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Every Origami micro-chapbook may  
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Cover: *Improvised* by Lauri Burke

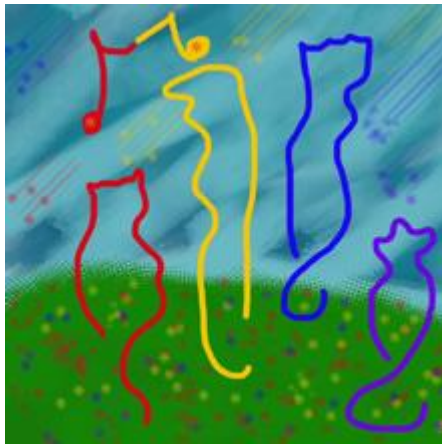
**Origami Poetry Project™**

**of improvised song**  
**Ho Cheung LEE © 2016**

Recycle this micro-chapbook  
with a friend.

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## of improvised song



**Ho Cheung LEE**

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### A brief history of time

The clock stops ticking  
at the fake Irish café at Dubai airport.  
Twenty-minute waiting time now and  
I see green still.

The crowd, the sizzling spirit,  
the cliffs I almost fell off for another Horcrux,  
the poetic lady who will sit next to me  
in the next flight;  
we earn two hours the way back  
as time flows faster towards home  
to make up for we grew younger  
in the last eight days, seven nights.

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### of improvised song

Almost like wearing nightgowns  
in lessons when the bunch of us  
fellow Chinese discussed Japanese  
form of poetry in English.  
Still fresh to me how those images  
articulated as they felt the new  
ink on the sheets. Sketching the  
visible became an inevitable stop  
to where the visible was not to be  
sketched. I volunteered in this  
theatrical feat only bewildered  
by the frowning kids lyricizing  
my scruffiness in D major. This  
haiga of improvised song.

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Review* (Vol. 26, 2015)

### Reunion

Same dirt picked up by your cotton soles.  
The newly installed braces ruined little your  
flushing cheeks, acquitted laughter,  
blessed words that could only be uttered  
by a Saint.

I wished I were the couch where you twisted  
and turned as you hummed through your game  
tamed by your staccato fingertips.

The scent from your shirt blended with the  
mindless moving images on the black screen  
like falling stars sound-tracked by the  
distressed ocean and moaning aqua-people.

The mermaid's song drew me closer to your ear.  
Your muttering was not distracted  
by my body heat,  
the press on the shoulders,  
a subconscious kiss.

I was confused too,  
like I found myself as I got lost  
in the woods growing every part of you –  
I would've been a murderer of the thief stealing  
your childhood,  
believe me.

Still in my ear every word she said among the  
storm of applause – I just had my last day  
with you, with your every tiny movement of  
words and gesture of vitality and wit.

In the evening, I sunk into bed, stroking  
your piliated face, getting pulled further down  
into the lake in the middle of the  
forbidden forest shrouded by the tune.  
The lullaby that would haunt me forever.

### My Room

hijacked for two years now  
by the heat from growing lads.  
We clenched to the upper rim  
and muscled our way like  
some Russian twins.  
Each action rebuked by the  
conservative bunk. Moaned  
in cracks and squeaks.

How little of the new winter I inhaled.

### Near

Not the destination that causes  
the heartbeat.  
I still exist the parallel time  
a new morning, with a different me yet  
the distance outgrows the hours.  
I browser up the possibilities and  
accelerate them with poison. It dies  
into a chair and a desk.  
Inhaling has become a means  
of decomposing the in-betweens.

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Out of reach as I touch it.

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