

## *An Ounce Of Eternity*

Eternity like an ounce of burly ginseng  
Fantasy hath got me going, yesterday  
With its purposeful ardor, was full  
Of rowing, dreamy papayas  
Like a desire to see the pressed skies,  
Have given my life its royalist, trumped-up  
Disguise: like an angel who sits in her  
Ovoid body in earth and drinks up the day,  
I will seethe into my destiny  
That was forged in semblance  
Of a word, rivers like some magic  
Givers go stained into the night,  
Now flow into this saddened heart,  
Where limits know their blight,  
God is more than tick-tock treasure,  
He is things we cannot measure

# Speech

I.

“Breathe.” The art  
of pause and glint

of eye, of hands  
adjusted so. Like hands

that orbit around  
the face in "Watching

Clouds," the tempered  
heat of T'ai Chi breath

distilled from tubes  
of patient wind  
and measured thought.

II.

Speech was hurricane  
for me, fugitive words

collided in frenzied  
mists

too thick  
to touch.

III.

I rode away on a worm  
whose body writhed

along the highway  
of my brain.

Whose back was etched  
with metered words

again again  
I tried

to wriggle with it.

But the worm became a snake  
and the snake became a cat and the cat

became a thief who scurries to the dark eager

not to be seen.

## *Poetry is Actually*

Poetry is actually a nice way to fight depression,  
Writing verse is somewhat of a way to fight oppression.  
Wearing your blue shoes, and being less choosy,  
Was a wake-up call that surely was the fashion,  
Be quick, be stiff, the candle-stick,  
Be nimble, be simple, jump over  
The flames of names, we have surely  
Played our parlor games, eating candy  
And painting the Thames, we didn't want  
To look like them, we thought that  
And thought again, and wove  
Our dreams like the dragon hem,  
The beastie worm like hidden groove,  
Where is the lamplight, where is the proof,  
That scribbles, will find you, better than pills,  
Woolf was a song-bird, happier than most,  
Whoever hits a manic note, can surely  
Start to boast, like zaftig singles,  
We'll play tennis on a hortatory day,  
Making love to trousers, who were  
Dry and strange that way, leaves  
Verses behind, we were strange  
As mankind.

## *Grandma, A Lively Memory*

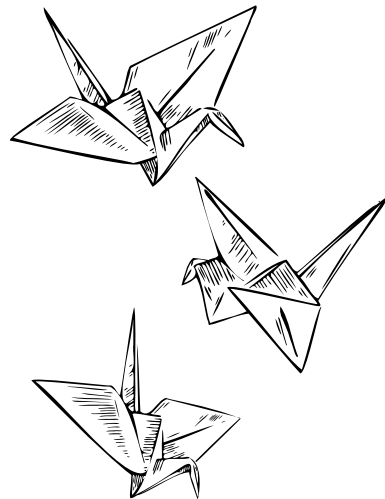
What were euphoric days of gazing in the opulent sun.  
Laughing into the quadrant of a cha-siu bun,  
Black lace chongsams wintry like her husband's eyes,  
the modern world as lovely  
As her high soprano cries,  
Love a thimble on her magic hand,  
She loved the hot disco of this wacko land.  
Spying on her memory now, the smell of incense  
Wafts through the seaside chokum cradle  
Of her lungs, I remember  
This dream-like vanity, how  
The native songs were sung,  
Eternal eyes, Kublai Khan hairdos  
That would save the day,  
Shapely women that live forever on the quay,  
River mermaid beauties who dipped  
Into their unlocked soul, saw tyrant mirrors  
Bend into a straightaway star,  
White congee whispers and gutsy newspaper perfume  
Are what you are: jade torture  
Temple goer, I am at your mercy,  
Days in the past, I could not foresee,  
Darkle days of running astray in the astral  
Land of love fortune and pride  
Made her sassy inside  
Now years later I sit in her paisley chair,  
This is the way I feel,  
I have nowhere left  
To go and hide

## *Bursting from Burst*

What happens is the arrival  
Of a ghost in dregs, and pink dragon-lace,  
Hacking seconds with a wayward tongue,  
Before the islet is sprung with magnolia  
And azaleas bursting from the violin case;  
Blue autumn light in the morning,  
Wrapped around your knees, and stretched  
Around sere irises could leave you swimming  
In a season of discontent; I could have  
Sent you a letter of xoxo kisses,  
But unfortunately, the dark void  
Is what I meant: just empty feelings,  
The envelope a mint julep scent,  
Now I mean to parley with the spirits,  
And find out where the party went

# *Squishy Fishy*

Squishy cranium of paper  
Cranes, now creased  
With dreams, and piper vines,  
Climbing like pink valentines,  
Beaks like sailor moon's lips,  
Saluting life, wings Elysium,  
With old bell-strife, the stranger  
Fairies stride to see you through  
The places of the old bayou,  
So Christendom has made you smile,  
And twinkle like an otter child,  
With cotton candy wigs that fold,  
Your wish to be here now grows  
Old, I have just 20 won tons  
Left to fold, dusty wraps  
With emblematic shine,  
Subtle mimicry so divine.



## ***The Blurred Picture***

Predictable things,  
Like invisible flings,  
Of cups of saintly ice cream  
From an removable dream,  
The world from beyond  
My skirt, is where I'll  
Certainly get hurt,  
Lotuses dangling in  
The rush hour, can only show  
Upside down power,  
Upset with wild, raycious airs,  
And wilted sunflower bliss,  
The ghosts you know,  
And nightly do kiss,  
The world sinks and bends  
Like a cynic lost  
In days like this

## *Red Pokie In the Center*

I pricked a shiny, zaftig hole  
In my sushi, shushing  
The Elmo fish that was so  
Elemental and fishy,  
Thinking the thoughts  
That were so damn squishy,  
Lovely was the last day  
I thought this, easy,  
And all my days and nights  
Like pre-emptive fights  
Of the school-girl  
Who has lost her rights,  
And now just dreams  
Of flying ulster kites, playing  
Puzzles, like a piscine  
In trouble, I eat  
My rice and try  
To be nice



## ***Surly Magazine***

Sherry hibiscus fonts, unerring  
In the white swan sand,  
Do fade in helvetica, and read  
With burly keys, a sulphur rose  
Is that which might please,  
In sino seasons when the ledger  
Faded flat, with Aush zeroes  
In the minus sign, some  
God-man in your hat;  
Distance, distance, from  
That productive force, of  
Cosmo fires, and the petty lore  
Of ironsides and all that bric-a-brac,  
Alpha to omega you felt  
There was verbal  
heart-attack

## *Imaginary Repast with Anne Sexton*

What got me going most  
Was the way  
The roaming candelabra  
Penetrated the napkins  
On the dining table, making  
Elves, and dervish-faces  
Appear in the holy "O"  
Of the bundt cake,  
Now oddly round with fear,  
And the clapping knives,  
And chopsticks, we'd use  
In vainglorious wonder,  
Sable thunder of muses, trailing  
After all our tattle-tale hurts,  
Our unconscious lies, the loblolly men  
Now spoken for now look  
Demented with their prize;  
The gold nuggets on the table,  
Dyed in bramble berry red,  
Will hiss at me  
For days on end, I'm  
A wordsmith from  
The dead.

## *Ode to White Daikon*

White lounge daikon, how I long  
To embrace thee, embarrassed  
To be yourself, and the maker  
Who made thee, cooking and cooing  
You were the insane thee, you  
Boiled in the pot long enough,  
Just like the trepanned sea,  
How goes it, the soup that  
Made you burp, how tastes it,  
The love that made you slurp,  
Who detests thee, the one up  
Made you mirp, at the end  
Of the day, you cry and laugh  
If you can still hear this  
In your head, the sinister  
Bird chirp, white daikon,  
Don't put me on, listen  
To the blues, and sing  
To your song

# *The Ink On My Tongue And The Mist On My Lips*

“When China wakes up, the whole world will be sorry.”

—*Napoleon Bonaparte*

And so I see it rising from the grave,  
Like a crow like a phantom like a blind man's eyes,  
Like something I never wanted to see  
Except on a postcard or a milliner's  
Cheap purse of silk. Mother tongue, don't abuse me.  
With your scanty, rough rewards. I see you.  
Dissolve in a violent looking glass  
And I tremble with a patient fear,  
Looking out for you in this fabled promised  
Land, kicking and screaming  
Like a young child, for that  
Is how they sequester me: in a royal Chinaman's box.  
But no, I will not take it, 我不讓\*  
With my feathery wings and even as I stand  
Chanting their  
Allegiance with my lips  
You know your ink is always on my tongue, like a black, seeping,  
Mist.  
And as I drink in your pious yellow waters.  
All wood falls like cheap glass around me  
And I emerge savage-bloody,  
Kicking up my yellow heels against this silent Earth,  
Screaming for the Great Wall's turbulence  
And the faint renewal of  
A burgeoning, bustling wave. No perilous  
Asiastics, but a song arising from the grave

*\*Means: I will not yield or I will not go in Mandarin*

## *If Gretel Were Chinese*

Like she-bop, or anything-goes  
In the truest sense, those gooseberry things  
are dipped in blue, and tethered  
to the sky, and sent to the betel nut factory,  
to be consumed by Lord, and Shadow, and I;  
Skirts pattern A perfect cut-out,  
Like a dried-up silhouette,  
and the lefty culture of a violet barrette,  
Still dangling from hair curls,  
Like an automaton with pearls,  
Some say the happiness will never come  
Unless you give it six to  
the Chinese girls

## *The Art of Zoo or What the Posers Do after reading The Joy Luck Club*

They are painting dragons on the walls  
tonight. They are smearing purple smoke  
about my feet. They are leaving  
scales that bend a tawdry  
kind of light and breath  
that spews a tepid sort  
of heat.

They are folding paper  
cranes all beaks askew  
with an awkward kind of practiced  
flair. Creasing wings  
that never flew, they are plucking feathers  
from the air.

And they're setting tigers  
loose upon the green. They're painting  
stripes, a tooth, two eyes  
that match. Gracing paws  
with the palest sheen,  
they are christening their private zoo  
from scratch.

And others crowd around the paper zoo.  
And others pay to feed the paper crane.  
And others think of Fu Manchu  
and glorify their burned chow-mein.  
And others order sweetandsoured pork,  
and ask the waiter, "Could this be redder?"  
and feel exotic sans a fork.  
Others don't know any better.

## *Brats of the New Free Society*

Now bratlings, of the cantonese way,  
Will strut in moonshine alleys,  
And eat their dim sum in colder spurts  
Of seasonal anxiety, you know you're  
So happy that it hurts--what  
Melanoma creatures that reap bounty  
Under the erstwhile sun, will douse  
In language of the tapioca driver,  
A river of no regrets, and cha-siu  
Bun, the Candide eyes of afternoon  
Trysts now fill your lives like fallen  
Leaves, so tong kee and so blue,  
The chongsams of those candy silks  
Now shine like sixteen pearl, you  
Know you were the lucky fish,  
The cool, eccentric girl, what  
Gives, on early Mong Kok nights,  
When love is strange burlesque,  
You sat there eating gummy bears,  
And sighed there at your desk,  
Call out for stardust experiments  
Of love, your cloud is a halo,  
Your signature a pinky glove

# *American Brat Blasé*

Years have passed  
In the ghetto of the Sun,  
Shee-fan disappearing  
Into the river-on-the-run,  
Jibes from sour ghosts  
At the window  
Of my head, lead me  
To believe that  
I was perpetually dead,  
Daisy runs in stockings  
Now becoming hazardous  
And faint. silk becomes  
Topaz, scandalous  
When it ain't, and  
Dusky starlight shines  
On these aiyeesh,  
Taipei eyes,  
Leaving me to shed  
My Americana disguise,  
Pocketing change  
Like a lost child  
And eating  
Hamburger and  
Fries



## *Potluck*

you have left me  
nothing  
on a silver platter,  
I have  
poked at it  
with seven  
silver forks  
and pressed  
my thumb against  
the thickness  
of its skin,  
sniffed  
the dryness  
of its  
vapors.  
mediated around  
its aroma.  
After some time  
I find that I  
already own  
quite a bit of this  
in my own  
pantry drawer.

## ***This Means Everything***

I shall wear my red beret  
In the fog, dreaming of quahogs,  
and blue-tint mussels, quintoid jellies,  
and homeward vessels, a fake  
Illusion in the sea, is how I  
Want you to remember me,  
Pregnant pause, of chiming vipers,  
and viperous jims, things  
that are telling you I still  
Remember him; these are things  
Which blast with small detail,  
Like ovary-shaped glass, and  
Duckbird sails, perhaps they're  
Having a sale at Beijing, it's  
This thing to carp and sing,  
Will you be my everything?

## *Just Because*

The ruses of the biblical path  
Are few, there is hyacinth growing  
Out of my stuffed animal's head,  
Drapes absurd in their red colour  
Cover the embarrassed sound  
Of those late get togethers,  
What is this fate of bedfellows  
And fractious weather,  
Gardenias slither into the foreign  
Hand, leaving me to ponder  
Your if and &, grabbing  
Words without a moment's  
Pause, one would think  
Sans grief, this was  
Ozymandias Oz, I'm  
Not saying this is the ending  
Of the poem  
Just because