

## Boring Poems

### September 30

The famous residents of the concrete colony  
numbered by their numbered works  
before September 30  
must move out their egos  
massive as the robust frame of this giant, "possibilities,"  
fragile as the aging skeleton of their masters, "artists,"  
would not let go their easel and puzzle  
not answering but confusing any midnight bodies  
avoiding the paint

Yet the tenant, the Brooklyn lady, has sent a polite note  
before September 30  
burnt, politely burnt in a corner from a summer toast  
smelling like busy hair about to catch a bonfire  
in a dry afternoon waiting for the wine to be fine and ready  
the dreams must be fine and ready,  
and the paint, still young and raw in the mill  
grinding the returning men and women  
peasants from Amsterdam  
from their lost colony  
from New England  
to celebrate by breaking the first bread of October

### Thirst

Pour in me  
The screams of Yellow River  
I am thirsty, to thee I declare  
Like a running giant from the mythology  
Return the teardrops to eyelashes  
the clapping waves to ancient lakes

Fresh water, only fresh water  
to thee I toast  
Wisteria, a home-grown hysteria  
only on fresh water it thrives  
along with the laundry bubbles  
all fill in me a drinkable life

Rice wine dries out  
fresh water too  
but saltwater fuels the thirst  
the descendants of archaic civilizations  
search in the five oceans, the millennial oasis  
only to die a mythological death

Monsoon is calling  
A drought is unreserved for sunken ships  
except for a lake after lake from Tibet  
They are oceans' orphaned children  
in water's hometown were they left behind  
before the glaciers' melt-down  
never would they drink a monsoon  
To thee I promise

But pour in me the glaciers  
The thirst is thirsty  
just like Nile River before the desert

### **The Funeral**

They mourned him, in whispers  
as if they'd done that many times  
in their life, chanting and been waiting  
to crumble from the knees  
only to steal some rest and chat  
Many of them were old

Bodies lowered to his level of sleep  
and he was wearing plastic glasses  
hung on his bulging bridge, thrusting  
I could see his nose out of joint  
for one person was wearing black, not white  
He asked for an ethnic burial as an atheist  
by document,  
grandma nodded in agreement  
to every progression and guest

The casket with one screw upheld  
glossy, smoothed and manufactured  
like his glass case to be buried along

Anachronistic shrouds only and for all  
to open the casket for final examination  
envelopes, radio and toothbrushes  
then came the hearse

Only men were allowed to flank  
the parade and the chicken were sacrificed  
blood spilled accurately in four directions  
around the swollen lid like his stomach  
an old man's stomach, wrinkled, punctured  
and now covered in other layers, fresh or dead  
the ritual was proper and succinct  
enough to catch some chill in the temple

At the end of the parade was the boy in black  
I remembered, who looked like me in 20s  
He sobbed and later sniffled a lot, almost unnoticeable  
not as much a disturbance to the resting crowd  
but he remained outside the temple roof  
like a priest arriving late but never entered  
his fine hair and lips chapped beyond the pallor  
how untanned by the summer here,  
leaving films of tears crossing the bridge  
and my blurry vision -  
-Summer was here, knocking on his back shaking in pain,  
my temples, and the casket for hasty decay

Grandpa was not dead yet, not until I saw the boy  
his amount of tears reminded me of a healthy sponge  
and I envied him like a dying cactus, I couldn't  
and had to justify before grandma spoke  
He wasn't there to keep me sober and judged  
In the normal days, I would make oil tea for grandpa  
This time I invited the boy to join  
They both would have to wake up  
from that scourging dome of glares

### **Quiet Dog**

A quiet dog  
They nicknamed her  
More like a praise than stigma  
She runs through the street  
With her back facing them  
The stigma only hurts one's face

not the sweaty and humped back  
How phallic can a dog's back become  
So that an erection is only an illusion  
They only masturbate towards her profile  
Leaving a chasing shadow like a tail  
Sweeping through the street  
Of men, women, dogs, ads and gods  
A quit dog denies barking  
As her shadow denies ejaculation  
She does not want, love or shame  
Shame is for humans  
And she only consumes against them  
Consumes the want, the gestures  
With her intake forever hidden forward  
She is the want, the bone  
Deprived of skin, fur or blood running  
Through their failed penises

### **Untitled**

April is ambiguous from March  
From a drink of love  
Bubbles the possibility of dreaming  
I, as an empty vessel to fall  
Can only dream when fully drowned  
In a eutrophic pond of fantasies  
by choice, I drink and vomit  
For dream vomits onto the face of  
True awakening, which never survives  
The water of unmeasurable depth  
The eighty percent of carbon dioxide  
Breaks, reforms and liquidate  
Any precious metals holding your breath  
They are not the materials, but your body  
A drowning skeleton, a terrestrial guest  
Invites water from womb to grave  
Please drink enough to die from  
A suffocation of dreams  
The absence is only an excuse  
Whilst the aquarian theatre stays open  
One will not dream, but only sleep  
Being crucified to his/her seating  
Sleep through the intermissions  
The ticket pays for the love of vanity  
The habit of holding carbonated drinks

Through a binge of movies, telling us:  
Wake up, good evening

### **Three AM**

When the water did not rush  
Perfectly even as the noise  
Washing off the late-night channel  
After three AM  
The fountain flowed, danced  
In short and long sections  
Too often paused for a second  
Waiting for the woman upstairs  
To enjoy the last drip of her bath  
And walk to the balcony barefoot  
No one heard her footsteps  
A careful trail of blood in pairs  
Leading to the upstream  
Of something opposite to violence  
The moment her ankle is caressed  
her earlobes  
Tickled , trembled and raised aloft  
Leaving the chimes jingling  
Like her earrings in the rain  
Would rain in short and long tears