

---

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Trish Le: Three Poems

Trish Le · Friday, November 17th, 2023

### Pool is a Heteropalindrome

Once upon a summer,  
a daughter and you  
swim side by side in sanctimonious blue.  
Body of water or body of son  
begs for your daughter or daughter of none.  
Deprived memory misses the made-up,  
sick of someone else's mistakes,  
the same mistakes it makes  
again. A panoramic pattern  
stored in stories,  
buried, then beginning  
when objective observers  
with their American appetites  
dig up someone else's dead  
and call it artifact. Then  
cast us as characters  
in confession history.  
I undo what you do next.  
In boiling water, metal takes  
its body back, become objecting  
objects. Parentless debris—  
a wire mother and me—  
and of course, you chose wrong,  
hungry but holding on.  
Symbiotic siblings  
with savior complexes  
and hard shapes  
the water could not soften.  
I'm sorry I couldn't hold you back.  
I'm sorry we're self-destructing.  
A serpent  
A tail

You know the tale.  
 When everything ends  
 and everything eats,  
*What is our crime but reinvention?*

\*

## Measuring the Circumference of Us

In 2006, Pluto ceased to be a planet  
*Can it unname itself in a naming history?*  
*Can you kill the god of the dead?*  
*Can deities disappear?*

In 2006, you were born  
 An autumn song you sing alone,  
 Our Orpheus in October and you made the gods weep  
 When Eurydice died, everyone wanted to write the rage of romantic love  
 But the Romans did not believe in the architecture of aloneness

Pluto promised a return  
 But you wanted religion  
 So you turn  
 So you can be alone but not abandoned  
 So the eldest self erases and keeps their death  
 So you can live  
 So I said live your life (but live it with me)  
 So I said turn around

A circle is a sound if it saves you

\*

## C?i L??ng

the way a trapped animal  
 still sings its native song

a deep-sea diver  
 half dead half  
 open, eaten alive

heavy metal ribcage feel  
 dressed more red than real rot

the weight of decay  
 expands with nostalgia  
 for a seabed sleep

---

decompose into soft tissue

even as the familiar drowns  
everything rises

the surface sentiment before  
the body hits sediment  
is an invitation to

a carcass that cares  
to be touched

This entry was posted on Friday, November 17th, 2023 at 5:49 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.