Samsara

A man of few characters
    his tongue relaxed in admiration when his eyes glanced off
    the swell of the Pearl Tower
    the swerve of the World Financial Center
        which she saw in her mind as a cheap bottle opener  but he
        saw as a samurai sword
    in view four but in truths a two faced thing
    a hollow glass pulse
    Shanghai thousand faced
        carries her towers high
            on hundred arms to distract disciples from seeing
            her crueler expressions
            chopping chives  the woman knew
    upward so she kept her eyes at smudged level
            shoes
            Not so her husband who still gawped like a country boy

The second transformation to fish on a block  remind me  crowed the Goddess  who do you think you
are
    Her slim synthetic pencil skirts still hang behind the television and she sometimes passes by to run
    her fingers through sleek grain
        Bent wide then thin  she  who had tasted
        the sting of Maotais

She beat herself bloody against street tides
    To think she had wanted to leave the curving stone pathways
    cutting paddies into the characters they are named for
        four  squares within  one
            what balance
    where the two wound home together when they were school children  who called
    for the child  she had cast  for his hand to bend him at right angles to her side

    While walking out to get groceries she often thought she saw herself or a sister
        a daughter recognizable
            by the rural whiff of fresh pork and cheap denim  sometimes she saw
            only another stranger like the last spawned from subway maws
        The hack of constant cigarette clouds
    soon swirled through her nostrils to familiarity
        nauseating fumes of sewers mingling with
    grudging pangs for anything salvaged
            from street side vats of fry oil pools

He hoists open hands halfway up to heaven
    bundles of steel atop his spine
returning at night to the keeled cinder block within which she unrolls their daily bed
particulate shot eyes veins reeling a chemical beat lungs flapping open gilled in supplication
burn yuan for mercy

amusement

radio wave cracked voice cigarette burred like my father’s croons loud speak through air like

conductive warmth cupped palms polyurethane coat of sweetish fry lipids tug red down see

saw soot up shaded in greys the color of hair of burnt carbon spectra fishing filaments

click blue to steel wool points into a wheel ferrous keens doppler round and tart

This is my last roller coaster ride puts my father in form we un speak enough so

my face mimics his lines everyone quips speech is for miles of exhaust days of country mouse
city mouse enough to sit side to side in dun silence ascendant crank stomach back set free fall but

for ribs our questions would be tumbling out and this is the only when

eviscerate my laughter drips my father’s charred whoops

gravity tempering one line in this turvy kinetic inhale

pus