

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Floyd Cheung: Two Poems

Floyd Cheung · Tuesday, March 18th, 2025

Subaru Forester to Her Distracted Boyfriend

“Love. It’s What Makes a Subaru a Subaru.”

Can you be any more obvious
Staring at every candy-colored, two-striped,
Doe-eyed, guppy-grilled MINI Cooper
That passes your ass, which I should say
Is currently cradled by my leather bucket seats
That you fell for back in 2011?
Remember how you used to fondle my shift knob,
Roll back my moon roof all the way,
Press hard, and just touch my red line?
We’ve gone fast, and we’ve gone slow—
All-wheel drive, all the time
And put in over 150,000 miles together.
Don’t throw away our love
On a high-maintenance, go-cart fling.
Get it together before your little key fob
Never unlocks me again.

*

Suitable Names

They call a flock of starlings a *murmuration*,
ravens an *unkindness*, and crows a *murder*.
These are suitable names, even in English.

Why do they call us a *colony*?
We do not settle or proselytize.
We gulls deserve better.

How about a throng, host, or troupe—
even horde, mob, or rabble?

Better yet a *constellation*

each of us a burning white sun
tipped in charcoal and ash
dancing in the sky,

who in our combined glory
dispersals of hominids
fail to appreciate.

*

(Featured photo from [Pexels](#))

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