

left of the reincarnation and I want to lie down once,
sleep.

Stop that, Ms. Plath, you can't
Do that. Eat your green peas
And your french beans, eat your
Ovens and your gasoline, then spit
The seeds in your palm.
Call them different names
Of gemstones. Put them on your throat.
Think you're Jackie O,
eat a valium when you're done
Because sometimes
Sonny Rollins stands in
For the moon
And I want to climb on his horn
Slip into the metal and shiver
In the tone of worry
Because Cole Porter
Makes me sing happy
Ditties about uselessness,
Commercial diet Pepsi tunes
And I don't like it one bit
But he holds my head in violence
And splinters me
To pick his fingernails, his teeth
And Furry Lewis spits
My blood into spittoons
Not unlike those in grey Chinatown.

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All together now:
Dime eyes nickel breath
Slip it in my crack
Take my horny take my food
Take my Mama's gunny sack
Put it in the rice pot
Put it in the fridge
Let it fester let it stew
Let it ripen while I rot.
Let's say this chant together.
Then make a yogurt dressing

And wrap it in lotus leaves,
Put a duck egg in the middle
And think of lives without
Anyone in them.
Call each name out loud
And let the new moon hear you.
Do this until the lunar month is up
Then wash your mouth with wine.
Now wait.
What you ask for will come true,
Our sweat is completed
The earth just wants us
This writing is our medicine
These ashes of our throats are our ceremony.

Justin Chin
Bite Hard 1997