

*Felino Soriano*

***Mistaken***

Our faces are not homes to features:

eyes blink in tandem, an air finds  
awakenings  
within the open poem of speech  
calling to the scents that gallop  
the invisible touches of our reaching  
wants.

Our eyes are not windows, an open  
brand of invitation. No, we exit through  
their gloss, becoming a new growth  
succeeding plans of the before  
never attained beyond skeleton  
form.

The speech of us — this matters:

we pattern and align the mind-voices  
creating clutter and a stemming passion  
under surveillance prior to them passing  
through the lined lips, hanging first  
assuring their garb is well-fitted  
and appropriate for those listening  
with the grabbing ears.

Gardner of wind

of rain. A planted idea,

resolution

to this fashion.

beyond what the eyes' many talents

the hyper-strums of

falsetto crickets

too untamed to be akin

with togetherness.