

After Easter

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A special gauche あの 계산기

A chance in the mirror.
Spelling bee. Machines
 upon towering machines,
their eyes glazed over like
donuts, or what I used to say:
 demons. Now snowfall
sounds like howling souls
inescapable, unbreakable
 bonds, capillary to
 every wretched capillary.

But where?
 The stairway's closed.
A mountain, forbidden
 entrances through which
nightfall enters. Respirate
 right about now,
 my friend. Doors
close when you are living
 and open when you're dead,
that is to say, when death's
seven remnants visit

the sky & through it
you go. Revisit,
recirculate,
recompensate. Satiated
or rambunctious, torrential
light, thousand bugs
ravenous or just following
the instructions of the light.
Tame? No, again,
Same soreness of the lips,
or small
intestine, through which
wind seeps. You decide:
is the wind
divine? You decide:
what softness shall be judged
today?

お金が隠喩になればいけません。

金を見て死んだら、靈魂が金に入る。愛人が死んでいる愛人に言った「死んだ前に、金を見させてよ。そして、私が金を持って、私もそれを見て死ぬつもりよ。だから私達は一緒になるのですよ。」

しかし、悪が金を持った。この時は、お金ということがなかった。悪が靈魂を売って買ったから金がお金になった。

Blue

Vestibular

contraction, a whole
wretched lot of them. Small
happenstances,
such as: I dreamed of you. A poet
blew a flute. The wind
traveled upwards, carrying spring leaves
to autumn. Say a gauntly
appearance, unshaved half-beard
shadowbags beneath the eyes,
earwax dripping like
candlewax: say you
remember
the past, where you spilled
hot sauce on your cleanly laundered
shirt, where torrential rain
grasped the cattails by the throat.
Where is home? Happiness,
slightly bitter apple despite
several vinegar washings,
collect in my esophagus. Swallow,
swallow hard, my love.

Bitter medicine
is good for health. Your name
is sweet medicine. You said,
not to search you for what was implied
several lifetimes. Well,
all of them passed, and I am still
baking bread in the oven, salt
that's lost its flavor
boiling in a cast
iron pot. Spaghetti sauce,
meat balls, tripe, cilantro, black vinegar,
bamboo salons, bamboo dimsum
steamers, steaming away.
I want to do your manicure.
Right hand, or the left,
neither offend. I want again
to be just slightly lost
in the maze of your eyes. Press,
and a gumball pops out. The child
is happy with a mouthful of blue and
purple.

O my love

Seven years, or eight thousand
 millennia, is how long
I searched for you. Three
seconds' rest, from tree breath,
 is how I stayed nourished. Forget
the wind. Rain and water
 alike arise.

Round plaster on my wrist
 is how I read minds. Dew
collected in the bottom of the universe.
We were mad. Mud, red mud
collected between our toes.
Faint smell of love,
 or what I was so
accustomed of calling
 pain, vanished like
vapor only to return
 in torrential light. Shimmering
in your every breath, the sky
we kissed together into being
one day in the future,
 or the past, I don't

recall. Your name
 is a smell. Laughter
we shared, in bellies, bellies
 to victorious Obelisk.
O love, judge me with every
 mighty spite. O lovely,
hold me shaking like the wings
 of metamorphosis. O my love,
O my love, O my love.
Lovely, snare me gently
 apiece, respirate
 divine oakly wind. Dim lights
I saw until a road
 of stars realized.

Don't forget to groan

Say a repentent
degree, a roomful
of chalk or koi,
resting, resting like the wind
resting in the chimes –

Say a repentent
degree, an instruction
for shattering, a blink
and it's a birds'-eye view, a chink
in the armor, a bright
nest of red floodlights,

Flare, flare, gave my life
to kick a can, an aluminum
musical instrument, down the road,
the dusty road, the paved
concrete road –

So relax, or
carefully, knead the needle
through the thread, that is

to say, the shiver through
the groans you felt you had
to suppress –

a gun,
or a still life magazine,
or a glass jar in which is resident
ten mountain flowers, red, blue and
green.

A song,
about the neighborhood
queer bar that burned
down, or the eyes which
condoned such a life-path
for the arsonist, a far flung
memory of trampoline
bouncy as pound cake –

A story is an unbinding
of the wounds, a careful
metamorphosis of bandages –

Say you remember. Say the river

by the mountainside is bluer than
you remember. Say the rhythms
of the song are autochthonous in a way
you do not remember. Say a
dismembered
right hand, or mysterious
energy flowing throughout
& throughout & throughout
& *throughout* your right
eye, is undone.

Say it. Say the words.
Say it. Say the words,
Wrath, or
reprieve? Crease
the blanket around
the edges to fit
your perfect body,
a dynamite
of carefully programmed,
gardened, clustered, scientifically
arranged wrath to undo
itself, its undoing,
the wrath's unfolding, divine

retribution –

We say the wisteria
 flowers are purple.
Whispers in the wind, fiscal year
 of 1921. The Gilded Age, the Sovereign,
 a great eye in the sky –
“We are as Gods.” A spit,
or a cough, or
 a choking fit, or
 a pit in which a pig
 is roasted with faggots –
An apple in its mouth –
The apple of my eye –
a universe’s sin
 crammed into one fruit
 called (This) Will Hurt –

I love you, Elohim.
Oh my God, I love you
 O Great Spirit. Blessed master of
the Universe, Heavenly father,
 Do not forgive them, they know exactly
 what they did.

My brother is an alien.
I dunk spoonfuls
 of tofu in the red bone broth.
Simmering, a wooden ladle
 resting by the side.
A millennium passes.

My thighs are Jupiter,
my calf muscles, Saturn.
I gently push my toes apart
and Uranus has a ring.
A millennium passes.

I am a fish.
A millennium passes.

And another. And another.
I do not open my eyes.
Still ringing in my ears:
 “Do not open your eyes!”
Does a millennium bloom?
Is a millennium a cigar, a flower,
or a pre-exposed film in the darkroom?

A train runs south.
People shuffle from car to car.
Seven men in suits
play poker. I do not go
near them. I do not
like them. I must pass them.
I am sexually harassed.
I tell them, what the fuck.
The lake outside the window
might be divine, the air
coming through the vents
 whisper to me, the songs
of the mountainside through which the
train
 winds and tracks. An ankle
I sprained years ago
 aches again. And I forget to breathe,
forget to groan, hold
 several universes in a single
point in my right wrist.
 For a year
or so, the point
said, in broken

Japanese,
“stop existing.” My father,
whom I have never seen
though I meet him every
morning and on the walls
of every establishment is a picture
of him I do not recognize,
lived in Japan
for seventy years, or several
millennia.
He tells me, gently,
do not listen to the broken
Japanese. I tell him I want to
see him and he holds me
through my breath, and, as my breath
spreads, through every artery
and fingertip. What is it to miss so much
someone you have never seen? What,
there,
is missed? I see his face
everywhere. He died before
I was born. My grandmother,
who is
a star in the Butterfly

constellation, watches through the glass
panes, & we lock eyes.
Starlight warmth spreading
throughout my veins, I sing.
The train is hopping like a rabbit
and spring is just three months away.
I talk to my mom
over video call.
Milk and cereal
with strawberry slices, a plate
too small for egg honey challah
sits on the mighty marble
kitchen throne.