

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Joshua Nguyen: Two Poems

Joshua Nguyen · Thursday, June 8th, 2023

## This Is Just To Say, I Am Done Labeling My Oat Milk In The Faculty Lounge

instead, I will purchase a pink piggy bank for people to pay me pennies or nickels or whatever dimes they feel is needed for me to feed their bellies with oat milk oat creamer oat meals for their shy mouths that won't introduce themselves to me in the hallways or at the faculty meetings. Maybe yes, maybe a printed QR code under a printed picture of my face from a year ago: smiling with chipped teeth with no dental insurance for 6 years. Who has time for petty office theft? Which professors have no guilt for the taking of my plums, my sushi, my goddamn leftover bagel bites? Is this a northern thing, a Boston thing (a race thing?)? Faulkner or Laymon or Trethewey or Nezhukumatathil wouldn't steal my milk (I bet O'Hara or WCW would). I am a part-time lecturer, not a full-time professor of gluten-free blueberry pastries-y'all, those aren't even for me, they're for my love who is smarter than me, hotter than me, & whose tummy wails at the site of me chumming down \$3 slices of za at the train tracks off of Forest Hills because I am always hungry & I am always searching for the cold plums I left

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in the refrigerator door. So sweet & so mine.

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## Abandoned Duplex

Penthouse painting of a Magritte of worms that crawl out a green apple.

Worms crawl out the green apple, all that is left from the last ransack. Sand litter

left of the sack of black top hats what son of a man lived here?

The son of a man who once lived here once spent his love uphill so he could

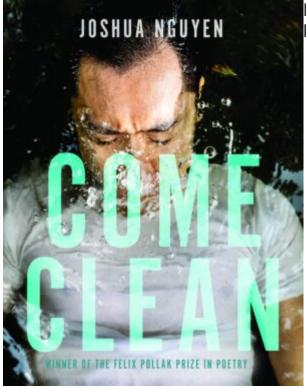
spend his love to uphold fatherly curses broken by the end of the line, by the end

of his world, lineage of silent fathers no longer drip

down the red ties of fatherly suits

of pent-up rage that pants toxic grit.

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## Purchase *Come Clean* by Joshua Nguyen

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*Come Clean* by Joshua Nguyen

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