

Larissa Lai / TWO POEMS

ARRANGEMENTS

The restaurant boy
quit it
with the extra fries
the day he learned
she was a rich Hong Konger
Jackie Chan running circles
in her eyeballs.
Today she leaves
a two-dollar tip
on just a red bean ice
accidentally lip printing
the napkin.
Little does she know
he's halfway through law school
but can't save enough
to buy his grandma back
from loneliness. She still
misses China
fingering the chipped dishes
in the kitchen
and trying to forget
the shocking gray head
of the husband
who met her boat.

GLORY

Another Vietnamese waif
claws across the screen
as always, frail and pretty,
black eyes, black hair
bare skin.
She has escaped the bloody mess
of My Lai
only to dangle her poor
sweet breasts
before all these
popcorn crunching GI Joes
hanging on
to dubious glory.

In the back of the Granville bus
a man touches my hair
asks from what country
I have been refugeed
again
I crack my gum
and say
the USA