

# NOSTOS

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# Ang Pagmamahal Sa Tatlong Bahagi Ng Kalungkutan

## **i.**

Magpapahinga muna ako mula sa pagkakanlong ko sa mga salitang matagal ko nang dala-dala. Ito ang mga salitang kaytagal kong inipon: isiniksik sa puso kahit wala nang natitirang kahit na katitining na puwang. Nang lumaon, ipinagkasya ko sila sa aking bulsa, sa pitaka, sa sobreng minsan din binahayan ng liham na hindi ipinadala. Kahit ang alkansya ay pinaglaanan ko ng iba pang salita, nakiusap na makibahagi sa mga ipon kong barya. Nang hindi na magkasya ang iba sa libreta, akin silang itinanim: diniligan, pinaarawan, at aas-ang tutubo at mamumunga ng kahulugan sa lahat ng ibig kong sabihin.

## **ii.**

Gusto kong pagsasama-samahin sila hanggang maging isang maikling kuwento. Tungkol ito sa pagmamahal na itatago sa talinghaga ng buwan at kung paano niya sinusuyo ang karagatan. Ngunit wari ko, baka isara mo lang ang bintana.

Susubukan kong gawin itong isang awitin. Ngunit hindi pala ako marunong kumanta. Ang tanging magagawa ko lang ay alayan ka ng isa.

Kaya ako ay magtatangka na gawin na lang itong tula.  
 Libo-libong mga salita  
 ang aking nalikom: kasama sa mga ito ang mga salitang  
 mahal,  
 kita,  
 noon,  
 pa,  
 man.

Ang tanong, itatago ko pa ba ang pagmamahal sa mga  
 talinghaga sa mga taludturan?  
 O mas mabuting idikit ko sa mga pang-uri, pang-abay, at  
 paglalarawan ang iyong pangalan?

### **iii.**

Sa dinami-dami ng mga salita, bakit tila naduduwag ang dila?  
 Hinahanap ko ang salitang kasingkahulugan ng tapang.  
 Hinuhukay ko sa aking puso  
 ang daan-daang salitang maaring pamalit sa lakas ng loob.  
 Ngunit parang wala  
 sa aking mga hinugot. Naghanap ako sa bulsa ngunit puro  
 resibo ang nakuha.  
 Binasag ko ang alkansya ngunit sapat lamang upang pambili  
 ng katiting na pag-asa.  
 Pinilas ko ang ilang pahina ng libreta, pinitas ang ilang bunga:  
 umaasa na lang ako  
 sa kapisang sana. Matatapos ang taludtod na ito sa  
 pag-aatubili at pangamba:  
 matatapos sa paglalarawan ng iyong paglisan, sa aking  
 paghagap kung aking nasabi  
 ang mga salitang ngayon ay aking ipagpapaliban. Sa daan-daan  
 at libo-libong salitang  
 naipon, mas higit pa ang aking nakalimutan:

maliban sa natitirang salita sa aking kamay at iyon ay paalam.



## Aubade in Four

**i.**

we both lost  
our sense of direction.

you left.

i was right.

**ii.**

You are as infinite  
as the undiscovered home in the skies,  
and I am as far  
as the deepest cut in any wound.

I am as still  
as the silence of waters  
that ripple in the deepest sky  
between  
different worlds.

You are  
as near as a thousand oceans,  
and I am  
as far  
as an unrecovered memory.

**iii.**

Maybe  
this way  
and this way  
I write.  
Time changes  
and the moments remain.  
And as I write  
I recall.  
To break again,  
remember.  
Remember  
once and for all.  
And maybe  
this way,  
this way I suffer.  
I break  
while my heart  
remains.

**iv.**

I can write you a poem with all  
the pieces left of you. And with  
each word, I will weep for you.  
You, who design my heart  
like a landscape. I will never leave  
a single piece of you. Each word  
will rhyme to your pain, to your joy,  
to you, whose own terror will be  
turned into a prayer. And all my words  
are yours as much as mine.  
Show me your calloused heart  
and I will tell you how I struggle with love.

## Prelude/Ending

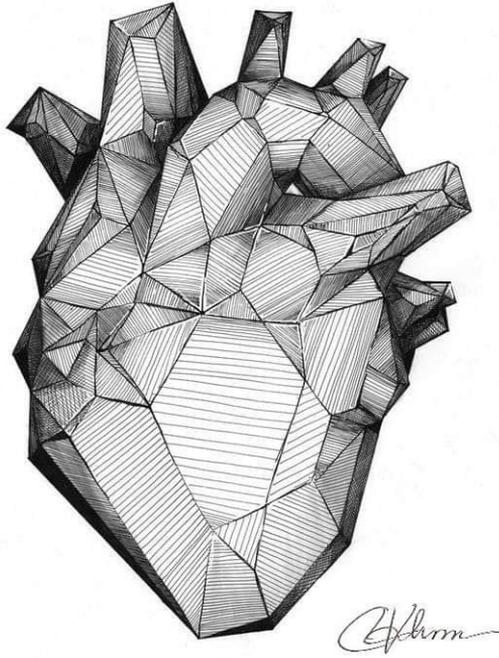
Let me see you move and cling  
beneath my skin as if you have  
always known that these intervals  
and distances were a prelude  
to permanence. Let me show you  
how your hesitation kept me  
tethered to this world.

Let me see you discover  
what happiness it means  
to be here with you against  
all the moments you have refused.

Let me tell you how we have  
inherited the distance between  
all the memories we would have been.

Love, it has been my joy  
to be here where that is not with you  
and to still be with you.

Let me see you move and cling  
beneath my skin before you leave me  
a broken man. And I will show you  
how in love this heart will piece itself.



# The Day I Had Electrocardiogram

I trembled when the cold nodes were attached to my chest.  
We had no idea yet what would they see. They would probably

discover how my heart struggles to work. Perhaps, they will  
learn  
how much of what I have eaten has thickened my blood.

They would also probably come across how my heart has been  
broken  
how many times although, I could just tell the doctor.

I could tell him how much it hurt when every time it happened.  
This time probably will be measured in waves. I wonder if it  
could

uncover the weight of all losses and the degree of grief it has to  
hold  
all these years. I was told to be still. As I did, I remembered how

I said the name of god for the first time when I clutched my chest.

I took the prescription pills like little prayers. It was morning,

a few months after my father had passed. I remember asking him how does a heart grow wicked. He never had an idea. All he knew was

it was big enough to forgive the world for all the things it never allowed us

to be. But can a broken heart be unbroken I asked myself as I was released

from this machine. My heart was graphed the way earthquakes were measured:

when the world aches, would you feel mine, too?

