

SAN GERMAN

With eye and mind I slowly scan
The ancient hills of San German.
Those towering peaks, which clearly tell
Of deep sea life with sand and shell,
They send my mind to roam about
And seek romantic stories out.

How trail of friendly Arawak
Was crossed by Carib in his stalk
From east to west across the isle;
When came the Spaniard here meanwhile.
Of other races gone before
The stones can tell us more and more.

Then Christian men in early day
To this same place came on to stay,
To check the Moor in his progress.
A monument to their success
Stands Porta Coeli, old Convent,
Whose service days are not yet spent.

The plazuela, built around,
Was then the Sportsman's bull ring ground,
For Spanish games soon took the place
Of ball fields of the Indian race,
Who held their sacred tournaments
In festal garbed accoutrements.

Then tales of awful tyranny,
Of selfish monarchs cruelty,
Besmirch a page in history
With stories, sad, of misery
Upon these island people sent,
By men who knew not what they meant.

Another change then came to pass
Which brought more freedom for the mass,
And learning swept like magic fire
On people kindled with desire
To seek out knowledge with a zest,
In science, art, and all the rest.

A modern romance then is met
In Polytechnic walls, which set
In magic splendor on these hills
To further tell us what God wills;
That if we wish to do we can
Bring out the Brotherhood of man.

Oh let us think and act and pray
In all we do from day to day;
That we may hold in precious keep
What we have gained; and may we reap
The benefits of what we know
These hills have had to undergo.

July 24 1933

Grace P. Lopez Diaz