

# 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