POETRY

Habagat

by March Abuyuan-Llanes



"She's among the fish, she's like a fish" by Irina Tall

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My hair is wet
and wrapped in your old t-shirt
when I rinse these stalks
of saluyot in my hand. Wet
when I pick at each leaf between
my thumb and forefinger, and lay
them all in the strainer. Wet
when I wait by the stove for the water
to boil, and wetter
than my sweating nape when I wait
for the steam to swallow
the dark leaves in its hot
smothering breath. I look out
and the rain tells me you cannot
come again before you
do, so I eat dinner
alone: the fish and saluyot slick
with its own spit in my mouth
while I listen to the typhoon begging
to enter. The windows
are closed but everything is so
wet: my hands
after washing the dishes, the cold sheets
on our unmade bed, and my hair
I've let down, somehow still dripping
down my back and painting
the drenched shadow of
you all over
my pillows, that soaked
shirt of yours left
on the floor.

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