

EPILOGUE TO A NEVER ENDING
STORY AND OTHER POEMS

Jonel Abellanosa

Epilogue

Between uncertainty and the future
letting me say, my navel's cord
cut after I was born
holding water. In the dream,
flowerpecker finding the sky too early,
too morning to be my memory of stones.

Let me say, the world can't blindfold itself
with rain.
The honeycomb left its echo in the mud.
Water rises for my feet to be beavers.
Let me say, only the future can forgive
truth seekers.

I was told about the day called dear,
lodged like a shape where my rib
echoes deer. Letting me know
it repeats the fall, living turns into stone.
A tiny fruit that at last finds
the ground worth embracing.

Inventory of Loss

When I first experienced night's nightness,
I knew it was new, unlike jasmine's jasmineness.
I picked up the sock I knew was under. It was under
my bed over a misplaced memory—sock that warms
my foot. Bed generous to the act of remembering.
I put on warmth, name the knitted woolen hood,
name my foot livelihood.

Redemption brings
lightness to moonlight. The window overlooks
the curtain soft to my knotting hands, as I turn
my mind's diaphanous cloth like a hanging necktie.
It slips in, the nessness of lightness, moon one less
moonbeam. It beams quiet joy with cricket sounds,
field waving the sad sea of wild grasses. If I

venture again into mystery, I'll bring the placeless
season with me, discovery before discovering.
In the distant geography that fills to fullness, the full
of fullness stands on like monument to an age hard
to forget. Aging gives more names for loves I don't have
anymore, loves that in the nessness that's full shall
enter the doorway, never to be rediscovered,

only

remembered

Solitude

Taking Diane Ackerman's challenge
in her *A Natural History of the Senses*
for poets to describe a cathedral's smell,
I accompany the hours. The dawn leaves.

I couldn't sit long without imagining
moss and lichen overrunning the altarpiece.
Boles of light through stained glass windows
speak of centuries, color the marble floor.

I couldn't look away. In my ribcage
yearning builds a fireplace, years crumbling
statues to ash, prayer wafting ghosts.
I lose God to the book of hymns.

Heliotrope

I was a seed when I fell from the bird's
beak, landing on smells of dew and mud.
I waited for my coat to crack, stored food
of ancestral knowledge my embryonic
self consumed. When I felt it time
to be a sapling, I pushed my young
roots down with grounded will.

Love for learning stemmed, leaf
in bud like a page with the title,
voice with my name. Air was my first
aim, rain generous to my place
in the earth opening with moisture.
It was a good day when I pushed through.

Joy was when I saw the blue sky.
One dawn I burst into wonder,
my petals violet as yearning. I'm mastering
mindful awareness, following warmth
travel the sky till the moon takes place,
living desire as one with the light.

Forest Spirits

Silence a black shama.
Mist wraps ancient boles,
sunbeams the sky's breath.
Beauty keeps angel wings
in my heart, prisms of light.
It stirs and I see the divine,
sacred passerine, imagination
a wanderer. Insight, the flowerpecker
whose only home left untouched
is the page. In my mind I carve
my own clearing, bamboo grove
hosting invisible songbirds.