

ORİYÓL¹



K Dayan

It was a grave sin, the men in frocks lied,
The day he underwent an incision
To start his change out of recognition.
They questioned, not to understand the pride
But to cast a tribe's history aside.
His musings came from ancient narration,
A female ascendant figuration.
Her floruit came and saved her own hide.

Yet, they refused to recognize her plight
And labelled her oriyón, or envious
That she had to show a bewitching might
For travesty can get too ominous,
The world misjudged this girl who traversed life
And arrived at a place with beaming light.

1. the old sagacious snake of the Bikol epic of *Ibálong*