

five

MONTHLY POETRY MAG

VOL. 1
NO. 9

CONTENTS

	<i>Kenyatta Jean-Paul Garcia</i>
1	Sit Better
2	Poems
3	Thinking of “The Bitter Withy”
4	Trials Continued
5	Set Aside
	<i>Phillip Smith</i>
6	A Perspective
7	Like a Restless World
9	Fever
10	Body High
11	Pretty Pills
	<i>Ho Cheung Lee</i>
12	the demeanor of bloodstain
14	National Education in Hong Kong
15	September 1
	<i>Emily Jones</i>
16	Broken Little Girl Inside
17	Drowning in Tonight
18	Moonlight Torture
	<i>Toby Marks</i>
19	Confusion Takes Over with the Mind Set in Reverse
20	Helicopters Helicopters
21	Going Home
22	A shoe, a book and some old broken toys
24	A Secret Place
25	<i>Contributors</i>

HO CHEUNG LEE

the demeanor of bloodstain

i don't understand
we're once an iron army implanted with
a scorching heart thousands starved at the square
a single quest it wasn't at all implicit

we're children yet more fearless than the rest
we thought we once thought
the torch-holding sculpture we erected
gave us the command we looked for
it's just early summer

our songs the burning words for liberation
we cried
we cried for a republic with our blood shed on her flag
we cried for solidarity at tiananmen
just as those did for blocking away the hands from
foreign friends during the tangshan quake
(where thousands could have been saved)
(should such a cry not be a door-closing sign)

darkness contagious a drip of ink
in the tranquil lake
i was asleep next to a companion senior class
too weak to smile now she was sixteen and
she died that night

first barrel flash froze the clock
the puny silver head burnt the air as it
left the metal tube for the invisible constellations
we're still
our hearts were still
and the waves of the blast knocked
my breath like a punch on my bare chest
people amidst a formless flee
when my eyes resumed

12

frag mented it was at first some parts long lost
some made their ways to my brain

(two thousand and seven hundred frames per second)

no sound the boy's bottle detached from his
wrapped hand stayed almost motionless when a string of malformed
crystal pearls exposed in mid-air from its circular mouth they shaped
a galactic arc as it curled toward the ground
three other men from my left used their last
tearful breath retrieving a much squashed body
their sentiment captured each a separate book
the wretch began to leave the ground when the tail of
a straying bullet left a golden line above
their shadows our american goddess eventually met
the tank cold and lethal as the steel it clad with
the collision eventless despite the firework behind

she knelt

frame after frame in front of the indifferent portrait
of mao staring at us from above the whole evening

the rest was a concoction of footsteps
machines' breaths torn shoes agony
shattered dreams my leader brought us to fall
in order to rise he's exiled to the states to talk
about freedom for freedom

i left my parents to age
conversing with photos with their wounds
recut every sunrise

why am i forbidden to not feel proud
it's an accident i painted the flag
red

candles all we had left

like a dead flower in a putrid hand

13