Sunsets
For Grandma

Dear God,

I used to envy the stars.
Burning oblivions, ablaze in beauty
Humming sweet while we wither
Bitter.

But now I know
When I gazed to escape

I was looking for Grandma in your twinkling eyes.
Because you can’t hold one without mourning the other.

And now,
I clasp her hands in mine
They’re cold
Not like ice, nor like silver
But cold like the wind that takes
A bite.

My chest aches under its teeth

Grandma
But she can’t hear me.

She takes a breath
The way the sun retracts its hands
She takes a sip
The way the sun dips its fingertips

But when I call
She watches the wall
The way the sun buries behind clouds
And when I ask her to remember
She stares and blinks
The way the sun flickers before the storm

I remember the way she saved
White chocolates wrapped in gold
I remember the way she prayed
To you, 上帝, at her bedside

When I see her now
Shadow clamped to her flickering throat
When I hear her crackling voice
Clouds swallowing her once-gleaming eyes

I can't.

My eyes burn watching her
Watching the sun
Is like tasting the tea when you know it’ll scathe Like
holding the snow when you know it’ll melt Like
stroking the bee when you know it’ll sting Like letting
love cut deeper. When you sink in its arms

So I can't.

But I look out the window
To find her in her garden
She shines faintly
But brighter than any star

So I pray, eyes up.

Please God,
I don’t want this poem
To bleed obsolete
To drop me from its arms

When one day I look to the sky
Groping its caves for You
And see
Nothing.

Because I’m her Honey Bunny
Her sam guan ding bo buoy
Closer to her heart
Than You to heaven
But you can’t let one go without mourning the other.
Night is coming
I know.

When it wraps its wings in flight
The sun will bow to its feathers
Plunge into darkness
I know.

When night takes its throne
Shoves the sun from the sky,
It will fall.
I know.

But yesterday Grandma smiled
And for a second
The sky glimmered blue

Yesterday Grandma held my hands
And the clouds parted by light

And today
I clasp her hands
Hold her wrinkles in my fingers
Trace her gray hairs by my knuckles

And tomorrow
Night will come
To swallow the sun whole

But there’s something beautiful
Even as my throat tightens
My hands tremble
And my eyes wet

There’s something beautiful
About watching the sun
Even as it sets.