

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Lillian Troung: “Souvenirs”

Lillian Troung · Monday, August 16th, 2021

### Souvenirs

I come across many things  
Things that are not of this world  
They are my souvenirs.  
Something to remind me of my journey  
A clean white cloth perfect for a table  
A necklace with feathers from an unknown bird  
A twisted fork found in the deepest of depths.  
A golden bracelet in a form of a snake  
A glass bottle that can hold even the deadliest of liquids.  
A blue lightbulb that is neither burns or dies out  
A spool of thread that never runs out  
They all seem confusing to a normal person.  
But to me they hold a greater meaning  
These are my treasures I hold close.  
I have come across many things  
And I will travel to new worlds  
But these will be something I hold importance  
Because they remind me of the people, I met  
Along the way

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### The White Cloth

My first stop on my trip was filled with tea parties  
The host was very strict on etiquette no matter how bizarre they are  
No cats  
No chestnuts  
No lemon tea  
The host expect these rules to be followed  
The other guests were Mr. Blue and Mr. Red  
There were others but they were escorted out by Mr. Orange and Green  
“Because they didn’t have manners”  
According to the host

After the tea part, the host ask if there was anything I like  
 “Rule 602 says there should be a parting present for the guest”  
 I said I wanted the tablecloth  
 For not a single drop or crumb has fallen on it  
 I was given it without question  
 And then  
 I left

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## **The Feather Necklace**

My next stop was met with dryness and jungle  
 Flora and Fauna were unknown to me  
 But then I saw something familiar  
 A lion, a hyena, and a wolf  
 They seem to be playing a game  
 It looked like football, but the ball was a frisbee  
 I was invited to keep score by them  
 As I watched, I noticed things  
 Lion was smart a cheater  
 Hyena was agile and sneaky  
 Wolf hides nothing and show his heart  
 No one won that day  
 A reptile took the disc before it started  
 Lion went to bed  
 Hyena went to work  
 Wolf gave me a necklace  
 The feathers felt soft and wispy  
 Yet sturdy and tough  
 I ask the name of the bird  
 Wolf just stared  
 Then left

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## **The Twisted Fork**

I was hungry so I stopped for a bite  
 I heard of a nice restaurant  
 Has the food anyone would want  
 Generous host  
 Just didn’t expect it to be underwater  
 A restaurant under the ocean  
 All kept dry with a glass dome  
 I met the Manager who was an octopus  
 With his many arms, he can handle many tasks  
 Then I met the waiter brothers  
 Left and Right

Left was the more energetic waiter  
 Right acted professional  
 The food was vibrant and felt welcoming  
 The utensils were unfamiliar  
 How do eat with a bent spoon?  
 How do you cut with a crooked knife?  
 Do you twirl with fork or must the fork be twirled first?  
 Left kept asking about my travels  
 Right asked if my food was okay  
 Somehow, I finished my meal  
 Octopus told me I could keep the fork  
 "A story for a fork" he said  
 I told of him the tale of the tea party  
 I left at closing time

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## The Golden Snake

The desert is harsh  
 The desert is unforgiving  
 The desert is unrelenting  
 But I found myself paradise at the oasis  
 A friendly otter greeted me when I entered  
 He even prepared a party for me  
 The cobra next to him just sighs  
 They were different from one another  
 Like the sun and moon  
 But they were friends  
 Like peanut butter and jelly  
 Coconuts was the theme of the party  
 The oasis was decorated with coconuts  
 While the otter basked in the sun with the guests  
 Cobra chose the shade and watched  
 I drank the coconut milk  
 Otter was sad when I told him I had to go  
 Cobra seemed sad too  
 The otter dove into the water and gave me a goodbye present  
 A golden bracelet in a shape of a snake  
 Cobra was shy about it  
 I hoped to seem them soon

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## The Glass Bottle

My path has led me to a castle  
 The oldest one in the lands I heard  
 My old friend Mr. Songbird told me to come by

I entered without second thought  
 Mr. Seagull asked where I'm from  
 "Anywhere" I said  
 He took that answer  
 Mr. Peacock sat on his throne  
 Yet he was not a king  
 Mr. Peacock scolded Mr. Songbird  
 He never told Mr. Peacock on my visit  
 But he was feeling kind today  
 The servants whisked me away  
 "To look presentable" he said  
 Lavender, rose, sage  
 All in the effort to cover the smell of dust I was doused in  
 Mr. Seagull told me Mr. Peacock was waiting with the root vegetables.  
 I went there  
 Mr. Peacock held his head high and walked like he was in a catwalk  
 I imagined his feathers would fan out if he was a real peacock  
 He told me a story on the last king  
 How he rose  
 How he ruled  
 How he fell  
 It was tragic for him to fall from the most potent of poisons  
 As I left the building  
 Mr. Songbird came  
 And gave me a empty glass bottle  
 He told me Mr. Peacock made it  
 To hold any liquid  
 Like the deadliest poisons  
 I left with my mind to create theories

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## The Blue Lightbulb

I found myself wandering in the fog  
 Not a single inch of ground were revealed to me  
 My only sight were the blue lights  
 I bumped into a pair  
 Mr. Flame and his young brother, Little Wisp  
 Mr. Flame tried to hide in his big coat of his  
 Little Wisp waved at me, eyes shining through his shades  
 I shook hands  
 Both were cold  
 I asked them if they know their way around here  
 Little Wisp said they do and Mr. Flame contributed  
 Mr. Flame looked like he wanted to disappear  
 I asked for directions for the exit  
 Little Wisp just smiled and grabbed my hand  
 He wanted to guide me the way out

Mr. Flame mumbled to himself  
 Little wisp loves to talk about Mr. Flame  
 Thanks to them I was out of the fog  
 But it wasn't done yet  
 Mr. Flame for the first time I met him  
 Spoke clearly  
 "Should you ever find yourself in a foggy land"  
 A shining blue lightbulb  
 It felt cold in my hands  
 The pair seemed to fade into the fog  
 Like they belonged there  
 The light never burnt out

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## The Endless Spool

I've seen many forests in my journey  
 But I have never seen one where the wood was black  
 And the grass choked on the thorns  
 The weather was dreary  
 Dark cloud never wanted to go away  
 A pink bat surprised me  
 Told me I have to see something important  
 I followed  
 A smoking black hill greeted me  
 Only that it was breathing  
 It moved  
 And it wasn't a hill  
 It was a dragon  
 A loud clang  
 And I found myself interrogated by men in armor  
 Knight Sword and Knight Shield  
 The pink bat squeaked at them  
 They seem to understand and lowered their weapons  
 And told me a story of the lonely dragon  
 A tale of a dragon was born and was guarded by knights for his whole life  
 Because the king feared the beast's power  
 A tale of a bat always came to visit this dragon  
 Because he was lonely  
 A tale of how the dragon escaped  
 And flew far far away  
 And made home in this forest  
 The Sword and Shield stops anyone from approaching  
 For they want no harm come to the creature  
 But the dragon was still lonely  
 And never knew what the world was like  
 That is why bat brought me here  
 I sat next to the slumbering dragon

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And told him my story  
Of the White Cloth  
Of the Feather Necklace  
Of the Twisted Fork  
Of the Golden Snake  
Of the Glass Bottle  
Of the Blue Lightbulb  
I told him the people I met  
My experience  
And how it was special to me  
He smiled  
With closed eyes  
His wings opened and a spool of thread falls out  
Although he never said a word  
I understood what he said  
I left with another memory for my collection  
To another world

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