

The Ginger Experiment Poetry Collection

Kuala Lumpur

The streets glimmer
with lights
far away enough
to be stars.
A haze encased
bubble ready to burst
with nowhere to go.
No room to spill its remains
as the skyscrapers hover
making room forever
for the golden and silver bunches
as the worn out coppers watch

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Times Square Butterflies

Deprived of wings
In neon lights and bustling midnight crowds
Fluorescent swirling
Hypnotic twirling
'Round a butterfly or two
Their presence ever unannounced
Noticed by the light breeze
They leave behind
Or the touch they grace our palms with.
Their flutter flashing luminously in darkness
Always lit, lucid as skylines
Of lilac, teal and fuchsia
Evading madding masses
Remote
Yet close to touch
Each of them blazingly
A poem of their own.

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To Be Cool

To be cool
Man, what it could be
To be cool
The everlasting chill
A cucumber flash frozen in time
The same freeze that cools the drinks
that are sipped with glitter dripping mouths
on dance floors
Accompanied by paper thin layers of sweaty sheen
In the right light
So alluring to those that matter
To those that “matter”
Red cups
Red lips
Not stained but throbbing
from kisses gained
from friends and foes
Foes?
...Friends?
Friends.

The mirror isn't black
Tisn't a mirror at all
For reflection disappears
when screens are white.
The screen stays white and moving
as requests keep coming
the phone gets hotter
but she stays
cool.
To be cool
to be celebrated
for the wave in your hair
for the day you were born.
To be seen.

But is she heard?
Her counterpart,
those other red throbbing lips,
Do they listen?
Do those that “matter”
hear her cries?
Does she cry?
Or does she forever stay
Frozen in time.

Maybe that's just what it's like
To be cool.

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Thread and pebble

A golden thread
travels west
while indigo pebbles head only east.
The pebbles,
looking for indulgence of frolicking grains,
staying straight in their journey.
The golden thread watches,
still lost in its journey to the west,
unknowingly heading east,
for that is where the pebbles go

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His Voice

Lest you do it.
Don't even dare.
"I will end you," He whispers.
Maybe it really isn't fair.
But you're familiar with his words
and how much damn power they bare.
If perhaps I stay quiet,
nodding my head all the while
and accept being pissed on
like a damn fire hydrant...

Because you know that I know
That it isn't fair.
She's left in a ditch crying
and they simply don't care
That's why you won't do it.
And why should I?
I'm already a nuisance, far and wide.

"Again?" He scoffed,
alluding to my period,
enunciating his disdain.
For "those pesky things" come around much too often.
Reasons unfathomable, I shouldn't even mention
but for the sake of curiosity:
I'm either too crazy, unfuckable, or needing way too much attention.

All this thrown at me
like the middle school bully with a dodge ball.
I never asked for it, but yet here was my proof:
The middle school bully never got rid of his hard rubber ball.
He carries it everywhere he goes
praying someone is agreeable enough to take the fall.
And because few lessons I learned,
I let myself feel the hot, smelly rubber as that ball hits my face.
What else should I do?
One wrong comment and I'm condemned from the workplace.
"You're a little erratic."
"You don't think with your head."
They'll use as their alibi,
all while still trying to get me into bed

The irony here is clearer than glass,
so go on I shall not
but I'll end it with this:

Lest you do it.
You know what I mean.
Maybe it really isn't fair.
But you're familiar with his words
And how much damn power they
bare.

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