

All Within the Muted

Opening a page of
air
 stated solitude
identifies with magnitude
of deliverance
 from
the humanness of sameness,
monotone the monotony
found side to side
reading the verbal white on white
novels written in erased person,
depicting culture resting
in positional semblance
to rows of unopened
gifts, the shine of hope
hidden beneath
 crushed
paper, nonchalance of wrapped
boxes. Curiosity does not reside
where the ripened exists,
the ease
 of unfastened fires
document the unimaginatives' undeveloped
speech,
 the here where the tongue
fears to ascertain to gain future referential
knowledge.

poetry by **Felino Soriano**

5

Light, Elusion

Sky iris, aflame,
Cyclops
burning brilliantly among the
field Poppies, they too with flame
controlled by the touch of air skin
traveling above and through their tone and fingers
throwing scent.

No wounds to
abscond to, the butterfly then lands
overcoming wind
shifting music, tired too the solo
dance of evasion, rest
now, sparkle.

poetry by **Felino Soriano**

Spoken

Flesh of the open words
connected to night's howl,
not wolf or the severed
dog,

the tear of the
conversation
before the breath
containing exiting
minutes flowing from
maneuvering
juxtapositions.