

# Woored

(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  
woored by you  
forever.

(Feb. 26/2010)

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# Arrogance

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The problem with today's so-called poet  
is that he, along with the rest of our  
ill-informed society, thinks poetry is easy.  
A few fancy words, dripping with  
supposed deep thought and violent emotion,  
sawed, sandpapered, and nailed  
into place by odd line-breaks and ironic  
punctuation. And the readers of lesser minds  
will look at him in reverence and say  
*that man is a Poet*, equating him to  
the likes of Byron, Dickinson, Whitman.

But what a poet—a *true* poet—really is,  
is a photographer. His pen is his camera,  
and his ink, the film. His words are  
snapshots of a moment, a thought that  
is ultimately framed by the paradigm  
of his generation.

The true measure of a Poet's skill is in his ability  
to enrich the world with beauty in such a way  
that preserves the integrity of the truth.

That's what a real Poet should be, anyway. Not the  
carpenter-craftsman amateur we have nowadays.

*(Feb. 25/2010)*

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## Yearning II

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The dawn of a brand new Sunday  
arrives bearing hazy morning fog.  
He sits, alone, by his curtained window.  
The faded smoke from his cigarette  
circles his head and caresses his hair.  
He looks out at the lake—the reflection  
of a spectrum of orange and yellow, like  
on a desolated painter's brush—and  
imagines her light, slender fingers on  
his skin.

He closes his eyes and his heart sighs.

*(Feb. 24/2010)*

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