

Felino A. Soriano

A selection from *Fragmented Olio*

**Why the improv was drastic,**

or among the listeners

each hand was a basic  
alphabet of pliable  
interact -ion,  
a desirous infusion  
of modular

hindsight/structural acceleration—

what this jazz was in the initial sound of  
hallow interpretation— a composition of  
rhythm-speech cont  
-ext exploration, random (or the fooling behind curtain's oblong infatuation)  
how, then?

**There are bodies**

and their secrets are shown across  
the chests of their corporeal  
speaking.

Listening

is to hear anger in the penetration  
of language's unofficial anthem. When speech is flame

heat is the escape on flesh and what  
finds symptom, unheard. Much  
of when the body burns is an  
explanation of cast and heave in  
a tandem of unbelievable  
memory.

## Listening

"Jazz is restless. It won't stay put and it never will."

—J. J. Johnson

disparate DNA  
skeletal difference in the name of *ratio*

when *hearing* you hand the language to the stove's  
background a smaller heat readies the  
*side* the  
accompaniment the forgotten

—thus when  
listening, the weight of worded braids  
breaks the fingers hinders mobility  
for

each word speaks of questioning  
your ability

and cannot fade among death's easy  
clamor providing context to the

noise of echoing scold and subsequent variation.

## Elbowroom

With aloneness the body's  
frequent bend, a finite  
conversion, a secret's halved  
existence. What tells is age,  
this sacrifice of numbers.

But, with wind, its staying its  
absence, a forgotten name, a  
plagiarized face. When pulsed  
the tongue, not of stutter, of an  
excited prose of the dragonfly's  
expanse.

Then  
as to  
abrupt, you've awakened early,  
the warming is dead, the floor  
sarcastic in its welcome of your movement. A vote from hands means  
the body's oddment is intangible, unwilling. This is the directional language  
of faith's continuing  
compass.

### **Assessment**

Your sitting is breaths  
leaving. You wonder of wings  
and their undulating  
music. Above you an ear hopes

and cannot improvise  
unless the architecture

sits in the stilled presence of  
reacting to its structure. You've

become diligent: no more waiting

this age is of now and for the moments breaking  
down the structure.

### **Encounter, evaporation**

An ornamental shine. You  
reach. Found a silver-  
orange stone:

the belly of it: cool, a trajectory of  
youth blending find with colors  
toward a rediscovered

morning ritual. This

is the moment upon a dream's  
evaluation, strays—

now, you cannot hinder what  
moves without the eye  
of your control. The stone

is both toy and philosophy:

toss its age into the pond's  
compassion for disappearance—

finger the syllables of the colors' compact  
infatuation. Find.

### **For the one listening**

You smile most when the earth  
resembles you. Windows open  
revealing what fear spells in the most  
part of night. Here your fingers cannot  
taste through the dense pulses  
organizing home in the bodiless positions  
of angles. You know the rooms are rare  
and warmer still than the embrace you  
wasted. You've become an algebra of  
questions, a finesse of elder ghosts. You  
remember like when language appears  
and the description makes the body  
weep. I've heard your noise and  
memorized the function: when in song  
nothing breaks into fraction, and the  
whole of hearing lasts longest when the  
mouth can hold the taste, the residue  
burned into the tongue.

## **Pondering addition**

There is horrific sound  
in the wound of a missing father. To the son—

*the son of your grandfather could not  
reach back to break from  
the spine of misery. You see clearest*

on the visitation of your birth's  
annual celebration and when  
the shadow of your hearing  
resembles  
the lullaby of prior seasons

a whisper, a broken  
paint stroke

—the symbols add up promptly.

## **The return**

The city is               largest at noon  
each wall wears anguish  
of the passerby etching scent from  
the bottom of their purpose.

                                  It is smallest here when  
death is the  
summation of an awful hour               homes are  
never repaired when that voice  
is blank in the photograph's missing               body. You've  
shattered here during the youth of  
your swollen years. Running  
                                  is more now  
of  
                                  questioning the hands  
and their ability to hide while  
angered. You've returned

gauging death in the way the wind  
breaks the strongest branch while

helping the crow draw it's black curtain over  
dusk's early passing.

## **Unbalanced**

The way your hand fits  
into water. The  
smoothness, a piano's  
soloing, a voice's soothe

—each penetration is memory's  
pivot from future's  
eventual language. You

run and build home within  
an hour's honoring your presence. To

create fist is to disrupt the mirror.  
Anger cannot provide among the  
watchers whose smiles enunciate  
against the darkened feel of losing  
the way toward the calm.

Felino A. Soriano is a poet documenting coöccurrences. His poetic language stems from exterior motivation of jazz and the belief in language's unconstrained devotion to broaden understanding. His work has been nominated for the *Pushcart Prize* and *Best of the Net* anthologies. Recent poetry collections include *sparse anatomies of single antecedents* (gradient books, 2015), *Forms, migrating* (Fowlpox Press, 2015), *Of isolated limning* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), and *Mathematics Nostrovia! Poetry*, 2014). He edits the online journal, *Of/with: journal of immanent renditions*. He lives in California with his wife and family and is a director of supported living and independent living programs providing supports to adults with developmental disabilities. Visit [felinoasoriano.info](http://felinoasoriano.info) for more information.