

Belief in Bodily Echoes

by

Felino A. Soriano
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So rise lightly from the earth
And try your wings
Try them now
While the darkness is invisible.

Sun Ra

Inside and outside are inseparable.

Maurice Merleau-Ponty

– after Sean Jones' *In Her Honor*

I replicate the after-birth, alternate afterward,
scent of aromatic newness

strong in mannerism reconstruction

half-way wave
my mother cries

cupping my evidence
against warmth of resting ribs

housed above adrenaline's finite
inconsistent fervor.

Into her eyes
my growing has voice

calls of middle-night trepidation. Inverted

music, rhythm hindsight
catches running mentions of my son-song melody:

here, here, quietly, symphony
of closeness.

– after Ornette Coleman's *Happy House*

Concrete outdoors
wear voluminous tattoos on
cracked section of isolated lumbar;

swollen adjectives replace
sobriquets, avalanche of mirror-talks

dislocating kind consideration for
subsequent beauty.

Outside, children roam and play indifferent games.

Dogs with human names
converse through nose and tail
acid after lifted legs
taint sacred waving arms of
bushes near collocated gardens.

Battalion of edges outline scold
remnants of connected
voices hide
reveal warmth of tone after
vertical winds
assimilate time and avenues of
kin.

— after Archie Shepp's *Prelude to A Kiss*

Bodies, alphabetic love letters. Pluralities
the way echoes reconsider angles.

Akimbo

awkward

visual verbatim histories
seen on screen and accidental meetings.

Hold, hands, wings before ascent:

meet, speak, ponder
evaporating

discomfiture.

– after Keith Jarrett's *Something to Remember You By*

As
your body
 leans
angular swan, plurality of curve

you talk

 into the listening hands my ear presents, whole;

dangling

 the stiletto sculpture, ice-spine
mirror of Winter's
 fleshy cool,

residue, aromatic warm
 tide crawling onto sand's fortunate role,
such as spearmint's needle verse

reciting with attentive verbs, love

for the I've become near, you

always near the shadow you drag
 curling away from a moment's
wishful discovery.

– after Bobby Hutcherson's *Bouquet*

Gift of various burgeons, tone
delineation
fractioned bodies of relevant
causational modality. Simultaneous
hands carve amid an air of watching
moments

becoming
elements of sacrificial words
unsaid by the infatuated scent
churning ballerina of habitual implication.
Soon, death in wilted altercation:
though death, though predetermined aspect,
synonym of unbalanced dialectic.

– after Stefon Harris' *After the Day is Done*

After

wombs have healed, mourned

their physical breaths becoming outer skin of exaggerated shadows
and
versatile plurals

defined by parental designation,
light

performs aptitude of hiding: lowering, bowing
respectful flurry into
residue of time

remembering its burgeon of temporary existence,
cycling bends of

exacted circulation.

– after Vijay Iyer's *Aftermath*

Lines, too, learn

communicative language: conceal, correct

bend back into self:

straight-lined productive anti

delineation

unlearned

segregation

masterful reinvention. Becoming limp, the aftermath of an aging mathematics,

unused focal map of wandering into reason, found then
without the directional fathom of geometric equation.

– after Ellery Eskelin's *Interfaith*

Devout.

Though devout.

Though devout, open.

Open

as in widened entrance into a thought's various interpretations, hanging
too
on the halo's vital figurine
as too
among the praying virtue
hand developed
necessity bridging passion with
neoteric
darkness only few with candled minds
analyze through mystical understanding.

– after Eric Dolphy's *Miss Ann*

Neighbor, she a flower of
analytical incense, staring or
glaring, either a fathom my
rotating eyes become entranced with,
Wintry. Forward, her yellow dog
smooth diving sans leash, trust
in four legs valued more so than
man's relevant stalling and reinterpreted
letdown (s).

– after Clifford Brown's *Easy Living*

Body of recline, after-age consumption

parallel
boredom

or

synonym excavating nothingness. Away
transported effort glides into detaching hearsay, why
of now's dichotomous irony finding a body minus
reflection? Breaths
toward an elderly number, birth soon
an afterthought of buried convenience,
episodic mode of recollected
fervor.

— after Wayne Shorter's *Speak No Evil*

Child contrives
tormented quizzes of automatic
failure. Darkened room
squats against solace semblance
bounced against forehead of
leaning consciousness. Verbal
magnitude, seer of the unknown
metaphysical mirage
lifting from window of brittle,
renovated illusion. Of spoken
otherness, ranging light-footed
whisper into heavy-stomp
screech of trembling recognition.
As does annihilated merit
regarbed within threaded versions
of fantastical stitchery, too
does the child's tongue
relocate transgressions
into the compartmentalized
nostalgia of elemental memories'
inaudibly climbing into spatial
dissipation.

— after Paul Bley's *Closer*

Meaning
via syllabic inventions, trains of
straight-lined devotion,
hands of hands,
solace of placid intertwining. Together,
tongues guide and splay into virtuous
definitions, shadows of
height
divided by understanding methods,
meandering veneration. Soon,
collated skins of touching collocations:
voice with reason
repositioning the bodies' flesh
into womb of birthing
ontological excogitation.

– after Stefon Harris' *Rebirth*

Subsequent to the death
beating last second assignment,
hands respond, shaky
discretion. New
rhythmic art of communicating
fathom, replanted
physical motion
decapitating sublime stagnancy
of various modal
self-suffocations.
Becoming
redressed in abstract reflection worn
against skeletal understanding, an afterward
desired inside conclusion of existence's
varied, closed comprehensions.

– after Jacky Terrasson's 59

Abandoned
like breaths from the body's fading
finish, letters form
acronymous names
reliving burgeon and death
counteractively. Year
of one's exiting womb. Too
of burial mayhem
facilitating emotional alteration,
namesake future a boy's reflecting echo
afterward the gregarious
previous living.

– after Paul Bley’s *Afternoon of a Dawn*

Bullet points arranged ritualistic manners
goings on, relative

- Rain, begins, whisper-cold distance
- Drought, following rage following compositional deluge
- Noon arrives, after hiding cycle of returning, awake
- Closed-mouth humidity, day’s partial relay, achromatic warmth
- Wondering of the visiting birds; farewell, our meeting, truncated
 - Eyes, we come braided stares, attributed privilege;
 - Encounter again, prior to dusk’s blanketing demise

Wandering
minutes become healing bodies
wrapping body-warm theories around
isolated natures of shivering communion.

– after Tommy Flanagan’s *Out of the Past*

Memory’s silhouettes
teeming, a tight contour
dedicated smoothness, sits
on ledges’ bifocal stability, a
tomorrow’s coming not-yet summary,
historical comprehension
comparative debut
newness of sorted soberness,
erasing temporal lackluster decease.



Felino Soriano is a case manager working with developmentally and physically disabled adults in California. He is the editor of the online journal *Counterexample Poetics*, which focuses on International interpretations of experimental poetry, art, and photography.

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