

Dear reader

if you are a critic
get off my property, if

you are some sort
of literary judge
let me win, or at least
let me run away
with the prize money

notice how badly
my lawn needs patching.

If you are also
a writer: yes, I know
yours
is bigger.

If you are his girlfriend
then, no. Mine
is definitely bigger.

But if you are a reader, truly
a reader, then please
come in
from the garden
with its patched gerberas
and wilting crocuses

past the yellowing notes
and old vinyl

gardens

over here
in the kitchen.

It's nice to see your face.

Sit, please

have some olives.

standard response code

and so I came to the heart of the city
to find my love as I remembered her
with white peonies in her hands

I arrived at an empty lot
weeds overgrown mannequins
strewn between

a digital nightingale sang
404 error
the person is not found

amputee

Now that I'm older
and wiser I have learnt
to clip my dreams, and leave
them out to dry

so that no one laughs
when they fall flat
as unleavened bread
dead sparrows

tap-dancers without arms

composition

Dear, digital, unrelenting city
could you find me a place away
from this throng
of motion-blurred people
(shutter speed 1/20 f 4.5 monopod)

the endless panorama
of stitched sunsets on the bay
(brilliant orange red #F48850)

the chiaroscuro glower of your streetlights
could you possibly find me

a landscape, a depth of field
of *lalang*, unmarred
by office blocks

so that I could capture your sky
unframed.

salt

in case you're wondering
about that recent bout of infertility
i've sown salt
in the black earth of your heart

so that sunflowers
will never grow there again

vandalism

I have set up camp within
the electric fence
surrounding your heart

despite the wasp stings, the nettles
amidst the carpet grass
the repeated mauling
courtesy of your pet Alsatian.

Right now
I'm scrawling the crudest of graffiti
on your pristine, ivory façade

what exactly
I'm not telling

You've got to come
down from your tower
and stand right here

right next to me
to find out