

Beta/ Meta

In response to the South China Sea tensions

1.

Catch a glimpse of my moon-shaped heart / sire a vision / as you sail across
my sea of affection / Take a look at my three-bodied musica bolero /
singeing (meta)phors / grey skies over disputed waters & remedial Spanish
/ our Pacific mono no aware w/ second-to-none maritime territorial
integrity / What is it like living in your afterglow / when sea & sky never
touch each other / & the planet is forever a mystery to explain /
supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

2.

When I kiss your chest in the morning / for good tidings I know it's a test /
When I see you shimmer in the gloaming / the simple things are
the hardest (I guess?) / Silhouette's a stitched woe / faith I reconcile
w/ lightspeed & lost vermilion / like the throb of first love on spindrift
spree / shaping my outlines is a siren on a West Philippine Sea island / filling my eyes
w/ the sound of sand / & an emotion you don't have
a name for / Give me Hallelujahs! my dear / Bones will sing as we ossify
the present year after year

3.

My beta Man Booker understanding of nature spells out / a discourse
of amaryllis / or blooms divorcing the flight of birds of higher power
/ semi-somnolent souls lured in by tramadol / Tell me how many
squawking signs can afford us a U2 concert in Manila / how many
supertrees can protect human lives from the world's nukes / how
many moonbeams can deny the pulchritude of exit marriage

—*Lawdenmarc DECAMORA*