

Waiting for a Stalemate

for Philip Thomas

Why am I lying in this trench
In an indifferent no man's land
Watching words bullet by
In air-bubble cartridges
Heavily loaded with boring concepts?
I dug this refuge,
As much a self-conscripted private crying war
As a wild waver of a wet, white vest,
Wearing Didi's battered, shitful helmet
And bathing in a blare of a-go-go records.
Should I creep out of this quicksand
Towards the moving neon lights
Of the buzzing-with-talk, on-the-go frontlines,
Risk winning a purple heart
At the boots of stinking, cracked feet,
At the boots of five-star ash statues
Frozen in dynamic-static poses?

Therefore,
Should I bore deeper into my trench
Or let their words bore me to death?

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