LITERARY SECTION

POEMS

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About the contributor

Pepito Go-Oco studies at the Ateneo de Manila University and lives in Quezon City. He was a fellow of the 15th Ateneo Heights Writers Workshop, and his works have appeared in *Heights*, *Matanglawin*, and *Spindle*.

Gallery [*Jan van Eyck, The Arnolfini Portrait, 1434*]

The dog guards the space
from the periphery
arrests me and quite suddenly
I'm looking
this place disappears into the moment
the moment my attention becomes a place

*

The wayward fruit by the windowsill, sunlight breathing space into the room.
The cherry peeping, my eyes drawn to the green titillating
belly of her cloth layers full of folds.

*

So I inhabit the bed its sheets and drapes oh so red.
So I inhabit the hall—who is there across the wall?

*

(Someone *was here*—)

(It's not the dog isn't it—)

*

The whirlwind, this place, this place...
The eye, the center, this place.

This place of attention cleaves itself and makes that which glints, as a ray of light rivets it, reflect, that
I may witness the marriage as priest and guest and I pronounce myself in you, *see yourself in me* look
back look at me.

*

As it seems
to reflect I wait in place

in the attention given by
waiting, the infinite

field of the unconsolable
(there's nothing

to console), yet what has
happened in my space

of attention is this
gaze: *reflect,*

reflect, look
back look at me.

*

Zoom in on the eye and I almost see myself look back in the closed space of my vision, the ghost of
my gaze layer upon layer glazed on the surface of the eye
and where am I
reflected—

Apparition

Unfold your map of your city, the outlines that separate parks from fields, suburbs from slums, boundaries and space. Your map is your city, miniaturized. No need to walk. Do you know the way to the cemetery? Do you know the way a tombstone looks? You look at your map: your city is never itself: you refer to it in the same way as yesterday; you talk to yourself as if talking to your map or you talk to your map as if talking to yourself, Where's the cemetery. You trace your labyrinth with the languor of walking. No dead ends. You arrive at the frame.