

Candy Shue
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50 lines

THANK YOU, SHOOTERS

We were shot.
Shot so many times.

We became the hole in us.
Instead of the whole.

It is not bad, being hole.
A palpable lack.

Where there once was.
Now there wasn't.

Do you see?
Nothing.

Being a palpable lack.
We were before.

We didn't know.
We worried.

Our default position.
Worry.

And lack.
A partial thing, a paltry thing.

Now our lack is whole.
Fills us up.

We embrace it.
Finally.

Our absence.
A palpable presence.

The ghosts you think about.
Your dearest loved ones.

All the time.
We are gone.

Listen.
Can you hear us?

But wait.
We'll stop talking.

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206 words

DEAR LONELY PLANET

In the mornings, I sit in the Sky Lounge and eat exquisitely sweet strawberries, completely out of season. I have made offerings of wasabi peas and prawn chips to the vituperous monkeys and ponderous elephants at the Children's Zoo, attended the ceremonial ritual of the Singing Clock at the Sogo Department Store, and paid tribute to enter the great Buddha of Kamakura, a deity so enormous that dozens of people can stand in its bronze body, which is hollow like the inside of a chocolate Easter bunny. In the ceiling above the Sky Lounge, two 50,000 pound weights hover, delicately poised on opposite ends of a seesaw. If there is a storm or an earthquake, the weights are programmed to shift so the 70-story glass and steel tower will flex and bend, like a willow tree swaying in the wind. According to my guidebook, I should be able to see the World's Tallest Ferris Wheel (the one that flashes different colored lights corresponding to the season) at the amusement park across the street, but when I look out of my window, all I can see is an empty rectangle, a surprisingly small footprint, where the ferris wheel must once have been.

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HERPETOLOGY

Fog-sensed,
Non-tressed,
Slick-skinned,
Toe-jammed,
Sticky-lipped,
Tongue-pitched,
Eyes quelled,
Throat swelled,
Gut-blessed,
Fly less-ed,
Un-swamped,
De-twitched,
Hamstrung,

Delish!

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TIME SINK

It's no big squeal,
oh rock in my shoe,
chocolate credit cards
melting in my pocket.
Snow-blind, buzzing,
I trip over a hunch
in the carpet,
bite my tongue.
The call of the sieve
so strong; an overtow
purling me under. Chop
my mouse hand off; please,
save me.