

the streets have eyes;

d. haejin bang
spring 2017

O! the dawn's early light

Pour into me
your burnt bitter grinds

product of halfassed
anxiety in a

cupped me in stiff
knuckles desperate for a daily dose of star

buck'ed ambivalence between
shitty dollar cartwater and *Artisanal Pour*

Over my dead body
greenwhite displays you're (in) dependence

sipping starspangled banner
o'er cash/capitalism the unmistakable

fumes of

freedom

An Ode To

The New York

a small coffee, please to

BAGEL

morningrush

go speed through the usual order

a Bacon

Egg

Cheese

on an

Egg

B A G E L

(On the third day, the yolky exterior

Rose from its kettleboiled veil)

cleansed in New York's Finest

Tap Water

thirsty hungry Lox and

Scallion Cream Cheese on a

Plain

B A G E L

please your

warmtoastedfresh

voluminous mOUnds

perfectly

bronzed

Lather

my tongue in your creamy

Perfection

The Colonizers Arrive in
Koreatown

leer warily at their graffitied surroundings

the
foreign, grimy
streets lined with

brown people
yellow people

throng of
bagged chicharrón tied to
elotecarts and fruitstands

all they want is that

Yelp-Reviewed
Jonathan Gold-Affirmed
Exotic
New

koreanfood
at the bottom of a

LuxuryCondo across from a
dilapidated cardboardhome

while *halmuni* limps along with her cane on her way to
the piss-stained busstation and

ajumma drives by in her pristine bmw
fresh from the manipedi and

skaters roll along
high and
oblivious

Last Week

a *halmuni* an 83-year old
grandma was

assaulted by a woman
she yelled

WHITE POWER

before bashing her head in with her fist.

hardened eyes
 windows shut
 by curtained burdens
refuse to see only deflect

strong shoulders
steady back
head held high
 his rigid mouth
 utters silence

trace each
jag
 ged
 curve

a story pride never told

gaze at his
stoic face
 illegible

a mind devoured
by wrinkles in time

He is a giver not a thief:

leaps over fenced chivalry
uncompromising generosity
sending beauty laced with thorns

fingers run along my lettering
grasping the length of my spine
gifts me blossoming bruises
loving etches
pages of dog-eared pain and bliss

an infant's clasp as to not let go of
petals that may waste away:
a denial of the necessity to
weed out seeds planted
in naïve soil—
their roots latch and
crack open, spawn vines
that wrap around exposed hinges
pierce through
 my covers
 my pages
 my words distorted
warped from the foliage scattered around the
threads that keep me together
wisps of air I must breathe
in order to survive

His defenses are wrapped up
in ribboning guts I stomach.

little girl

fly let your wings
blossom

young one,
through the rising
pillows
taste the

dew
liquified shine
bask in its

innocent rays

braided roots
push

upon your derriere

propel you

up to the vast flowering

blush of dawn
awake

your innocent birdeyes

look down

below and

soar



the amalgamation of jazz and
fumes tunnel into my psyche
do you hear your atoms tumble
along the electric screams that
caress my soul?

the frenzied goldsplash a syncopated
conduction of thrums and kicks leave me wide
open to the vibrations that keep you
hanging
on to what i can only describe as surrender
something you deny with your relentless
crashclangs of asymmetry leaving me

anxious
in your wake

the numbing proliferations that drive me
senseless and half-awake
do not deter your stubborn melodies that seem
rooted in my gut
wrenching anxieties that I cannot throw out

no conversations
only you

four a m

before the morning
rush an eerie calm

only this hour before faint

piercings of halo
blanket the

city in
motion the ratchet clangs of delivery trucks
hustling through barely there gaps fighting pushing no excuse mes just

fend for yourselves the
city
sleeps at

four a m