## Maiden China

Amidst the cluttered clinking of pearl-white plates

and frustrated verbal clicks of my grandfather's mouth

to catch the ears of youthful hunger and mischief

That endless jade of porcelain glistened

sat my grandmother, eyes affixed

to the jade bowl, made in China.

in the damp yellow light of droning out the mouth-filled chatter

yellow light of the living room,

and boisterous laughing of liquor and spirits.

Amidst muffled

cries and hoarse shrieks of newly made widows and the corpse of grooms

sat a tiny girl sitting on a metal cage,

hands grooved with dirt in its crevices,

clasping onto the rusted bars,

clasping onto what it held.

Its emerald grooves with rosy swirls,

A turquoise finish lining the rim,

a glisten of hope from the Pacific morning.

The boat shook once again, bobbing the heads of adolescence up and down, as their gold-glimmering eyes look toward the horizon of an uncertain world.

A steam of life escapes from the machine; the final breath of unfinished promises of rags to riches and the cigarettes for those happy few.

The verdant wan, holding nothing but her innumerable dreams, was as blank as the canvas of her story, whose first stroke will soon be made anew.

She holds her breath, spirit entrapped in the roof of her mouth.

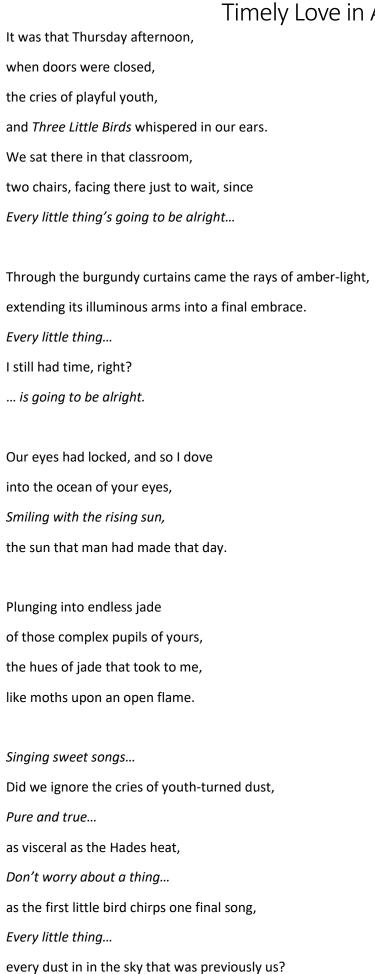
Some began to slip off the lip, droplets running past the multicoloured lands that would become alien to her.

She sighed, steam escaping from her pursed lips and onto the rice in my bowl

as I clutch the wan, her maiden china.

It was time to eat.

## Timely Love in Amber-light



... is going to be alright!

We did, didn't we?

And right then,

the faint turned bright
and dull turned sharp
the amber cloud began to rise.
The vibrant sky,
our fated kiss,
the one upon the amber light.

The second bird flies to no avail,
dropping to what remains of a floor.
My mind flees to some avail,
absconding to remains of a consciousness
and there I find you, in that memory, once again,
on that one chair, with your arms on your lap,
holding a smile that can match that amber-light.

The shadow of us, remains that memory that was, is, and will be. Encased in the chambers of our first and last love, Of melodies pure and true... unable to be broken down from its infinitesimal form remains our heart. Every little thing...
You remember, right?

... is going to be alright.

Though
all's not lost
in love and war,
though life,
Don't worry...
the sun,
the skies,
the moon,
About a thing...

met timely ends,

in amber light,

for dust had blocked

the rapture hence.

And in that empty place, our Ark no man, no creature still remains, except for Marley's wee third dove to sing our song of timely love.

## Elephants Have an Alarm for Bees

Elephants have a specific call against the African honey bee, a gentle rumble against the whirring of the mechanical sting.

It's a miracle of the animal world,
a peculiar vocalization from external spears,
built from the epoch from "pre-" to history,
a product of much needed fears.

Humans also have an alarm for bees:

Fuck, there are bees around this area, let's leave.

another win for Mother Nature.

Humans have an alarm for all, a trigger response from vestigial minds. unneeded when we held those spears, but needed when we hold those beers.

A *that's cool* from a subconscious mind, with thoughts wandering elsewhere so, the conversation can still wander blind.

An *oh my god* and *wow* for shocks, a reflex test of mental sorts, contagious, just like chicken pox.

Raising it high, the rim glistening in fluorescent light, and digesting spirits of various kinds:

the pursued, the pursuing, the busy, the tired.

Metronomic sways, left to right and back again,
the clicking of leather shoes onto wooden floors
stumbling out a world of hurt.

Temporarily.

And he drones, on and on, with various

words of the hurtful lot,

smoking the blunt of the lucky few,

a taste of what would never come,

and his friends grin and swing their wrists in dismissal

but no,

he's just being honest.

Glasses slammed onto laminated wood,
the boy's just asking for one more...

And the spirits exit through both entrances, as he kneels, face first, into a toilet with a metal pulley, the rust digging into his swollen hand...

Swirl, swirl, gone is the night.

Gone is the pursued:

the lights in the sky begin to dim.

Gone is the pursuing:

what mattered then; doesn't matter now.

Gone is the busy:

it's all white noise to him now.

Gone is the tired:

there only is an is of action, an obligation of existence.

And yet,

despite all odds,

he still remains.

Humans have an alarm for bees:

•••

Corpses, I mean.

## Vancouver Rain

in days unknown, under the virgin rain
that pirouetted onto glinted skin,
applause of hail, the clicks of 'cycle chain
the sighs, dismays, of what it could have been

it joins the fog of unrequited woes,
obscuring nothing but the folding fans
of modern age; its neon glow, it knows
and puts the metal chain on twitching hands

his hands were pressed against the red abyss
of lips, wishing to keep the life inside
but mist still left, the hands were weaved amiss,
it's cold, i'm cold, he said; no one replied

Two million voices, yet no one could see amidst the rain, a tear had called for thee.