

haiku-arizona
by Elaine K. Chang

light palpitates dark
with white plastic forks leaving
no marks on tear ducts
pressed to granular
hiss, issue faint steam in shapes
of hammers or stars.

feet first she falls on
his tongue, taut landing curling
up round her ankles.
filigree cracks climb
freeze-dried high arches, send thrills
metatarsal to rocking skull, cross-hatch
up a likeness to trees or
fishbones. nothing hurts

despite what marrow
might say. arid abysmal
adulthood crumples
air above snakes that
lash limbs and weave
brittle slippery mirages
of human women
who look humid but sound hoarse.

their stiletto breath
taps holes in hot sand.
his words sizzle, dissemble
when they land, form
pearl bead pools she now dabs
behind as many undulating knees, on pulse
points wrung uncertain.

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