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# Sestina: People's Republic of China, the Foreign Woman Laments the Revolution's Failure to Accomodate Love

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Sestina: People's Republic of China, the Foreign  
Woman Laments the Revolution's Failure to  
Accomodate Love · Marilyn Krysl

You're married. So is everyone else Chinese.  
How odd, a billion people done up in couples.  
You never see no flirty eyes let fly  
a dazzle. A place for every piece (please  
excuse my profanity) and every piece in place.  
"We cannot have the people going crazy!"

Imagine Mao saying this to Zhou. Crazy  
as a loon, I moon, imagining your Chinese  
face eyes hands. I live on looks, no place  
for assignation. What happens here to couples  
is they marry. Until which time (please,  
don't touch) they burn. No one gets high, flies

to Jamaica, makes it. No one gets high. They fly  
to Canton, work at the Trade Fair. *Work*. Crazyness  
is a luxury only capitalists can afford. Please  
remember Mrs. Marcos' three hundred suitcases! The Chinese  
have more sense and fewer resources. A couple  
strolls by our bench, keeping their hands in place—

in their pockets. We meet in Renmin Park, no place  
to meet. The great outdoors! Up the geese fly,  
avoiding this frozen lake, these shivering couples.  
Circumspect, we talk. Only our eyes go crazy,  
we're decorous beyond belief. How Chinese  
I feel, repressing my feeling. Pretending pleases

the patriarchal *we*, stabilizes stability. I please  
no *one* but all society, that monolithic place  
where no one resides (not me, not a single Chinese),  
and order prevails. Except that there's always a fly  
in the ointment. Love raising its crazy  
head, demanding lectures on Freud—and a couple

of days ago a student kissed me. A couple  
of decades from now you and I may meet (please  
bring champagne, forget Confucius), go crazy  
in Singapore, Tahiti, Mexico City, some place  
where you can get a private room, fly  
in the face of the Nineteenth Century. Meanwhile the Chinese

coast is not clear. Couples, please take your place  
in line. Forget propinquity, sublimate like crazy.  
Good friend, I'm not Chinese and I must fly.