

Poems by Felino A. Soriano

Of this Momentum Song (fifty-three)

Middle sky meets
where *us* was meant
to agree upon. On-
ward
we went and all
the mentions of where
sky meets our decisions—
we insisted on the rhythm
of how we found it.
Our feet in braids. Wood
forward to us breathes
through ringed and horizontal
halos, depicting age
and
the missed years until
we found mention of
our history.
Rain
near us. Rain as
penetrating. Near
as the fluid folding
within our marrow.
Tomorrow
we don't think about.
Don't, because history
will continue, will
commit to what
it does, naturally.
Lenses
of fog, of finding periphery.
We find what unfolds
for and because of
our timeline
philosophy.
Aggregated data
demonstrates what
movement does. We
build into each
angle
before us. Before
we came a light
installed mention

of possible
articulation. A whole
of how midnight howls
did not scare us
from angular
commitment—
we fraction we
find prose scattered
into the wood
of horizontal
halos

holding what
awaits the grip
of
our immovable
demonstrating

hands

Of this Momentum Song (fifty-four)

Waiting un-
ravels
awaiting our
burst-through of
paused
inventions. Waiting.
We wait because
manners matter,
taught and etched
philosophy of
sudden occultation.
Light needn't be here,
needn't here because
we see
often among eclipse,
amid what presents
itself in the gradational
mischief of shadow-tone
shapes of
/on the wall we discard,
push through/out. What
we hold is in the
hand's strong side,
thumb-side
leader. What
leads us, holds our
determination. Pulses
let go and relax amid what
pushes the body
into steady
stellate and the presence
of us knowing. We can
become centered here.
Anywhere in the here
of it knows
interior
knowing. Voices, we
lift them. Voices splayed
crow-contour epigram,
flux, figurine, phantom
breadth, long arc of
an eventual
aching paradigmatic

shape and silhouetted
demonstration. To breathe is
to *language* here, language
in scented and arranged
devoted mirages, petal-pointed
throb in the
hand builds Feeling's
natural configurative
demonstrative
figment

Of this Momentum Song (fifty-five)

Splayed into tributes
of dual identities, etched
spatial insights into
what belongs here—
what
if nothing hid
into holding and
habitual states
of incompatible
instigation. We
wondered what
dead would be,
what it would
do among error
of those living
upon
Experimentation's
vocal imagination. To say
we experiment is
to behave within
spectral rhythms
rather

than the capacity to
bend for Purpose's
plea to never release
what holds our
premise
and pointing obfus-
cation. Realized
momentum is
contained clarity—
the
hand mentions to
the hand resting,
unaware of the light
untangling hope
toward Darkness'
unobstructed
movement—

a blue is what met us,
low/middle sky looking
midway between our
looking and unobstruct-
ed clarity of
 devoted
 asymmetrical
articulation, the way
 Tongue absorbs
wind and the mood of
 words or person
fluctuates amid
what flushes breath
 from the ornate
rhythm of Movement's
diligent articulatio

Of this Momentum Song (fifty-six)

Breath, here
then the shape of
it rises, twirls,
a deliberate function
to accentuate this
 moment's
relative invention. Real
space opens in from
the lung. Rhythm
onward, rhythm ongoing
we hold still to
rewrite Pause's meaning
 and
polite experimentation. Curtains
rise into an opened
rescue of light's renaming,
collision spectrum
 faith
examination, birth
and what holds the
hand of invented
 oscillation.

Breath, there
when the body
dilates, whole
series of consecrated
music
within what
the tongue slides
in a language of
 purpose—
and what provides
promise in the
movement of eloping
 bends
back toward
what the spine
soothes in

strength
in
elapsed systems of
dual
occupa-
tional articulations

Of this Momentum Song (nearly fifty-seven)

Constructs /adaptable/
we've collaborated—
 built up
 /out of modal pulses,
pieced silences
 pulling sliced
 angular threads
 of Light's
modular philosophy—

freed focal dexterity here,
we've the puzzle's logic
 fit within what
 moves
 to insert modular
fantasies... clarity of
 known harmony
 and
a/the plural of
known extracted
 miracles

Of this Momentum Song (fifty-seven)

We stop here. Burial
must occur of what
 has happened,
 of what
the halo
 hang-
ing within distance
and promise of
 inventing legacy,
 inward documents:
how our bodies, their
 sting and song and
articulation, —all
 inward versions
pull the eyes into
 a clarity of focal
mention of dexterous

fascination—

in the throats of
silent bees, flight
forms memory
forms an
illusion of transit
exterior in degree,
deliberate among
what hands shape
into holy meaning
beyond what the
page exalts as
truth and
exaggerated honor—

crows revive me,
their swirling glances
find my silence, my
finding memory in what
my movement did when
young. Here is where
Beneath began its
presence; near what
wing does as cure, what
it doesn't do to solve
the pathology of Weight
wearing an

indecipherable

name