



DARYL QILIN YAM

(untitled)

And then he left, and then
he left, and then
he left, which makes me want
to leave myself, too.
Hah! Once he asked me
to meet in town
and who the hell knows where town is anymore
and so I go to Chomp Pang, in Yishun
where there is a mosaic tiled window that makes the market look
like a cathedral and he says, the fuck
town means Orchard what
and I say—but isn't Orchard full
of birds and trees

In my next life I want to be
a goldfish or a tree;
I want to live to three hundred
but I don't want to be lonely either

If Roy Cohn said he wants to be an octopus
then I want to be a net; if Jen says
she is Switzerland, then I say
I am the moon. Sam we are all
foolish fucks, I said the other day
we are all so broken
but I guess what I am also trying to say is
the heart is a small-ass rock
and there are easier ways
to start a fire



A NOTE ON MY POEMS, AND THE RAIN THAT IS FALLING

So I was simply going to call it a day
but when Emma and I had stepped outside it was pouring like crazy
and the both of us went “OH MY GOD”
I realise we have known rain for all our lives
and so you’re probably wondering
why the hell does rain even need to be in this stanza
but the point is it happened and I feel
it deserves to be broken into lines
and also why bother running or even walking
when skipping is twice as fun, and even better
when done with somebody you are fond of

One day somebody had commented
“did you leave the full-stop out on purpose”
and I wanted to say, do you ever use full-stops
when you’re typing a text to your lover?
And precision in poetry is so overrated, I think:
when I’m getting fucked I’m looking for intent
(not seriousness) and just the right amount of lube

Some people have accused my poems for being too anecdotal
but quite simply I like swimming;
my body is loose and I like floating on water



PRAYER

Last night we went to a bar called The Three Crowns
and then after that we went to a club called
Magic Clit, and the whole time as we were walking
from one place to the next we found it funny
every time we had to ask, "WHERE IS THE MAGIC CLIT"

After we were done dancing we went out and you said
I'm going to get us an Uber and we're going back home
but no we ended up somewhere else instead;
we were seated on a bench by a canal and you say
This is the River Leam
This is the river that connects where we are now
to where we used to live, and the whole time
your phone kept ringing, because while we were seated at the river
your boyfriend was on a nearby bridge, wondering
where you were when you'd just said you were there.
And I kept looking between the both of you, thinking
I am here, we are here
but he is there, and so you are there. I'm not saying
the past is everywhere, I'm just saying
everybody is present and nobody really knows
how we're going home afterwards

When we finally get back home I pray to God
and I ask Him why we are all like this.
How did we end up like this. At this moment I think
of Frank O'Hara and I imagine him
standing against a tenement wall and smiling
at a camera. I imagine him dying
on Fire Island, how he allowed something as
comedic as a buggy to end him. I imagine him joking with the nurse
before he croaked and died. And then I imagine him reading to me
the following lines, like the Holy Spirit telling me
it's okay to go to sleep:
and surely we shall not continue to be unhappy / we shall be happy / but
we shall continue to be ourselves everything / continues to be possible