

Four Poems

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—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

—2009

What is 2009?

Why did they firework 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?

—‘AUSTRALIA’

[Warning: this is not a film review]

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: Droving (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 indispensable
One wonders why he resembles Dyson or Lawson so much, even in 2008

<u>Asia</u>	<u>亚洲</u>	<u>Secondary Continent</u>
Korea	朝鲜	Morning Fresh
Japan	日本	Fuck Root
Singapore	新加坡	New Plus Slope
Afghanistan	阿富汗	Ah Rich Sweat
Yemen	也门	Also Door
[and etc]		

<u>Europe</u>	<u>欧洲</u>	<u>O Continent</u>
Denmark	丹麦	Red Wheat
Poland	波兰	Wave Orchid
Italy	意大利	Mind Huge Profit
Britain	英国	Heroic Nation
France	法国	Legitimate Nation
[and etc]		

<u>Africa</u>	<u>非洲</u>	<u>Non Continent</u>
South Africa	南非	South No
Uganda	乌干达	Dark Dry Arrival
Congo	刚果	Rigid Fruit
Angola	安哥拉	Peace Brother Pull
Mali	马里	Horse Lane
[and etc]		

<u>Oceania</u>	<u>大洋洲</u>	<u>Great Ocean Continent</u>
Australia	澳大利亚	Au Huge Profit Asia
New Zealand	新西兰	New West Orchid
Tonga	汤加	Soup Plus
[and etc]		

<u>America</u>	<u>美洲</u>	<u>Beautiful Continent</u>
Mexico	墨西哥	Ink West Brother
Canada	加拿大	Plus Take Big
USA	美国	Beautiful Nation
Chile	智利	Intelligent Profit
Heiti	海地	Sea Land
[and etc]		