

## A Man of Ys, or Horse Named Mirror Lake

Tommy, I know you are salty because of the brine.  
That goes and scapes the sea out of itself  
and the water goes and leaves the earth divine  
all crackling like a firework in a quiet forest  
with only roots left to stand for it. All that reaching  
towards a river, but the rain pours discriminate  
and you're afraid of the wind, whipping  
through your coarse hair  
that I loved, my dear, to run fingers through  
way a corpse is dragged when disliked  
or way a man is loved to finer details.  
so become sand, Tommy, as you like to let  
the sea whip your legs, as though wishing  
this time it'd break flesh or carve you like stone.  
Then, holding all your blue anger,  
all it gathering into a salt pool amidst nowhere, atone.

## Cherry in the house of Leung, or Name Poem for Grownups

My name means pillar.

My name means bulbous, red fruit of a flowering tree.

I am made of wood.

The man should be jealous of me if I didn't  
know him too well. he said I should hold up five fingers  
and stick it up my ass. Good God, and my mouth tunnel  
is made of stone, and we don't know where the flesh goes  
if it disappears. Say the cells only shrink, because they're fickle,  
if you dehydrate yourself, they've survived for too long,  
I said try to punch me, I'll come right back.

A bridge is meant to be walked on. Pillars hold up bridges,  
and a house is a bridge with walls  
from me to you. Put your rubbish away.

I can't see you if you're well insulated.

You said you're sick, I said you haven't heard the music.

You said would you jump off a bridge if I did?

and I hesitated, so that you would wait for me to be ready.

I throw a pillow at you and you've already fled.

Plus, you said, the house is full of pests,  
and you never called the exterminator.