

Altered Aesthetics



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cover image

le canard inquietude by Asger Jorn
found online

—after Anders Zorn's *Midsummer Dance*

Nothing ominous.

Sky, a doily white,
a gathering of snowflakes white
without the tarnish of man's sodden
steps
damaging the fingerprinted splendor.

Feet erupt.

Smiles, an emotional carve.

Elsewhere, opaque, does not exist
atop the farm
near
the knotted wood barn wearing
tattered patina across its iron
mood.

Women blend with bladed grass,
uninjured, oblivious to their own brand
of otherness, taking the stares and holding hands
of men into imaginative poses,
dragonfly twirls
coinciding with
music's directional dance,
unfettered proclamations.

—after Anna Ancher's *Syende fiskerpige* (*Sewing fisherman's wife*)

Intent on mending
tattered clothing, depression from lack of catches
grouped to multiply monetary worth. Too, the missing
of greeting smiles, early as moon begins sliding
behind iron clad mountains. Wife
the noble, the working, the home maintaining
spirit coloring absence
with mapped routine,
domesticated tones.

Meditative hands in motional deliverance
intertwined with thread and
emotional recovery,
knowing the thread of
repair and of distant recollection
will maintain the absent body
hiding, a neon blink
becoming reminder,
adequate alone touch
grasping memory, scented
reminiscence.

—after Josef Albers' *Proto-Form (B)*

Mother calling to womb
in an exact tongue, love.

Child forming wings and roots

shouting alive echoes through
sporadic soccer field
antics, nudging with

yen to vomit, morning time
displeasure. Though entrance
not

yet burgeoned from interior
gifts

conjoined reality of sense of alter
with subsequent appearance

changes newly born being
into acclimated

sustained life

a type of love before
living within

accented absence, far in the realm
of unaware desire.

—after Stephen P. Curry's *Purged*

Lightning's
electrifying, elongated strand
-splayed scorching fingers

have emasculated sky's paternal
dialogue with moon's evaporated shine
leaning into a ducking south as

morning becomes a style of realism
reinvented. Crust has formed
filling tear ducts with

barrier constant hushing vision,
explaining atmospheric clarity's
become a body-opaque curiosity,
causing reinvention of a lightning's
arm to shred past definitional easiness

into now's branches protruding night's
stilled skin, piercing a polite
pleasantry of asking mist

to settle into a sanctified squat,
prior to obscuring ground with
diligent wetness.

—after Iliya Butusov's *The Dream*

Woman

wearing aqua architecture skin of
light-bouncing gills. Head of swerving
fish, riding the carrying current
directional mirror

North to South

Dakota. Decoupage
semblance skin blue jay and the tin
-foil shiny tones of a garden
the backyard voice claims as
masterwork. She
aware of the multiple meanings
myriad sayings nighttime
can persuade the mind to suppose.

To awaken

is to blur a gift into sandpaper
texture in the subsequent actions
rubbing its scaly skin across the glossy
glare eyes finding focus on what imaginary
reality proclaims as concrete advertisements
of universal truths.

—after Alexis Serio's *Archiving Upward*

Horizon's elongated
spine

suspended

held in paralleled angle

of a cat's signature

c

o

n

t

o

u

r

stretched taut a cotton cloud
replica
handmade

[mirrored in devoted questions]

journey

landing

among spaced

indentations celebrating

the feline sculpture

representing

animation.

Light slides the rhythm-based
silence

landing

on back of rain nails

damaging

in depressed articulation of grayed,

canopy ceiling.

—after Rebecca Rutstein's *floating in the sweet abyss of denial (III)*

What is the problem named with
the irritating face? The body
connected
spanning a lifetime of elaborate
elicits? Whose is the voice connect
glued marble breakage,
abstract newness? Many of the fighting
rather flight into oblivion
as does the bully
beat beet manifestation
advertising a no-longer-occurrence.

Who cares?

Modus operandi declaration
of the too obese psychologically
to become reacquainted with turning
behind
-them motives
of the subsequent occurrence.

—after Willemijn Bouman's Reading

Wayward
delayed,
apologetic. Advance
beyond silent steps of monotonous
progress. Hands,
though gathering tools
of insouciance,
hold thorned jewels
of popular opinion, placing
crown of leaning fathom
near visual circumstance
alerting passersby their
reading eyes of human
sameness, realizes
difference is an unpicked
fruit, the left to gravity,
ensuing bruised body
of fallen forgotten.

—after Anselm Reyle's *Untitled*

Grass

hopper

usual serene

morning garb of

preternatural

sui generis

green

has changed,

an

au fait

costume change

rearranging relegated rhythm

mirroring

decapitated day's

becoming tenebrous

crepuscular

crawls highlighting ground's veined

belly

near the swollen ankles of an oak's

prestigious stand.

—after Jackie Jones' *The Ladder*

Lodestar,

vertical premiere
thinly constructed idée fixe,
the mind, fixated
on image of absent appellation, pushing the body
apparatus through relegated pin holes, abstract
construct-hankering
of the visually hopeless.

Omphalos

architecture, the hidden-before presently obtained
whereabouts

visit physical substance alleviating
cornered declaration of remaining aerial. Such
karuna
hand planted, hoping against

dégringolade

happenstance, a wanting, acclimation to echelons
beyond physical plateaus, hybrid mind-constellations
leading the searching

amid

friendly ladder, tunneling
the alive in the levitation concept above
neoteric ambiance.

—after Robert Rauschenberg's *Test Stone #3*

I read the book of your face.

An image, something like your rounded

nose

resides in the etched ditch across
my uninterrupted vision. The scent of the
prose, a perhaps-realistic depiction
erases historical views of your body's
incoherent slouching.

And now

as the distance of our meeting
crawls to familial vicinity,

the dusty light

behind you highlights
a species of interesting birth—
relative to the white-edged stone
relaxing on the bank near
the neighborhood's
obsolete river.

—after R.J. Hohimer's *Inspiration*

Canopied mirage: silence-woven
sadness, a hidden voice dropping substance
documenting
abrupt realization, relocating
body to an alone rendition. Horn
in magnified hands. Hands
paid to caress the fulfilling full-body
statue of the listening in sync, rhythms
a tapping variety
vocalizing on roadway following
the diameter of a shadow's darkened
silhouette. Trumpeter on folded chair
similar
to the tulip leaning against a shelve of wind,
swaying against the inward play
of isolated music. Knee wears fedora
well, he wears the night garment
cotton-thick blue hovering
in a motion to become moving acclimation,
clouds roam above
awaiting moments to meet
between twirling breaths from
trumpet's formulated tempo.

—after Debra Hurd's *Monk Live*

Never realized; or fully so
in tune, listener's neglect. Alone
on the tangent planet spectrum extra wide
symphony of sweat
beaded pearl mirror effort
highlights the fingers famous
for nearly missing tone-on-tone
questions. Said the fingers dance
a ballerina's twirl
 landing
dis
 joint
ed
 though in love with
descended, pungent sound.
 Fought the genius
fist fight style Saturday
evening
 revelation when
crowds joined your soloist transformation leaving
keys to spin into a dizzy phase of
particular night's responsive repertoire. Found
bench again
in time to ignite finger-started
flame, the resolute transformation
ending
 as your mental bequeathing
gave more than the physical understanding
of crowd fathom could easily
explore.

—after Kurt Graf's *UNTITLED*

Waltz of flame dance through fire rings

a hover spectacle

way way provoked to visualize from the selves of self-portrait carvers'
carefree assimilations. Shape a broken plate unswept. Porcelain
crumbs lay wilted, a half-clothed moon more nude. Why do the benefitted seek
the well's drowning pennies? An afar near afar look high the mountain
crying!

Can muscle this ornate rely on emotional air

alongside

the beautiful dress of sweeping birds

too

allowing its tonal feature to appear mauve

though brown is the sleeping blanket covering

its at ease limbs?

—after Seymour Franks' *Untitled*

Prosodic prints into a California sea sky. Science
rises rose onto the risen absence time tells in metaphoric fables.
Never mind the for
gotten
into the music skin
pulled over
wandering texture
Rain smears its
prose.
instead hide
dawn pushes through its screened entrance.

—after Christopher Le Brun's (SEE LEBRUN) *Woodland with Distant View*

The reason of distance sometimes hides to sort a fresh faculty of elevated understanding.

An old tree

motherless now with powerful roots

beckons the type of congregation of the uncommon

aphorism

sacred

sentimental

daring in the abstract construct and
safe.

Never of the flocks

gorgeous wedding band outline

rises to fit the finger of the fortune teller moon. This is payment.

Sky

halt

hearing

safety

although

sandpaper

rubs the tree limb ashen\

\facts of shadows leaping near the chirping call of the

cricket's falling breaths.

-one

shelves the anticipated self (self of singular manifestations) revealing the other's rendition of self

of

handmade models

delicate

to appropriate, intellectual

investigation.

