

YES  
GROW  
MORE  
LAX BOY

# Yes, grow more, lax boy

## **Poems**

by: Tony Huang

With gratitude for V.T., my most honest  
critic and most ingenious partner-in-crime

# Untitled

No, my trip to the  
sea-shore  
wasn't a dream  
See-  
The sand on my feet-

# Haiku: in Taipei, Taiwan

How hot the sun is  
Yet on a winter-wet night  
I long to stroke it

# **Haiku: in an air-conditioned concrete jungle**

There are no trees here  
The wind never stops blowing  
Remember your scarf

# 俳句

我走过寒冬  
多么灿烂的阳光  
季节的流动

# Haiku: in a kampung

Leaf falls to the ground  
Blessing the earth that holds it  
Reciprocity



# Durians

During a durable durian season  
Tourists carefully took a taste  
Oh! Wheezing and sneezing  
Some abstained

Durian, so divisive  
The pulp, so cohesive  
Its spikes, can't help but pierce  
Eat it thrice, does it induce tears?

Run away from the porcupine-husk  
It gets solitude, at last  
A protective shell repels;  
Invites lovers; disgusts all else

Durian, what is it?  
Must be some evil treat!  
Creamy flesh, pungent smell  
Don't complain about this hell

Nest of centipedes, lay in wait  
Come ye, brave hunters,  
'tis not too late!

'tis harvest season —  
Who wants some?  
Durian-lovers —  
I bid you come!

# **After Loung Ung's memoir, "First they killed my father"**

Wordlessly,  
I smacked the coffee-stain  
on its rump-  
And checked-  
Was it gone?  
Maybe, the sea - where I had sent it to - was  
not its home,  
but then,  
neither was I;  
Or, I could no longer be

# untitled

I went to the graveyard  
And saw two pigeons

One chased the other  
Cannibalism or courtship?

Then I thought of the women  
Who have chased me  
And whom I've chased

So what are we, really?  
We mate on top of the skulls  
Of our ancestors  
And eat the flesh  
Of our infants

And a juggler of balls said,  
We are worms  
Eating from one end  
And shitting from the other

Then I despised my own life  
And I said,  
Better the unborn  
Than the walking dead

Let me return to the dust and mud  
Where this golem-clay came from

And let this jar  
Return to its potter's caresses

# Untitled

Give me the smile  
That disarms

And forget the guns

But- Alas! Aleck!  
Few are the  
Peaceful peace-makers

Even so, I pray for more

# Untitled

What is a poet?  
A person who suffers from poverty  
And in his emptiness  
He sees  
A gem in the dirt  
And shines the gem for all

But don't forget that the gem came  
Because you are poor  
And if you are rich  
No more gems appear

So a poor person ceases to be poor  
If he is happy in his poverty

Let the rich enjoy their riches  
And let this poor poet  
Enjoy a generous God  
Who comforts the poor



In loving memory of Wesley, who has been suffering from life-long cerebral palsy since birth, such that he cannot even move his hand to his mouth, to feed himself. May your pain be eased in the World Here-after, if not in this (fleeting, transient, impermanent, ephemeral) world.



*fine*