

Apolaki of the Sun and Mayari of the Moon, according to Tagalog folklore, bore witness to the history of the islands that together form the Philippines. Apolaki wished to rule alone, while Mayari wanted to reign together. To settle the disagreement, the two fearsome warriors battled, dueling for 170 days straight. A wavering of day and night reflected in the earth below as the fight raged on; sunsets at 4pm in December when Mayari would overpower her brother and nights from 9pm onward in June as Apolaki inched towards victory.

On the 171st day, overcome with rage, Apolaki struck Mayari, blinding her in one eye. About to deliver the last fatal blow, Apolaki looked at his injured sibling and became filled with regret over his pursuit of power. He dropped his sword and fell to his knees at his sister's side. Forgiving him, the two agreed to equally rule over the Earth alongside each other, restoring the equilibrium between night and day once again. Both of Apolaki's eyes shine bright each day, and Mayari's sole eye shines more diffusely throughout each night.

We know this as June 20th; the summer solstice.

It is often said that because of their eternal presence the siblings witnessed the eventual colonization in the Philippines by Spanish rule, and wept at the sight of it. Having seen the gradual spread of Catholicism through the islands, Apolaki and Mayari helplessly watched the shift towards monotheism from polytheism, persuaded and enforced by the Spanish.

Though Spanish rule has an irreparable legacy of colonial violence in the Philippines, the siblings of night and day still watch the world as they have for centuries. With this longevity comes a reminder that there is still so much rich cultural history remaining in the Philippines. Despite the oppressive colonial systems that sought to erase it, our culture has survived, and will continue to thrive as the Gods watch from the skies above.





i wrote:
*When I fold this summer up into my life I can say:
 it was a lucky time for a lazy gardener.
 Dark mornings with bright evenings,
 so cold sometimes,
 it burned
 you couldn't bank on anything.*



in images, this bright, dark backdrop functions as a timestamp for a summer of storms

i am trying to deepen a dimple of understanding about how I am enchanted by the visual



the pleasure of which are sometimes gendered feminine, superfluous, extraneous
 i'll admit in my fanaticism I forget this



one day I turn the mirrors around
 i take the small things off of them
 the subway cars between us affect Muybridge



i've heard that everything I feel comes out my eyes
 a lot of what I feel goes in that way too

i try to understand



i've learned:
*Complex image forming eyes
 are a masterpiece of complexity.
 And yet far from being intelligently designed, contain
 numerous defects.
 Blood vessels sprawl across the retina's inner surface
 and cast shadows, nerve fibers gather and pull
 through the optic nerve, creating a blind spot.*



room is left for the fantastic
 a nice touch for a form resembling a crescent moon



light is the carrier from dry air into watery eye
 eyes developed in water and when we left never
 recovered previous efficiency

*Why didn't nature start all over again?
 Because it worked well enough.*



it happened independently countless times:
 a mutation of bacteria resulted in a protein molecule
 absorbing sunlight
visual phototransduction



another term for a translation of the physical energy of light



to nerve impulses processed in the back of the skull



when you hit the back of your head you see stars
 the setting aside of data
 vision hosted parallel with visions

