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Negatives Spaces I, II, III, IV

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Eileen Tabios

Negative Spaces (I)

*I always sense the future, the antithesis of everything is always before my eyes.
I have never seen a child without thinking that it would grow old, nor a
cradle without thinking of a grave. The sight of a naked woman makes me
imagine her skeleton...*

--Flaubert

...Not so. Encounters are not like engravings, whether on marble or wax,
their images like words even if everyone agreed on the definitions of texts.
There will be no code. You can never hear what you read...

*

...Hiding places are inherently temporary. Delay through prayers. Proceed
through "the present gruesome time" without delusion: to hide something
already hidden is a worse negation than mathematical cancellation...

*

...None of us are immune from desiring gratitude...

*

...I want my lover to become immortal for, how else can I receive
sympathy—if not praise—for my position as lamb?

*

...Forgive how he honors her memory by bragging about her metaphors...

*

...Why must we fight dust...

Negative Spaces (II)

...To be human is to be anti-ghost, though many will fail to concede this out of romance...

*

...As a point of view, “we are all autistic, or none of us are” engenders poems...bludgeoning poems...

*

...Was it really sneering snow, or was it just a terrible day?

*

...The creature defiled the umbilical cord noosed about its neck by opening eyes and naming the world with a scream...

*

...The baby (I first typed “body”) is trying to breathe while the mother smokes a cigarette...

Negative Spaces (III)

...Does obsession preclude or facilitate note-taking viz tiny words from cramped fingers?

*

...What does it mean that I see a claw and want to kiss it?

*

...Such an ardent student of the escape!

*

...How to choose between moral vs financial hardship?

*

...A legacy comprised solely of an imperious state.

*

...Nostalgia defined by the concept of “shepherds and shepherdesses”...

Negative Spaces (IV)

...The predictability of Apollo's jealousy...

*

...Is it irony or something else that a mad woman bears children who grow up to be a Pope, a Sultan, and the Russian emperor...

*

...Using touch to teach language...

*

...The ease with which sleep masters...

*

...Splintering wood as if the sea can escape itself...

*

...Perhaps the sea is not a woman...