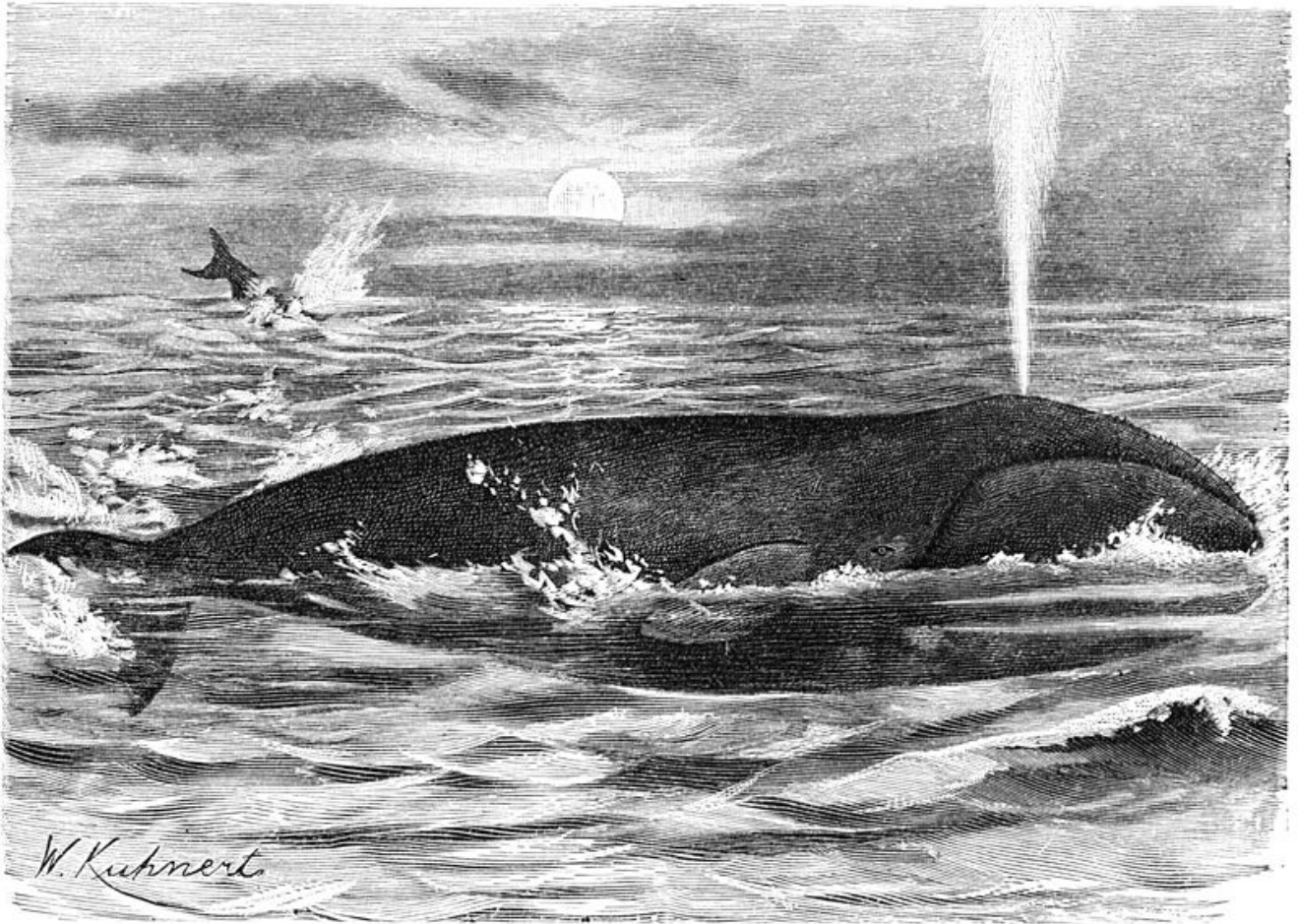


# New Poetry from Michael Chang



Friedrich Wilhelm Karl Kuhnert (1865-1926), "Bowhead whale."

*the secret life of simon & the whale*

the boy inches close to the water  
barefoot backpack slung over one  
shoulder  
he plays with the sand dips his toes in  
his name is simon  
simon is my human  
i quote mean girls: "get in loser, we're going shopping"  
he giggles  
he likes ranch dressing but sometimes the buttermilk is too  
much for his stomach  
he enjoys wong kar-wai's movies but would rather talk

about steven universe  
when we play hide-and-seek he wants to be found because he  
loves me  
i take him to school he hums along to my songs but prefers  
katy perry  
we watch tv  
i tell him how unrealistic the show shark tank is  
he looks at me quizzically  
we change channels then go to dairy queen  
he doesn't say things like white whale because that is  
derogatory  
just like how we don't talk about sushi or climate change  
he shoos screaming babies and barking dogs away from me  
when we go to coney island we speak in russian accents and  
fall over laughing  
i ask if he has been following the news  
he says someone is being mean to him at  
school wants to know what to do  
i quote kate moss: "looking good is the best revenge"  
he shows up the next day looking spiffy  
he has a slick yellow raincoat  
so i won't get wet when we hang out! he says  
i smile  
he offers me half of his sandwich and i am happy  
i tell him about my creative writing class  
he teaches me how to tell a joke he is a  
master of comedic timing i am no slouch  
i tell a joke about hiding the minibar keys from lindsay lohan  
he laughs but mostly because i act it out it is an  
oscar-worthy performance  
he wants to offer me some goldfish crackers but thinks twice  
he hands me a hot dog with mustard and relish instead  
we watch the sunset see  
the dolphins showing off again  
he asks what i'm dressing up as for halloween i say  
zorro he makes a face  
he says he couldn't decide between a zombie or an astronaut so

he is going as a zombie astronaut  
we test our knowledge of state capitals but he falls asleep at  
lansing  
i say i got called for jury duty and explain what  
that is  
simon says you have the right to remain  
silent he bursts out laughing  
i reveal that lobsters are the kings of secrets they have  
dirt on everyone  
the hoovers of the ocean  
he thinks i mean the vacuum i guess that makes sense too  
for my birthday simon brings me a red velvet cupcake  
my favorite kind  
he asks how old i am turning  
i say 30 wow! that's old! he says  
i tell him that whales live up to 200 his eyes  
widen  
what will we do when we're 200, he asks as i  
wipe the tear from my face

### ***fists of harmony and justice in 3 acts***

i really believe in cities and  
connecting people you say real  
heartfelt  
make me your nasty woman i say staring into your eyes  
my intergenerational trauma is my parents live in  
silver lake you say earnestly  
mmhmm i say not objecting because  
you are cute  
so this is what it means to have a  
moment of madness  
you have come to the right place you have

so much to hide

perpetual war  
secrets

tell me your  
get me in trouble

obsessed  
paralyzed  
the roll

the clerk will call

\*

i regret to inform you that  
home

you will not be

in time for dinner with your wife  
she calls

no matter how often

you will put  
vibrate

your phone on  
then turn it off

you will stay over  
will happen

we will get drunk

things

then you will leave  
still thinking about me

swallowing you  
eclair

like an

\*

in the movie of my life

i would like to be played

by emmy-winning actor

james spader

although i am not white

as they remind me

at every turn

## ***statement of evil corp***

for immediate release  
press contact :: lucifer morningstar  
(666) 666-6666

new york, ny :: we do not comment on personnel matters : but we will train our gaydar on you : hands steady like a surgeon's : locked and loaded : prickly pear margaritas : we are certified analytical geniuses : with an absolute pitch for fine poetry : objects in the mirror are closer than they appear : due to a lack of evil representation in the media : we have no equivalent : who the hell is from chambersburg, pa : we guess someone must be : thank god it's not us : haha god : we will make you famous like rodney king : a splash of the coffee : grey flannel by geoffrey beene for men : when we think of our life together : we imagine you in a suburban parking lot : loading seltzer into the trunk : looking fresh to death : you have to buy our product to know what's in it : we won't get into specifics : we don't want to set a timeline on this : who gave you that information : we'll have to refer you back to them : it's early days : this is going to be a process that takes place over time : we were for it before we were against it : there have been discussions : we will not entertain hypotheticals : we are not going into tactics techniques or procedures : this may be an iterative process : that is above our pay grade : we want to stress that this is pre-decisional : there is a plan but plans have to be flexible enough to survive first contact : it may be OBE (overcome by events) : we have not been given release authority : it is not yet approved for action : we are on a conditions-based schedule : all options are on the table : we will continue to engage with alliance partners on a range of activities that will ensure maximum lethality : please only quote us as senior evil corp officials or persons close to senior evil corp leadership : 9 out of 10 dentists choose evil corp : we are your anger managers : very legal and very good : our revenge

makes us wise : let us look at you through our designer shades : our product has been endorsed by kate bush : no, she is a freshman at kennesaw state university : a real georgia peach : we find your () faith disturbing : your lack of taste does violence to our senses : your very being is inimical to our existence : go somewhere else for that washer and dryer set : bitch : we will take you to the cleaners : what do you love : what do you hate : if you could live inside a tv show which one and why is it lucifer on fox : who are you : what do you want : we are on pace to find cadence : the quiet you hear is progress : thank you for shopping at evil corp

***october 6, 2019, remarks as prepared for delivery***

i informed mister river barkley last night that his services are no longer needed in my life. i disagreed strongly with many of his suggestions, as did others in the administration, and therefore i asked mister river barkley for his resignation, which was given to me this morning.

although i appreciated his jfk jr vibes and his assertion that his dick is his biggest muscle, he never did my laundry. he failed to deliver to me macaroons in every imaginable color or call me his pocahontas and he my settler.

he cast serious doubt on his intelligence by detailing the depth of his feelings in support of the vietnam war and the draft. the public was regularly informed of this.

his choice of veal over fish was totally inexcusable. i was equally appalled when i encountered tickets to mariah carey in his diary stained with sperm and electric blue ink.

he never recovered from the unusually loud guttural noises he made during sex. he was unconvincing when he said he loved me, often in a voice that suggested he was far away or underwater. his declaration that tulsi gabbard should win the democratic nomination was similarly off-putting.

he was unable to tell me how many planes are in the sky or if it is true there are more people alive now than have ever lived. he declined to feed me more jello shots despite our school motto *possunt quia posse videntur* (they can because they think they can).

he embarrassed me by getting into that fight with his truck and losing. subsequently he had his arm in a cast which stank to high heaven.

admittedly i will miss the firm underside of his thighs and the steady scaffolding of his sex. i am however comforted by the truth that nothing is better than breadsticks with the menendez brothers.

i thank mister river barkley very much for his service to our country and my happiness. i will be naming a new mister river barkley next week.

thank you!  
(don't pretend you're sorry□□)

### ***acid taste like***

He started seeing Sam everywhere.  
Sam, who called him 'beautiful,' eyes like liquid smoke.  
Sam, who stood perilously close as they poured the wine.  
Strong yet gentle, blond-dusted hands.  
Sam, who wore the plaid shirt, frayed khaki shorts, and beat-up loafers on their bodega run.  
Chestnut-brown bedhead, cheeks rosy on their porcelain face.  
The one he wanted to hold him, the one he hoped to make less lonely, the one he followed home.



Life was hard enough without a Greek chorus of Sams second-guessing his every move.

Haunted by his exes, he wanted significance.

He cried into his champagne, tired of questioning, tired of pushing back.

Acceptance sounded so good, like a drug.

Boy was with Girl.

Kind, inquisitive eyes the color of concrete.

Brown hair (of course) slicked back, shoulders firm, torso wide.

Girl freaking out, some low-rate drama.

Boy's body, a boar ready to charge.

Girl in the bathroom, Boy's expression softened—

Freed,

Granted a reprieve,

From performing masculinity.

Boy looked over, smiling as if he understood.

So tantalizingly close,

All he had to do was reach over,

Before Boy slipped back into character.

He imagined bringing Boy dinner, roast chicken and potatoes.

They would eat in silence, as if any stray sound might tip her off.

Bellies full, side-by-side on the bed—

Striped pajamas,

Sheets that smelled like her,

Growing braver in the dark, bodies ablaze with feeling.



Skin, lips, tongue, there for the taking.  
He raised a finger to Boy's lips and gently pried his mouth open, inserting his finger.  
Play it safe or swing for the fences?  
Snatching Boy's receipt off the table, he felt a sickening swirl of desire—  
Like standing in the eye of a hurricane.  
This little victory made him happier than he'd felt in a long time.

Throwing up in that Waffle House, acid stinging his throat.  
Outside for a smoke, his socks mismatched and his hair wild.  
GO BACK TO CHINA, someone yelled, speeding past.  
Possessed by cultural restlessness,  
Always searching for a way in, a way out.

He decided that his favorite word was 'possibility.'  
Even hope doesn't seem as surefire a thing.  
Possibility is hope plus.  
Nothing out of reach.  
Maybe.

He unfolded the receipt, admired it.  
CUSTOMER: SAM \_\_\_\_, it read.  
He noticed the digits, the urgent scrawl.  
Penmanship tight, compact, economical.  
CALL ME, it said.