

Scene From the Movie GIANT  
Tino Villanueva

PART V

**That Autumn**

The movie came to a close and went, and, in time,  
it was forgotten, placed upon the background of  
the past—: and I returned to play and laughter,

to class and lessons hardly learned. Each time I  
spoke I lost a thought, or else said nothing to  
friends who might have seen the picture to the end:  
who might have been awakened, transfigured in some

faint and inner way by rage. Now I think: *the*  
poem's the thing wherein I'll etch the semblance  
*of the film*. So the mind becomes involved again with  
after-sight, with frames as large as screens...and

without wearing it as too much knowledge, something  
out of reach gets under way and the two-sided act of  
myself (in the available light) behaves into words...

**Fade-Out-Fade-In**

From the screen, from its multi-colored light  
that struck my face and eye's anatomy, I  
understood that indigenous fact—a victory for  
Sarge, who disrupted my poise; who reached me,  
heavily, through the shadows banked against the  
back-most seats. When goodness was torn down  
amidst the café air, not breathable at times,  
something happened in me as well. With the vivid  
plain before me at film's end, before the curtains

closed, the bright blankness of the screen came  
down and shone on me when I stepped into the  
aisle, vague in the yielding chiaroscuro. And  
what I took in that afternoon took root and a  
quiet vehemence arose. It arose in language—  
the legitimate deduction of the years thought out.  
Now I am because I write: I know it in my heart  
And know it in the sound iambics of my fist that  
Mark across the paper with the sun's exacting rays.

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**The Slow Weight of Time**

Endlessly to no end looking through  
memory (O conscience that accentuates  
a history full of ways to know the

heart) at what not long ago did happen,  
you turn back to when your offended  
little world was unresolved. Each

thought is longing to become another  
longing to sing, once again and always,  
deep into a song of what memory still

might know. You draw air, press these  
thoughts to paper and release your daily  
self from the lost fragments of the past.

Now: in the conquered vigil of your  
Days, all distance weeps for you as you  
Drift out from the journey through

The slow weight of time, and you claim  
That you are safe forever in the  
Very words you have chosen to become.

**The Telling**

Anywhere, anytime, I fix it in my mind  
That what I know and runs through the  
body, like unction, is anxious truth in me:

truth, uproaring in shadow and light,  
which descends from days burnt away nakedly;

from what the eye has taken in, and the eye  
does not confuse time and place with  
the act. At this moment of being human

(when the teller is the tale being told),  
the ash of memory rises that I might speak,

that I might tell what I tell with words,  
which are the past falling from my mind.

Let the script reveal: that in the telling

I am cast in time forward, wherethrough runs  
The present—one track of light triumphant,

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the sum of everything that ignites this room  
with light, *vida que no olvida*, calling out  
my name...O life, this body that speaks, this

repetitious self drawn out from *la vida revivida*,  
*vida sacada de cada clamor*. Home at last, I am

trusting the light that attends me, and the  
natural physic of breathing, with words to  
show the measure. *O vida vivida y por vivir...*