

# Solitude

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

Mother and child  
walk under the chilling fog,  
hand in hand.

The child clutches  
a ragged toy in her arm:  
a stuffed bunny,  
fabric worn by countless rides  
in the washing machine.

The woman sighs,  
and forces herself  
to slow down  
so the child can breathe.

Another day's past and  
their footsteps pulse on.

*(Mar. 19/2010)*

[ ]

# Welcome, Spring

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

I miss the cool caress of Autumn,  
the soothing whistle of wind  
waltzing with dried leaves.

I dream about polka-dotted  
rain boots jumping in puddles  
and wispy fragrant scarves  
waving in the streets.

Winter's left and  
Summer's not yet arrived.

Time drifts on, but I remain—  
braided hair, chapped lips,  
waning faith.

Spring's visiting again.

*(Mar. 18/2010) [ ]*

# The Sargasso Sea

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The lone Post-It note,  
a lovely shade of  
golden-pee yellow,  
clings desperately to  
the refrigerator door  
with one fuzzed  
sticky corner.

The message, written  
by a loving hand,  
loops across the surface  
like an ice dancer and  
lands gently at the  
bottom corner with  
a lopsided heart.

An obtrusive breeze  
creeps through the  
cracks of the window  
and bullies the note  
onto the upswept floor  
and under the immovable  
force of the dishwasher.

Another love note, lost  
in the dusty, one-sided  
conversations of life.

*(Feb. 28/2010)*

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## Woed

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

Write me a love poem.

Compare my beauty  
to a field of daffodils  
after a rain shower.

Tell me my voice is like  
the caressing purr of a cat  
cradling you into your  
dreams.

Soothe me with promises of  
your infinite affection  
and adoration.

Paint your love for me with  
rainbow-hued words, napping  
on the cloudy-whiteness  
of notebook paper.

Because  
I want to be  
wooned by you  
forever.

*(Feb. 26/2010)*

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