



Clara Hsu

Rain

The bed, a womb
every night a returning.
Slip into
and under
way, unseen, unknown

into the ears pours
a tipped jar of marbles.

The hemisphere fissures.
Along the beak lines
rain--
little hands turn frantic,
tapping, "Open, open,
pip pang patty-cake!"

"What did you say?"
across a continent of static
the possibility is that
she has been repeating, "I love you."

lo
u
le-o
fff
ev- ol

lv-eo

And he's thinking of
those **U**s
curve**S**

his **t**ongue **l**icks the air
the moist air, saturated, swollen---
that may burst open at any time
and come down with a grunt.

Suddenly it's not busy anymore.

Brilliant darkness.

Only the sound of feet splashing in puddles
come from all directions
and the giggles of a young girl:

Oriolopos chimera-
hunter of white morning—measly.
Dramdrinker meets La Belle
Sauvage--
thunderbolt!

yellow dog chases
teal snake races
calico cat tangled with
ribbons and laces---
when the blue sky rages
they fear the mages.

mirsu falls.

She rises after the rain
ribbons arching over clouds
born to the sun and water nymph
iridescent in her grace.

She dips her luminous hands
breaks up the hypothesis of the eye
like the dust on a butterfly's wing
like Argus' sinister spies.

She evanesces under nature's brush
leaves as quiet as she comes
leaves the sea to its howling
blends trees with mountain mist.

When he paints her
she pretends to be asleep.
When he finishes she is truly
asleep, and he finds himself
unwanted.

naïf falls.

The languid fog
hurries a man
along a half dark street
walks fast to get away from
the stinging mist
but slow to go home to
a sullen wife,
and children drugged
in front of video game screens.
It makes him wonder

toothless is the moon
when the crescent is its face.

“Which gate do you come from
and from which one do you leave?”

a new born
cries from
the shadow
of a column

“Miserable rain.”

* Words in italics are taken from James
Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

Clara Hsu was a nominee for a Pushcart Prize in poetry (2001). Her first book of poems, *Mystique*, received honorable mention at the 2010 San Francisco Book Festival. Some of her poems can be found in *New Millennium Writings*, *The Tower Journal*, *the Other Voices International Project*, *Asian Cha* and *Red River Review*.

As keeper of the Poetry Hotel, Clara organizes free social activities such as the Poetry Salon and co-hosts a TV show for the poet community in the San Francisco Bay Area.