

## STAR GAZING

“It’s my duty to take care of him.” – Masaki Goh (? - 2013), *The Owl*

The porn star died the day the Yen dropped,  
lots of drooping arrows on Bloomberg  
as usual. As usual, I revived his arousal life  
on X-tube. Deepo in *When Strangers Meet*,  
strangers met in the kenosis of sweat.  
His skin crisscrossed skin of twin twinkles, busy  
leading with moving rubber and angle.  
His elasticity, his last fatigue between *play*  
and *stop*, stopped, I rewound—  
The porn star died the day the Yen dropped,  
lots of *iku / kimoichi / kinky chin* and noun-  
and-verb confusion between his legs.  
That’s hand-made happiness,  
the hands aware of themselves.  
Like most constellations’, his birth  
was more referential than narrative.  
He played roles that liked to open  
Things. Tonight, a close-up was not  
what neared in real. Come back, could not,  
not even with his unbreakable hair  
wax, not even after his breath was sucked  
into a white dwarf or black hole.

## ON INSERTION

I'm now fluid-  
conscious, though still

called rifferaff  
by those who fuss

about crises  
between the legs.

I put on my shoes  
to expose a spine

of cursed commas.  
I like the pain

I cause to glossed  
leather when I tug

the shoelaces. Aren't  
our bodies a pair

of rotating blades  
that carve the love

out of us? Tell me  
how often I'm wanted

like clean laundry.  
Nothing less

than a multi-entered  
porn star, collared

between *in love & in  
addition to this love.*

## FIVE ACTS WITH FATHER

## I.

If, like the saying goes, we were lovers  
in a previous life and that makes us  
father & son in this one, perhaps  
I didn't love you enough.

## II.

I could have chosen your sex.  
*How?*  
Like Grandpa choosing your name.  
*You think so?*  
Like choosing an enemy.

## III.

I petrified my secrets.  
*About what?*  
You know what.  
*Where do your sins go?*  
The neck. No difficulty at all.

## IV.

Remember your first spoken word?  
*Father.*  
Like affliction?  
*Also like a wish.*

## V.

No wishing. To each wish, a wing.  
*The word flies when spoken.*  
No, it crawls.  
*That's your ideal, just upside down.*  
That's my idea of you.

## INTERGENERATIONAL

When you gave a few pushes on my mom  
to give me manhood & a prostate, you also  
gave me a natal chart & some bones to break  
in the years of fire. Maybe I *feet head no good*  
(brought bad luck). Still, I was given a surface  
to be licked by teenage tongues I then knew  
was called skin. A face I couldn't put away  
fast enough to avoid mistakes. Then you sold  
your yellow Beetle, told me *yellow* is a homonym  
of your last name & mine. There's no gold.  
I forgot how you parented yourself. Should I decide  
it for you? At immigration, I clarified that people  
like us had last names first & first names last.  
I gathered balled socks from home for the hospital.  
I heard you say *please* in bed. You left your beans  
on the plate as if to contemplate the history  
of beans. I liked how you said *lei ah yeah*  
(your grandpa) not as a familial reference, but to curse.  
*No good my lungs lei ah yeah*, you said.  
Then I remembered viruses in cartoons always  
looked irregular. Curses were an immodest  
form of childhood; curse at your own  
risk. Then, clear your phlegm, clear  
your phlegm, clear your phlegm. You still  
didn't ask about the men I brought home,  
so I didn't tell you I was sisterly polyphagic.  
TV said K Pop was a happy virus & males  
got pregnant in the seahorse world. So much  
phlegm thickens in your lungs. You took  
your pills when I watched animal programs  
& learned that survival was hierarchical.  
Ugly fish were often accompanied by "Oriental"  
music, while dolphins swam in an ocean  
of orchestra. Then you cleared your phlegm,  
cleared it & it. You asked why I pulled out tissues  
from a paper box as if from the center of you.

## BIASED BIOGRAPHY OF MY FATHER

A man who jerked in parked lorries  
at the age of 12 & slept there,  
whose dreams didn't raise him,  
who bullied himself into the realm  
of pharmaceuticals, whose boss said  
*Apprentice. Ape. You.*, who navigated  
the pain of A-words (Aspirin, Alpain,  
Advanced White, Amen), who acted  
knowing these words inside-  
out, whose acting imitated plastic  
imitating glass, who turned the corner  
of his adolescence like that & bragged  
about the turn, whose brag was the man  
was his wound, whose wounds  
are public & his palms never a poetic  
domain, who was warned by palmists  
about having three children (among  
whom one is not to be discussed),  
who pledged to be reread,  
who realized manhood was bringing rice  
to bowls & wearing mortgage  
as daily work clothes, who missed dinners,  
who missed most of his kids' childhoods  
busy selling cough syrup, who coughed  
& felt the back of his lungs  
hard like a board, whose name meant  
*moon owning* or *happy friends*, whose name lacked  
the theatrics like *Marlon Brando* or *Al Pacino*,  
who found the cinematic mafia's way of gambling  
so compelling he doubled the hit-hit-  
split, who's obsessed with the swift incision  
of occasional winning, who scattered options  
& defeat across a table so they looked  
manageable, who studied the odds  
& the struts of getting *it* right, whose dice  
the queen hated to toss, who tumbled to live  
linearly, whose life, accordingly, concurred.

## GRINDR

I asked the government to seal my urn  
with pure coal, but they never acknowledged

my fetish for hands. My life so far:  
mostly shells scrimshawing me.

The economy thwacks  
me bruise-less. I look for someone

to not discuss politics—  
who stops endorsing people like us.

A serious rainbow lover.  
Like it with the lights off.

Like it more when a man nods  
in the dark, denying

that one of us is nodding.  
Tend to discover whatever lurches

under the tongue is a dungeon.  
Tested negative after I climbed

over my father to hone  
the daggers between our eyes.

## MID-TYPHOON TINDER

Absence of matches in Self Care.  
Better than wooing someone who has a theory to tell.  
Changeable moods.  
Dead trees. Dead cowslips.  
Everywhere: cheap rain ponchos, wrinkled.  
Foodies gave me Rafael 30 (blue tick), 17,488km away (probably Brazil).  
Gay isn't progressive enough, I think. Gloomy is, I think.  
Having a moral to unfollow is so '80s.  
In Let's Be Friends: "You're out of users in your area."  
Just to be clear, I'm looking for *friends* interchangeable of weather:  
kissable, fierce and wild. King-sized is a plus.  
Looking good, looking gray, looking rough, thick,  
mild. Looking and reading *You are the Weather*, but almost  
not noticing the rain has seeped through the window cracks.  
Of course, time feels endlessly open in extreme weather.  
Prompt on profile: I'm a grown up. Also me: ferrofluid  
quickly soothing your hard drive. There're times I would  
rather be self-engaged like a gay *kendama*. I don't mean I'm some  
sex toy. Let's not get mechanical; my science is bad. The storm  
tracker is tricking me with its orange red spiral rain bands.  
Umber soil from deep reveals when the wind uproots the trees outside.  
Vaguely, very vaguely, I remember having used your photos  
with no shame as if I they were my own on  
X, just to prove fair trade is a myth. Thank  
you to your slicked-back hair, ink-splash tattoos, your  
zero doubt in making me someone others wished to blow.

## IF WE ARE A METAPHOR OF THE UNIVERSE

If on the verge I lure capitalism to sleep over

If selfhood is redeemable from shelves of condoms at 7-11

If I confuse packaged emotions with intentions

If this is why I was the water drop in my fourth-grade school play

If wishing emotions expired like anecdotes

If reality is best read with a fictional mindset and you know it

If on second thought capitalism rejects me to have more time and space

If on second thought I thought he was full of that time and space

If not catching the calm and the asking of his breath

If he recommends sleeping instead with politics

If politics is likely, as he says, more anatomical, showy and loud

If scandals only work with fame and I am not worried

If mixing the certification of the self with social science is not a fault

If a fault can be undone like I am undone



If we anagram capitalism to *I am plastic*

If the madness and madeness of recycling is self-contained

If it is more expensive to burn feelings than to buy them

If most things that can be bought are bought out of stillness

If things include stocks, children, companionship

If stillness costs

If lies are sponsored vernacular of truths

If they are they are they are are they and you know it

If a pulse in pusillanimity breaks from a continuum of beats

If lumpy initials of corporates laugh on swings individually

If it is natural to hear iron chairs screech because the wind blows

If please remove from the list

If listing lust on the walls of a tormented love shaft

If you see my love is a red, red hose

If setting foot on half a sky

If a frog in a well knows it has swum in creeks as a tadpole, unashamed

If the well suddenly wants to travel but what to take with its hollow torso

If a pulse is willing to pay a rainforest of commissions to have its own thoughts

If torsos are towed to a compulsory stop

If flesh is a commitment to melancholy and the lack of interest in connecting

If dice can do nothing, if days can do nothing

If citizenship is a menu of 15 courses

If it also makes this nice zip around your lips