

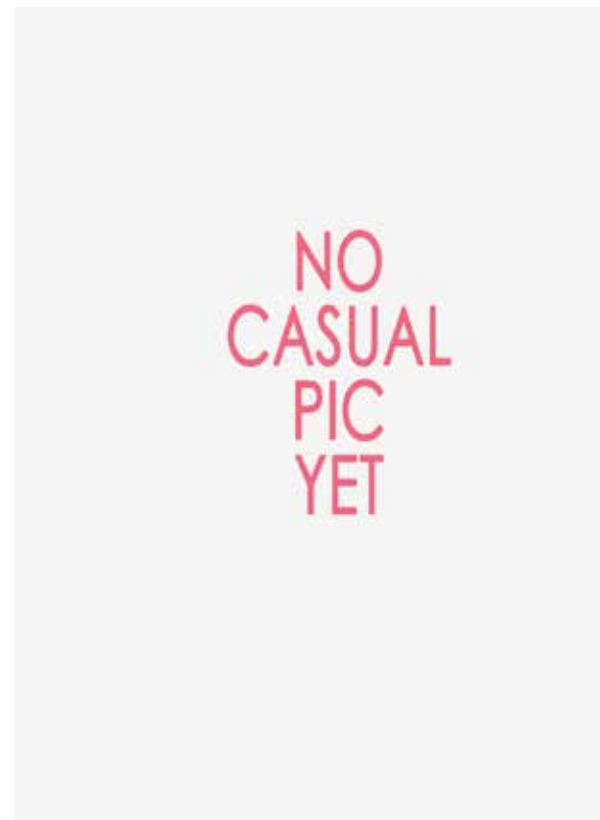


Kurt Jessel D. Marquez

Then quietude, blossom-falling.

Today, grace is once again the air unnoticed and necessary. Today, I am content once more with wanting: I find the placid sadness of things inviting; inviting miracle, inviting a rose to climb up to speech, inviting a petal to unfurl and lull with its silence. Oh today, grace is a swan comely-shaped, and I am sheltered by its ever-extending wings. How pure this accident, so pure that I am able to take my fill of beauty and longing.

So yes. I say yes. I will yes.



Beatrice Louise M. Mata