

Jose Maria Sison Poems

In Praise of Martyrs

We praise to high heavens And for all time
The heroes who die
In the hands of the enemy
In the battlefield
In the torture chamber
And against the wall.
In these bloody places,
The struggle is sharpest
And the meaning of one's life
Is tested in one crucial moment.
Courage to the last breath
Makes the martyr live beyond death.

9 December 1977

Wisdom from a Comrade

A Red fighter had died in the battle
And his sweetheart was grieving.
A comrade went over to her and said,
"He was my best pal and I am also sad
But I am happy too and proud of him
For he was to the end a revolutionary
And nothing can ever change that."
She wiped off her tears and smiled.
When I heard those words and saw her eyes,

I felt the wisdom flow into my soul.

14 December 1977

What Makes a Hero

It is not the manner of death

That makes a hero.

It is the meaning of life drawn

From the struggles against the foe.

There is the hero who dies in the battlefield,

There is the hero who dies of hunger and disease,

There is the hero who dies of some accident,

There is the hero who dies of old age.

Whatever is the manner of death,

There is the common denominator:

A hero serves the people

To his very last breath.

10 December 1977