,  
And when I finish, they pull the lever,  
I close my eyes and hear them clap.  
Clap, clap, clap, clap.  
Then my vision turns black  
Lit by the glow of a faint spark.



# Fame

By John Paul Sabater (G12)

# Acknowledgements

The creation of our Literary Folio would not have been possible if it were not for some wonderful people.

First of all, we would like to acknowledge our appreciation for the unwavering support of our Stallion moderators—Mr. Manuel Aldeguer, Mr. Jules Hernando, and Mrs. Pinky Liu, who gave their time and effort to guide us in improving our craft. We also thank the Stallion Editorial Board of School Year 2019-2020 for constantly checking up on us to make sure that our writing process went on smoothly. Finally, we would like to thank the Stallion Art Department, headed by Samuel Lim, for bringing life to our words through illustration.

- The Stallion Literature Department, SY 2019-2020



