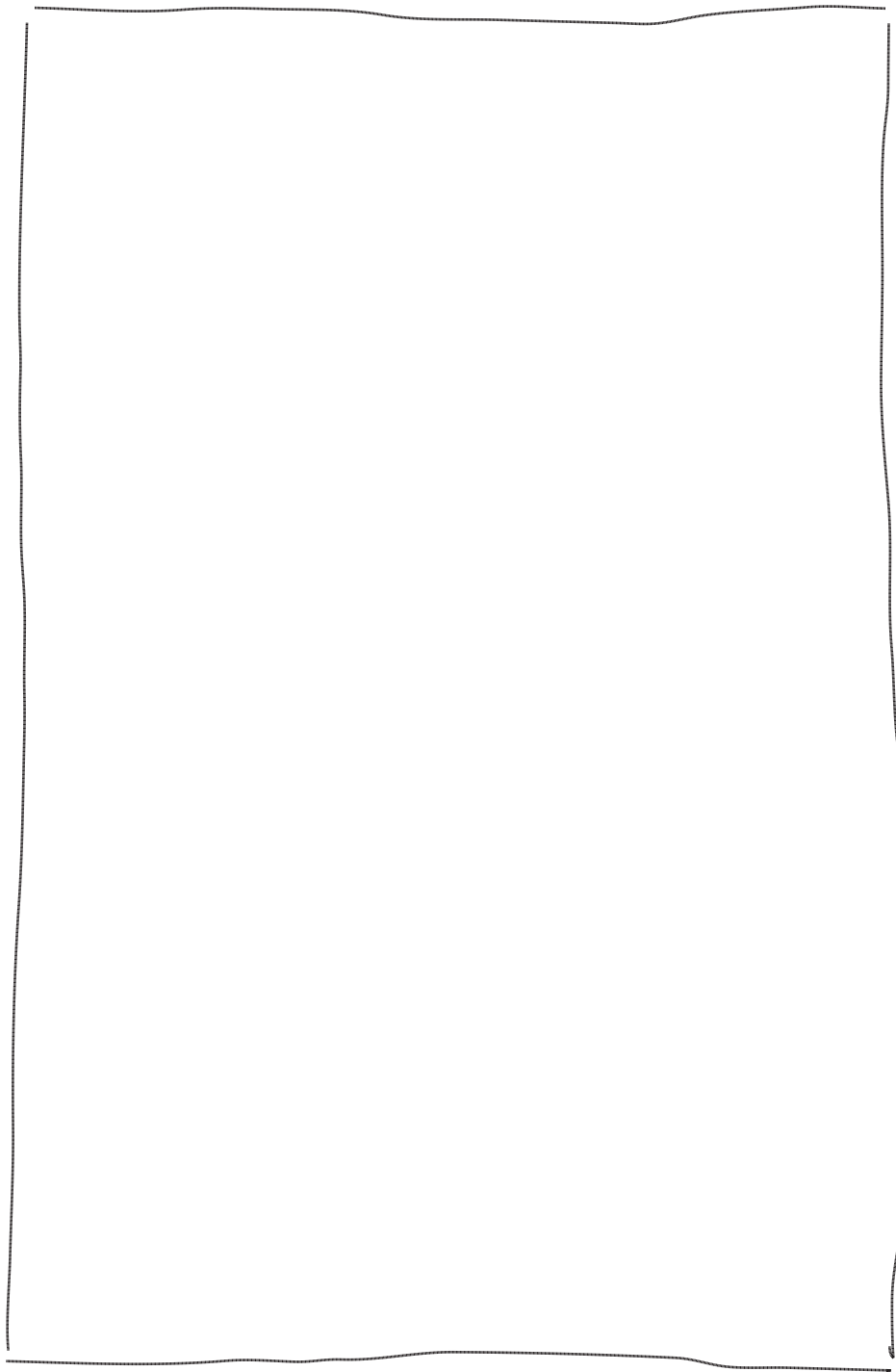


touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

handle carefully



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

handle carefully

touch ok

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

ok touch

ok to touch

handle carefully

touch ok

turn page

read

return

ok touch

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

have a seat

ok to touch

take off your shoes

touch

open

book

turn
page
read
return
have a seat
take off your shoes

pukp
puk
pok
puk
pok
puk
pok
puk
pok
puk
pok
puk
pok
puk
pok
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

touch

open

book

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

handle carefully

touch ok

turn page

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

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

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

hitting striking wittling

the bamboo splinters
curly cues litter
under

ok touch

material, stray, out of language comes text

ok to touch

touch

open

book

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

touch

open

book

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

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

The leaf parts
shedding text

ok touch

ok to touch

book

open

touch

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

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

ok to touch

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

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

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

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¹ Jose Esteban Munoz, The Sense of Brown (2020), pdf

turn
page
read
return
have a seat
take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

sit in *rectangular holds*¹
across
each other
page–page

ok touch

¹ Tiziana La Melia, “grandgossipma”, Pa-pag-page (2018)

ok to touch

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

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

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

touch

open

book

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

This page is intentionally left blank¹

ok touch

¹ Jose Esteban Munoz, The Sense of Brown (2020), pdf

ok to touch

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

[illegible]

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

book
book

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

kiss book
book book

kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

book

book book book book book book book book book book book

book

book

book book

touch

open

book

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

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

touch

open

book

ok to touch

ok to touch

ok touch

touch ok

book

open

touch

bukbok

book book

book book

books kiss

handle carefully

take off your shoes

have a seat

return

read

page turn

Translations

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

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

touch open book

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

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

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

He called them bukbok

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

handle carefully

touch ok ok touch ok to touch

And again
We are sounding bamboo
prying and hitting nails out of the slats
moving down their insect boren lengths
releasing bamboo
dust

touch open book

turn page read return 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

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

This page is intentionally left blank¹

ok touch

¹ Jose Esteban Munoz, The Sense of Brown (2020), pdf

ok to touch

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

handle carefully

book

open

touch

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

Edited
bed unmade

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

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

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

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.

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.

handle carefully

touch ok

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.¹

Wendel Vistan

ok touch

¹ Wendel Vistan, "Immigrant Daughter" (2018)

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

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

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*

touch

open

book

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok ok touch ok to touch

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

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

touch open book

turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

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

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

touch

open

book

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

handle carefully
tree
she looks at

under the mango

her
skin

I look at my arm

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

handle carefully

touch ok

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

ok touch

ok to touch

touch open book

turn page read return have a seat take off your shoes

handle carefully

touch ok

ok touch

ok to touch

This page is intentionally left blank¹

¹ Jose Esteban Munoz, The Sense of Brown (2020), pdf

ok to touch

ok touch

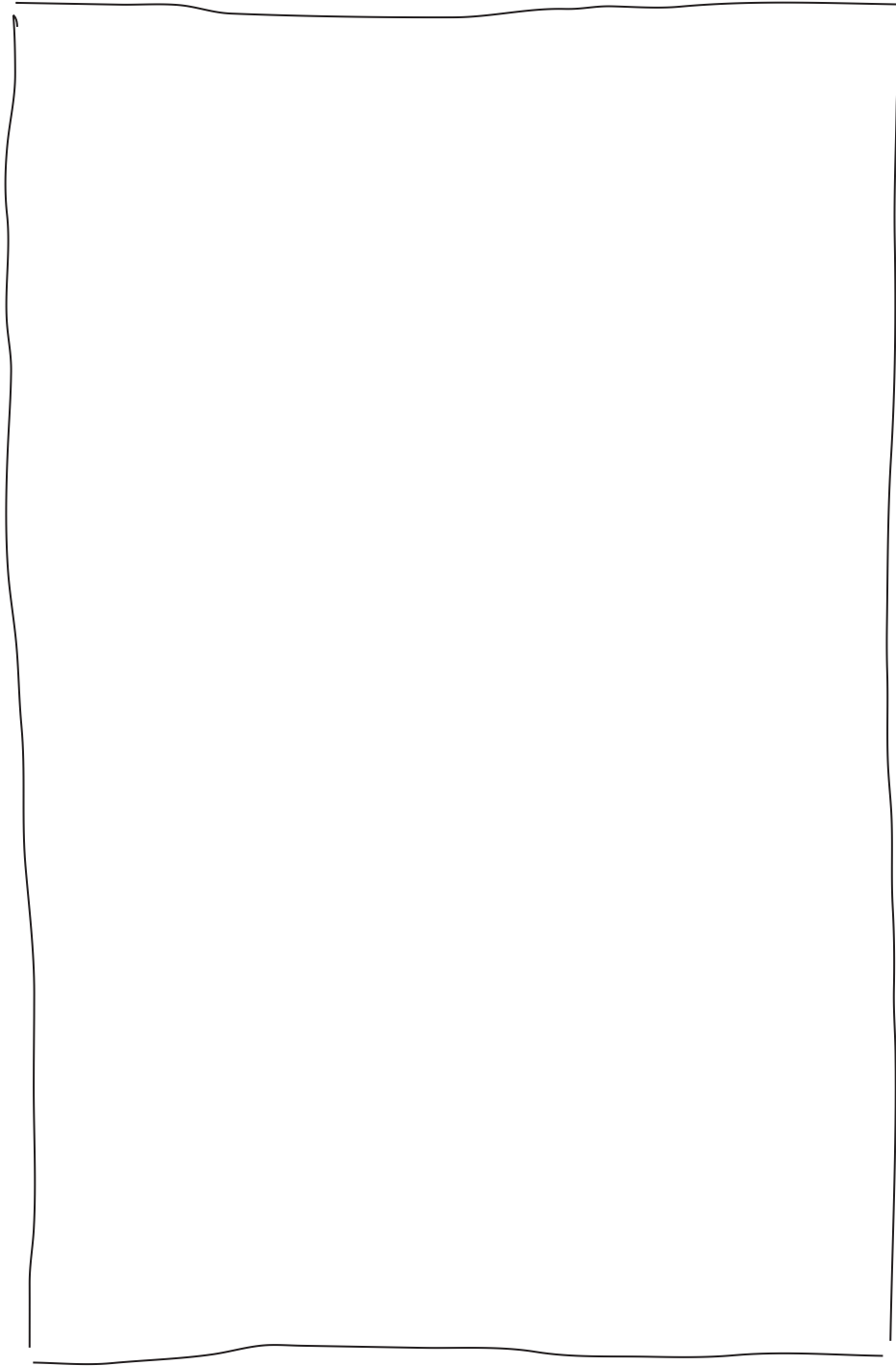
touch ok

handle carefully

book

open

touch



turn

page

read

return

have a seat

take off your shoes