Four Poems

OYANG YU

— BAD BLURBS

He said: the book wasn’t much
Even though the words on the back
Extolled it to the skies
I said: you know what?
I’d like my next book to be back-covered
With bad blurbs
Such as this:
This is the worst book I’ve ever
Read for the last millennium
And this:
It’s so bad that once you read it
You will never forget it again, not ever
And this:
It’s such shit, the shit that you must contain
And shit out, no matter what
He said: Are you serious?
Let me see the proof
I said: millions guaranteed, mate, millions
What is 2009?
Why did they fireworks so much money to launch it?
What is there to celebrate about, the new death of the innocent?
In the gunfire that much resembles the fireworks?
Why have so many people already died 9 days into the year?
Do they have enough ground to bury the dead?
What is it that made the war so attractive to them as a solution to find peace?
What is it that made us want to create more enemies than friends?
What, again, is there to celebrate about if the year is but another one of the worst histories repeated in which whoever wins wins on the strength of killing and whoever loses loses on the capacity for being killed?
Something is wrong with Australia in *Australia*
In its black and white treatment through
Such colorful cinematography
That one wonders about the showy, the show-off bits

Stage one: Arriving (from another mother
Land establishing the genealogical line age)
Stage two: Drov[ing (might we give it an alternative title
Calling it *The Non-wife’s Drover*?)

Stage three: Saving (not Private Ryan
But a neither-here-nor-there half-caste boy
Stage four: Reuniting (the drover, the drover’s non-wife
The Aboriginal boy of mixed black and white blood)

There is something so communist in all this, with its driven significance
One wonders if it is not Australia’s Great
Proletarian Cultural Revolution
At work. The only one whose English is crap

And whose face lasts no longer than one second
As the camera is told and held to keep it that way
Is the Chinese cook whose presence is negligibly indispensible
One wonders why he resembles Dyson or Lawson so much, even in 2008
Asia  
Korea  朝鲜  
Japan  日本  
Singapore  新加坡  
Afghanistan  阿富汗  
Yemen  也门  
[and etc]

Secondary Continent
Morning Fresh  
Fuck Root  
New Plus Slope  
Ah Rich Sweat  
Also Door

Europe  
Denmark  丹麦  
Poland  波兰  
Italy  意大利  
Britain  英国  
France  法国  
[and etc]

O Continent
Red Wheat  
Wave Orchid  
Mind Huge Profit  
Heroic Nation  
Legitimate Nation

Africa  
South Africa  南非  
Uganda  乌干达  
Congo  刚果  
Angola  安哥拉  
Mali  马里  
[and etc]

Non Continent
South No  
Dark Dry Arrival  
Rigid Fruit  
Peace Brother Pull  
Horse Lane

Oceania  
Australia  澳大利亚  
New Zealand  新西兰  
Tonga  汤加  
[and etc]

Great Ocean Continent
Au Huge Profit Asia  
New West Orchid  
Soup Plus
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>America</th>
<th>美洲</th>
<th>Beautiful Continent</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mexico</td>
<td>墨西哥</td>
<td>Ink West Brother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canada</td>
<td>加拿大</td>
<td>Plus Take Big</td>
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<tr>
<td>USA</td>
<td>美国</td>
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<td>智利</td>
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<td>Heiti</td>
<td>海地</td>
<td>Sea Land</td>
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<td>[and etc]</td>
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