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POEM IN ENGLISH

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DICK PICS

Two dicks, sitting in  
my daughter's inbox,  
like men without hats,  
waiting for any door  
to open.

\*

Sighting a stranger's penis  
used to be rare. Remember raincoats?  
Like a flash of lightning,  
like a Scratch 'N Win ticket -  
sometimes glittering knock-off watches,  
sometimes a flapping penis  
shivering in the electric air.

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Overcooked hotdog?  
Aborted fetus?  
Close up of a thumb?  
Rolled baloney on a lonely deli plate?

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We have whole monologues  
for vaginas. But I can only imagine  
a penis as silent,  
which isn't the same  
as listening.

\*

The lighting is never  
good. No one ever drapes  
a dick in folds of linen  
with the head looking  
back, one pearl earring  
shining in stilled patience.

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In the schoolyard  
a graffitied cock stands on balls  
pointing to the night sky -  
a fallen constellation.

\*

Women are for portraits,  
lounging nudes stuffed into frames,  
luminous and arch. They are heads  
breasts, ass, and feet (though  
never speech). You must pay  
and cross a velvet rope to see them.  
The penis stands alone  
in filthy bars and bathrooms,  
in wooded parks,  
in the shadowed alleys  
whistling a moon-white tune.

\*

Now penises are everywhere.  
Like posters for a one-act play,  
plastered on every telephone pole,  
bench, building, on every mailbox,  
on your kitchen chair,  
so that you have to push through piles of them,  
great snowdrifts of dick.  
Just to reach across the room  
and tuck a stray hair  
back into your daughter's braid.