

from *Of these voices*
Felino Soriano

old bird

sudden hands of the aeriform angles
 loosen
as arthritic dimensions ache in the gauging
 motion of horizontal
 hover

this
 elder envelopes sight as a physical whisper crawls
 engaging the canvas of mind's unused

 shrieks of attentive vocals; then of

light a dusk reinvention renaming scold of age's olden syllables

 glide becoming gild of
incessant examples oscillating over an isolated vision