

# Sagaba

Blue Scholars

Sister sits on the steps  
Cigarette rests on fingertips  
Takes a sip of slow death deathly through her lips,  
She blows a kiss  
Which I can only resist in vain  
She got the gift of gravity pulling to ask her name  
She says Sagaba  
What's it mean ? she says in Ilocano  
It translates into suffering  
I'm pondering the irony to conjure up the fearlessness to find a conversatio  
n  
She offers me a square, I decline the invitation  
It reminds me of the days when I would chain smoke  
Broken with no hope  
Like broken like the manner she spoke  
We both  
Two people seeking  
Solace and remembrance  
And wondering if miracles were meant for us  
But intent was just an innocent thought between a sister and a brother  
Who been building in the guidance of a mother  
And the storyteller stops  
Waiting for the beat to drop  
Gathering his thoughts in the wind, breathing in like?

Now  
I couldn't stand to see the queen breathe her dreams away  
And tell me her tomorrow will never become today  
I say I used to know a woman just like you,  
Beautiful but jaded by the multitude of men who'd often try to  
Justify their lies with twisted notions of survival  
And hide behind their armor when karma completes a cycle  
She replied  
That just because I knew a woman well it doesn't mean I know them all  
She begins to bade farewell  
Eyes up to the sky, she sighs, I need nobody  
True indeed, sister, but you still need everybody because  
We hardly know ourselves if we know nobody else  
And only in our loneliness can home become a hell  
Exhale  
The cloud in the loudest form of silence  
Watches as it rises like suns over horizons  
The storyteller stops  
Waiting for the beat to drop  
Gathering his thoughts in the cloud, breathing out like?

Dreams be the ashes  
Burns and thrashing in the wind  
Flying out the burning bush attached to sister's hand  
Who whispers ?word?  
Smiling and giving thanks, living in doubt no longer  
As she figures out the riddle to the song  
Saying why must we suffer now and not suffer later if later  
Never comes soon enough to soothe the hatred  
And hatred  
Is the cancer born \_\_\_\_ of love's absence  
And the absence is the void left from missing every chance to

Challenge our fates and perhaps our very names  
Sister says peace and prayers for rain and change  
Tosses out her lighter  
Walks out of the cipher  
For shizzle it starts to drizzle and then I begin to write this  
Inhale the imagery ? a queen walking steadily  
Effortlessly  
Ready to be  
Every woman and now the  
Story teller ends  
Waiting for the beat to fade  
Gathering his thought near the edge of the day like?