

Two Poems

Hoa Nguyen

I Didn't Know

I didn't know my milk
could return racing

to save the orphan baby
this morning with ghosts

minor men and shook
the tricky omnivorous bandit

before it could bite again
Truck exhaust enters the house

One hydrangea flower
and leaves gust in the wind

on "my" side of the fence (stolen)
The smooth cup is upheld by a brown

hand as if to say
Today is the 70th anniversary

of the bombing of Hiroshima

From the Autobiography of Malcolm X

Anyway, now, each day I live
as if I am already dead

and I tell you what I would like
for you to do. When I am dead

I say it that way because
from the things I know

I do not expect to live
long enough to read this book

in its finished form—
I want you to just watch and

see if I'm not right in what
I say: that the white man

in his press
is going to identify me

with "hate"