

Poems by Felino Soriano

from This How My Speaking Moves

Focal

Morning is the
only advent
when silence
heals me. Hearing

broken voices of Wind's
typical movement, what I recall
isn't voice nor relics of memory--

isn't promise nor discussed as dichotomies of polarized
wisdom of separated freedoms. Toward me a

crow spells an honest whisper
deep in blues and the jazz of tonal
invention; again, this silence is
direct, as in my mother's devoted
flame, tandem now, replacing
my dad's death with inventive,
architectural mirrors

Front Porch Philosophy

My father's voice,
an echo of teaching a
 wandering self, an
 oration of continued
syllables, building hope
 into a child's discarded
need to follow what leads
 with
systematic ruin in subsequent
 dualities—
 pluralized hearing beyond his
death, my configuration is woven in
cultural motive, familial camaraderie. Water
is more fluid here: the front door
 holds hands and the cold
 voice
of a winter session of therapy
underlines absence
 in the faith of hallway
darkness hearing my fingers'
voice lift the switch igniting light
 in the memory of tonal discovery.

Tonight my hands cannot hold
what holds me, first. Neuropathy
isn't friend nor a mirror I speak
 into with voice or joyous
 reinvention

Vibration rubs my hands, my feet. I feel
as when I did upon the death of rain
 against arid mischief chasing,
pushing clarity of water into
 passing of
growth and the greenery of Morning's
pulsing, organized presentations

Formation Hypothesis

Of what has come,
exterior reaching, out
-ward dream philosophy
to study meditative guides
of expressing self in
varied mobility, isolated
rhythms of my own jazz
reflectional paradigm. My
1st bedroom still exists:
its ankles, aged, overall bone
formation not yet antiquated
but versions of its silence
screams to return when age
wasn't burden but a bridge
of elation leaning into
the mouth of my curious
configuration

Crescent

Watching

' I see

a contoured shape

of the room's

philosophical

teaching. Near

me

, a warming trend of
syllables'

seeking my stung

hands wandering toward eyes and the way my holding is a weakened

variation

of affection

frustrated mortality. Neither praise nor truth

,
heals

as my hands no longer look like diameters

of tonal appreciation

but curled gnarls of a history

presenting its prose in painful collaboration with my father's

final posture toward breathing against what never heard his memory

Young Then What Arrived

Not death, but

a semblance of the eyes

closing into curved light

bending into silence

and a night too agitated

to hear or agree with what

my clock explains as

expired versions of

my ontological

preparations

Concert in the Center of Death

i

Cornered, now I must. Must
return to a central
hope of home, though
abbreviated in perceived
appearance, perspective

ii

Cornered, now I recall. Recall
the noun placing itself near
what calls me by name,
by skeletal recognition

iii

Cornered, now the water
I trust folds me into origami joy of
escaping _____. _____
because of my patterned faces
resembling the name given
me by pluralized focus ensuring
I continue living

Briefly My Health is Again Cordial

i

I tell my steps *lead toward hunger*
as to compensate
and collaborate for
and with these hours'
accidental hauntings

ii

My father,
 no longer dissipated.
Jazz—
an heirloom guides
in italicized focus--

I refuse to leave

—infuse this moment with staying *hearing*

iii

I try to be the son, whispering. Such a
physiological voice, though
 is too clear to contain nuance, rhyth—
hearing my death so close my prayers reveal
it's behind me

I wonder what would ignite further living: the appearance of my grandmother's
apron or the name of my grandfather bookended by pride and architectural
surname revealing ornamental syllables

Transitory

Moving, as to be new *again*.
Sequences of my face have
aged into the gray, webbed
palm of my good hand. I cannot
hold a scented memory as when
my youth could cause crying
at the recitation of sequential verbs,
tonal, contoured warmth. I hold
myself now, half way from
foundational values shaping
what the eye views as familiar
functions of movements' diverse
aparitional absence, and toward
my death, what catches me hasn't
yet an identity erasing my tongue's
concise obligation

Ghost of What I'm Missing

Saying *here* is
missing, is to indicate
yesterday was the voice
of
my father's final visitation. Know
-ing absence conjoins with
the crow's absconding
speech
and black calligraphic symbol
I roam to earn vision of what finds my
finding. An heirloom is
awaiting
my throat to release sound
and versions of
Mourn
unravelling texture of
fingerprinted value

Upward

Night, itself, night
exterior. Night believed
to be dead, night an
inward echo, dissolved.

Prayer holds me, holds
a softened example. The way my mother
sees me, interior. How I've dethawed
into half my prior version. My

voice
examines, outward. Hearing
each

cylindrical sound
sound itself into

permanence, into
grief and home, home and
death of witness, my shadow
unfolds, upward