

Confession

By
Joel Chua Hiang Yang

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Confession

Honest truthful lies
Served with bitter faithfulness
Ready to poison

Distant

Washing plastic plates
Beneath the fluorescent lights
Pondering deep thoughts

Getting by

Kissing the soft breeze
Dancing to a lonely tune
Humming tired sighs

Old man

Clothed in crumpled skin
Resting on a lonely bench
Smoking tired breaths

Olive Orchestra

Chartreuse brasses sigh,
as the warm heavy breaths blew
passions clear as smoke.

Struggle

Drinking empty cups
Watching clouds of broken wings
Drowned in grey and white

Stuck

I am having the
writer's block, I can't think of
anything right now.

Tag

Hover white arrow
To the darkest pale pixel
Which reveals my name

Taken over

Salt rained on cracked floors
Blank thoughts on the beating sea
He turned blind with rings

Tsunami

Angry black waters
Dreadful cries replayed on screen
Greeted with bored yawns

Walking

Taking steps unseen
Fading into blur dull mist
Close to nothingness

A brand new day

Lick salt
Elegantly
On Scotch

Boiling in my veins

Breathe deep
Silver blood
Flowing Steep

Corny Peter

You smell,
a little
fluffy.

Depression

Painless
wounds torment
the most.

Gentle Rebecca

Let me
Smile at the rapist
She's cute

Interim

Interpret,
intrinsic insults
intensely.

Jet Black Christmas

Rusty,
green diamonds
shine bright.

Old maiden of Queenstown

Her presence
inadvertently
raped my nose.

Pink eye lady

She gave,
the weirdest
handshake.

Some things I don't understand

Shut the
Butler-Dawn's
ferry.

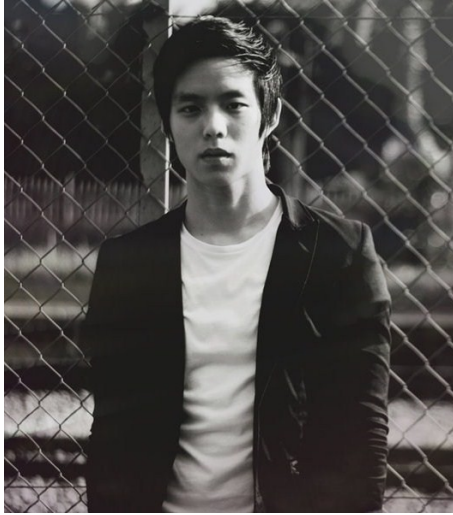
Sophisticated excuse

I can't write
under the breeze of
the moonlight.

Sweet Arson

She told me
to fly, I gave her
sparkling smoke.

About the author



Joel Chua Hiang Yang is an aspiring writer who is passionate about contemporary and experimental poetry. He has had his poetry published in *Moving Words 2011: A Poetry Anthology*, and has placed in three competitions under The British Council, emerging as winner in one of them.