

GOOD EYE TO THE BOUGHS

LEHUA TAITANO

I am home sick
from work with the usual
upheaval

Bulge bubble and groan I
threaten to burst

Troubled belly bowels
of migraine, menstruation
a stupid chorus

Spirals retinal
plummets gutted, anal

All morning I crunch out
with my knees the sun and double
two terrible tender worlds

One: in which I am universal
particulate-ly quantum
slurry of sky and the surgeon's knife

Another: in which I am nothing
but slime bowel and bloody fingers

On the toilet
in the shower I say

*It is too soon and otherwise indecent to speak of the baby in my sister's belly who has
ceased to be a surety and has become, to my aural eye, an anti-periphery.*

Almost baby memory baby of
the obituary

Such a neat plot the outskirts
of mournful visits
on and on into a photograph of obscurity

The baby's name stone
furrowed pinched timeline furrowed

I see with dappled prediction
divisive vision
My sister, her husband

Who will run out of tending
a stone

She, my feathered sister
who will never not
and the already toddler trends

Hairstyles again and seasons
to resent Sundays.



Regenesis: An Opera Tentacular (Act 1) (still) - Rieko Whitfield

I am no *Ága* cloudsaying
it's the nausea
spiraling me

Inside the magic box tilting
a lilt dumb chorus

Doubling back
one sister, or another a nestling
pine siskin or its fallen sibling

Blind in one eye crouched
at the base of double redwood(s)

And still
flapping, flapping

Sonar echoes congenital heart
disease a birth defect
NICU open- heart surgery

On the tile cold floor
eye pressed to grout

The chorus infinite asks
*What does it feel like to carry a death
inside your belly?*

I vomit bitter and flush,
urge my wings upward stratospheric

All the little bodies a strata layering
earth's millennia pattern a phrase:
Isn't this the fate of all mothers?

The baby becomes narrowed vessels
leaky atria

A team, a whole host
will be there to receive
a five-pound patient
Sternum saw
all the miraculous little instruments

What kind of aunti am I
such thoughts
of troubled Spinus I could chit

*To bear children in this world is to imagine the same satin whether
cradle or coffin.*

Lehua M. Taitano is a queer CHamoru writer and interdisciplinary artist from Yigu, Guåhan (Guam), familial Kabesa yan Kuetu, and co-founder of Art 25: Art in the Twenty-Fifth Century. She is the author of *Inside Me an Island* and *A Bell Made of Stones*. Taitano's work investigates modern indigeneity, decolonization, and cultural identity in the context of diaspora.

Japanese-American *Rieko Whitfield* weaves immersive worlds with speculative mythologies through performance, moving image, installation, sculpture, painting, music, and text. Her non-linear storytelling decenters narratives of Western capitalist individualism to move towards beyond-human collectivism. She has exhibited in and worked with institutions such as the Palais de Tokyo, the Saatchi Gallery, the Wellcome Collection, Gasworks, IMT Gallery, Harlesden High Street, and NN Contemporary. Whitfield is an MA graduate of the Royal College of Art and the founder of London-based performance art platform *Diasporas Now*.

The artwork shown here is a still of the full work shown at stillpointmag.org.

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