POETRY

Aubade Beginning with Landfall

by Elvis A. Galasinao Jr.



Illustration "Hope and Light" by Bianca Cosar

Tint Journal, no. (), www.tintjournal.com

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.

Thatched roof and bamboo walls of the nipa hut are

tied down to the ground like a canopy tent.

Whenever I see girls and boys…

He drives metal stakes into the ground as she

pounds them repeatedly using a hammer.

Tie the ropes, he says.

The wind is howling and *the lanterns on the streets*

are whipping so violently they

bang against the walls.

She makes clove hitch knots

with braided rope

to firmly tighten all sides.

Wherever there are people,

sky is cocooned in black and heavy downpour arrives;

water washes over their skin like a molten silver.

He hurriedly

drags her inside and

closes all the windows.

She clasps her hands holding the rosary beads and kneels

toward the window *giving gifts exchanging* prayers of

protection: *Ama namin, iadya mo kami sa kalamidad.*

Let's light our Christmas trees…

He strikes a matchstick then holds it directly

under the candle wick

and flips the candle right-side-up

as the wick lights.

I believe that Christmas is truly in their

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.

shadows casted by the candle.

For a bright tomorrow,

lightning cracks the sky sending heaven's

light through the super typhoon.

Where nations are at peace, the bamboo walls creak,

screaming as their limbs strain against the onslaught.

Let's sing Merry Christmas…

Floodwater surges around the nipa hut bringing

the soils of riverbed into the village

enough to topple the bamboo stairs.

And a happy holiday…

The roof slats of the hut start to

fly into the air,

flying around like a

newspaper in a gale.

The wind screeches around the village

pushing its way in every door.

Let's sing Merry Christmas…

Barangay officials shouting on a megaphone

lumikas evacuate lumikas!

This season they just huddled together and begged

for His guidance — a holy rosary clasped tight.

A year ago, he says.

May we never forget.

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.