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LESSONS ON CHORES

We live in times of deficit: Humility parades itself on photos for everyone to see. But is it truly there? Or is the futility of words, the emptiness of many proud cups, the filtered photos blurring all that is real, only plain setting of foodless feasts and poisoned drinks?

For longing takes on garments of many colors that cannot save itself from fire. So much for embellishments, verbosity, grandeur, delusions, and the mockery of them.

I spread my passions down like a bed of grass, a carpet of this earth. Replace the hug, the kiss, the touch, the hand to hold, the quiet warm body that knows the meaning of your wordlessness.

Until then, our longings settle in the fancies onscreen.