

## Poetry in Motion II

Written by Danielle Ureta-Spontak

based on the art exhibition **ASANAMO** by Babbu Wenceslao

### *Spit in a Kiss*

Chocolate dripped in foam  
on hot days,  
speckled sweet, frothy  
bubbles on a green mug  
stained with yellow  
spots of turmeric.  
I drink clouds,  
vain enough to keep them,  
a song about me.  
I know you dream  
my face each day  
sipping the glaze  
of a painting. I  
don't know my soul,  
I forgot my deeds,  
I remember screens,  
caffeine, my greed  
for the rush of  
sprinkles, the spit  
in a kiss. Stimulate  
my bliss.

*Birthplace of Apathy*

I took a stroll  
in shallows to see  
light fidgeting on  
waves. It does a dance to  
distract on soft sand beds,  
but I see  
I see  
I see  
helplessness, mermaids hopeless,  
shackled hands—  
they pull but currents  
are stronger.  
They thrash but climates  
are somber.  
Their fins point to  
a surface silenced  
about its depths.  
Fish raise the alarm,  
red flags pierced in gills,  
but no one listens.  
No one sees.  
No one cares  
because someone invented  
armchairs: birthplace  
of apathy.

## *A Good Journey*

Eight people to a  
motorbike,  
plus a rooster, a dog,  
a broken taillight.  
Student sits first,  
legs draped ladylike,  
studies come first  
to end family strife.  
Father second, handlebars  
in hand, cigarette in mouth,  
determination on brow.  
He must steer them  
home.  
Child is next  
for joy is sacred, her  
giggle, her curious glance,  
her figure neutral for  
purity in play.  
Mother comes fourth,  
careful to hold the  
angry cock in place,  
careful to balance energies,  
egos, ever-changing ways,  
pendulum of a person.  
Brother holds his bag,  
one foot on his dog—  
scraped knees, silly fingers,  
he loves to stall and stall.  
Grandfather stands on  
makeshift pedals a head  
above the rest to see  
ahead, farmers always  
know how to look beyond.  
Grandmother at the end.  
She holds a baby  
just born yesterday.  
She foresees a good journey.

*#Noto174Dumaguete*

I sit, you sit  
I lost my legs  
You still stand  
I caught my fish  
You stole my land  
I ask for God  
You give the fiery cross  
I wish for flowers  
You stab with thorns  
I seek the shade,  
too tired of sun.  
You leaked mischief  
into food, water, guns.

Please, I need one peso.

You blackened the corals,  
killed the eels,  
slaughtered schools—

I need one peso—

You bred plastic,  
raised mountains of trash,  
bottles wash up on the beach.

I need one peso, please.

Made in the Philippines.  
I can still smile.

You can only leave.