

Two Poems

Ya-Wen Ho

I walk around dead bees on the pavement but hold you close as you cum in me. Dead bees are small jokes. Dead bees are spent punchlines. Difference. The complex sugars burn /b1-無/花果無花, 無心人無心, 妳就原諒他吧, 花樣年華的少女搞得像苦行僧似的, 罪過罪過, 善哉善/哉¹-I/ hold you close as you cum in me. She thinks about the exhibition she saw by accident: that Taiwanese scientist who taught Wellington school children about solubility and saturation and climate change and they the children who crystallised this knowledge into candy-coloured bonsai. (*Unseasonal Change*). Wellington is no haven for sugar crystal trees: the wind will strip and the rain will dissolve. The fine print on the poster has run. A sky cried on /i-特/級蜜桃, a hyperbole of a peach. 她有些飢/渴²/pillary action. A white carnation shoots up. Bloodshot. Bee keeping. Be kee/蘋/果花粉嫩粉嫩的, 暴雨般打下也造不出違和的意境, 一切都如此安詳, 粉飾太平³. They describe beautiful women crying as「梨花帶雨」: pear blossoms glistening with rain. They describe men drawn towards charismatic women as「狂蜂浪蝶」: brazen bees and bold butterflies. Pollination is not a metaphor. She is a speck of pollen being blown through the dead veins of a dead bee. If she cared about truths she would respect bees have neither veins nor arteries. Dissection. Bee insides float in body /fluid-私/秘的地方適合把玩私秘的東西, 大方的地方適合把玩大方的東/西⁴-he/ plays parkour inside dead bees. Everything is jagged when magnified. Surfaces grate skin and encrust her with shards of propolis glitter. She will be a beautiful raw skinless mess wearing a carapace of

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- 1 The flowerless fruit* is without flower, the thoughtless person is without thought, won't you just forgive him. A girl in your bloom of youth living like a flagellating sadhu, tis a shame, a shame. Be well, be well. (*the literal translation of the fig from Mandarin Chinese)
 - 2 She is slightly unsated.
 - 3 The fragile and tender apple blossoms cannot convince any of their ire even when they pelt down like thunderous rain. Everything is quiet, a lull before the storm.
 - 4 Private places suit the appreciation of private things, public places the appreciation of public things.

manuka gold. Look at her obsidian eyes. Her eyelids are in tatters. Imagine the cut of liquid eyeliner on such a /fa-始/終她都沒有說一句話。她靜靜地等,她在等脫蛹而出的那一天,好把翅膀上的粉鱗狠狠地甩入他們眼內。美麗的女人大多多難多/災-⁵/ walk around dead bees on the pavement because I don't know who's inside. I aurally hallucinate the torture of exoskeletons. I phantom-feel the wet of un-red blood. I am a soft thing. I am innately violent by being the size I am against the size they are. I curl up with my head in your lap. The crusting of honeycombs. Your hand is warm on my thigh. The crusting of cum. We profoundly understand we misunderstand each other. The amber mummification of ants in /hon-擬/人化的蝶哭述女性主義並未為我打造過冬的暖房。我說,不,女性主義是一種心靈的變/異⁶-f/ shoulder blades turn into wings adroit enough to keep my hair out of your face when I'm above you. I have zero expectations to fly. Bumblebees defy physics because bumblebees are what they /啊/, 一個漂亮的驚嘆號落在妳腳下,妳會把它別在妳的髮上嗎? /啊?⁷/ cicada once tried piercing my skin with its proboscis, mistaking sweetness to run beneath my tappable surface. A cicada will not have the correct enzymes to digest my syrup. It has been a long time since I saw a body that glowed. Bioluminescence is a chemical reaction. I am a chemical reaction. Your shoulders are a gradient of freckles. You don't know you're being written about. You're inside a bee. If my footfalls don't crush you, my footfalls will free you and I don't know how I feel about either of those. She said more people should write about lichen but I wrote about bees. Beestings are never pleasant. I hold you close as you cum in me.

5 From beginning to end, she speaks not a word. She waits in resolute quiet. She waits for the day she emerges from her chrysalis, for the satisfaction of dusting their eyes with her wing-scales. Beautiful women are too oft imperilled.

6 The personified butterfly bemoans how feminism did not build her a wintering hot house. I say, no, feminism is an internal strengthening.

7 Ah, a shapely exclamation mark falls at your feet. Will you wear it in your hair? Mm?

Hers is the seventh drowning in the past seven days. Yesterday the gulls flew for pleasure; yesterday the gulls lost their shapes. The Frenchman either speaks English in his sleep or I understand French in my half-sleep or he and I sync-dream transcendence. We tell each other factoids: a lobster can theoretically live forever, until something kills it. A blue fish swims, smudging the science of sleep. Her hair fans out across the water. We flash freeze in the sea. His mattress is continental crust over four palettes. A lobster stalks the bottom of the unmade bed, hunting for vulnerable single socks. The palettes drift apart under sex. The mattress dips vaguely. Sometimes I find a hollow crab. An oceanic trench widens by two fingers. Sometimes I find a crumpled wad of tissue. I struggle into a wetsuit: it is difficult to pull on one's own skin. I cannot think about a wetsuit as anything other than synthetic blubber. My hair does not fan out across the water. I read the graphic novel *March of the Crabs vol. 1: The Crabby Condition*. It is irrelevant whether de Pins' marbled rock crabs exist, or whether it is true such crabs can only walk in one path their entire lives. Two crabs figure out x-y axes co-ordinate graphing and become free. The boundaries of the marine reserve are marked in dotted lines. The area is shaded in. When I am in the water, I have no sense of direction. I cannot swim at right angles to a slipstream of cold water. Four hundred and sixteen pilot whales beached on Farewell Spit and too many died. There is a question of what to do with the carcasses. He thaws salmon steaks in a bowl of water. I notice myself noticing it is tap water. Her body is yet to be recovered.