

Jacqueline L. Jiang Chieu

manifest Destiny

walked down the same street
times a million r

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my two feet are getting tired
of all the false attempts
to reach happiness.

my voice breaks
with desperation [tragedy]

Can I go back to the hurricane?

life was so Beautiful then.

rain hit the windowpane

&

the Only enemy was Electricity.

THEN!

humanity became a technology.

our faces focused on touch.

our hands became fast in communication.

our lips adjusted to autocorrect.

Now we never say what we mean.

love is tortured

under cables of misunderstanding

& with a movement,
you can pass on the disease.
my soul
is not Strong enough
to hear your calls;
your messages
that come in at different times...
you & I become unknown.
to think i once knew the world so well.
with a dozen drum beats
& seven seas of guitar rifts,
i miss the calls of the common.
get lost for a while.
so i can listen to the rain
hit my windowpane.

No rush.
there are no malfunctions in this touch.
we will never be perfect again.

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Aesthetics

Aesthetics.
Barbie.
I see a blonde.
And glossed lips.
In your world,
That is what we are.
Clean and ignorant
To puberty.
Perfect-sized breasts.
But without the stress.
And you can undress us
'Cuz we won't' complain.
All the women you love
Can take turn in
Your playhouse;
You want giggles,
Not control.
Well...
I'll be Eve.
I wanna keep my cloth
Over my privates.
I want to eat from that Tree of Knowledge.
And I'll eat.
Keep eating.
'Til I know more than you.
You've had fun
Playing with Barbie dolls,
Not your G.I. Joes.
Playin' around with broken holes,
I keep mine closed.
I'm not looking for myself
On the back of the Village Voice.
Lingerie with stains
Because this has been done
So many times before.
Do you find me unattractive?
Because I evolve?

You want my glory!
But you haven' touched me yet.
Well, that's what makes me beautiful,
Man!
I'm not looking for Adam. Or Ken.
I'm looking to love myself.
And maybe that's too much for you
To understand,
Because we all know where you men go.
You want me to love you?
I won't waste my time
Lookin' under cracks
For an ounce of your
Sandpaper tongue.
And no. I don't need you
To please me.
I please myself.

November 2, 2010

Young Timers

This little body, toxic
has seen broken bones & veins too many times.
I don't know any better than to reject help
there's no cure for what you've done to my free will was free
and now i'm stuck behind you on the line to get my pills.
we used to play together.
hide and seek or simon says.
simon asked me for a kiss, but our lips never touched
and i got lost in the funhouse while you searched for me, looking for romance
without knowing what it was .
we used to love love
going down down to the ferris wheel wheel
where we'd play solitaire or truth or dare
then you dared me to go where the ringmaster had drank too much whiskey
this small town remembered him as if it happened yes

ter

day

i went. anything you could do, i could do better
beautiful boy.
weren't we happy? we. were.

i'd sit on a pony and you'd tell me there was no way I could catch you.
Now there's no way I can catch you.

Bernie Boston¹

in my bellbottom pants
you told me i was beautiful.
and that november day of '65 when Ginsberg released his street theater spectacle
[*How to Make a March/Spectacle*]
we put flowers in their guns
and you kissed me. hell's angels never seemed so far away.

flower power lived in our love-making
as we tangled our arms, legs, bodies with the sheets and i prayed for rain.

¹The famed Flower Power photographer of the 60s and 70s era.

i wore daisies in my hair
that day we went to mass
jesus' body was lsd
the doors of perception were opened.
bernie boston took our picture that day.
jimi asked us
i remember
it was august 18.
hey joe, where you gonna run to, now where you gonna run to now?
your eyes let me in and we were safe.
happy? we. were.

Portable Motor

we got Older.
traveled far away from Haight Ashbury
away from Milk
and purple haze and we grazed like cows
alone.
but in our solitude, you found your miss December
and i cried myself to sleep in our bustlin' minivan.
peace died.
inside of me.
i hitchhiked my way
back to our tiny town
as you went and you carried this girl down
took her to Vegas and you hid
in her eyes.
you had 3 kids.
i married bobby from next door.
never happy, but i didn't have much else to live for
and i conformed to his touch
though it was never enough.
out the window, i waited.
you never came.
i was ruined.
and to think that once we were so
ha ha ha ppy.

Madhouse

before i knew what Hurt was
the grass could never cut open my feet.
i'd follow you into Darkness
no matter the monsters that we had to face.
innocence, you were my friend.
the ferris wheel let us play king & Queen.
but reality hurts.
my hands were slain while on the hunt for happiness
it wasn't supposed to be hard.
i cried dirt rivers
mascara drops.
children smile.
they yell, laugh they love.
but i'm not a Child anymore.

This little body, old. remembers when blood ran like a flood . . .
when the heart skips beats. the circus is over.
This body
forgot
how to

Breathe.