

NO PROPER GOODBYE

Lestrino C. Baquiran UPCM '67

There is no proper goodbye
Sorrow arrives poorly scheduled
It ignores six foot lengths, six month periods
Envelops whole widths of aerosol sprays
Penetrates various thicknesses of masks
Enter primed orifices
Now wayward, navigates tubes with not yet parasites
To reach the ultimate membranes, provokes,
Kicks up a storm against waiting defenders
Debris determine diffusion and replication

The ship of sorrow is loaded with all kinds of goodbyes
Real, virtual, early, late, feigned, felt
Quick, rehearsed, returned, unreturned
Always consoling, never bespoke

The ship of sorrow glides, sheathed in battered grace
Fueled by efficient and inefficient octanes of evil
Natural, moral, banal, and novel
Sometimes extreme barely demonic
Manned by an autonomous crew
Dropping reliefs of redeemable promise

Still not enough, even for a less limited God
So, sorrow goes on unimpeded
So, we go on mitigated
There will be no last goodbyes, no last tears
There is no proper goodbye.

Dr. Baquiran practiced Internal Medicine and Cardiology for 45 years in New York City. He has been involved with UPMASA, having served as the 1st National Treasurer, Editor-in-Chief of the newsletter, Vice-President and Chairman of the Board of Governors.

Now retired, he published his first book of poems, Methane Sea.