

five pieces for the naked eye

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only flowers can stare out the sky

even they
shut up shop
of a night

one tiptoes
through the life of omens
dark foliage over
dark leaves trod
the wall is full
of empty frames
and then the dust and darkness

the right words find me

pants down as usual
they followed me everywhere
but I lulled them like Argus of the hundred eyes
talked them into a doze
I unloosed the sack of signs
and see – they've blown me here
every time

a whale blows kisses
up the coast
cute
you think up the tune

¹ Christopher (Kit) Kelen's most recent volumes of poetry are *Dredging the Delta* (book of Macao poems and sketches), published in 2007 by Cinnamon Press (UK) and *After Meng Jiao: Responses to the Tang Poet*, published in 2008 by VAC (Chicago, IL). Kelen has taught Literature and Creative Writing for the last eight years at the University of Macau in south China.

so this is the poem of the cartoon
of the lust in your pants
of the eye to eye
of the world gone round
every time that you
walk in the room

whoever sees

a comet frozen
patches the sky
around it to mend

only the mind in flight
sleeps soundly
only the blind eye
feather bent
to its own luxury
of wishes

honi soit qui mal y pense

night comes when we're not watching
then angels, snakes have switched about
the mirror folds into walls of traffic
and the sea's soft rush most hurts

money lies on the table
inert
it should burn
but the match girl and her flame
are melting the glass she sees through

the holocaust is inside
the cursed in their needle eye
to whom shall be given
God makes it so

spins

air spins
with a leaf that's falling
and the eye falls with it
and the breath held there
holds up the sky

awhile the heart stills
to one beat

this is what a picture won't catch
this is what eludes the plot
this is what a poem's for