

Necklace: A Gift of Brotherhood from George Lai Yuan

By Allen Yuan

Blood-red intertwined thread of life
Passing through a shadowed low point

The lid, lukewarm, dulled and dusty
Inside the glass of time
A five year old grain of rice
Remains odorless and recognizable

With it, a petite pretty green blue flower
Flourishing without air,
Its potential limited by its surroundings.

In scripted onto the smooth yellow-tinged surface of the rice
Reads my Chinese name in fine black calligraphy
It may be a single grain,
But I never forget my roots

Swaying back and forth without a creak or swish
The necklace hangs on the high lamp head
Much like the dreams of China in my head

Restrained but living
Living but not thriving

Poker in the Rain

By Allen Yuan

The shallow sunshine
Shying away without a reason

The greyed audience is dazzled
By a performance so magical, so captivating

I don my joker mask of lies,
A truth hidden between the shades

Playing my role like an ace of spades
Hoping to exchange this burden
For a hearty umbrella-wielder

The wet wind ravages and clubs my struggling spirit
Encasing my fortress of flesh & bone
With the drips of droplets
I splash dive into the city buzz
Forever amidst
The diamonds of gray rain