

BODY

Antonio Jocson

EVE: I can tell you what it is to be enclosed, to be the form inside a form and not quite the nature of it, to be only what has been set apart, set off—yet nothing like a detonation. The colour over this body—that slow flaring of scarlet—I can say how warm it feels, a kind of smouldering that tests my willingness to be pent among tremors and fevers. Sometimes I believe I am engaged to be... what? I cannot say. I only know that this light pressing upon is pale as an angel in an empty grove. (I breathe, you see. I breathe already.)

I tell you that a song has its being in the sound it embodies—its sound is its matter, the form which it inhabits. Song, then, is formed sound, and though things not endowed with form can exist certainly, can what does not exist receive the form it seeks? What happens to a song when it is over? What happens if I am pared from all this, finally, like a fruit taken, taken down? Understandable how all things wait in things—like the fruit that amplifies within its branch, like a desire

churning to be revealed... There is,
for a moment, a freedom from being
resolved and resembling. Understandable
how this, too, can be possession, being
locked into a shape. There must be
something else in the shape of me.
There must, it seems, be more than
this sudden foliation of softest light
to starboard, an aperture appearing,
more to the quick extinguishment
of shadows I thought inexhaustible—
more light pouring from the world
of things. I believe that this is what
light is for: not to see, but to behold
the self in it. I could be afraid, I tell you.
But this now: the curve of me being taken,
the curve of me being broken from...