

Woman

by VICENTE RANUDO, JR.

Mom Fran (shan't know her) curdled blood by cremating. She belted me. Ha! Ha! Clappity, clappity.
"Go back Mom Fran (this is the first time she ever talks). I am crying now. Take the heat of the Morning with you. Vicente and I will sleep again." Sob, sob. Snore. "Vicente." Mom Fran pulled the light. There is deep darkness — "let us wait till she comes from the market."

She was nineteen and slim and spare. Also passive and pallid as a plate of salad. . . . and she did not talk at all, I told you so. Not about quaint shops or exquisite Hongkong jewelries or smuggled 'Chanel' number so so. But you could make out signatures in her eyes; Tentative, yet, ready and potential as money.

I saw her walk on water, scooping the waves with her bare feet like African Daisies; kicking them into the air like dead African Daisies; stumping on them like seditious African Daisies; wading ankle-deep on them like continental African Daisies. When I saw African Daisies, I could have sworn they were waves.

"Torquoise Green are simply horrid."

Mom Fran, why is the water in the sea, Green? And my tears, look

. . . . goodness, just plain wet. Gosh oh me! Mom Fran, look . . . it's raining Green rains. "Vicente; one night the moon was Green and I Greened with envy."

Henry saw her a year ago. Henry knew it was she because Henry did not know her. Not even if she stood over Henry's window pane, not even if she wore Henry's silly red shirt, not even if she stood on the bridge by Henry's window, not even she was around when they buried Henry in his wedding suit.

Henry's bride cried.

But I know her now. Even if she will stand on my window pane, even if she will wear my silly red shirt, even if I will see her a year from now I wish we had bridges and things like those.

The most adequate is Spot. Turning the knob. Gnash, gnash.

Even ulcers have voices now, like loud vitamins inside vegetable lattices. . . . turning the knob. loathesome.

The most adequate is Spot. Turning the knob. Crunch, crunch. Don't move now.

"Here, Spot. Here Spotty, Spotty, Spotty."