



LEO FERNANDEZ ALMERO

Measure

for Alvin

Let me tell you that ten years are nothing
to the tree that does not force its leaves
to bud, patiently rising as every summer
hurries past, unafraid of the returning

monsoon and the ebbing of time. I envy
its forbearance of seasons and its foresight
of stillness. I always knew this, though
unaware of it somehow. Until someone

reminded me once that there is wisdom
in displacing oneself, and moving. Away,
but to a precise direction. Always to a fixed
point; to be mindful of the certainty when to

root – which is as easy as the *agoho* that
seeds the vacancy beside it. When it does
arrive, to take every single memory until
all are compressed in your chest. And bloom:

make home of a quaint pad with trinkets
from travels; perfect favorite dishes
and favor particular chores; get a dog –
or a cat – or both, perhaps – to love

beyond each other. To know it past rushing
monsoons. Choosing instead stillness.