

Selected Writings...

By Juno Galang

JOSHUARADIN

winter

There is a room, on 415 South Fourth Street, that used to be. It was born in spring and raised in winter. It remembers much – remembers silver mornings and foggy twilight, hot chocolate and the wind, the wind, the wind. It recalls warm nights filled with the scent of alcohol and plates of cake, with video game music and shoes scattered around the floor. It is scarred with the clumsy fingers of a child.

I see you now, a boy, a young man, a son, a brother, a friend, a lover. The ghost of you turns to me and sighs. “My hands have been shaking lately, and I noticed my teeth chattering once. It’s not cold either. I’m a weird guy.”

My memory keeps me company on nights that border centuries.

HOUSE OF HEROES

serial sleepers

And what, I wonder, is the process of hating someone?

The bathroom ballooned – it billowed and sat forward, it clenched – it resisted. It made a fist of steam and shook the mirrors. FALL ON YOUR KNEES.

I looked at my reflection, murmuring in muted colours, softly now. To whip the glass lucid, to watch the droplets crinkle the dryness like leprosy, like bluebell scales, the haunted fish of the unknown Sea. You are apt to stand in that peculiar manner.

And you turn comedy into tragedy, you imagine yourself a war-hero.

“I cannot see the future anymore,” he whimpers, a child with an old soul, a child with an old soul.

“Leave. Me. The. Fuck. Alone,” she whispers, a child with an old soul, a child with an old soul.

CHOPIN

nocturne in f flat major op.9, no.2

Life is made up of details: the way light and shadow divide delicate leaf-lines, the way a patchwork fence stands proudly, the way a note dips, plucked by your fingers. You are a life, and you are made up of details: pores soaked in memory, bones carved by the air of the places you've travelled, and your eyes. Your broken, broken eyes.

Heart beating so slowly, I say, "One day, you'll forget me. Or worse – the memory of me will become common."

It is like the way your chest burns when you have forgotten the frail soul of a dream. If eternity exists, then it is here, in the loss, the loss, the inevitable loss.

And if there is permanence in never, is that not a kind of forever?

COTTON

the beautiful

Lazy voice, old wood with the fragrance of a cosy bar, the rippling shades of blue on the Mediterranean, the wine between familiar fingers on a lost summer day. Vienna streets haunted by the bluegrass south, harmonicas and pianos dancing beside laughing guitar strings and old leather. Sistine ceilings speaking solemnly of bright red, pickup trucks, fields of wheat, gold.

And I

Ache in an untouched unfound twisted

Slipper in the dirt kind of way.

And – and there was a blanket of cobblestones upon the railroad track

That turned into lines, lines of tan and chocolate and almond,

That rose and fell like waves,

Like a soothing flow of sun-swept sea.