

FOUR POEMS

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About the Author

Shane Carreon is an Assistant Professor at the University of the Philippines Cebu. She finished her master's degree in Creative Writing at the University of the Philippines Diliman. Her poetry has won the Carlos Palanca Memorial Award for Literature and her short story the Nick Joaquin Literary Award. She has published her first collection of poems, *travelbook* (UP Press, 2013), and is currently working on her second.

What we know of time

Nothing. Except maybe everything else
happens simultaneously a kind of paperfolding
faces on a socialbook showing bright summer
on a page wintry fields in another
all a hairbreadth away.

What do we know?
someone falls on the steps
a relative passes away
someone else forgets.

In the short distance between latitudes
you might be in the middle of a sequence
and I, just about exactly where you are
on the other side of present.

Beyond the City

Living now in separate houses, far from
our one-room apartment you once painted blue,

your house by the fishpond, by the sea.
The daughter you dreamed of having.

I come to see you. You are not
the least bit apologetic every thing is

bottle blue and green. Only the door in pastel;
in what must be an attempt. Your husband,

he says "I've made prawns." Sautéed.
He receives the puppy I brought for your girl.

Does he know? Else, he does not say
or appear. Sitting outdoors, smoking menthols,

he points your garden projects. Poppies
that never quite bloomed. Little milk cans

nursing spices. Must be the soil; too much sand,
or salt or clay. Or the neighbors' stray

after any vegetation they could find.
Your daughter shows me her art piece Crayolas.

I watch you pour water on the little dog basin.
Your husband tells me I must have a hell

of a view of a sunset like this
from my new house in the city.

Passing Mactan Bridge at 8 PM

Passing Mactan Bridge at 8 p.m., Cebu City appears
a mountain of brights
at harbor

and the strait that divides
your city and mine
a surface of fractured lights

Self Portrait

Learning from Frida,
who painted herself
odd, seated, severed,
covered under brows
and mustache
her palpitating heart,

she rendered herself
submerged. Her head
in upturned fish bowl,
moon, stars inside glass.

A bird swimming in
night time blue.

The rest of her body
floats, alive
on another canvas,
an ocean of clouds
soaked in daylight.