

Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards 2010

Poems from the Pantry and Prehistoric Times

Pancake Time
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Dromornis
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PANCAKE TIME

I love them in the morning

And in the afternoon

I love them in the evening

Of April, May and June

I watch while Mommy makes them

How easy it can be

I don't mind helping her at all

As long as they're for me

First she opens up a box

And follows the instruction

She grabs an egg and breaks it in

The bowl with one swift motion

She pours the oil into the mix

And then she adds some water

She even lets me hold the spoon

And help her whisk the batter

Into the kitchen then we go

To get the frying pan
Then flicking on the stovetop's knob

To light it, that's the plan

As soon as the oil is heated
We scoop some of the batter
And pour it on the griddle top
A circle, it should matter

We wait for it to brown and then

Flip it when it's ready

It's not as hard as it may sound

The trick is to be steady

And when both sides are brown enough

We slide it on a plate

Some butter here and syrup there

Oh boy! I cannot wait!

MEGALODON! MEGALODON!

Megalodon! Megalodon!

Were you really there?

Megalodon! Megalodon!

You must have been a scare

You ruled the oceans and the seas

With your ginormous size

Sea creatures all recoiled in fear

When you materialized

Your tooth so big, six inches long

Was where you got your name from

A set of these in one big mouth

That opened like a clam

But unlike tiny shellfish

Your terrifying jaw

Devoured the whale and Great White Shark

You liked them big and raw

If you were still alive today

Majestic monstrous freak

The chaos you would cause, my friend

The havoc you would wreak!

DROMORNIS

Dromornis, Dromornis

Sounds just like Arnis

Did you know Adonis?

Or have you heard of Paris?

Dromornis, Dromornis

Have you been to Atlantis?

Seen a bee's propolis?

Or caught a praying mantis?

Dromornis, Dromornis

What a peculiar word

But my oh my, Dromornis

You were just a bird!

WHERE DO POEMS COME FROM?

From the oceans, from the seas

From the rivers, from the trees

From the valleys, from the mountain

From old age and from youth's fountain

From the bellows of the gallows
To the whispers of the shore
From the deep and from the shallow
From the after or before
From the eagle, from the sparrow
From the streets both wide and narrow
From a sidewalk candy store

From the former to the latter
From the whole and from each part
From the tears as well as laughter
From the stirrings of the heart

SMILODON

Have you heard of the mighty Smilodon
who once roamed the earth?
He was the largest cat of all
by length, by height, by girth

His teeth were like a vampire's
and a viper's fangs

More sharp than sword or chisel
of which his name was from

He's sometimes called a tiger
but has not any stripe

And with his shorter hind limbs,
had a glorious, stately stride

He lived in packs together
with other Smilodons

And hunted larger mammals
Their number against one

They pounced upon these creatures
then pinned them to the ground
Sank their deadly incisors
'til their prey made no more sound

But though they were a bulwark
of brute and beastly strength
they died before our sapient birth,
A pitiful event!

JURASSIC, TRIASSIC, FANTASTIC

Brachiosaurus lifts his head to eat from the tallest trees

Ichthyosaurus plunges on as he swims the static seas

Nothosaurus hoists herself to look for things to eat

(The airborne Rhamphorhynchus then performs a haste retreat)

Ultrasaurus is the biggest of the vertebrates

Tyrannosaurus prowls the verdant ground and it reverberates

Grazing ancient foliage are the Triceratops

Above the quaint scenario a Pterodactyl drops

Oviraptors scamper on to find the nearest nest

Parasaurolophus calls through his enormous crest

The placid Stegosaurus is looking for a friend

Styracosaurus responds but they don't really blend

Catching fishes with his claws, the land-dwelling Baryonyx

Gliding swiftly from the skies, the Archaeopteryx

Below cascading waterfalls lurks the Iguanodon

Just then Deinonychus attacks, Oh no what's going on?

Surrounded by lush greenery and skies of azure blue

Magnificent creatures roamed the earth, we know it to be true
They first appeared into the world in the late Triassic
And lasted long before our time into the great Jurassic

JUST AN UDDER STORY

Said the butter to the udder;

Did I come from you?

Said the udder to the butter;

Well, I guess its true

(For the udder really is a part of Ewe)

The butter shudders

stutters

mutters

eeeeewww!

The udder just keeps eating fodder

She does not utter any further

But the butter cannot take it any longer

and so he jumps into the gutter

but the udder did not bother

any more

THE YELLOW JELL-O

There was once a mellow fellow
who had loved a yellow jell-o
but what he wanted more
was a white and brown marshmallow
which belonged to a blue swallow
who was known to always wallow
in marshmallow
and to bellow
in his home below the rainbow
in the sky

PROVOLONE

How do you say it, provolone?

Do you sound like prone or bone?

Or a scone alone?

But the truth is provolone

Rhymes with honey and with money

It's a kind of cheese good with Baloney

Just like Mascarpone

That sounds like alimony
So there you have it, Provolone!

THE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Dark, black, sometimes brown
Can make a smile out of a frown
Soft as feathers, smooth as silk
It's cocoa, butter, flour and milk

Wrap your lips around this treat
Bitter, sour but mostly sweet
Don't forget to close your eyes
The taste of this is paradise

Feel it melting in your mouth
Takes you east, west, north and south
The only thing as good as this
Is the warm impression of a kiss

BAKING FOR BEGINNERS

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder

Set these things aside
Cream the butter nice and fluffy
until almost white
Add the eggs now one by one
Afterwards the milk
Alternate with dry ingredients
Mixing 'til its smooth as silk
The velvety batter now needs to be poured
into a baking pan
Then into the oven you pop it in
Just like the gingerbread man

LAND OF SUGARCANE

I live in the land of Sugarcane
Of cinnamon and cream
I live in a land where chocolate
Recalls a lovely dream

I wake in the land of Sugarcane
And everywhere there's cheese
Where Feta, Brie and Emmental
And Gouda's sure to please

Here in the land of Sugarcane

There's cake and apple pie

Here where the people and their words

Like taste buds do not lie

The smells and sights and sounds in here

Where I rest my head and feet

Are fresh and subtle as the wind

But good enough to eat

I live in the land of Sugarcane

Of lemon drops and lime

Where pastries made from eggs and flour

Are blissful and sublime

I walk in the land of Sugarcane

And savor all it offers

No tears are ever shed in here

Nobody ever suffers

I live in the land of Sugarcane

Of steaks and casseroles

I live in a place where hugs and smiles

Can soothe the heart and soul

But oh this land of Sugarcane

Of mint and orange rind

Is found in neither space nor time

But only in my mind