

Timothy Liu

Do Me a Solid

You go to bed
one person
and wake up

another, willing
to pack a small
duffel & back

your car out
of a driveway
without a word

to this place
before anyone
could tell you

weren't worth
the rock salt
a rancher

shot at you
when you found
yourself on

the wrong side
of a fence
whose barbed

wire wasn't
sharp enough
to keep anyone

the fuck out—

Birdsong Forever in that Childhood House

I swallowed
a magpie

and felt more

myself than I
had in years—

one in the mouth

worth more than
two in the bush

if you know

what I mean
which you

don't—not this

time, a whistle
no different

from a catcall

when sounded
in a land

called never—

Can Anyone Please Spare Some Change?

He's quite serious
about his social media

curation—dick pics

and donkey punches
not part of the

narrative. Behind

the posed holiday
smiles and the fam all

touchy feely lies

the menace, the bottles
of oxy just outside

the frame—grandpa's

H0 train set disassembled
and put away

in the crawl space

where nasty creepy crawlies
have at it, not enough

light down there

to illuminate the spots
of rust congregating where

childhood ends

and adulthood begins
to colonize the hand-held

devices masquerading

as stocking stuffers
we can't quite

afford—spider-cracked

touch-screen glass beyond
easy repair evidence

of class struggle

and shameful regress.
Sorry if I couldn't

help you locate any

egress—no service
and a low battery

inside my panic-room

dungeon, come in, let me
remove your wireless

Skull-Candy ear buds

to get you to focus
on something other than

your insipid playlists

that haven't given
anyone a boner

in years—all those fake

orgasmic selfies
no one really likes

or wants to comment on

stuffed so far down the wet
casements I don't know

where to begin, how to

undo the leather teddy
your grandma once wore

zipped-up in a mothballed

bag the size of Texas
if Louis Vuitton

were a freeze-dried twat

one can casually snack on
while reciting verses

no one has been willing

to commit to memory—
fuck memorable speech

and selling fruit rolls

or tissue packs
on an after-hours train

where eyes are glued

to their phones, unwilling
to acknowledge

the single mother

who claims her daughters
named Destiny & Hope

are starving—



Timothy Liu's latest book of poems is LET IT RIDE (Saturnalia Books, 2019). A reader of occult esoterica, he lives in Manhattan and Woodstock, NY. www.timothyliu.net