

JF Quackenbush

Another Manila Poem

Out the window na where in the fog
of lead and gasoline where
there are places I haven't been

and the clatter and blare of horns like
like horns like branca does horns
like not at all. Down ng the streets

ng Manila heto I met the ghost
ng un meztizo putang in ringlets
and a dress blown scandalous in the times

she lived and fucked the streets of
Manila dry for peso coins collected
in blue like cobalt silk parasols.

Now in the rainy season now grey with petroluem
ashes my quiet american eyes under panama
hats at white blazers at dark dark

sunglasses comes ng it on it on her.
Comes ma sakit na ulo, comes back
paalam na po, si putang where sings

na na po kayó, heto na ako
ay. heto na ako ay in black streets
in blaring yellow decommissioned places.

Heto na la fille in fields ng green grasses
snakes at other things ng other things.
Mo so what will we with skin

what will we with blood left running
what under will we where the whores been
buried what will we as hindi heto na we

what we were and buried will they be
heto na in ashes at taralets you
and I and I ikaw these things they make hindi.

make hindi I will abide at ng sakit heto
na po. So kayo ng ulo ay ako, ako ay asiwa.
Oy, ako ay ikaw ay ako no mauhow in situ.

Household Activity No. 65

And how in some day sometime hence
will that guy measure the volume of the shadow
cast between the drywall where patched

he has patched the hole punched through?
Cast against to castigate and collicky
sometimes yes and castrated where

Cast in shadow by the mold made unfolded
mildewy in the water stained rust colored
gone black maybe again.

Lost shadow cast the face in tesseractism
perspect from here and on the other side
where steps up from the flatland

walk in further directions call her
ana is as kata he forward myself
walk ana past the locked doors left.

so sit he will sit in dim light
dirt floor unfinished where within
and among the lagging and iron pipes

is left the shadow of her hypercube
breasts suspended and no longer moves
kata kata kata before when there were

other pieces left to unfold we
unfold together.

Alexandra and The Priest: Part 1

It was Fall and in open industrial workhouse rooms where they met where cold weather crept in at the joints where in

her seams that needs mending as stretched they got as her joints bent back.

Fall and without where yellow in the dead tails of dead leaves of dead things dying where left they were left for burning or to be eaten or to rot.

Came Alexandra to where they met she and the man whose pockets held her in his sleeves where in his sleeves he would wrap around her arms to hold her down to her sides.

Watch we would from the bridge and underneath when the priest came and upon Alexandra the other man came through broken windows, through dust smeared unclear pains of soap glass in the old factory came upon Alexandra.

The Priest would not follow never watch nor would Ye Olde Electrician nor the Reeve King nor the Hedgeward King but at times where Manimal would misbehave and one of the three would have to follow him down so Alexandra so Alexandra.

Alexandra awash with the wetness of various silver and shiny things of beads and pearls and semi-precious as she was to the other man.

Manimal would have to be restrained in restraints and straitjacketed still so to abuse himself for her would not

and so too was I as I watched down the hill as the Electrician, him his back bent and angled sharply, spat on the ground beneath him

where walked the Hedgeward King directed round the knoll and down into the gully where kept was Manimal at such times as he was incapable of behaving.

The Reeve King never blinking never giving up an ounce or scrap of his territorial demarcations on the map, the map that he the Hedgeward King and at times the Priest would argue at not that it mattered to us of course. In the gully it never.

So were there Ronaka and I said Manimal said the girl said I said Alexandra in her slipdress flimsy and sort of less than substances where for substances she would follow up the hill the other man, he who impregnated her eyes with stars and flowers.

Needles of course. That's what we were. Things of needles, made of needles and living in Parkland where in The Stormdrain District and in Underbridges we were chaffed with runoff.

From above was Parkland drawn in quarters all symmetrical and pretty all the scars like gullies and trash piles and people and the benches covered from above by trees and foliage.

But in Fall like bones they covered over every one and out would come the scars and cold and white dressed but naked her nipples hard Alexandra would take communion from the Priest and follow when the other man came for her

and came for her 'til she was soon naked and shivering in his wetness in the empty iron beds of the factory floor long like hangars long with coats hangers on and by the time we'd get there she'd be cleaning up and done crying and praying most days and there'd be money.

With this we'd hit the vendors at Arcadia. Vendors selling all hotdogs and licorice and spicy things like kebabs and sometimes
sometimes a fallafel or some vindaloo in a tin we'd buy with money Alexandra made.

And this we'd take, we'd give a little here to the Electrician lit up in his fingers where they arc lit underneath the drains in The Stormdrain District
the Electrician is sometimes and would leer at the children like us and I the Dodger would

have to Maintain or threaten to maim and with knives would beat back Ye Olde Electrician. The Priest would spike and spiking sometimes not even
notice what we left on his leaves for him to stay nourished. And of course

of course there came the tithes to the Hedgeward King in Underbridges and The Reeve King at Fountains Heads. We serve of course at their majesty's
whim Dodger I or no, Alexandra beautiful and tarnished or no.

But Oliver hated the others hated how the other men would come and come on Alexandra. He loved the sadness in her that was thick like
porridge and made her warm to hold her in the Levantine Quarters outside Arcadia where we sometimes would.

Even I at times would hold down Alexandra in Underbridges and beg her not to go out again for the copper of the other men. I would hold forth
My hands full of candies and coins I'd liberated. Liberation theology being the main

concern of my learning in those hours I spent and saved. Property is theft writes the prophet, peace be upon him, you have the right to food
money, so said the prophet's son. So rock the Casbah say I and we will live in the Levantine Quarters outside, or down in Abyssinian Tribeca.

I can get money would Oliver or the Dodger I to say to Alexandra but. No. But. No. Her eyes would sad and she with skating pond blue cold eyes
iced in sleet would touch my face, or Oliver's and no she'd say just no.

The Electrician's arc lights flashing and wires exposed in copper would hold us back sometimes, say not to follow, Oliver most often but sometimes
me and occasionally Ronaka Billabongzie when he wanted for entertainment.

He'd hold his copper plated palms to our temples and cut loose his showers of sparks and we'd seizure in our arms and be laid down as laid
was Alexandra for our suppers.