

*untitled elegy*

WEEK 3: ELEGY

it was an early august morning and the sun  
burned so bright it tore a hole in the sky and  
I stood on my front porch and I admired it because  
back then I admired anything that burned  
while nursing a secret jealousy that this time  
I wasn't the one that was burning

because your fingers used to burn holes in my skin  
and I would say thank you because at least then I  
I would feel something that wasn't nothing,  
a cashmere haze, gauzy genesis—praying at the  
altar of every new beginning because  
even though it hurt it was a familiar hurt and  
now there's nothing

nothing. but there is a mute ringing,  
a throbbing echo, white noise blaring,  
a tender emptiness,  
yolk slipping out of an egg, a falling out

and now I'm standing at my counter trying not to cry  
squeezing orange juice from oranges that are  
definitely not made for juicing but I keep wringing my hands  
it is a grotesque perseverance,  
trying to force something to emerge  
from less than nothing

and now that the fires have extinguished  
I don't burn anymore but I am left  
admiring the scabs you left behind,  
a testament to feeling, maiden in tears  
Stonehenge in flames  
a sick commemoration to everything  
that once was but no longer is

*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.