Oscillating

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***Abstract*—i had to watch that big stupid bird kill the toad. i was stretching in the park. then i see it going: *peck, fling, peck, pECK, peck, fling*. That poor fucking toad. i think about why the big stupid bird doesn't just kill the toad. surely, it could do it immediately. and, how horrible it would be to dye like that. i do some toe touches.**

***Index Terms*—wet, clothes, on, hangers**

I.

The bass cracked open temple sky and froze time long enough to peer through the fissures.

At the last stop on the red line there is karaoke near 松山奉天宮. I follow the sound of low drums and BPM. The same deep red stains my hands and my mouth and my piss and my shit and my heart beats with the color of the red line terminal station.

I think about the tunnels of Tucson and all of the other places that music has touched. Here there are murals and pillars and something else sacred. The bright blue eye of god, this god, a god, is draped in pasty beige cloth and has a laptop for weaving crystal nothings.

The stone guardian of the bathroom stalls watches me wash my hands. I don't smoke but that cigarette was weak as fuck. And I don't drink but those whiskey cokes were weak as fuck. My friend with the bat hat eats his soup slowly.

On the way back I meet a large snail. The two old men playing some game with tiles are still at it, late into the evening. CLICK. CLACK. I think of you and me at the Red Garter. How long did we play pool that one evening? It must have been for an eternity.

I get spritzed in the face by the air conditioner leak while i hang up my clothes. Soft light lip feelings.

懂了！懂了！懂了 firm finger on my chest. You say, someday we'll drive along the coast from 臺北 to 新竹 and we won't get into any arguments.

I daydream about being underwater. Mermaid hair and brilliant caustics and absolutely sopping wet silence.

Tonight I am the snail - wet slug sweat and two curious antennae and pink red dragon piss. Remember: to get back home, turn left at the yellow tile wall.

II.

Tonight, flattened by big pancake manhole cover the size of the freaking moon. My skin and blood squish through the holes. On the curb the 中秋節 grills prepare to roast me fresh. I see an old man riding bars and chains of rust, creaking along on ancient red iron. God rides a rusted bike, and smokes a cigarette loosely from his half-opened mouth. During the day, I wait for the little green man in the shadows of buildings and light posts.

III. Sobbing in mamaws cellar

i had a dream where i got to go back to mamaw's basement, into the cellar where pap made wine and there was that huge ice chest with who the fuck knows what. i don't remember what it smells like but if i smell it i know exactly what it smells like.

anyways, i go into the cellar in my dream and it's so different. the wine (now, kombucha) is fermenting and the cellar is clean and being used. and i'm SOBBING.

i think it's because i never got to see it properly lived in. like by the time i stood there pap had already forgotten everything and, well, mamaw was always tense. and i guess uncle frank just watched tv and went to the MPI club. i wish i could have seen the wine brewing and the ice chest full of fresh things. the chipped green paint stains the concrete. it's not that we didn't play hotwheels on the sidewalk outside, and drink lemonade, and pick those red berries off of the bush in the front yard or watch sylvester walk barefoot up and down filmore street and between two gigantic white italian lions. but still i would have like to see the wine brewing in spiraling tubes and fresh things in the ice chest.

IV. Sea beans in the tide at 崎頂海邊

i hold one in my hand. i have this certain feeling that this bean knows more than i'll ever know. i set it back down into the tide.

V. Growing corn with JR

In some other world we're growing corn together and I'm the happiest i've ever been. we'd probably be listening to oldies and drinking mezcal and slow body. you'd tell me some shit about corn and i'd be moving dirt around and we'd treat the land with love and care. we'd set up some irrigation systems and at night we'd watch the storms off in the distance from the front porch and grill vegetables. and like i said, i'd be the happiest i've ever been.

VI. fuckk

Ice cream on the staircase outside of my apartment, 2am ish and I'm locked out. Back to the club after missing last call at ounce. Bass bath and locking myself in the stall to sit for a second. I move my hips and fuck the air silly until 5am until I crawl from that basement heart space into the almost day. 大安森林公園 in the early morning. Bodies move and throats makes the sound of morning. I sit in the 7/11 and wait and wait and wait. I want to be the woman in 三愛 who picks the leaves off of the storm drains.