



Republic of the Philippines  
**DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**  
Region VII, Central Visayas  
**SCHOOLS DIVISION OF NEGROS ORIENTAL**  
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August 20, 2018

**DIVISION MEMORANDUM**

No. 524, s. 2018

**CONTEST PIECE FOR LANGUAGE ARTS SHOW VERSE CHOIR**

**TO: Assistant Schools Division Superintendents  
Chiefs, CID & SGOD  
Division Education Program Supervisors / Coordinators  
Public Schools District Supervisors/ District In-Charge  
Public Elementary School Heads  
All Others Concerned**

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1. For the information and guidance of all concerned, enclosed is the Language Arts Show Verse Choir Contest Piece, entitled "Faces and Phases".
2. Widest dissemination and compliance with the memorandum are earnestly sought.

**WILFREDA D. BONGALOS, Ph. D., CESO V**  
**Schools Division Superintendent**

8/20/18

20 AUG 2018

# FACES AND PHASES

By Gracia Rodel B. Deloria

Two faces stood in front of each other  
Wanting to boast who between is better.  
One spoke how the wide fast-paced age appears  
The other told of the sweet range of yesteryears.

The former started its discourse to brag:  
Speed and style—all in sync with the *hashtag*.  
Reborn and revolutionized, the age is advanced  
Immediacy drives away all humans' rants.

Ideas and breakthroughs parade on cyberspace;  
Information and communication all come ablaze.  
At its era where everything comes just a click and digital  
Gadgets, apps and games are now truly pivotal.

Don't ever come late, never be the last to update.  
Lest you yearn to beat, be the first in the slate.  
Fast and spirited, all you need is a click and a tick.  
And the vast universe becomes yours to trick.

This is the facelift of the human world, the new face of the age.  
Inevitable and unstoppable, its power is an endless rage.  
No pause, no halt, the phase of the speed is distinctive.  
Pardon the haste, it has gone even beyond the transformative.

Now came the turn of the other phase to say its piece,  
On its face drew a rather simple kind of bliss.  
It did not boast of the modern nor of the fast,  
But for what this humanity should have to truly last.

I tell the story of a family that surrounds the table together,  
With food to enjoy and joyful stories to ponder.  
Not gadgets, not devices only solemn cheers and fond moments,  
Bring our hearts and thoughts away from what is violent.

My phase may be the conventional, the old and the outmoded  
It quenched the thirst of the spirit to be molded.  
Real hands that cared, not messages blank and bleak  
True touch that healed, not mere pictures doubtful and cynic.

I can tell of the many lives that weathered the time  
When simplicity is the only weapon of the sublime.  
Countless tales are drawn in nature's warm embrace,  
We live in sensibility and no, not in a senseless race.

My phase takes pride on the bounties of character,  
Those which are vibrant to stand above the sinister.  
And no, our faces need not to ask for any sort of pardon  
For as we traversed, humanities never did we abandon.

These are the stories that the two faces told of their phases.  
Old and new, they had the greatness of their pieces.  
Two faces remain standing in front of each other  
Wanting to boast who between is indeed, better.

**One spoke how the wide fast-paced age appears  
The other told of the sweet range of yesteryears.  
They too shared the downfall and the snag,  
But it all depends on what man will fill in his bag.**

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