

### **Before I Noticed It<sup>61</sup>**

Bag swung and landed on the shirt-infected chair,  
I unwrapped myself from the day-time curses.  
White door opened, there came an intrusive flare  
From the Spanish-made that provoked my senses.  
That rim used to be more circular and stained;  
Its salt-crystalized base should be kissing the wall.  
In my absent hours, all its water had been drained;  
The mounting bolts liberated it from the floor.  
The closet flange was a wormhole underneath –  
Was this cosmic ring replaced too in the show?  
Beyond organ transplantation in the tank, I believed,  
The artistry was how water was directed to flow.  
I pushed the gleaming tai chi seal on the lid.  
A bug got flushed away before I noticed it.

**Lee Ho Cheung**

### **To The Boy Who Smashed My Windscreen<sup>62</sup>**

May the stomach-sized hole appear in your  
memory where I existed with you sitting  
to my left inside this vehicle where you  
stretched your feet to leave a print on this  
very spot you assaulted. May the ice-textured  
glass fractured around the wound appear  
in your vision so that these enlarged  
plant cells would give you a fly's eyes to  
multiply whatever you see, and split into  
pieces whatever you love to see as a whole.  
May the rain-infected wind that passes through  
intrude your path as well so that you know  
how armless it feels to survive a storm with  
a brother short from now on.

At the very least you should have used a bat.

**Lee Ho Cheung**

<sup>61</sup> Lee Ho Cheung writes that he does not want to reveal too much about his poem, 'Before I Noticed It', "as the verse has taken a more implicit style to recount a simple household matter. But what triggered me to write this verse was the day when I returned home and found that some 'hardware' installed somewhere in the apartment had been changed. I thought it must have gone through a complicated process. It is funny to notice that there are so many things in our lives that are changing every day without our knowing, let alone all the hard work behind those changes."

<sup>62</sup> Lee Ho Cheung explains that his poem, 'To The Boy Who Smashed My Windscreen', is "An exploration of love and hatred. I asked myself the following question before I composed this verse: 'What if my best friend, whom I trusted with my life, betrayed me?' The narrator in this verse seems to have had such an experience of a heartbreaking broken relationship, so hurtful that the love immediately becomes a curse. I think this malicious revengeful feeling does not only occur between lovers, but very close friends as well."