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CREVASSE

NICHOLAS WONG



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MEDITATIONS ON HOW TO BREAK UP WITH MY SICK BOYFRIEND

What is it that you want to say? *Strop*, *Systole*
or *strumpet*? Stolen is your speech by the sly air,

which does what it does even when health prevails.
Do they still mention health in the vow? *In sickness and in*

fact, you are filling our room with cacophonies of coughing,
a viral symphony. A blanket against your chest, you think

perhaps about antihistamine, but if antibodies are loyal
(or specific) in choosing what to be against,

why are you against monogamy? I have found you
chicken soup with alphabets floating like defeated

troops. With a spoon, you sieve an E after a W,
which I think is an M upside down. You insist,

swallow the word, get choked on it.

NONO (UNCORRECTED PROOF)

*“double illegitimacy; a colloquial term coined in 2012 to refer to newborns
in Hong Kong with both parents of illegal status within the city.”*

Me is no/ sperm no egg/ me is out
rage of both/ me is hiccup betwin
language and deficit/ Diu means

fuck/ Diu to me five star flag me tongue can
not say ‘th’ in the in them in nothing

in theatre me hand has no/ other hand but me
other hand to touch diu/ in theatre me is movie
ticket stub/ stubborn popcorn

seed unpopped/ papa do you know me

Chinese name has many meaning/ mean double
no double fly/ like butter
fly lover in theatre mean two woman four hand

arrive at happy ending/ why mama begin
begging like other mama before this
building/ mama is need is noisy mama yell

hum with other nono/ other banner *no milk no school*

no bed in sea of baby eye/ black
but tiny like sea of sesame dust of/ten mistake

ORIENTALISM

We grieved for Kim Jong Il. We had to
believe the country was a mute that had lots
of words to offer. We worked with cows,

ate them, then tree barks and human calves.
We peeled the muscles but kept the hearts
alive. In a country that had lots of humans

to offer, I married young. On honeymoon,
my wife and I stuck to one TV channel.
We had only one TV channel

about boundaries, where they ended and how,
in a way, the outside world also ended. One day,
we swam to China, where words swung

between siren | serenade, sorrow | surreal.
The water was deep, muddy, swirling.
My wife couldn't make it. I went

quiet like the border of this country that
offered itself as a *maybe* in a box, or maybe
a jade. Either way, lexemes were truncated —

a plunk of “dis-” from the neck of “quiet”
or “play”. Either way, I guillotined my past below
my neck, fermented it. I bartered my kimchi

away for a second name: Sam Song. And a second wife,
though I miss the submissiveness of my first,
our proper poverty. A scar can archive

and achieve burning to crust in time
for a laugh. I'm happy now in this stillness
that shifts, they say, just the matter of time.

IF WE ARE A METAPHOR OF THE UNIVERSE

If on the verge I lure capitalism to sleep over

If selfhood is redeemable from shelves of condoms at 7-11

If I confuse packaged emotions with intentions

If this is why I was the water drop in my fourth-grade school play

If wishing emotions expired like anecdotes

If reality is best read with a fictional mindset and you know it

If on second thought capitalism rejects me to have more time and space

If on second thought I thought he was full of that time and space

If not catching the calm and the asking of his breath

If he recommends sleeping instead with politics

If politics is likely, as he says, more anatomical, showy and loud

If scandals only work with fame and I am not worried

If mixing the certification of the self with social science is not a fault

If a fault can be undone like I am undone

If we anagram capitalism to *I am plastic*

If the madness and madeness of recycling is self-contained

If it is more expensive to burn feelings than to buy them

If most things that can be bought are bought out of stillness

If things include stocks, children, companionship

If stillness costs

If lies are sponsored vernacular of truths

If they are they are they are are they and you know it

If a pulse in pusillanimity breaks from a continuum of beats

If lumpy initials of corporates laugh on swings invisibly

If it is natural to hear iron chains screech because the wind blows

If please remove me from the list

If listing lust on the walls of a tormented love shaft

If you see my love is a red, red hose

If setting foot on half a sky

If a frog in a well knows it has swum in creeks as a tadpole, unashamed

PRIVATE PARTS: AMERICAN STANDARD

If the well suddenly wants to travel but what to take with its hollow torso

If a pulse is willing to pay a rainforest of commissions to have its own
thoughts

If torsos are towed to a compulsory stop

If flesh is a commitment to melancholy and the lack of interest in
connecting

If dice can do nothing, if days can do nothing

If citizenship is a menu of 15 courses

If it also makes this nice zip around your lips

I whiten my morning into liquid
by having some milk

of human kindness. Walking reveals
one foot of the cruising, another

of the cruised. We make music with
our feet, our synchronous shoes. Out,

damned milk spot on my pants.
Out, damned hot stalker seeking weight

and wish near urinals, porcelains only
'American Stand-

ard' can approach. Unsex me here, I wish
I was not biological, but a machine sticky

as marzipan. My bending is a sorry sight,
teeming with shortage of esteem. Who cares —

the soap dispenser only speaks
to the wall. When his arms hold me

from behind, I know what
he wants, the pasteurized kind.