

CLUES

By Jonel Abellanosa

A question, for instance, is a thread of the mind's
Blueing – the brink from where seeing might prove
Consciousness. Try internalizing ashes or stones.

Doubt, on the other hand, is a palm, how lines
Even the odds that an answer forks, some future
Fallow as a fate neither written nor read.

Glaze is glass, the way reflections skim surfaces,
Heights and corners. Heeding the greens of
Intuition is knowing akin to blades of grass.

Joy is a shade, an invitation to sit on a root and
Keep the company of winged singsongs. Where
Lights echo as spots on the ground, there the

Murmurs of delight. The far look lifts like the
Numinous, till heartbeats seem to slow, and the
One speck of attention is the motion in the sky –

Purpose homing for its horizon, a falcon of ended
Quests perhaps, quietness circling vastnesses of no
Returns. It may bring pen and paper to an image.

Silence, finally, is the solitude of mountaintops
Torn from sight except when eyes are closed.

Until the mist clears, stay in stilled rhythms.

Vision is born between juxtapositions, and
Wonder's inevitable weave between leaves halts
Expressions. I've seen passing ghosts of

Years, and to their measurements I yield,
Zoned at last in the absence of belief

POETICS

if you cut a stone
into the blue sky's pendant
it must house a star

PHOTOGRAPHER

Zooms are tunnels for vision's appraisals,
Yonder objects sized, nearer observation,
Examination like a drawing hand. Light
Writes epistles to vision, reflections on
Viewpoints. Red fades in the eye's corner.
Under the couch the unexpressed shade.
The white hues of serenity touch her thigh.
"Solitude," I say, and she allows sadness to
Return, but now with the hint of a smile. My
Quests for expressions lead to the abstract,
Poses defining notions in new ways my art's
Onus. I say "prayer," and she enters the

Numinous by turning slightly to the light,
Mournful now the gleam-resting silence
Like a dove on her changed smile. She
Keeps herself verged on tears, as if her
Journey inward were a deepening. Often
I see this wordless spiritual search in how
Human the heart breaks. Snapshots and I say
“Grace,” and she shifts her lightness as if to
Form “grass” in my mind. She looks at me
Every now and then, and I still the moments,
Drawn to the undefined moment – fleeting
Countenances for words I haven’t seen held
Between look and pose, my collection of
Appearances grown by the spontaneous

Bio

“Jonel Abellanosa resides in Cebu City, the Philippines. His poetry has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies including, *The Peacock Journal*, *Setu Magazine*, *Rattle*, *Anglican Theological Review*, *Poetry Kanto*, *Spirit Fire Review*, *Carbon Culture Review*, *Penwood Review*, *The McNeese Review*, *Pedestal Magazine*, *GNU Journal* and *Bangalore Review*. He has two chapbooks, “Pictures of the Floating World” (*Kind of a Hurricane Press*) and “The Freeflowing All” (*Black Poppy Review*).”