

Within Places

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About the Author. Shane Carreon has a degree in MA Creative Writing at UP Diliman. Her poetry received the Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature and her short story, the Nick Joaquin Literary Award. Her poetry collection, *travelbook* (UP Press, 2013) was nominated for Filipino Reader's Choice Award. Her works have appeared in national and international publications such as *Querida: An Anthology*, *Kritika Kultura*, *Verses Typhoon Yolanda: A Storm of Filipino Poets*, *Quarterly Literary Review of Singapore*, and *Little Things: An Anthology of Poetry*. She has been a fellow in writers workshops including the Silliman National Writers Workshop and the UP National Writers Workshop. Based in Cebu, she is engaged with Cebuano writers in Women in Literary Arts (WILA), Bathalad, and Nomads. She teaches at UP Cebu and is current chair of its Creative Writing Program.

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Bodies on Water

After Raymund Fernandez's "By Water"

Though we mostly fly now, nothing compares to
moving by water, floating on it

inside a defined principle of physics. "Any object,
immersed is buoyed up by a force..." Archimedes
stepping into his tub and seeing the water level
rise as he settles in. The relationship between
buoyancy and displacement. Volume and weight of water.
Screaming his mirth, he runs all over town, stark naked.
Paper in hand and, above him, foams of clouds.
The sea is never so far away and ships sail

perceivable at distance. All as illustrated by Dr. Seuss.
And whether or not true, the fact of boats and physics
has romance in it. As in all acts of leaving stable ground
to step on a platform moving beyond our will
in circles, on waves, Why put our selves this way?
If only for the promised adventure, the idea

of being where we are not, always on the way
from wherever we have been. To be lulled into going back
in the duyan, a place that does not exist
in homegrown English. Which must be why
we cannot get over how ships defy the immediately impossible.
Bodies so certain at harbor, seemingly lost detritus at sea

afloat a gaping vastness on moonless night, we
see again the lighted routes: Orion, Polaris, North star.

These days, we line up to buy tickets, check ourselves in,
boarding the crowded ship and sinking
into seats or bunks near windows, near open decks
where islands disappear and we hear the wind again.
Our selves drifting back to all the places we've been.

Big River City

You can't step into the same river twice.
—Heraclitus

How we inhabit cities in our minds.
Take for instance this

and its two bridges. One coming in
another, out.

In addition, the ferry and the dock.
The airport and the wide

open spaces for dreaming.
Everywhere, exits.

Mornings and evenings the stream.
Women and men, school children

racing against bundies.
Traffic lights, road humps.

Construction is always ongoing
as does the series of row housing.

Dwellings, where we
later hang signs

for rent and for inquiries
call, mobile

numbers our only written address.
Elsewhere we go

on living leaving cities in minds.

Return to Sta. Rosa

The port is no longer the same. What do you remember now of what used to be clear
her full name and the story of your arriving at twelve with an aunt

who gave away crayons to children who never had. An exchange of
letters long before the first shy hello what else to say you both looked at your shoes

hers polished and special for the occasion, yours taken for granted.
Did the letters continue after that Christmas, you no longer remember

she had come to Opon City with a story about a factory but truly the story
was lost long before that. The pump boat comes as close as it could get

someone has to push you on a pram the rest of the way. Your lady love
holds your hand and marvels even after hearing the same story again and again

the coasts from where children thin and laughing had gazed across at places
she had wanted to go, had gone, had disappeared in among throngs

after years. The brine washed dock remains long and beautiful, welcomes you
and your lady love with white outrigger boats in the morning

locals deep brown with pails of mussels and sea urchins, squint at sea. Farther ahead
by the dry sandy road a school house, setting of your repeated story where you find

you do not remember anything else except a full name and a piece of greeting
in the salty local language so you say hello.