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HOA NGUYEN

BLOUSY GUITAR

Blousy guitar I don’t want to count the beats Hey Hey
My pen I have bed hair in the best way Daughter
of sunlight and air and I’m glad you were born
on this day or put another way: that you were
born Let’s be superstars Let’s call each other “suckas”
Turn everything into writing Lord of my Love
and eat new raw oysters with many condiments
to lord & love to be generally great
The flopping flowers that die in a poem
Summer solstice smacks me in the face ridiculous
and I dream the different like a naked sonnet
Your raw throaty laugh submerged under hot noodles
I wrote “valley” when I meant “longing”
Your laugh a river A trout kind of green