

This isn't healthy.

WEEK 4: CENTO

I don't know what is in me I can't contain.
Come, the poem falls from the faucet.

We: a Chinese New Year, red, gold, red, gold, red, gold.
From the primeval waters we arose—you and I, from the
boundless caverns.

Our kisses are
the writhing pain, sliding from the throat.
Abhorrent force, a hyperborean rebuke to
the tropic heat of being, envy
of the Other's capacity for release.
A monumental iconography of joy, certain only
that we'd know it if it ever could be found.

We all should have been other people.

Am I Bitter? Maybe.

WEEK 9: SONNET

Wine makes me wistful and sad. So I look
through old photos of us and it is like
ripping into the virginal skin of
an unripe persimmon dipped in honey.

When I was young, my grandma would tell me
to be patient with the persimmon. It
is not wise to eat *hachiya* unripe.
It is bitter, she would say. It will hurt.

I thought I learned my lesson. I wait for
the persimmon to turn vulnerable,
full. I waited for you, too, but you never
matured. Still, I let you consume me, whole.

Tart, yet you encase in my chrysalis
of sugar. But I eat strawberries now.