

Sarah Chang Playing Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto Movement 1, Part 1

The green dress. The way her eyebrows
indicate she understands
the music she plays.
The New York Philharmonic—in clean black
and crisp white sit behind her

like a chessboard.

Look to the smile in her pouty doll lips
and the arch of her brows
as her bow swoops and jabs.
Satin black hair bobs as she ducks
down and looks up
at the older, white haired Conductor.
Look to her swaying
even when she doesn't play
so that when her violin returns
it does so effortlessly, gracefully—
yet with melodic vigor.

A light, bright flock of clarinetists
joins Chang who, eyes open
leads them all—a radiant Emerald.
Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
of Hamburg, Germany
is expressed so finely
by Sarah Chang, born Young Joo Chang
of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Drawn into the present moment
by her radiant effervescence
I am reminded of time's illusion—
again and again and again.

TWERKING WITH RIMBAUD*

A while back, if I remember right my life was one long party,
and now here I stand, as I once stood, in that place
where all hearts were open wide, where all wines kept flowing—
I lean back against you as you move forward, remembering that
One night, I sat Beauty down on my lap—And I roughed her up.
I roughed you up, but we cannot fall, we cannot sin.
I armed myself against justice.
Wearing tight black jeans and cowboy boots
I ran away. O witches, O misery, O hatred

I ran here to be with you, legs still warm from pumping blood.
My treasure's been turned over to you!

Dancing conjures up my animal core, especially since
I managed to make every trace of human hope vanish from my mind.
For a time, I could not dance. For a time
I pounced on every joy like a ferocious animal eager to strangle it.
When my heart broke
I called for executioners so that, while dying, I could bite the butts of their rifles.
He burned me with his gaze—from eyes to lips to hips.

I called for plagues to choke me with sand, with blood.
Now its time to shiver into a shot of Svedka.

Bad luck was my god. I stretched out in the muck.
There goes the ennui which moldered in my bones!
I dried myself in the air of crime. And I played tricks on insanity.
Another shot and now I'm feeling that universal thrum
And Spring brought me the frightening laugh of the idiot.

I reel for a second, still laughing, thinking—
So, just recently, when I found myself on the brink of the final squawk!
feeling the upward cascade of a shivery spinal sensation
It dawned on me to look again for the key to that ancient party
Waiting to move until finally the song changes to a promising hip-hop bump
Where I might find my appetite once more—
It's a trap remix of Frank Ocean's Lost & I unlock my grin for you

Charity is that key.—This inspiration proves I was dreaming!

A generous drum beat and your burning strength behind me
“You’ll always be a hyena, etc...” yells the devil, who crowned me
knees bent, feet apart and turned out, hands on hips,
With such pretty poppies. “Deserve death with all your appetites,—“
Press, press, pressing against
“Your selfishness, and all the capital sins!”
Bending at the waist, grinding back, popping down.
Ah! I’ve been through too much:-But, sweet Satan
I can feel your hot arousal behind me.

I beg of you, a less blazing eye!
People starting to stare, my thighs starting to burn
and while waiting for the new little cowardly gestures yet to come,
buzzing with sweet liquor, I can’t bring myself to care—
since you like an absence of descriptive or didactic skills in a writer.

Let me in, let our bodies forget themselves,
let me rip out these few ghastly pages from my notebook of the damned.

*Every other line, starting with the first is from Arthur Rimbaud’s *A Season in Hell*.

Dinosaurs in Tandem

This is what morning
looks like:
your hand
like a brontosaurus
half-lit by the sun
streaming in from
my bedroom window.

My hand
like a stegosaurus
sidling over, saying hello.

This is what mourning
looks like:
my hand
pale, lone stegosaurus
half-cast in shadow
crawling blind and low--

my hand
but no brontosaurus
no sidling over, no saying hello.

Little Coma

I slipped into a little coma
& slept for far too long.

Night opened its doors
as sunlight poured
a few last kisses
upon the evening.

I pass unnoticed through
the long, gravelly day
braiding dreams together,
swaddled in sheets. Shrouded
I wake to find the faded
ancient-blue light of dusk.

Disoriented, lost in time I
mistake the setting sun
for dawn. The waning light
echoes around my small room
leaving behind a yearning vibration
right here, behind my eyes.

Oh virulent sadness, hammering
at my temples,
Oh haunting note, touched & humming
in my ears but growing quieter as
Richmond conducts her nightly siren aria
my world spins
my room dims.

On Love

I sense you
like a cancer
in my cells.
Deep & abiding-
something not quite right
& not quite there.
A chasm with legs
and eyes and a birdlike chest.
A chasm full of dark,
with eyes like wells
and fingers which pry
at my secret places.
Your thin-lipped mouth
full of the word 'Friend'
does not match
your desire which beseeches
like a forked branch
straining to find
where earth and water meet.
Meanwhile the bard sits idly by:
later he will tell me
that to suckle
at the teat of indiscretion
is to taste true foolishness.