

# 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  
the living room,*

*droning out the  
mouth-filled chatter*

*and boisterous  
laughing of  
liquor and  
spirits.*

Amidst muffled  
cries and hoarse  
shrieks of

sat a tiny girl sitting  
on a metal cage,  
clasping onto the  
rusted bars,

Its emerald grooves  
with rosy swirls,

newly made widows  
and the corpse of  
grooms

hands grooved with  
dirt in its crevices,  
clasping onto what  
it held.

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

It was that Thursday afternoon,  
when doors were closed,  
the cries of playful youth,  
and *Three Little Birds* whispered in our ears.

We sat there in that classroom,  
two chairs, facing there just to wait, since  
*Every little thing's going to be alright...*

Through the burgundy curtains came the rays of amber-light,  
extending its illuminous arms into a final embrace.

*Every little thing...*

I still had time, right?  
*... is going to be alright.*

Our eyes had locked, and so I dove  
into the ocean of your eyes,  
*Smiling with the rising sun,*  
the sun that man had made that day.

Plunging into endless jade  
of those complex pupils of yours,  
the hues of jade that took to me,  
like moths upon an open flame.

*Singing sweet songs...*

Did we ignore the cries of youth-turned dust,  
*Pure and true...*

as visceral as the Hades heat,

*Don't worry about a thing...*

as the first little bird chirps one final song,

*Every little thing...*

every dust in in the sky that was previously us?

*... 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.