

handle carefully

touch ok

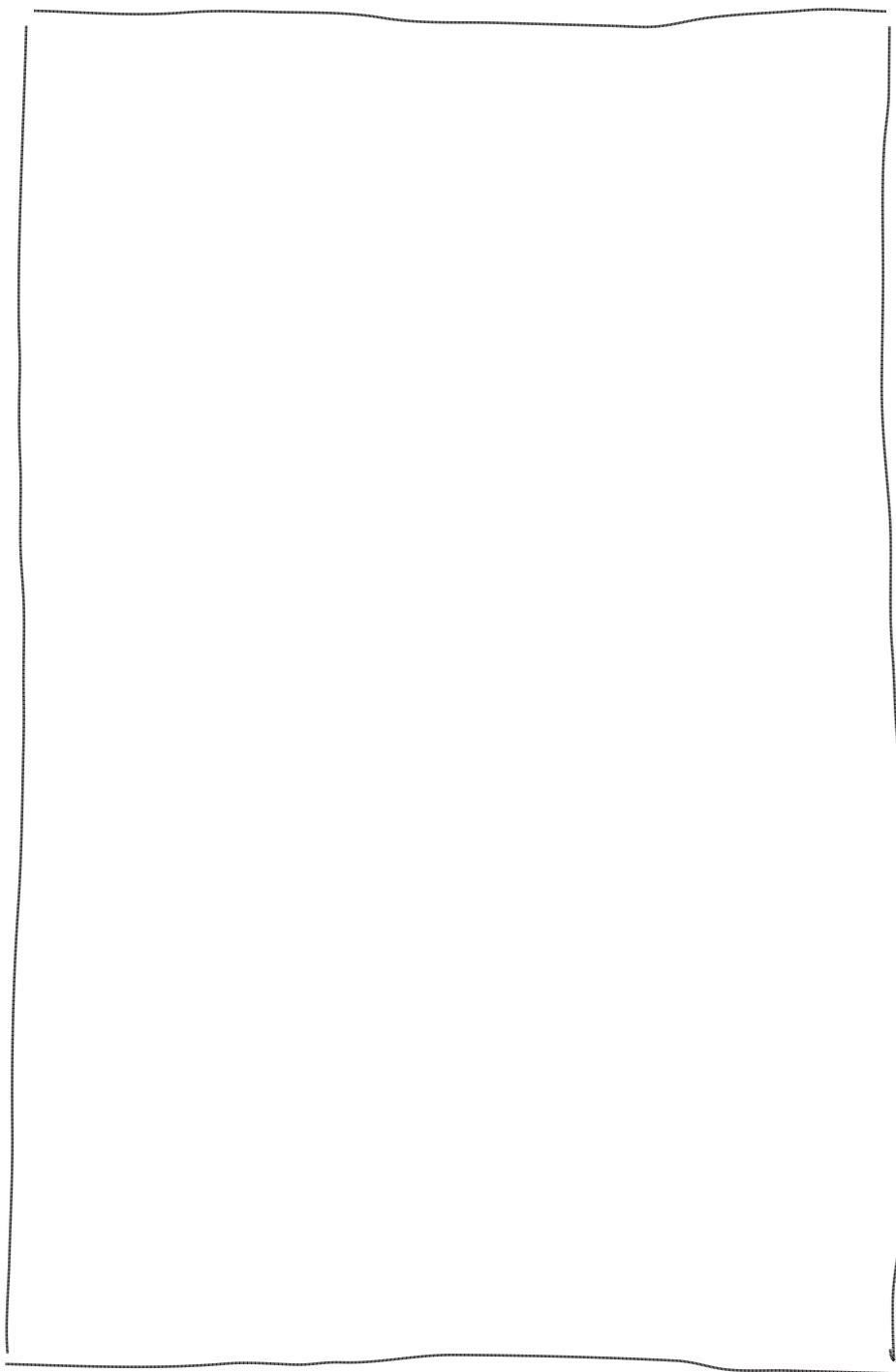
ok touch

ok to touch

touch

open

book



turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

Thank you

- Mona Lisa Ali
- Aiden Ayers
- Patrick Cruz
- Hamish Hardie
- Steve Hubert
- Shizen Jambor
- Natasha Katedralis
- Mitch Kenworthy
- Aubin Soonhwan K
- Erie Maestro
- Lani Maestro
- Tiziana La Melia
- Craig Pettman
- Kiel Torres
- Wendel Vistan
- Perla Vistan
- Edwin Vistan
- Jimuel Vistan
- Leopoldo Vistan
- Lolita Vistan
- Kiyoshi Whitley

turn page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

The bamboo cutter suggests we split it up into eight instead of six  
We are talking bamboo

touch

open

book

turn

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read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

pukp  
puk  
pok  
pukp

kiskis kiskis kiskis kiskis

pukp  
pok

kiskis kiskis kiskis kiskis kis

kis pukp  
pukpok

kiskis kiskis kiskis kiskis kis kis

pukp

pukpok pukpok pukpok pukpok puk pok puk

pok

pukp

pukpok

ok touch

ok to touch

touch

open

book

handle carefully

turn page

touch ok

read

return

Ten inches of circumference are split into eight radiated chords  
I clean these chords with a knife, rid of stray sharp hairs, ridges and bumps

Honing language

Touch

It sounds like a hand holding a tool

a Riverine tongue writes,

ok touch

have a seat

take off your shoes

ok to touch

touch

open

book

handle carefully

touch ok

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return

a hand folded over  
itself, a grasp  
performs a sequence of onomatopoeias

hitting striking wittling

the bamboo splinters  
curly cues litter  
under

ok touch

have a seat

take off your shoes

material, stray, out of language comes text

ok to touch

touch

open

book

turn

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return

have a seat

take off your shoes

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

Another image of the language

leaf I admire I borrow I steal

a segment of banana leaf taken from someone's yard

Ornamental page hang over the fence tangled  
amongst other leaves  
and low-hanging laneway wires

I tear one off its stalk  
from the base  
going up  
noticing the lines  
reading

Momentary granular tears  
The leaf follows its spine  
then ribs

touch

open

book

The leaf parts

shedding text

handle carefully

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ok to touch

ok touch

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touch ok

The leaf parts

- part necessity
- part ornamentation
- part place
- part time
- part loss
- part acquisition
- part neglect
- part practice
- practice the parts

ok touch

touch

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book

ok to touch

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have a seat

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handle carefully

touch ok

the unknown tip to the tongue describes how I obtain this language

a Riverine tongue writes Tagalog in English

ok touch

touch

open

book

ok to touch

handle carefully

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touch ok

read

return

have a seat

ok touch

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take off your shoes

ok to touch

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<sup>1</sup> Jose Esteban Munoz, *The Sense of Brown* (2020), pdf

touch

open

book

turn

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read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

sit in *rectangular holds*<sup>1</sup>  
across  
each other  
page–page

ok touch

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<sup>1</sup> Tiziana La Melia, "grandgossipma", Pa-pag-page (2018)

touch

open

book

ok to touch

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have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

I walk around hearing

I listen to the language become tone in my ear  
observed and gathered  
translating grandmother  
tongue from the bay

papag is an Ilocano word

ok touch

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ok to touch

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ok touch

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<sup>1</sup> Jose Esteban Munoz, *The Sense of Brown* (2020), pdf

ok to touch

touch

open

book

handle carefully

turn

page

touch ok

read

book  
book

return

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

ok touch

have a seat

book  
book

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

kiss book  
book book

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

book  
book book book book book book book book book book

take off your shoes

book

book book

ok to touch

touch

open

book

handle carefully

turn

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read

return

touch ok

During a reading of the poem in Riverine on Zoom  
The auto generated subtitles  
miscalcaptioned the onomatopoeias I made  
for the sounds of my knife  
on the bamboo

into *books* and *kisses*

ok touch

have a seat

take off your shoes

ok to touch

touch

open

book

touch

open

book

take off your shoes

have a seat

return

read

page

turn

bukbok

book book

book book

books kiss

handle carefully

ok to touch

ok touch

touch ok

turn

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have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

### Translations

verbs  
into sound  
into object and affection into  
an insect that eats at

ok touch

touch

open

book

ok to touch

turn page

touch ok

read

return

Tatay and I took apart the papag  
after its six year stop in our downstairs living room

He noted the many small holes on the bamboo  
not the ones that I made  
from puncturing the slats with nails to fasten it to the frame

ok touch

have a seat

but the holes where wood-boring beetles had eaten  
parts of the slat and turned bamboo into dust

He called them bukbok

take off your shoes

ok to touch

handle carefully

turn

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read

return

touch ok

And again  
We are sounding bamboo

prying and hitting nails out of the slats

moving down their insect boren lengths

releasing bamboo

dust

ok touch

have a seat

take off your shoes

ok to touch

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open

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have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

puk  
pok  
puk  
pok  
buk  
bok  
puk  
pok  
puk  
pok  
buk  
bok  
buk  
bok  
puk  
pok

where there were nails  
where the insects burrowed

a score

touch

open

book

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

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touch ok

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ok touch

<sup>1</sup> Jose Esteban Munoz, *The Sense of Brown* (2020), pdf

ok to touch

touch

open

book

turn page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

touch

open

book

Edit  
as I make a bed  
Edited  
I unmade my morning bed

Edited  
bed unmade

ok touch

ok to touch

touch

open

book

*eye won't close overnight*  
eye won't heal overnight  
eye won't paint overnight  
eye won't write overnight  
so I touched clay in the yard

ok to touch

ok touch

touch ok

handle carefully

take off your shoes

have a seat

return

read

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turn

# Canzone

Until the first chill  
 No door sat on the clay.  
 When Billy brought on the chill  
 He began to chill.  
 No hand can  
 Point to the chill  
 It brought. Where a chill  
 Was, the grass grows.  
 See how it grows.  
 Acts punish the chill  
 Showing summer in the grass.  
 The acts are grass.

Acts of our grass  
 Transporting chill  
 Over brazen grass  
 That retorts as grass  
 Leave the clay,  
 The grass,  
 And that which is grass.  
 The far formal forest can,  
 Used doubts can  
 Sit on the grass.  
 Hark! The sadness grows  
 In pain. The shadow grows.

All that grows  
 In deep shadow or grass  
 Is lifted to what grows.  
 Walking, a space grows.

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

touch ok touch ok to touch

take off your shoes

have a seat

return

read

page

turn

Beyond, weeds chill  
 Toward night which grows.  
 Looking about, nothing grows.  
 Now a whiff of clay  
 Respecting clay  
 Or that which grows  
 Brings on what can.  
 And no one can.

The sprinkling can  
 Slumbered on the dock. Clay  
 Leaked from a can.  
 Normal heads can  
 Touch barbed-wire grass  
 If they can  
 Sing the old song of can  
 Waiting for a chill  
 In the chill  
 That without a can  
 Is painting less clay  
 Therapeutic colors of clay.

We got out into the clay  
 As a boy can.  
 Yet there's another kind of clay  
 Not arguing clay,  
 As time grows  
 Not getting larger, but mad clay  
 Looked for for clay,  
 And grass  
 Begun seeming, grass  
 Struggling up out of clay  
 Into the first chill  
 To be quiet and raucous in the chill.

The chill  
 Flows over burning grass.  
 Not time grows.  
 So odd lights can  
 Fall on sinking clay.

John Ashbery, "Canzone", Some Trees (1956)

touch

open

book

ok to touch

ok touch

touch ok

handle carefully

handle carefully

turn page

touch ok

read

return

spending a month in humidity drowned with winds from the province, some things in me have changed.

I've reflected **a lot, a lot** of it happened under my grandma's mango tree.<sup>1</sup>

ok touch

have a seat

Wendel Vistan

take off your shoes

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<sup>1</sup> Wendel Vistan, "Immigrant Daughter" (2018)

ok to touch

touch

open

book

turn

page

read

return

touch ok

I read Wendel's poem, in our parents' house in Ladner,  
where she wrote it.

Her writing is like mine.

Her words resemble a question I had.

I read them  
in rooms, under a tree.

In her words, I place myself  
in rooms, under a tree.

She describes a distance and farawayness  
shared words, a sentence.

What is

a distance between where we are writing *from* and the things we write *about*

ok touch

have a seat

take off your shoes

ok to touch

turn page

touch ok

read

return

*from* continues  
etymology grows  
distancing  
from true  
from the mango  
from the apple  
from under fruit trees  
from the computer screen  
from paper

ok touch

have a seat

a word away, a question  
widens in this stretch  
the beach reaches across  
between is liquid  
is there a symmetry in longing

I watch something dry to see time  
away as the water  
the surface's memory wrought vulnerabilities  
a colour revealed in wetness

take off your shoes

ok to touch

turn

page

read

return

touch ok

I've reflected a lot

She writes  
a lot, a lot

I misread and reimagine  
a lot and its echo  
a lot with a mango tree in Zambales, next to  
a lot with an apple tree in Ladner

ok touch

a comma is a small spike in the ground in between.

have a seat

take off your shoes

ok to touch

handle carefully

touch ok

under the mango

tree

she looks at

ok touch

her

skin

I look at my arm

ok to touch

touch

open

book

turn

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have a seat

take off your shoes

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read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

*from* the place I am writing  
*about* nearing  
the place I am writing  
on, by place  
I am writing  
outside it  
becomes an object  
what is a place  
when you leave it

*about* circles  
circling without touching  
what it's about  
room for mistakes  
stains from water evaporating  
around your movement  
on the page  
cup the wet edges  
the painted thing holds  
what water does  
what I wrote across

touch ok

ok touch

handle carefully

turn page

touch ok

read

return

have a seat

ok touch

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take off your shoes

ok to touch

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<sup>1</sup> Jose Esteban Munoz, *The Sense of Brown* (2020), pdf

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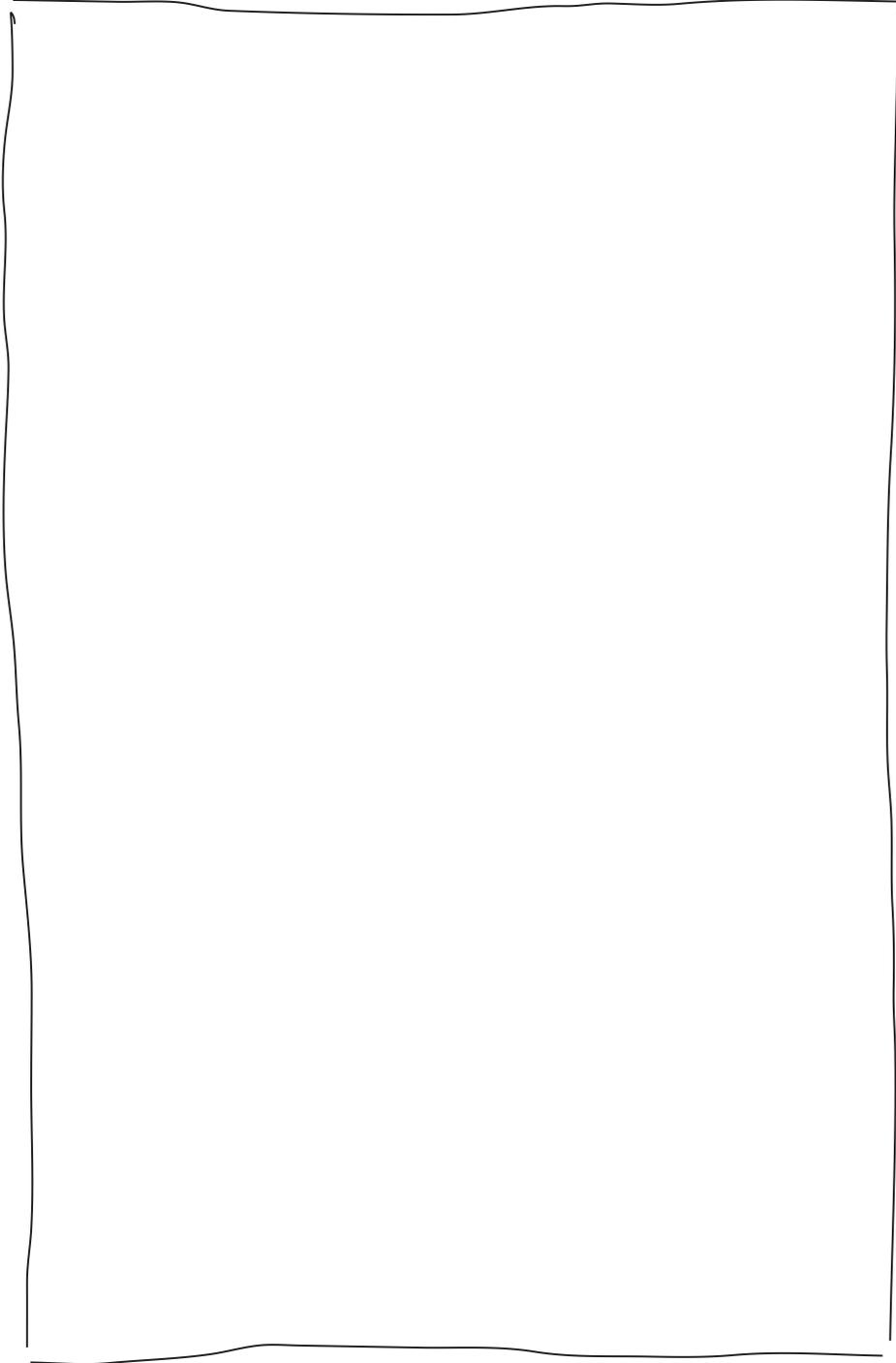
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book

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ok touch

ok to touch