

Spring 5-1-1995

To Mamang: A Farewell

Suzanne Mendiola
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Mendiola, Suzanne (1995) "To Mamang: A Farewell," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 2 , Article 53.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss2/53>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

To Mamang*: A Farewell



The wind was blowing through the meadows,
making me dance in sweet sorrow.
Fluttering behind me were leaves fallen to the ground,
each moving with their own rhythm,
humming to the tunes of sweet melancholies.
Softly, I swayed with the grace of heavens,
unmindful of each passing moment.
Then I noticed the pale sun, its rays beckoning to me:
"Hush," it seemed to say, "for night is near."
Slowly, I made one final turn,
then, I let myself fall as gently as the leaves did.
The ground felt familiar, how sweetly familiar.
I laid there a while,
quite still against the silent merry-making.
Touching and feeling the warmth and coldness,
until dusk laid its hand upon me.
I stood, letting go of the dampened earth,
and with one last look around me
I placed the key in its lock,
keeping my memories of you inside.
*The wind died down, the sun had gone,
and the leaves no longer danced --
and a solitary figure finally made her farewell.*

By: Suzanne Mendiola

*Mamang -- a term of endearment that can mean grandmother in the
Philippine language

*"Once the toothpaste is out of the tube, it is awfully hard to
get it back in."*

- M.R. Haldeman

