

## My My Martha

I might as well have been Captain Cook in the Marquesas  
I might have been antithinking  
I might have been speaking your language  
Any other but mine  
Even if yours was also mine, I never considered it mine

I never considered it mine since it was also yours  
Only that which was truly mine could be mine  
Not you, not your mother, not your father, not father, not his father, not my mother could share it  
Mine meant mine, and that was that  
Sharing was fine, but what was mine needed to be mine

Martha  
She was mine  
But then she became yours  
I no longer had something of my own, not even a snowglobe  
For even a snowglobe gifted to me wasn't my own  
For that, snowglobe had been manufactured and mass-produced in large numbers  
Sold in malls all around the world  
So what felt like mine was very much ours

Ours, so close to yours  
Almost to the point where what's ours is really yours  
That is why mine must be truly and only mine  
Ours and yours are not mine  
Hours and years ago buy, while I search for something that is truly mine.

## **Give Me Food**

Dear amazon,  
“Danger, deal me some artisan bread”  
Felix is bare.  
He left long ago.  
Colored television in the bathroom  
Speaks anti-words like dead deer.  
Bizzare  
Felix is here.  
Golden goose like artisan bread  
Felix is bare.  
He left long ago.  
Kabab parmesan  
Felix was here.  
Amazon gentil, whatever food  
Give me direct food

## **Rising Awake**

Here close to another open space  
Here all the peace is letting up, any peace at all.  
Here animals never rise up,  
And they are confused. They are most in danger when  
they're absent from a mother, what is  
Flying away from her, her weak leg

loose below her, abandoning  
Her vain attempt to awake  
A daughter from slumber.  
In the future, her mother told her nothing  
Animal mothers will be silent etc  
Their deaths etc  
Marching closer,  
Grabbing her plastic bag, her father,  
Finally barren, poking

All the heads of her predators,  
Large sisters.

## **This and that, the fire really does do both**

In July, celebrations come and go  
The biggest of course July 4th  
As we celebrate the independence  
Smells of fire, smoke, and burnt marshmallows  
Children run wild fueled by s'mores and summer freedom  
Parents lounge around exhausted by beer, bbq, and conversation,  
Talking about the time they left me at a restaurant on Easter Sunday  
About the time when we got locked out of the Airbnb™ on Christmas Eve  
Or about the time when on Thanksgiving, we forgot to buy a turkey.  
Talks about college, school, sports, friends, relationships, especially relationships.  
The fireworks come and go  
By the end of the celebration,  
Children and parents all sit along the Fire Pit  
The Fire keeping everyone warm and bright  
Story of all kinds are told  
Funny and Scary  
Happy and Sad  
New and Old  
Whatever the stories hold  
Everyone leaves with satisfaction  
That only the firepit knows

## **Rain Rain Stay Stay**

It's raining cards and tells outside  
The harder it rains, the more relaxed I am  
Sometimes I don't even want to use a Bumbershoot  
In the morning when the smell of fresh rainwater wakes me  
And the rain beats out Alexa's artificial mimicry  
When the rain really gets going and the thunder strikes,  
It may be a blessing  
I can even hear the thunder  
Ever seen two trees and one falls down, one holding up the other  
It's like what my Baba always says "Hãy hạnh phúc vì bạn có thể nghe thấy"  
The concrete pillars of humanity are based on our senses  
The rain purposely exists to test those senses  
Musi gets tested every time he walks in the rain  
He can smell the wet and damp nature  
Of everything around him after the rain has passed.  
He can see trees fall from high winds or lightning.  
He can feel his socks and shoes dampen as he steps in leftover puddles.  
He can taste the dewy air around him in the morning after.  
He can hear the water crash  
When cars drive through huge puddles.  
Regardless of how hard or how much it rains, I will always know the rain will hold me.