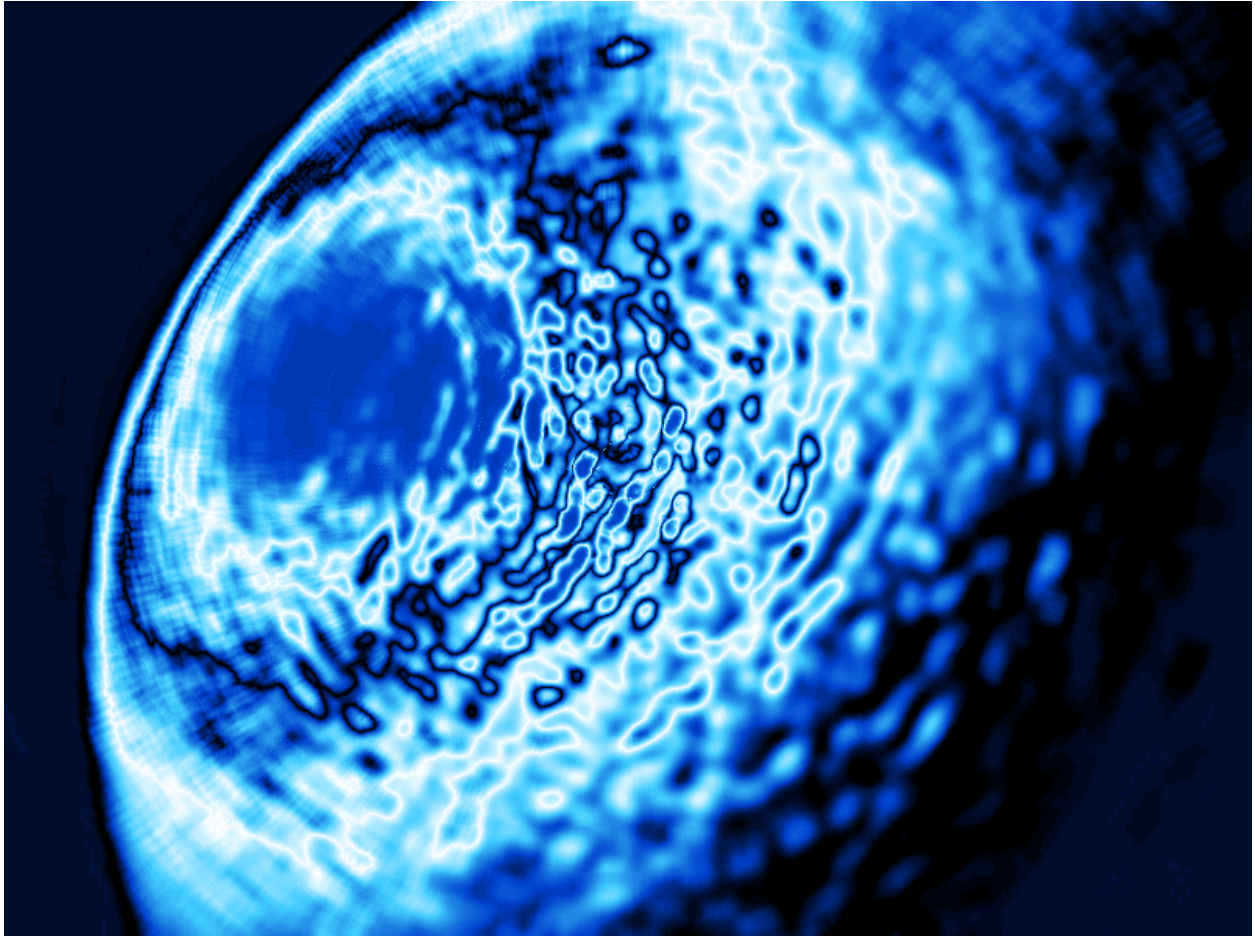


Intersecting Views of the Possible Interaction



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For those that inspire me through their creativity; I acknowledge your versatile genius.

—after John Hall's *Untitled*

On the contoured
continent

small hand of oak's giant limb
a conjurer hexes
turquoise attire.

Already flown, vanished.

Sits into a stare
self-relegated
in dramatic
stage-time exterior.

posing

Emergence, machine wings flutter a dancing
zoom, angled by the feather weight existence
excitement ascertains.

—after *Ralph Humphrey's Endicott*

An orange reflection. Tongue
of watcher, salivating. Candy
perimeter, psychological reenactment,
childhood sugar contour kissing
a Saturday's brand of agreeable activity.

—after Jack Jefferson's *Embarkadero* #2

He is nearly dead.

 Head amputated soliloquy
barter, self for self of a
lie-less life.

 Forgive the manufactured
notion of a tongue's tomorrow's hope,
and when done, laugh into a secretive
collision, balanced on approval ratings
race
toward personal acceptance of the living
though dead.

—after John von Wicht's *Untitled Abstraction*

If we compare a smile
to
the contour of invisibility

draping

the final breath exhaled
from the dark opened mouth
introducing death,
which reality causes significant
birth pains?

An answer seems simple
if spelled using the human-toned hues of
appropriate emotion.

But,

if this smile involves concept
of this emotional semiotic,
and following this code involving understanding
happiness

a light hovers above the final
atmosphere of absence, a halo of italicized
leaving,

can the smile of death invent
a neoteric emotion
dealing with accolades to the spirit of formerly unseen elements?

—after Konrad Cramer's *Untitled Abstract Composition*

Water became the voice of shapeless
stereotypes. Became the empty cave
hugging moon's short light
lying still atop the ocean's salted
skin. Became the glass' blood
before evaporation pulled its wetness
into the thirsty, unvisited ceiling. Near
the end of the world, the forthcoming
final act awaiting its proclamation,
water will adhere to its shapeless
identity, uniting a tongue of accessible
form, with excessive need to remain
universally alive.

—after Bernard Heisig's *Friederizianische Totenrede*

He tended to his garden of mysterious
beauty. Something similar to loving
a wife found beautiful by the mouth of one.
As a single rose dove into the leaning posture
delineating death, he threw a tear toward
the open womb of dirt, forming a shallow
pool of mourning, drying into a pathway for
excavating beetles, searching for life in the spot
long ago responsible for death.

—after Missak Terzian's *Communion*

Near
the back of the shadow's angle
a blue echo sits in silence
sliding the u-turn back of a spider's
alternate direction. This spider
spins silk. This silk
cannot be bought,
refuses itself a monetary dimension,
rotting cultural togetherness inside
one-teller bank lines. As the spider
slides in its ambulation of scattering
thighs, night's hover squats, hiding
the silk that cannot be bought. As
morning's curtain is pulled horizontal,
silk reveals the dangle of unconscious
breakfast, struggling near beautiful
blue sculpture of fully-stretched wisteria.

—after Yi Yun's *Mysterious Paradise*. 9

Her breath was like
long strands of light
that danced naked atop the lake's
marbleized veins. An interaction
of my listening combination focal
point her tongue a lasting bell,
my attention was similar to
interwoven lovers' hands
remembering each lined
physique, strength and balance
knitting affection into skin's
malleable amour.

—after Marco Cingolani's *Credo*

The color silently imagined
was a musical composition.
Its slowness acclimated want
searching for the ballad
Miles Davis bequeathed to the fortunate.
The color had road bump hips
horizontal callings amid a room
ambidextrous with sounds. The
hollowed moment, one with lips
of a carnation's stimulating red
spoke to the sole's listening, arranging
his transformational becoming
into satisfaction, the rarity among humans
of the constant hesitation.

—after Heidi Anderson's *Orange face*

Her voice was a plaid drapery.
Long expand of colorful epiphanies.
She stated her longing has been occurring
since the moon's last quarter covering
was an experimental gift from her penniless lover,
unable to afford a type of wholeness.
Her voice became cracked, a slab
of language ebbing through apparent
physical discomfort. She became
a child again, unable to contain
abbreviated outbursts. As I hearkened,
I became affected, became a listener
of a truncated life history. Suddenly,
as her voice became a whole container
of improved conversation, the moon
donned a full nacreous gown
landing atop the distance more beautiful
than an exhalation following momentary
horror of a shallow existence.

—after Charles Karubian's *Untitled*

His eyes were two coals, unlit,
cold from the created silence
a rock relates to, wholly. These
coals have not been affected.
Were barren and darker than a
dead child's unvisited
bedroom. His eyes hadn't a
feminine focal point.
His age is society's denotation
for archaic. Once, near a lake
harvesting the dancing tremble of
miniscule ripples, he observed
his smudged face, echoing
within movement of the lake's
quiet tremors. He spoke
into air's open mouth, requesting
its wind erase any semblance
of society's fabrication of
age's demeanor of lies.

—after John Seery's *Side Look* #2

Askew articulation
answers

sans attack
though altruistic

self-assertion
ascertains cultivated triumph
without

alienating the dead though
completely and adequately
apparently alive.

—after Marc Chagall's *The Soldier Drinks*

The
 interactional remorse
solidifies with liquid's feminine support
lying
 still
atop
 the tongue's resting stinger. His
role
for the now evaporating shortly
is the gone, gone father
from the child's selected recollection
unfolding wrinkled nightly sheets
across the daughter's acclimated warmth.

A night
his pastime of
tiny glasses filled
with serenading substance
branding drunk
across the revealed forehead,
is the clanging bell, bell

he is here
attempting of the forgetful nature
time's largest hand
erases
with the westward swipe
of permanent
lack of concern.

—after Michelle Calkins' *Abstract Color Study I*

Sharp carves the
curves correlate
speaking into conversational
interruption, the prior
nonparticipant
looked beyond, as to discover
the face of his voice
embarrassed, the red of it
shines within the wound
now evident through window's
callus contempt.

—after Karin Kuhlmann's *Leaving Marks*

Atop
 the palm of a leaf's green, circular dimension,
 dialectical lines form hollow crevices
deep in root
to house
 tiny feet of the sacred crawling, the sacred
on bellies
 sliding
 from
notions of incorrect logic.

These beings are among specialized
conducting
 brands of conducting conversation
of the photographic profession.

While on zoom, their colors correlate with an Autumn
reenactment, where dying of an oak's hair
becomes the orange-brown
feature
 found wearing nakedness
as wind from Winter's collection of cold
distributes faculties of
snow's monochromatic
message.

—after Amy Vangsgard's *Fall Light*

As when the
eyelids stutter,
stumbling into paths of obstacle-revisions—
because sight's hands are
refusing to function

blur is the afterward decision
of sleeping into darkens' dissipation,

the
first sight through window's
dusty door
invites distorted concepts
to awaken near abstract creations
causing colors to appear shapeless,
missing prior
ascertained protection.

—after Samuel Weisenthal's *Fire Hands*

His holding
 the ripened
fresh open bottle,
habitual. He
dipping tongue
head first
into splashing foam of alcohol's
blanketing waves,
customary.

 Later,
after the mind pauses
from the clarity needed to
speak coherent tones of
decipherable speech,
the stumble of
an awkward gait
will parallel the whispering
nonsense
leaping from the tongue of
acidic drowning.

—after Brian Commerford's *Storm at La Mesilla*

Blue
 unlike
the solace-threads
of a son's first outer-womb semblance.
The
 air conceived of
sweater's-yarn
 slightly
covers the mouth's naturalized ability.
 Huge.
Hungry. Housing
 skeleton of
sized manifest:
 angered
agility, ready
 to pounce with pronunciation of
sky's most massive diligence,
outlining gray of the self's
sacrificed silhouettes,
 rising toward death's
penetrating apparitions.

—after Bob Salo's *Weathered Wood*

Wears patina
as proud age-dimension
associated with a
fashionable wisdom. Leans
with strong ankle-holding shadows,
year-round. The puce-orange of Autumn's surname
decorates angled nails'
45 degrees, common
in the subsequent fall
of forgotten species
used to assemble imagination's
blueprint of associated
constructs.

—after Hiroko Sakai's *Moon*

Tonight
moon is only ha-
lf herself. Her
left arm, left leg, left
breast

suspend into another known
unknown. We sadly watch clouds surround
and levitate in language of coercive
contempt. Her shine, muted
made into boomerang-shaped hope
tomorrow
her full physique
will return wearing the white, crisp-creased
dress
which dangles
onto the ground's
allegorical age.

—after Karen Margulis' *Dragonfly Delight*

Prior to

vanish's
elemental persona, zigzags
of the turquoise voice
realizes pause, retains greetings
of the possibly innate. Free
from mans' optical maze,
forecasting

falling
though genius with shifting grace,
this sacred body
begins on avenue of ascent,
leaving forgotten dust
on the underneath region of
eyes' folded mirage.

—after Matt LeBlanc's *Sentiments*

Sentiments

arrange the body-smiles
on shelves of successful
reciprocation. Giving
is the blended camouflage
carrying many interims
into the full stretch of
time's most prolific
happiness. Here
as in the moment love
is the twinned garb on
lovers' hiding wants,
the gift of pure passion
in the eye leveled at paralleling
wants, promotes the forthcoming,
erasing fictions of
past, historical blemishes.

—after *Ofelia Uz's Road to Hope*

Of the more dramatic kin of
wish, where in the mind
many hands mold adaptation
into future's handheld, the
function meant
to incorporate realism
of the unmet presentation
drawing happiness across
caves of depressed architecture.

As to save a child or
purchase responsibility—

hope

is the meandering theme of unassuming creation,
and the mind's most prolific pattern of
copacetic thought.