

Typehouse

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LITERARY MAGAZINE



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Touch

Ho Cheung LEE

Pictures taken down
from that aged
stone wall breathing only
through the barred window
The sweat from your back
has soaked through
the blanket so deeply
that even the
wave is unable to
take away my senses
My senses that are
only getting sharper every
second with the
square hollow sponged
on the aged stone wall
so old and fractured and
irrationally hungry
for a touch

Blackbirds

Ho Cheung LEE

Pictures taken down
by force from my
phone in remorse
now for the loss of
the chill morning air
at the memorial park
twenty minutes from
your home
Twenty-eight pictures
and a minute-long
video of you
humiliating the bar
as you muscled up
in fifteen raps
Your shirt cuddled
my shoulder
Light vapour
smoked out of you
as morning dew fell
off the icy metal
You landed on the
crispy leaves
Palm to palm
Your bare chest sheet white
against the blackbirds

Pyjamas

Ho Cheung LEE

Pictures taken down
piece by piece from
your angled face
that afternoon we
whispered
in violet verses
We were in complete
disguise knowing
only cultures from
an extinct civilization
The heat we shared
did more harm than
the unforgiving
slash at the throat
by the autumn storm
I try to remember
when I last folded
your warm pyjamas