To Hide

A. D. Capili

I.
As the scent of incense dissipated,
they sat around on stools
talking about the new humanities,
smearing multigrain bread with green pesto,
munching on a mélange of pearl
barley and beetroot,
teeth crushing walnuts,
while the broccoli hid
under the béchamel sauce, cooling,
married to mozzarella and gouda,
and the tropical fruits huddled together
stoically in the wicker basket,
I sipped the red port
from a clear crystal glass,
stomach gnarling,
thinking she'd notice
the streaks of blood in my eyes,
each time our gazes grazed
momentarily
before looking decently away.

II.
Why can't confessions be
as simple as
slicing your flesh
open

with a fruit knife
grasped tight
letting the juice gush
out
filling your palm amply
dripping into her
hands
bright red turning brown
till she whispers
in your ear palpitating
'oh,
how warm?'

III.

Immerse yourself in winter
Stand, perfect, still,
Soak in the atmosphere
Let it in, know
there will be nothing else
but the humming cold
embracing your skin
Forget me
like the summer sun
that burns only for a time
unable to stay: perfect, still
fixated on a westward path
exhausted from sharing itself
and hides.

Dinner in Patras, Greece

I.
The Peloponnesian sky was a layered cake
of chestnut beneath cherry red, red below peach
melting under the sun fighting
its ordered descent,
leaving in its wake an adamant warmth
mingling with the scent of fatty meats
roiling above charcoal and embers,
while smoke wafted to the canopy of ivies,
a shriveling shock of greens and desert sand.

II.
Before the *dakos*, *pites*, and *souvlakia* came,
frazzled fur clinging to a lean frame
approached,
first with meek meows,
followed by a tentative touch of the tail,
then an emboldened body brushing against bare,
tanned and lotioned legs and feet.

III.
The members of the family baby-talked
their apologies for withholding scraps.

IV.
Unfed, the kitten wordlessly slipped
into the low thicket of laurels and oleanders
only to reappear tightrope-walking across
the darkened road roamed by headlights
blind to the fate of homeless lives.

V.

On the trek back to their resort hotel
the family slowed down on the sidewalk
to gawk at the half moon,
a bleeding gash hanging low in the sky,
illuminating below it a clowder of strays
sitting, suspended on top of an olive green
dumpster smeared with dust and grime,
waiting perhaps for the night
to turn kinder and cool.



A. D. Capili came to Belgium from the Philippines to study philosophy and literature. He currently teaches philosophy, history, ethics, and political science at a European School in Brussels. A. D. has published academic articles and reviews in philosophy and literature; his poems have appeared in *Little Fish* and *DoubleSpeak;* some of his poems, fiction, and non-fiction pieces have been selected for publication in *The Brussels Review*, *Pena*, *Masticadores*, and *The Quiet Reader*.