SARAH YI-MEI TSIANG

DICK PICS

Two dicks, sitting in
my daughter’s inbox,
like men without hats,
waiting for any door
to open.
*
Sighting a stranger’s penis
used to be rare. Remember raincoats?
Like a flash of lightning,
like a Scratch ‘N Win ticket –
sometimes glittering knock-off watches,
sometimes a flapping penis
shivering in the electric air.
*
Overcooked hotdog?
Aborted fetus?
Close up of a thumb?
Rolled baloney on a lonely deli plate?
*
We have whole monologues
for vaginas. But I can only imagine
a penis as silent,
which isn’t the same
as listening.
*
The lighting is never
good. No one ever drapes
a dick in folds of linen
with the head looking
back, one pearl earring
shining in stilled patience.
*
In the schoolyard
a graffitied cock stands on balls
pointing to the night sky –
a fallen constellation.
*
Women are for portraits,

lounging nudes stuffed into frames,
luminous and arch. They are heads
breasts, ass, and feet (though
never speech). You must pay
and cross a velvet rope to see them.
The penis stands alone
in filthy bars and bathrooms,
in wooded parks,
in the shadowed alleys
whistling a moon-white tune.
*
Now penises are everywhere.
Like posters for a one-act play,
plastered on every telephone pole,
bench, building, on every mailbox,
on your kitchen chair,
so that you have to push through piles of them,
great snowdrifts of dick.
Just to reach across the room
and tuck a stray hair
back into your daughter’s braid.