

## THE MONSOON

The incongruously named Barrio of the seafarer,  
The garbage dump slum,  
Sandwiched between Manila's towering refuse dump and the Bay,  
A woman sits all night on her haunches, in a flimsy black-brown hut, nestled among many,  
Sleepless, she struggles to keep her feverish child dry,  
She cradles him in her arms, to shield him from the rain dripping through the porous roof,  
They have not eaten. The sodden twigs will not cook their rice,  
She holds him above the rising polluted run-off that swirls through the hut.  
The black water streams down from the garbage mountain soaking her feet,  
Threatening to rise and wash away all they have.  
They are trapped there between the sea and the refuse.

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