

Juno Mak

## As clocks strike twelve

Often as I watch the last minute on the table clock  
turns into  
the start of another day, then near-simultaneously,  
the figure  
of date jumps, the day of week changes, and after  
thirty one,  
thirty, twenty nine, or twenty eight nights, comes  
a new month.

The table clock is passing the new-born minute as  
my laptop  
and wristwatch loosely follow it, steadily pace over  
the midnight.

The clock-strikes-twelve moment that repeats itself  
for three times  
is not chased by any prince holding a glass high heel  
in his hand.

Not making a sound, on the calendar a shift is made.  
No magic,  
it's only cold machines operating the time of clocks.

I stare blankly at the flickering dots : : : but there is  
no tick-tock.

No sound is transmitted to clean up my thoughts.  
Nothing has  
changed in my life but another day of battery-life  
is consumed.

## **A way**

Here is a simple fact:

I need to find a way out.

I want to go back.

To where – to home I guess.

w

a

So I turn right, turn left,

l

k

straight ahead, again to the left,

i

n

g

lost, I need help.

I stand here opening the map,

people come and want to talk instead.

They may be nice, but I just tell them:

I want to go desperately mad.

And I continue with my

W

A

L

K

I

N

G

until I come to a door

R

U

N

followed by another

N

I

N

G

yet another

r

u

n

but never

n

i

n

g

come to

c

r

a

w

AN

l

i

n

g

c

r

a

w

l

i

n

EXIT

## Your Smile

Everything about you now  
reminds me of nothing, but  
like a stranger's smile,  
a shivering glitter of dust.

Reminds me of nothing, but  
those happy deceptive moments  
– a shivering glitter of dust –  
and you fooled my sentiments.

Those happy deceptive moments,  
when I rose to a figure in surprise,  
and you fooled my sentiments,  
your eyes turned into lies.

When I rose to a figure in surprise,  
I no longer trust your existence.  
Your eyes turned into lies,  
wicked and distant.

I no longer trust your existence.  
Everything about you now,  
wicked and distant,  
like a stranger's smile.

## Remembrance

I find myself returning to the same dimension  
where nothing but memory exists,  
like throwing a boomerang to the shore with waves  
crashing into dusk;  
I try to stand still and sing to your silent heart.

For if you cry,  
and families and old men on the news  
cry by their muted children, asking why,  
- with reporters giving nonchalant comments,  
I will try to pin my teeth on my pale lips hard;

For as my favorite orca dies  
from that stage she didn't even belong,  
- I see her returning to her resting place,  
her smooth shallow beauty slowly fades,  
a part of my childhood dies too;

For if a car crash happens in front of my eyes  
or a man jumping off the rooftop  
falls from the rainy sky  
- these indelible marks can hurt me not,  
I shall think of nothing but you;

Even if the siren sings her endless songs  
and echoes fill this raging sea  
- I will not be enchanted,  
as all my heart is occupied in the past, your voice,  
the lingering sound of sorrow will continue.

When I gaze at the window of your room  
- where you no longer live,  
this melody will always keep me home  
and fill me with remaining pieces of yours,  
as memory puts its hands around me, shake me, ruin me

*Mo u, mo do re na i.\**

I do not recall you in my early memories;  
I do not remember us having that conversation at all.  
But let's sing our song once more  
and don't reminisce, don't slip away from the present  
- which for the million times I already have.

\* Means *We cannot return anymore* in Japanese