

# Sixfold Submission

## Bone of Your Bones

happiness is when I

squiggle on and ummm

open on push

unfurl me

yawn my body apart and back

back and bash

full, gaping mouth on sweet-licky mouth

of your candy pink frou-frou babe

gonna slide my gun up you

jiggly jelly blubber ooh

hahaha

shh hush roommate's door creaking

squelchy sluicy

drowsy oozy smell of comfy white moosh

ask me who I belong to

quick tell me again 'cause I do

and it all whooshes up and up and wide wide wide sky open

air through my throat

my empty mouth, I'm cracking, waking outward,

shot like a duck by your warm gun

shot from belly through my cotton-ball hair on the top of my head

busted out alive, like I'm new-born, suddenly

lowered on this familiar milk-warm mushroom-brown pillow, where the ceiling fan keeps whirring

and the cat stares, head cocked, at this one particular Eve, receiving like showers on my open face,

my orders: be fruitful and multiply.

## The Nine Hours You Were Mine

The night my birth-son was born

After the nurses left and my breasts began

To swell and drip, his mother lifted him

From my arms, a soft, plump log

No bigger than a wiener dog, his sweat

And hair-plastered head craning

From a burrito-wrapped body. She clicked

Her tongue on the roof of her mouth

Held the blanket, firm across his back

And lifted her chin when he yawned.

Her hair shielded his face, the two, languid twins

Draped in a golden cocoon, yawning open

She pressed her hair against her neck

The line beside her mouth folding

And blew a thin breeze on his forehead

They were still. She studied his eyes

As if she saw a time when some garish thing

Might disturb the quiet of the soul

Waiting to be hoisted into life

And was by the strength of her gaze

Staying him against that time

From the salty marshes of her six-year cry

To press this body to her chest, a tear grew fat

And round, strayed over her cheekbone

Splashed on his upper lip

Crawled and snuggled into his chin

He looked at her, wide-eyed, unflinching

His innocence whole and wide and silent

Her lips parted, met, and rounded

To a song of consonants and breath

Without vowels, till her hair fell in sheets

Around him, the whole, bright world

Canopied within, this holy shell of first love

I turned my face to the tray of boiled chicken then

And thought of your cheek curving into your chin

And held steady the chestnut in my throat

That's how it went, if one day you ask

I will keep to myself your slippery legs

Wet on my stomach, the perfection of your little bird lips

Your unblinking eyes as I rocked and I sang

## Wishes for a Mad Wife's Husband

I wish him unmedicated

when it's his turn to say

we need to talk

I wish him marital issues

that turn up only in the car, when

his prozac is at home

I wish him no further discussion.

I wish him torrents of unrelenting rage

I wish him low serotonin

as the explanation for every. one.

let him hear of the mother-in-law on the other line,

praying for her dear child

and the st. luke's behavioral helpline on the

assistant's and the in-laws' speed dial

I wish him a him that is not *him* right now

and an adulterous lover affronted at his questions

let him be swatted away like a fly.

let him observe her smile at a midnight text

When he asks, faltering, let him perceive eyebrows raised,

a flickering of the eyelids;

and a slow, soft voice entreating logic.

## Invisible People

Under street lamps at an outdoor hawker center in Singapore, at a table  
shined with fresh efficient streaks of soap and water, clattering  
with plates slid across, dollar bills thumped, and chopsticks rapped,  
two lovers lean their foreheads against each other, the girl's thin arms  
on his shoulders, she in a white chiffon tank, hair dyed auburn, a twinkling bracelet,  
the boy with bangs across one eye, a graphite shirt that drapes around  
the V tapering into his waist, a silver dragon lusting after the collar.

They're a Hong Kong hotelier's son and boutique salesgirl, after the clubs have closed.

While hawkers reel around them, balancing on their forearms plates  
of mutton satay, oyster omelettes, stingrays wrapped in banana leaves,  
chilled watercress, mussels, the boy for one minute looks at a woman walking by.  
She turns back, smiles, he gives her the finger and the lovers laugh,  
the girl pressing her cheek into his neck, her hair's wisps dusting her shoulders,  
and his silver necklace glinting beside her upturned lips.

Two local college girls sit down at the same table, chattering earnestly,  
in English, about Carl Jung, Freud, a film by David Lynch, and when they order  
two Ovaltines, no ice, and a prawn noodle soup to share - extra bowl please,



the Hong Kong boy glances sideways at his girl, she sucks her cheeks,  
and they whisper in each other's ears about pimple plantations, four-eyed monsters,  
and walking chopsticks. She giggles, pushes against his shoulder,  
and he combs both hands through his hair.

The college girls share a pocket-sized bottle of green Purell.

They pat mini-packs of Kleenex on the table, invisible to the swarms of transvestites,  
gold-chained Chinese boys roaming in packs, the sarong party girls with white men's bodies  
pressed against their backs, the Bangladeshi laborers, eyes bloodshot.

The pimply college girl smiles at the boy and flicks her frazzled hair around a shoulder.

The boy stands up, arm around his girl's waist, tosses a bill on the table and walks away,  
his thumb hooked around her belt loop, the spindles of her sandals grinding  
the rice and cigarette butts sprayed upon the asphalt, while sparrows peck  
in the cracks. Gazing up at the lovers, the pimply girl says,  
"She can get whoever she wants."

Chiffon gently dusts her smooth-skinned waist  
as he reaches toward french-manicured fingers.