

POETRY

The Pool

The waters wear
The reflection of a leaf
like antique embroidery
fallen from the sun!

It is timeless
when nature indulges in a whim
a rare diversion:

What do you say
when the winds come
surreptitiously unfasten
the delicate threads
from the surface of the pool
and sew a frayed and
convulsed decor?

It is in silence
that I watch the waters
turbulent and mad near
the reflection,
sparse, diminutive, dying
and calm
at the edges of the pool.

GEMMA RACOMA

Nor Thou, O Glittering Star

The secret of the Metaphor
of Star-system. To rule:
being only man.
talent is sufficient.

No talent is always Star.
No hope always jar
nor go too far
to become a Star.

No Star is metaphor.

C. Y. ENGE

Summer Reachings (a sonnet)

think twice before reciting the spell of aural verse.
now is the perfect moment to think and to dwell
on the calligraphy of the wind, as raindrops beat
the million drums to a crescendo like an endless
litany of death sung by pilgrims on a far-off
promontory shore. what lies beyond the caprices of the
eye?

when one searches for mystery, it's like searching
for the end of eternity culminating into a febrile nightmare.
when the mind speaks of the senses' dioramic domain
encumbered. think though the mind never grapples
the summit of perfection 'cause in the mimeses of creation
lies a mystery within a mystery while in the ritual
of the mind the deaf must listen to an unspoken melody
and the blind must peruse its unwritten notes.

CHARITO VIDAL