

WHITE ASTERS

Māmā, mà, mâ, má. The mother scolds the horse.
Does the mother scold? I am learning colors with you. Red,
yellow. I try to say what the intimate curl of tongue cant reach
yet, something between drop of jade / mouth of water—

Lü, you say, green. Lù, I say, deer. Or, what also sounds like,
Road. What also sounds like, Marination. Flute. You laughed.
We practiced until the sound became muscle, became closer to
the feeling of walking—

TU

We are grown isotopes drifting. I will love you until the heat death of the universe. ~~W~~ Loess / loose / lose you. Germanic, sure. Yellow, but not gold. So the river goes. Here on the loss plateau, everything is yellow.

The idiograph: a ground where T inverts / a double horizon / means Earth or Dirt. Huang, which sounds Wang. What about a king. Dirt. Racialized? The word slopes, an ingot, tongue-curved, elemental. Uphill.

When I was born, the color yellow. This and more was revealed to her (hypnotherapy). The sun maybe the water maybe the emperor maybe the roots maybe the soil yes, all that and more. That's home. Loamy gold, and tendency to erode.

MOON / MOM

She will last as long as stones, a tarp of water. Two frogs and four fish. Ashen shale, agro-industrial edge, the undead, those glassy forevers.

The ocean flat and still. The planet Mars. Chang-e on the other side of the moon.

Those excavations / explorations. The old Chinese proverb. Oh, what a mess you're making. Stratigraphy through the ages. Wash it down with a little stone. Half lives flitting. Earthenware. Where is it. This is not a Chinese+American poem; I suppose it accrues sediment. The house I grew up in overgrown with ferns.

In one dream, a poem is made of vectors of wind. I am blowing over the Pacific, a bellyful of current. Leaning into an opacity that I love. I'm not sure where the poem resides. Whether empty, or electric. Fermenting and full of seeds (white). Unsure if stamina to carry on. Land on the darkside, anyway.

RHODEDENDRON

That underground stone. That neolithic stone. That autocorrect, deep knowing stone. That predictive outco(ma)e stone. That reading-the-stars stone. That sticks to divinate stone. That (ma)arker of where buried stone. The to(ma)b of it stone. The alleviate the past stone. The affect of repetition stone. The cold in your pal(ma) stone. The no heavier than abstraction stone. The word in your (ma)outh stone. That fear of forgetting stone. The shaded place to sit stone. The end of the world stone. The tangible ethic stone. The neurological stillness stone. The race of nation states stone. The cold war sy(ma)bolizing stone. The tower of infinite knowing stone. The wo(ma)an without feelings stone. The atone(ma)ent in a lit place.