

Poems by Felino A. Soriano

from *Confirmations*

dragonfly intuitions

architect of vacillating vapor

splay and bottomless angles

virtue paradigm, personal indication

seam and its hidden propensity

direction of an alphabet's virtual relation

beginning, broad, inward end the turquoise's ring instills

Of stone

plaything patterning, positional
glitter-stay-etch
upward, the belly of each . . . cool
speckle clarity in
the abstract thinking arena
speakers collaborate on / in
endeavoring to harden this
coalesced participation of
curling into hold

patterns/discordance

collections of cycles

hankers-and

notable syllables . . .

kaleidoscope syntax, secretive morals
in the memory of foundation

fixated

findings initiate a status of sophisticated struggles,

ornate

aligned

verticals
containing
variances
vary-range
aesthetics

syncopated sequences

signatures, time (each rotating hand drag-diagramming the altered slang of pen)

centers' roam and introverted radial communications
introduction-idea

music

sway

severe

spilling collisions

paranoia exists? self: *perhaps*

query existence colors'
urgency

needed paradigms

absent to the closed/open-eye *audacity*
fumes and their spiral ambulation
dressing to
confine

movement as meaning as solitude as swollen

hands and their agony of nonchalant participation

Quintet Negotiation

[of togetherness in the potential of articulation]

singing sway this numerical
introversion, outward pinnacle *their*
watching induces praise and upcoming

freedoms—

ready, we're vertical
saluting toward salutation, praise and rhythmic
math incorporating warmth and
melody as cure,

our

swarm is burgeoning, its simmer,
prophecy of noise and promise of splayed
directional

un-

knowing, here
here and the pageantries of plural motives
associates our radial purpose . . .

[solos]

Of piano—

fragments-I
hold your remnants, participation
in the desire to assemble rejuvenation, this
realm is comforting with
an angular closure to my good and secondary eye
their screens reflect punctuations of my undulating
tools and

symmetries of tonal delivery—

I am finding what is needed: breath (yes), body (sure), becoming (mutual)
and among these reflectional aspirations of

remarkable satisfactions, what was
disparate in the childhood of the mind's crawl-abbreviations
sync and serenade

sing and soar freeing what is said
from the mouth of guile and elemental gratification

—*Of trumpet*

I am asking—

their turntable reaction memorizes my multilingual
query-answer fulcrum: rhetorical
fascinations breathe from

this bell of sand's colorful extractions
and with knowledge though my eyes are crystalized in their
favorite rendition of rest's positional favor
my feeling of interaction rises and exposes
a desirous menu of renewing each hanker each
light examining the fade of darkness' use of grammar

closing the book's finalized chapter, unedited
unknowing each hand and the caress of its movement
adds

contained qualities
rewriting with a diligent contour
the hope to return, or, colors
reclaiming what waves in the welcoming fraction
of interior's involvement with working out what
extends a glamorous visibility—

—*Of saxophone*

clarity assists me
in the understanding of
the whitened noon
evaporating into wind's
apparitional palms
subsequent cycles of
ongoing clock-interpretations

each moment of sanctity
explains motive within the
spectrum of continuing rhythms,
each delivery of

bilingual mornings, when
my beginnings install far and
inward breathing, when
I feel and finalize ambition
touch and manipulate the plurals
of pulse, each a diameter of different
process, each a function of
wheel, window,
horizon as promise of what
touches in despair . . .

—*Of bass*

this space?
thick
retro
retaliatory (if explained with the tongue-edge etch of asymmetrical analysis)

a *been here*, prior
and this focus on containing syllables and their responsive echoes
attaches force to my fingering method of display-space purpose

these wings are
horizontal are humming from strum-dance fevers new
as the smile's dimple upon the daughter's burgeoning emotion—

can we, humanity? my speech to you has
pocket-hole syndrome, thus lost is its circumstances with destination
spelled elsewhere than the
canal-tool placement of your hearing's strong-side tool—

waiting, I have—
listen, we've rested well across the palms of conversation's
rhythms

and
within this movement of angles and rest, our reliance will
breathe and become focuses of/on connecting to
self and the harmonies of our endeavoring voices

—*Of drums*

my hands, kaleidoscopes of blurred renditions
perceptions and glaze of eventual synonyms

big as ovals and their ongoing reality, small as function when
aligned with ideology, placing the tap-sound of my language
against an irony of self-describing ascension of the group thinking

paradigm

put-here
positional

my sight-pulse recreating echoes of the onlookers' blinking
and
not knowing perception well
my eyes are
the closed version of faith as knowing movement
and what becomes appositional (light/gray, hold/expand)
each layer
must burgeon into
a first place accolade
the reflectional data of
idea and familiarity
finds focus on replacing
control with the mouth
of open hands

[together this drawing of shadows and mirror]

speaking to you between the parallels of
variations,
we're picturing change as musical vernacular
teaching as
elementary engaging, thinking **can** is the function of eventual fruition
and with mobility of an altruistic hope
what remains
retains the sustenance of onward collaborations and
the coalesce

of sound-weaving patterns, a thirst and extensive hunger aligns with
affirmations, thus

what is written
across this paper of these pluralized pulses we
read and explain within the

togetherness of fingers
finding use and momentum a
dialect of intuitive evidences, our voice
in the combined syntax of delivering

configurations