

*Alab*



# ALAB

Volume I, Issue 3  
November 2017

The Literary, Art, Photography and Graphics Folio of  
The National, the Official School Publication of National University-Philippines.

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Established 2017.

# CALL FOR SUBMISSION

## ISSUE 4: DECEMBER 2017

### THEME:

# ENDINGS

For the prose/short stories, essays, and poetry, submit your works (in Filipino or in English) in a word document thru The National's Facebook page (NU The National) or thru e-mail (thenationalpublication@gmail.com). In the word document, the title of the work, as well as the writer's name (can be real or a pseudonym) are required to be present. Moreover, if submitted thru the Facebook page, kindly indicate the following on the message box: Submission for ALAB-December 2017, Kind of work (Prose/Short Story/Essay/Poetry). On the other hand, if submitted thru email, the same information should be put on the subject box.

For the visual arts, they can only be submitted thru email (same as mentioned above) as to not lower the quality of the work. On the subject box, please indicate the following: Submission for ALAB-December 2017, Kind of work (Photo, Cartoon, Layout, etc.). Consequently, on the message box, indicate the title of the work, as well as a short dedication if applicable.

**Deadline of Submission: December 23, 2017 (Saturday)**

#ALABngTN #TheNationalAwakening

# EDITOR'S NOTE

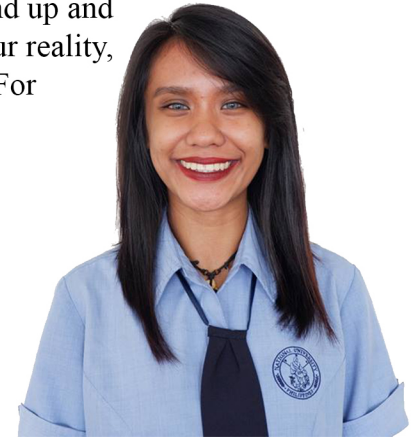
The thing about change is we know it's inevitable, we just don't keep it into ourselves to think that it's the only thing that could be permanent. Some, of course, seep it into themselves that change is constant; not to go against it or it will leave you nowhere.

Change wouldn't be all bad and it is not all good either, it helps us and makes us learn to grow more, may we like it or not.

The constant motion of change falls back to what and where you are in this point; it gently walks you to where you are meant to be for all the right reasons. Think of it as the destination of the route you chose to take, not that if you are forced or not, it is simply the math of how our lives supposed to be.

This issue is dedicated for the soul of change that keeps us intact, scattered, and up and running. Cheers for its natural cause, our life as we know it, alters what we are and our reality, where we keep learning and we keep on moving on no matter how it turns out to be. For change, even we get tired of it, is still the only thing that will remain constant.

*Irish Sibayan*  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
THE NATIONAL



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# Six Letter Word

JUSTINE RUZ

Six letters, one word ending with "e"  
Affects people to agree or disagree  
Through a person with such a degree  
By which characterized by means of decree

Promises are made through six letters,  
By the use of letters, words written in tatter  
Some leader ends through shatters,  
But by the end, the results really matter

Addressing the problems, by means of solutions  
Are consisting of different notions through evolution  
People should conquer his/her emotion  
To have change with the use of motion



# *A Paradox in a Box*

CRISTOPHERSON PEREZ

Seemingly true, in a way false  
What the mind tells, what the heart calls  
For it never happened to me  
In a box, love and hate could be.  
Glad that I am, it is proven  
Special seat, now you have taken  
How someone like you can make me  
Hopeful to hopeless, so I'll speak.  
Unfathomed, such indifference  
To what can pain a heart has bent  
Still finding it which has been lost  
In vagueness of truth, my heart longs.  
Maybe, time will tell, time will heal  
Places in our hearts which we conceal.

# STILL

DPOSIATISTHALASSAS

The world has crumbled for far too many times  
The stars have fallen in the glimpse of an eye  
The universe has shattered in the lapse of a minute  
The galaxy has shaken, but I'm still right here

If I could learn every language that ever lived,  
No word can still be enough to describe how I feel  
Every time I think, I need to catch my breath  
'Cause so many things have already changed

And how I wish I could turn back time  
Return and forget what never was  
Maybe right then, nights won't be the same  
And I could maybe go to sleep without going insane

But the world has crumbled for far too many times  
The stars have fallen in the glimpse on an eye  
The universe has shattered in the lapse of a minute  
But still, still I'm right here







# *Let me Enter this World*

CRISTOPHERSON PEREZ

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where he is the only one  
Allowed to enter with ecstasy  
With joy, happily, I can't endure

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where they are the only ones  
Allowed to enter with bright eyes  
On people roaming on elevated surfaces

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where she is the only one  
Who entered with that arrow pierced  
On Her heart made of lamb's mood

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where they are the only ones  
Who have entered the time  
From I'm dust to I'm human

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where He is the only one  
Who can understand and listen  
To every word uttered in faith

Let me enter this world, let me  
Where I'll finally meet  
He who asks to enter another world  
But I think, it's in another dimension.



# *With the Tide*

MIRANDA C

Is life a veracity or merely just a fantasy?  
Day time to night-time, Melancholy to perky,  
As the ages go by and time dwindles away,  
What used to be "worthy days", currently bursting with dismay.  
Blossoms that all of a sudden doom.  
Then, hang onto a constructive thinking in gloom.  
Take a chance and enhance.  
Clasp the gift of life, grasp it tight and not ever let go.  
Just as the sky changes,  
Petals fade, so Darling, be free to love and outbrave!  
Surrender to the flow and dare to ride the waves.

# *A Lawn, A Glass*

CRISTOPHERSON PEREZ

From the start, I have learned  
From the dawn, I have turned  
My mind, heart, and soul  
To a commonly distant goal.

When creatures cannot understand  
When surroundings cannot withstand  
That twist in the molding hands  
Of my fate where I should land

An aching, heartbreaking stone  
Penetrates this molded lawn  
That the hands have mowed in years  
Never felt to fall down for tears

Oh How I wish to explain?  
Everyone is bounded from each  
But I think it would be vain  
There's something, they should teach

But will it make a sense?  
For a glass shattered to pieces  
Can't be reformed in a glance  
Nor in prayers nor in paste.

Should I just stop or change?  
Should I play on the journey?  
Lord, I'll never know nor discover  
Let time dictate my fate.

# Crossroads

CHRISTIAN VIÑAS

I'm at a crossroad right now. Taking the proverbial leap of faith is the rational thing to do, and by now, it's the only choice I have. Not knowing where to go next is forgivable but it seems stupid and foolhardy to stay, anyway. Considering not only the choice of roads ahead, but also, importantly, looking back at the way by which I have come before may guide me. But still, I'm baffled as to where would I go.

I'm at a crossroads, and frankly, I'm not faring well in this situation.

\*\*\*

We resist change. Subconsciously or not, we make changes every day, whether it is out of necessity or out of obligation. The simple course of walking through this street instead of the other, the hesitance to as to where to eat, either at the cafeteria or outside, the choice of going home straight or trying to hangout with

friends. It's a subtle choice, but in a larger scheme of things, an important one unnoticed.

I, for one, can attest that much has been said about change and changing. Whether on a political aspect or about the melancholic and often cringe-filled perspective of changing when love brought its bitter raindrops down. Of change towards a better nation in the expense of minimum-wage earners, or of change that is best kept hidden, up until the time comes. Change came and made an impact, for better or for worse, but we are not in the right place to discuss that here.

Having been part of various media publications for a year now, I was taught that a workplace is not in the comfort of your home. It is being in front of the laptop, editing articles and conversing to clients within the confines of LRT platforms and Uber cars. It was a change in habit, in denying myself with the ritualistic manners I performed before as I sit down and begin to write.

This change, however abrupt, I ably managed and heeded it since I fared well under ‘constructive criticism’, and that’s a lesson I never doubted.

I’m stuck in a crossroads of sorts. In staying and pondering on what the next move will be, I’ve considered myself a mixed bag, a slew of underlying emotions and unspoken promises. Changing into someone I’m not is part of why I’m stuck. Changing into someone I am and what I should’ve been, is another reason why.

As I write this piece, I am reminded that change is universal. While the author Richard Bach wrote in his novel, “What the caterpillar calls the end of the world the master calls a butterfly”, resonates to me in a way that some ends, though painful, can’t always be bad. Some endings are needed for better beginnings.

But change, and the very essence of it, is lost, too, in transition.

\*\*\*

Change is the entity you must welcome every time it presents itself and not the enemy you forbade from seeing. Change allows you to adapt to ambiguity. To know when not to look and embrace a ‘what will be’. Change and understanding its nature, is a beautiful thing, if one must accept its complexities.

Change would be eagerness and not intimidation; Change is grief, the inevitability that what goes up must, and will always come down. That which we call happiness must end someday. Change out of necessity and not out of obligation. That which you are negating might be the one you’d grow up on and marry.

Change is the coming year, filled with serendipitous moments and unpleasant surprises. Change is a part of nature, a quote many have heard before, and as nature finds a way, so does change find its place in you. Change is about acceptance, the abstract trust and knowing that while some things are better if ended wisely, rather than prolonging an obvious and overdue stay. Change is reflecting on one self’s journey, to which one has overcome and as to what is yet to

come.

Change isn't easy, but this doesn't mean that you're running away or staying in the past just because the future's premise is scary and the changes you had to make was not what you intended. It only means that as roads do intersect and cross paths with each other, so does detours and roads less traveled gets discovered. And, realizing along the way that you, as a person, have grown is only half of the reward; and in transition, as change being the only permanent thing in this world, and I, a mere student, a temporary hindrance, I have made its peace.

In retrospect, that may be my 'roadblock', an ending that begs to begin again. But I digress, the real enemy is still me. For not embracing change and all its offerings. For being worried about interconnecting roads, and for being afraid as to where they lead. By being afraid of what I might never be and failing right before starting, I neglected a magnificent gift.

I may forget the lessons I have learned, as some

who have come before me, but I must remind that and as I've said before, people embracing change should change for the better.

In a day, a week, a month or a year, I might encounter and again experience another crisis that would make me take the proverbial leap. I may be able to cross roads I've only seen from afar but knowing that the stigma is removed on how changed should be viewed and look, I must say that I look forward to it.

\*\*\*

I've tread lightly and fared gratefully at the road I took, almost two years since it has occurred. A lot of changes happened in my life, some good, many were bad; each serving a lesson that fueled this essay. For most of you who noticed, this essay is divided into three parts, one that represents the 'road' I'm torn on taking two years ago. For the crossroad and as to where it leads, it was either being a student at this school, or pursuing a career that I love, or being eaten by depression at that time, verging on suicide.

This piece is dedicated to the ones who never made it, the ones who won't love them back, and the ones who struggled in their academic, professional, and private lives. May you find comfort in the changes you encounter in the ever-changing landscape of life.



## WINGED SPECTRUM

The Great Mister E

### ABOUT THE COVER

The cover shows a simplistic design that showcases the butterfly - a well-known symbol for change or metamorphosis.

There are numerous interpretation when we talk about change but the artist feels that the change that we all need right now is a shot a second chance. This is why this issue is simplistic compared to the previous Alab. We all will hit a point in our life where we seek to push the reset button.



**ALAB**

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