Three Poems

Su-Yee Lin

FIRE&GOLD

I am a child when I see the fire and smoke burning the reams of gold. My mother's hands above and my own feeding the flames sheet after sheet.

With my father charring thin white and crunchy orange green as trees the sweet salty of carcinogens.

The taste of fire in my throat and the heat that makes air shimmer. The way my father's arm tenses and everything flies.

Older, light in my fist flaming out toward fingertips, love that quickly dies to ashes. Later: the spark of yellow falling through air and into deep water.

And at the funeral a bonfire of houses and furniture these precious things we cannot die without. Shut the oven and light the match;

our grandchildren will send smoke signals as currency the way we used to do.

IF/THEN

Then the way the strokes run west to east, north to south follow the river down and out and into.

You said the way clouds look to birds heaven above and heaven below and people in between.

I said the way that counting works how a is one and one is not only one but two becomes one.

You said the way rain slants down a straight line for cloud a house of weather capped by sky.

I never said I could understand more than the words although if besides not only but also the differences between you and I.

MILKY WAY

A man points to the Milky Way, says "My mother was born // up there." A cleft in the sky where his finger // points, a dark star-less // anomaly. "Over there, my // father," says a woman to // a space between the North // star and another // lesser // star. To the dark // spaces in the Big Dipper, in Orion // and his belt, "My sister" "My cousin" "My grandchild" "My uncle." // Soon the sky is filled // with people so // heavy // with light and darkness, we // can't even tell // which dark spaces are unoccupied. A shooting // star falls and // someone // says, "Me." We turn to the speaker but she's // already // gone.