

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Yoon Park: Three Poems

Yoon Park · Monday, June 3rd, 2024

we are all just stars that have people names

I'd steal the stars to hang them in your room.
 I'd pluck Orion's arrow out of the sky
 And paint you across miles of constellations.
 You'd say mind the tip and I'd dull my edges for you.
 You'd ask draw me the sky and I'd map your face
 Because your upper lip is Aries' golden fleece
 And your freckles are Neptune's 14 moons.
 If nobody wrote stories about your stars I'd make them
 Beautiful over Andromeda's name. You'd say *you make me*
Sound like I was a hero; I'd say but you were mine—
 I'd weave your constellation onto strings
 Made from the taste of peaches tenderly plucked
 From moonlight lips only
 If you'd let me.

They say the dead shine brightest
 When they are remembered;
 How I'd hang the stars for people to remember
 Your name.

*

Whomever

Dear whomever it may concern
 I left my wedding ring and pinkie finger length of my dignity
 and my Hawaiian-shirt penguin bobble head with my sense of direction
 along with three lottery tickets and a list of my previous and future failures
 in the plane seat I threw myself out of without regard:
 I just wanted you to know. Only
 okay, it's not just that I wanted you to know
 I just wanted you to find them for me but it's just an offer after all

no really, you don't have to but it would be nice
 if you did. You know what's funny
 whomever it may concern is that if I
 got a nickel for every time that I decided to just jump a way
 out of my own problems I'd have two nickels
 which you know, isn't much but it would be weird
 that it happened twice. Only the first time
 wasn't me leaving all my stuff behind in the cupholder
 like how I leave my car keys and an ounce of a small abrasion over
 what would no doubt develop into an impressive but inconsequential
 knot anyways. That first time I left all my scars and chances in a bucket
 and drowned it in a river in Williamsburg County where everyone could see
 but that's not important, because it's always the second attempts that last longer
 in history books or the newsletter and what everyone wants
 is to be remembered for the grander
 even stupider things
 whomever it may concern

*

He

Nobody taught him how to build machines out of paper mache and skylight
 and how to kill with chess board pieces and craft with soap bubbles
 yet everyone watched through a memory
 that wasn't theirs as he built a ship.
 He used to tell people that they weren't only geniuses
 on earth; knees folded around base, chisel and a hammer that told him
 he was in control—only, he could not be because he only sculpted
 when he was too desperate to say that he was, cheap spirits
 sunbathing him in pearly whites and an unhealthy habit
 and a fake smile that lined up with a foot, switching tools
 with an efficiency that he only borrowed from a dead friend
 his hips dragging the floor and painting it red and blue
 fitting into the colors like wearing thrifted clothes
 there was someone here before him. He'd been here
 hundreds of times, he knew how this went: she wanted a blue room
 he said yes. Alright. Won't forget. She wanted a bed as big as this
 he said deal. She wanted a skylight exactly like this one
 he said exactly like this one; it was his way of apologizing.
 Nobody taught him that he couldn't build ships for ghosts
 how silly. Because soap bubbles were supposed to be pretty, fragile things
 not the proof that he just lost the universe; maybe
 he ought to start sleeping in the garden instead of a bed
 with the dogs and the drunken dancers. And maybe that's why
 she asked for a skylight. But he couldn't know for sure
 he played a song on his glass with his ring
 that even he didn't recognize. He didn't ask

she didn't say it and they both left it unspoken because
it was prettier that way. Maybe in this dream he ignored her and moved on
the Expectation stared at him from across town with ghost eyes
and left him in an unexcused contradiction
that he would now represent.

This entry was posted on Monday, June 3rd, 2024 at 6:30 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.