

After Isla

The sea hisses *elsewhere, elsewhere*, as I let go
of the illusion of safety, where
land is land.

My body pierces the low sky.
Its wrinkly syllables

become hooks
coated in rust,
in angry sugar and blood.

The sea speaks all and nothing.
The sea speaks all and nothing. I,

a territory of wants,
riddled into fish.

Horrible Kids

Was thinking of flowers in boots
by Orkney's clear shore and scampi to be had
in my hotel room Two white pre-teens
passed by holding an ice-cream

and coughed and coughed

Took me a few seconds
to turn back They looked at me

and laughed

Took me a few seconds I just
walked faster and told my friends online
about what might have been

racism a double pandemic

My friends asked why I didn't
throw a brick or shout at them
or fake louder coughs

Took me a few seconds
to recall a Pakistani mother
who screamed at me in Cantonese
in a park back in Hong Kong

when I wondered aloud
that her kid *could also speak Cantonese?!?!?*

I was a horrible kid too
didn't understand her fury until now

I am glad she yelled

Crossing

The Spree creased like iridescent candy-wrappers
as you walked me to Hauptbahnhof.

*

The morning sun was quiet.

*

I wanted to board the train so badly,
despite your kisses
roughed against a construction board.

*

The sceneries receded towards Rostock,
to Foo Fighters' *Long Road to Ruin*.

*

The rhythm always caught on:
the song, the salt in Warnemünde's air,
or the dried blood in my pubic hair.

*

The first time I fucked the sore
was a fish in deep-fried seaweed.

My legs, my lips knew
where the river mouth was.

*

Water enclosed us
as we emptied
into each other
water we enclosed.