

# Jose Maria Sison Poems

## The Guerrilla Is Like a Poet

The guerrilla is like a poet  
Keen to the rustle of leaves  
The break of twigs  
The ripples of the river  
The smell of fire  
And the ashes of departure.

The guerrilla is like a poet.  
He has merged with the trees  
The bushes and the rocks  
Ambiguous but precise  
Well-versed on the law of motion  
And master of myriad images.

The guerrilla is like a poet.  
Enrhymed with nature  
The subtle rhythm of the greenery  
The inner silence, the outer innocence  
The steel tensile in-grace  
That ensnares the enemy.

The guerrilla is like a poet.  
He moves with the green brown multitude  
In bush burning with red flowers  
That crown and hearten all  
Swarming the terrain as a flood  
Marching at last against the stronghold.

An endless movement of strength  
Behold the protracted theme:  
The people's epic, the people's war.

1968

## The North Star Is Always There

Whatever the part of the day,  
Whatever the part of the year  
The North Star is always there.

No matter how dark the night,  
We can trust the light  
Of the North Star, our guide.

No matter how thick the clouds,  
These are froth ephemeral  
The North Star scatters and floats.

Wherever we are, in the woods,  
On the plains or at sea,

By the North Star, we see the route.

In the archipelago, come what may,

We have our sure compass,

The North Star is always there.

***March 1979***