

ELSE

Bernard Capinpin
bmcapinpin@gmail.com

About the Author

Bernard Capinpin is a poet and translator. His recent translations have appeared or are forthcoming from *DREGINALD*, *Exchanges*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*. He is currently working on a translation of Ramon Guillermo's *Ang Makina ni Mang Turing*. He resides in Quezon City.

Else

I hold out a branch against the sky, it is hinged. A door that bore the clavicle to my loss. If only waking life were a ceaseless devotion, if only a wind vane were grace before meal. The climate abides by our predictions, our predilections: where loneliness belays a seam to every season. Even while calm comes after calamity, a cascade. Hangers collect down after the perch for redress. A bird call camouflages among clothes, not among notation. Deep into blossom, a home is lit by flying ants, their slant a foreshadowing grain. Else torn landscape, else the lull between, else dappled eye. What is not called miraculous is called a miracle.

Mend

I lace a carapace around the wrist, it is an oath to amend. Such as the kind of cut, apt to the mend. The cornerstone is patient to the ample moss. In the language of birds, there is no word for *weightlessness*, but a word for *gravity*. Where erosion parts the earth to its transparency, rainfall turns into bramble. Time inhabits the gestures of trees, movements that posture a preposition. Questions unravel by the curtain, as a fallen shadow dividing the terrain. A compass needle looks, through and through. All things remain in their state of delay: a cyprid, beached between the knees, brims with beauty and fades away.

Parse

I parse the paragraph by its erasures, it is a part of speech. Late in the evening, a deftness of passage, a hum that blurs the surrounding reticence. Cicadas effloresce in the hour of sighs, receiving their consolation. A mélange of fabric enclosing into drafts: ghosts excerpted from a torso, out of a body to piece the story. The words fall off petal by petal, life after life, for what in the end, like a flowering, remains true. The span of time from leafing-through to leave-taking, from observation to observance, from contour to *sous rature* is cardinal, what then does it tell of the finite and its infinite refusal?

Denouement

I feel the heaving of a chest, it is a hand-warmed sea. What is not taken as simulation is taken as simula. When the beginning was the mere insistence of the wave as it motioned to a page, a frond, a palm—clasped together in harmlessness and harmony. To name a body of water by the form it takes is to go by the hands that take it. A swiftness taking shape, delving deeper than what the ground knows, to plot the earth with gravel as if to carry on a dwelling. Each to each, a silhouette the sand casts as effervescence, layer shuffling upon layer. As the withdrawing sway alights a crest, the rift retreats before it gives back what has been held and thrown away.