

---

# Cultural Daily – Independent Voices, New Perspectives.

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Clarissa Gao: Two Poems

Clarissa Gao · Sunday, December 11th, 2022

### ON LIGHT

there are no words i can use to describe the sun and the sky  
the closest i can get is describing me describing you  
there's a poem crying underneath our breaths  
i dont want to speak over it

light doesn't dance it slashes  
it pierces you  
but it bleeds  
what a dramatic sensitive self-pitying little thing

i think it just wants to be touched

i think it just wants to fall

slice through plain air  
and crash and collide with concrete slab  
wade through thick breath, slip between thin gasps  
i think it wants to know what it's like to touch your skin with its own

i think it just wants to know what it means to die  
to be kissed  
to cry

light is a vain curious invasive little thing  
it cuts  
into anything it can reach  
splays itself over surfaces and bodies  
leering over shoulders  
reaching into pores and eyes and noses, mouths, ears

it wants to touch,  
kiss, dig, burrow, sleep, die  
deep in the home between your lungs  
it wants to touch you in ways it cant itself

it wants to be alone (with you)  
soak you clean

there is nothing it finds more violent than the white of your eyes, the back of your head, the sound  
of your voice cutting through its flesh

if light could speak, it would barely even whisper,  
if light could speak it would write  
it would wait for you to read it aloud

\*

### **after palalo catalina series #5**

what do you see when you look at me?  
an animal? a boy? a bug?

you speak me felt and fortune  
molten sea and congealed fiber  
do you want me a part of you?

do you want my jerkied lungs on display  
do you want my jellied blood  
you can unhinge my jaw pull out my tongue and spray paint the wall with my insides and i wouldnt  
know what to say to you  
but  
i guess i'd want people to look at me too

a smear. an animal. a body

\*\*\*

*(Featured image: Peter Alexander, "Thrasher," 1992. Oil on canvas. UCI Institute and Museum for California Art)*

This entry was posted on Sunday, December 11th, 2022 at 8:19 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a  
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.