

Secret

I keep our secret
Hidden inside the chest
Of memories, treasured
Like the constant ooze
Of the spring water
From the hole rivuleting.
Guess, the bubbles could not tell Nor could print it on paper to sell;
The water of course washes it
Away to faraway seas.
It is best for our secret
To sail in the ocean of our hearts
Where no one could ever hear.
The lap of waves of its mystery
Except your blood vessel and mine.

Maria from Philippines