

Chrysogonus Siddha Malilang

Memories of a Clay Dragon

my grandparents kept
a ceramic dragon
in their living room

it sat on the glass top
of their coffee table
as if floating on a lake

at my bedside
my grandma wove
tales of the dragon

its might and prowess
its charismatic rule
sometimes misadventure

or there was that particular story
of her best friend who went
to China and brought the dragon

to her house, a reminder
of a land her family had left
before she was even born

a country she felt strongly though
through books and tales
but she never got to China herself

so she could only imagine
a kingdom of dragons and tigers
temples and offerings for deities

she could imagine that way
until she lost herself
until speech escaped her brain

until like an empty shell, she sat
down in the living room
blank staring, almost lifeless

there was an expression
something like a smile
as if the dragon was within reach

No Note Left

it was the hour of the rat
robbed my uncle

he left
with no farewell

nothing written
a kick and a jump

and fading to silence
shadows of the unknown

left behind in his room
the body from the rope

the rope from the beam
the smile beyond the breath

and in the morning
my aunt's scream

dividing time
from air

Dreams

dreams wake me
before the alarm
most mornings

they are the current
jolts my spine
special delivery

sparks jump synapses
blur images to manifest
what seems the speed of light

they run around
the waking mind
just these few moments

die down before
my pen can cage
them into words

retreat to back
of head, yet still may
leap up unexpected later