

## Durian Sonnet

I lost this sonnet once I may lose it again  
I wore the design described as concealment  
and surprise The split sides and hugged features  
You had to lift your arms out for the poster

photograph You had to leave your arms out  
to show your Circus Daring to say you chose this  
To say you are flying flying fucking flying  
On the small French motorbike Hair

also flying and a glamour shot smile I ask Diệp to tell  
Me who they are the women pictured in black & white  
colorful stripes 5 in the all-women motorcycle troupe  
(Durian translates as “private sorrow”) She says

Hm, I think she’s dead I don’t know what happened to her  
She killed herself I don’t know what happened to her