

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Michael Morical: Four Poems

Michael Morical · Wednesday, November 30th, 2016

Michael Morical is an assistant editor of *The Same* living in Chiang Mai, Thailand. His poems have appeared in *The New York Quarterly*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *The Antigonish Review* and other magazines. *Sharing Solitaire*, his haiku chapbook, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2008. Kelsay Books published *The Way Home*, his new full-length collection.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Taipei Bus Ride

I stepped away from high-school girls in green uniforms at the bus stop. Other white men ravaged Chinese women. Not me. I saved my hands for myself. The 224 was packed with lasses in yellow and black.

*Whitemen* toothpaste had just come out. Pinned between two skirts, I held onto a bar so my hands wouldn't touch the curves where the bus lunged me. Some geezers took a ride for just that sensation, or more. I represented the US, so mom had warned. So whose hand spidered down from my belly? Yikes! It squeezed my chicken gently as giggles spread from rear to front. Arms covered arms. Which face belonged to that steady grip? She let go at my stop as if she knew what white men do. Someone yelled: *He's getting pale!*

\*\*\*

## By a Bistro Window

As she waits for  
the early-bird special  
to begin, her brother  
passes in traffic,

steering with his knees,  
grinning into  
a greasy hero  
that fills both hands  
and leaks.

He sways to music  
she can't hear.  
His Thunderbird roars  
when he touches  
the gas, penetrating  
the bistro window.  
Who needs a muffler?

By the time she waves,  
he's turned a corner.

\*\*\*

## Into the Looking Glass

After she moved her garden,  
the violets returned.  
Waves of April mornings  
flooded the cobwebs,  
laying the wind thick.  
Whatever it planted thrived  
in the topsoil she left him.

He sat in the colors  
and turned a lighter shade  
of the night she emptied all day.  
Moonset took him in.  
He asked the sky  
where darkness lies  
when buds have gone away,  
how the sun shattered the horizon  
he'd made of her missing fingerprints.

The architecture crept up on him like old age,  
like the gilding of mirrors in gilded frames.  
Dandelions brought out the weed in him,  
turning his head to fuzz  
that blew through her jasmine  
without sticking.

\*\*\*

## Fatima's Gift

After my wife left,  
I ate a cold salad on a cold night.  
The greens were yellow,  
the tomato white.  
My homemade dressing  
had congealed.  
Then the doorbell  
punctured the silence.  
Outside bars and glass,  
my neighbor stood in a maroon sari.  
I opened the door and she handed me  
a bowl of *keer*, sweet porridge  
with coconut, peanuts and raisins.  
It warmed my numb fingers.  
*You eat*, she said, smiling  
above her scarf.

[alert type=alert-white ]Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

This entry was posted on Wednesday, November 30th, 2016 at 6:33 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.