

Cathy Park Hong. 2007. Dance
Dance Revolution.

ROLES

... Opal o opus,
behole, neon hibiscus bloom beacons!
"Tan Lotion Tanya" billboard ... she
your lucent Virgil, den I's taka ova
as talky Virgil ... want some tea? Some pelehuu?

Mine vocation your vacation!
... I train mine talk box to talk yep-puh, as you
'Merikkens say "purdy," no goods only phrases,
betta de phrase, "purdier" de experience,

twenty t'ousand guides here but I'm #1 ...
once, Helsinkian arrive, I's say "I guide I guide"
but Helsinkian yap "No! Too many guides!" den I sleep outside
'im door, 'im wake, I say calmly "I guide"
y Helsinkian say "Goddammunt, ja okay, guide me!"

... a million lightbulbs en Desert wit cleanest latrines
en our strobe lit lobbies since desert non sin ... each
hotel de McCosm o any city ... Bangkok ova here,
Paree ova dere ...

I speak sum Han-guk y Finnish, good bit o Latin
y Spanish ... sum toto Desert Creole en evachanging dipdong
'pendable on mine mood ... ibid ...

... Many 'Merikken dumplings unhinge dim
talk holes y ejaculate *oooh y hot-diggity*,
dis is de *shee-it* ... but gut ripping done to erect Polis,
we exploit gaggle o aborigini to back tundra county ...
Bannitus! But betta to scrape dat fact
unda history rug, so shh ...

O tempora, O mores! I usta move
around like Innuite lookim for sea pelt ... now
I'mma double migrant. Ceded from Koryo, ceded from
'Merikka, ceded y ceded until now I seizem
dis sizable Mouthpiece role ... now les' drive to interior.

3. THE FOUNTAIN OUTSIDE THE ARBORETUM

Ahoy! Whitening wadder fountain. Drink. Afta cuppa-ful
o aqua vitae, yo pissin fang transformate to puh'ly whites
lika Bollywood actress swole en saffron,
flashim her tarta molar to she coquetry man.

I'se drink gallon-a-day . . . (*bare her teeth*) ssshhhee?
Issshh beautiful, eh? . . . Frum purim H₂O wit fluoride
y sulfate y tu typical humectant lika xylitol
which supa-boosta fluoride's cavity fightim powa.

So g'won miff, you mus' drink. Me good-fo-nut'ing
fadder once ses to me, "*Ttialim*, you mus' hab whitest
teef so you catchim holistic hotshot man." Ipsi dixit!
Mine fadder hed rat-hole teef, y you hab it too wit dim
nicotine mold en dim pachyderm tusk.

Eberyone hab bes' teef! Shinier den 'Merikken
Colgates . . . 'Cos mine molar, I'se attract lusty lubbas,
but I non lustim if dim have moss sweaters en teef
even if dim wining dining me. As mine fadder ses,
"You triumph only wit de whitest."

4. THE WASHROOMS OF ST. PETERSBURG

Behole de toilet gurgle o flush kaputs en zip second,
de porcelite not clam cold but warm lika
oven-loin mits . . . urging ye waste to dive
into cleanest ammonio pond.

De boottons en toilet manifold! Pequeno
es mung beans: one fo concierge if ye suffrin
belly-ache, nutt'a squirts a fountain o
wadder to wash ye besmirched hole afta satis,
one dat vill pipe en Wagna o disco, din parfum
to fume de offal air.

So comfy, gratus latrines maki ye wanna sit
en its porcelite domus y read great lititure . . .
Mind ova matta samsy, mind ova matta, even if ye ate
bad Mulligatawny, ye mind's fog will curdle
to clearest tough balloon.

Reflect en *hows* y *whys* en de day's events.
O tink, fist proppim chin, bout Being—yes, sentient
being, ye may ponder, sense o essence?

O ye may muse back evening befo,
en blue-lumen Lounge, when ye hed sensual tension
wit tenderone lass, whist ye knees be kissim neat' de table.

Toilets so seductive, ye tush
vacuumed to hole, stuck lika fire ant trapped
innim own feast o glaced peach pie.