Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

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.

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Released at Ground Level

The gardens are watched and maintained by the parallel hours circling invention, controlled confusion.

Gardner of wind

of light

of rain. A planted idea, the concept of growth into scent and

resolution

for death. Music is the companion

to this fashion.

Trumpets develop into golden brass painting near the edges of pushed beauty

beyond what the eyes' many talents can appreciate. Heard,

the hyper-strums of

violins more attractive than falsetto crickets

next to cultures of wild flowers

too untamed to be akin

with togetherness.