

**Someone's point of view**

by: ezra yun

**Update: she never showed up.**

The watch ticks and another pigeon pecks at an invisible bread crumb

the sweet melody of church bells echoes  
and I let it echo for a while

I thought I heard her delicate footsteps approach me and  
I swore I saw the stain of her deep red lipstick on my white button-up  
But it was just the rain trickling down some off-white pipe of a brick house

And the watch ticks and more invisible crumbs escape from my fingertips and  
I pity the pigeon who thinks it is being well-fed tonight

**Sincerely,**

A silent voice calls out from a lifeless greenhouse  
It pleads...no..it begs, wait, no it – *yearns* for you  
Like a husband who begs his 8-month pregnant wife to stay as  
she downs another glass of wine  
Don't cry.  
Never cry.  
Take the lemons life throws at you  
Squeeze them into your eyes and giggle  
*Opsie!*  
Keep laughing.  
Never stop.  
Look in the mirror and you are now a grape  
Mmm so juicy, so purple  
Imagine peeling the skin to get the yummy insides  
And being disappointed at the shapeless blob  
Stab at it with a dull fork until you get smaller pieces and be satisfied  
Now you get to share with others

**Sweat haibun**

An exhausted air conditioner sweats. Musty water drops onto a freshly mowed lawn. A tiny friend skitters quickly to open up their mouth. They gulp and release a sigh of relief before running to the next one. Leaving a path of muddy footprints to remind us that they were once here. Then he comes out of his house. His eyebrows pointed to the ground – a desperate sigh. His hand reaches for the hose and we are left with a clean slate.

the sun shines on sweat  
flowers bloom and petals fall  
cut the weeds tonight

**hairku**

her hair sits like so  
the wind welcomes one new strand  
they don't like sitting

**To the mailman**

At that moment,  
You didn't expect me to open the door but  
I heard the box crash onto the porch and  
A simple sorry would have sufficed but  
All you left with me was silence and a dented package

Did the fragile sticker mean nothing to you?  
Is this how you handle with care?

It came broken.  
The crumbling patriotic cardboard box  
Did not do much to protect it

I thought I did everything right.  
I was patient.

but  
because of you  
I have to try again.

**Adulthood**

On my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday,  
my dad told me to grab the non-alcoholic apple cider.  
By the bottle sat a simple little succulent  
I tried to ignore it  
With a hidden smile, I brought the drink to the dinner table  
He gave me one raised eyebrow and questioned  
the lack of pot in my hands  
a couple steps later, I was back with the plant and  
I promptly dropped it onto my bare foot  
I watched as my right foot blew up into a black and blue balloon  
POP goes the cider!  
And we laughed.

Today, she has a few cracks in her ceramic coat  
she still stands strong by the windowsill.

## Running Away

Elementary school students are taught that caterpillars transform into butterflies

It seemed obvious at the time.

Little, squirmy gross hairy slow creatures who eat away at their homes

Fattening up until one day - fate swoops in

And they turn their lives upside down

Creating a dense, but transparent shell for some sense of protection

Can the caterpillar see all the dangers outside?

Can it leave? Or

Must it wait for *God's perfect timing*

When the butterfly flies away, does it remember its time as a caterpillar?

How come they never answered these questions in class?



**The sidewalk looks empty**

the sidewalk looks empty  
in front of my house  
I want to draw on it  
with chalk

To fill it with colors and  
evidence that life exists  
But I don't have chalk

And even if I did  
I wouldn't want my hands to get dirty  
Or for the neighbors to see

through the white blinds from  
their second story window  
holding tightly to a useless car key

**Do not look**

at my parents because  
the harmless little  
shove that you say was a  
mistake could perhaps be the  
very reason they don't come  
home to collapse  
on their heated  
couch to watch their favorite  
Korean singing show on a  
television that was bought  
from a Costco.

## Color Theory

in art class I learned that red and yellow make orange  
and perhaps this is true in theory  
but when I stepped outside the classroom  
I found that the red that flowed from his mother's  
delicate forehead stayed red

I also learned that blue and red make purple  
but that day blue and red would not mix  
they took turns shouting  
BLUE  
RED  
BLUE  
RED  
For a split second I thought I saw purple  
    But it was someone's neck  
So, I'm sorry to report that blue and red  
Does not make purple

### **Put the cake in the oven**

Set the timer to 35 minutes

Look out the dusty kitchen window

one of the holes in the screen is slightly bigger than the rest  
through that hole

see

the grass, the sky, the broken-down playground full of splinters  
filtered in a dirty shade of marigold

a patch of dirt shaped in the image of a little boy's bottom

the smell of rotting

plastic shaped as fictional superheroes

a desperate plea

from a swing that refuses to stop squeaking

Then blink

the hole in the window screen is all you

see

the timer went off a couple minutes ago

the cake is a little burnt on the bottom

but the rest is still good

## **Mental Dump**

As I sit on the closed toilet seat,  
the fresh scent of  
artificial lavenders overwhelms my nostrils  
and  
the sound of the crying  
faucet echoes against  
the baby blue bathroom tiles  
and  
the slight breeze that escapes  
through the window dances  
with the shower curtains.

Then, I flush.

As I get up from the closed toilet seat,  
a quick glance at the mirror reveals  
my gorgeous oily hair sporting that dandruff look  
and it's very complimentary to  
the sexy pimples on my wrinkly forehead  
and when I smiled, I found last week's meat loaf  
stuck in between my front two teeth

Maybe, I didn't flush hard enough today.