

Imaginary Friend

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The little boy sits
alone on the grass,
Indian style.
His back is straight and
his hands are crossed.
He stares ahead,
mouth quivering
back a laugh.

Then,
like the sudden flick
of a cat's tail,
he blinks.

Giggling hysterically,
he hiccups and
says into the air,
you win again.

(Mar 10/2010)

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Imagination

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

I watch little stories
in my head
to keep my brain
from going stale.
Never-ending stories
that have vengeful
one-armed princesses
and idiotic dewy-eyed
boys who always
need rescuing.

Sometimes,
I think I might go
insane.

But, I guess
I'm ok with that
because I'd have
a lot of friends.

(Mar. 11/2010)

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Imaginary Friend II

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The thing about killing
off imaginary friends
is that you can always
bring them back
when you get lonely.

Not so with real friends.

Real friends are usually
burdened with an actual pulse
that very rarely restarts
once stopped.

(Mar. 13/2010)

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