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.

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