

## One May Morning in Twenty Twenty Three

It's May. So long lives the day. So often I have thought of you on this day to think of you now seems another sin to add to my growing list. As I erase the May slate, mid-way, up and down, the motion of reverberates with a harsh sadness.

To have loved you was the sin. To love another now, is the prize. And what have I to say to this newfound happiness, except that you are not within it, and that has made me the happiest. To be rid of you and all the sin of wanting you is reprieve from what has passed.

This May, I want to fill the slate with flowers. With the things I was waiting for you to say, now said to me by another, who is now, the love of my life, a blooming love. I want to fill all the empty pages. Not with the cold temptation of the fall, but with the promise of heavenly warmth.

I will be married, but not to you. I will be happy, but not with you. I will be at peace but without you. All the poems will be of him, from this May to the next May to the next of Mays. And this is the last of it, the last of you.

## Home

I dream of other places from a lack in this one. Early on, a childhood. Early on, a pain. Wouldn't tomorrows be nothing but colored by the past? The blood red carnation blooms on a vase, or at least, doesn't wither, or at least, not yet. Something about longstanding suffering. I came here a prisoner of the mind, one August ago, the sea calmed me, as all clichés do. When I am submerged in the sea, I feel flattened, into my core. A point is not circumferential. The point is, moments. They exist and they live, even in spectacular pain, they soothe, they salve, even the wounds of a child. What I'm saying is, a flower can still withhold death, even in a vase. What I know: I already have, I already am, much more than barely existing. When I came here one May ago, I expected more than the Philippines. What I got was the Philippines. Less escape, more home. A child wanders the wilderness looking for water, and finds the sea.

## Heaven

To have reached the summit—to have climbed after the harshness of the ground below—  
To feel this breeze just barely lifting up my skirt—with you next to me—lifting up your  
morning prayers—I am at the summit with you—Heavenly bliss—newly found  
newlyweds—Romantic sunlight hitting the tops of mountains—It's beautiful—at the top  
—with you—Our car drives backwards going up—I have shared with you—my life—the  
hot blistering fame, the scandals uncovered—the telenovela of it all—how I didn't want  
to be out of it—how I loved the dramatization of it—how now I don't want what I have  
survived—just want to say—I have survived it—say thank you, to my gods—And to be in  
this blissful mouth of the mountain—with you—making lunch—you are what I—have  
climbed—all this way—for—You are a page—am writing—to thank—the gods—forever  
—thankful—To have reached the summit—you hand-in-hand with me—



