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at once I am monolithic and incorporeal // Russian Roulette Except Every Chamber is Full

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at once I am monolithic and incorporeal

Mother was *wúyǐ*, they say
I inherited her: nose, ears, lips.

Taut skin, jaundice-colored. Men
mistake affliction for ingots; they say

they are sick
with yellow fever.

Tongue is divination stick,
licking salt runes into

my chest. Confused
mouth calls 悲¹ love,

calls 草² sex. Oceanic,
my chest is full of gunpowder.

¹ melancholy

² grass

I am swollen sea cleaving
self into ions.

Lysis, the body spliced
into multiples to feed

five thousand. All Asian girls
are made of the same: jade,

parasols, rice, stoicism. *I want
my own Lucy Liu to split*

open like flypaper. Call
my silence willingness

not protest. Call me
没有名称³ not beautiful.

³ nameless

Russian Roulette Except Every Chamber Is Full

Plastic shower curtain is morgue sheet
hiding the shame of slow death—methylene blue,

oxygen-starved. Look, here
is sacrum, coxal. Me at age twelve

when my mother overdosed, as if to prophesy
the men, slack-jawed. Women, skinless,

fingers tearing at the neck, at what cannot be
seen. Cloud of locusts, black, tar-thick,

pulsing under epiglottis. Wasps needling
through the ribs, hissing like livewires

in water. Man drowns
himself in tin of paint thinner, ignoring

its sides screaming: “NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN
CONSUMPTION.” Man becomes diaspora.

He becomes tongueless, infantile,
always asking what comes next:

locust; livewire; Narcan; nothing.