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Nasaktan. Nadapa. Naghilom. Bumangon muli.
Piniling maging masaya at pinipiling maging mabuti.



Jacob L. Eisma

This torch: it sings my brow.
This torch: my wrists buckle from its tremendous burden.
This torch: towering over my desperation. The glory outshines the plight; the boundless struggle.
And to think this is just the beginning. Yet I feel no pain, no regret. Only endless gratitude.
Thank you. You know who you are. Thank you, with all my life.