CHEN CHEN

WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE A LIST OF FURTHER POSSIBILITIES

To be a good
ex/current friend for R. To be one last
inspired way to get back at R. To be relationship
advice for L. To be advice
for my mother. To be a more comfortable
hospital bed for my mother. To be
no more hospital beds. To be, in my spare time,
America for my uncle, who wants to be China
for me. To be a country of trafficless roads
& a sports car for my aunt, who likes to go
fast. To be a cyclone
of laughter when my parents say
their new coworker is like that, they can tell
because he wears pink socks, see, you don't, so you can't,
can't be one of them. To be the one
my parents raised me to be —
a season from the planet
of planet-sized storms.
To be a backpack of PB&J & every
thing I know, for my brothers, who are becoming
their own storms. To be, for me, nobody,
homebody, body in bed watching TV. To go 2D
& be a painting, an amateur's hilltop & stars,
simple decoration for the new apartment
with you. To be close, J.,
to everything that is close to you —
blue blanket, red cup, green shoes
with pink laces.
To be the blue & the red.
The green, the hot pink.