Ouyang Yu

THE UNGRATEFUL IMMIGRANT

If you are looking for one  
Don’t look further for he is here  
Writing the poem about the hows and the whys and the nos  
  
You expect me to be integrated into the mainstream  
I don’t care although I become a citizen  
Not to strengthen your national identity as you like to think  
  
But in order to travel more freely in the rest of the world  
You expect me to speak English and write English  
Which I can do but not so that you think I am English  
  
But to do just what I am doing here  
Writing poems that do not sit comfortably with your  
Another day another dollar mentality and nationality  
  
You think that because I came to and live in Australia  
I should be grateful for the rest of my life  
But you don’t know that I already regret that I’ve made an irreversible mistake  
  
And you have made a mistake, too, I think  
Because years ago you promoted Australia in our country so aggressively  
Why not be honest and say: We don’t fucking want you Asians, PERIOD!  
  
And you know what I think you should do to make me grateful?  
Strip me of my citizenship and send me back to China in forced repatriation  
Like you have done to so many of them  
  
You think I am serious?  
Of course I am not  
What do you reckon?

BEING DIFFICULT

that critic whose name i won’t tell you until a little while later  
says that he does not like this poem or that for the simple reason  
that they are simple because he says that he likes things difficult  
but let me tell you a story of being difficult about a poet who is shitting  
one day or sleeping one night who tries a bit of auto-writing stuff or  
shitting stuff like dada you know or surrealist whatever even a little bit  
of translation here and there ancient and modern collaging you know  
very fashionable so that what comes out is not a bit unlike a prose poetry drama essay   
music pop song in style and derida foucault kristeva greer barthes marx freud jung nitzher  
all put together so that nobody understands  
and now the critic plunges into action rubbing his hands and smiling to himself gosh that   
is the thing So difficult! like myself  
i must do a good job about this and prove to the world how clever i am  
then he starts making cards compiling bibliography taking notes reading reviews phoning   
people and writing fragments dissecting the poem and himself so that they merge into   
each other  
but what is his name you ask  
never mind his name for you can easily pick up one anywhere nowadays  
if a car ran into a telephone post and that post must fall on one  
  
then you say i wish the post fell on one  
see if it is not too difficult

AN IDENTITY CV

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| --- | --- | --- |
| By and large:  By blood:       By birth:  By death:  By language:     By mistake:    By nationality:     By nature:  By occupation:    By race:    By skin-colour:      By the way: |  | not much of a poem to speak of;  han nationality for the last 46 years  including this year but uncertain  if going further back; there could be some  other bloods mixed; a dna test would be  needed to determine the purity or  percentage of purity;  a no hoper, destined to drift for life;  someone australia will regret to have;  capable of speaking only two at the  moment; bilingual in the sense of bi- sexual or bi-partisan or bigamous or  bipolar;  getting caught by two, wanted by none,  hated by most, and preferring to be left  alone;  australian for the last couple of years; chinese for the first 43; unashamed of  either; having a bit of problem with  both;  a cross-cultural fucker;  a stateless and statusless poet;  downward mobile; upward wayward;  edgewise, always edgewise;  hard to define at the moment; some sort  of as yet unformulated new theory  would be needed;  supposedly yellow but looking slightly  white in winter or dark in summer if in  receipt of too much sun; preferring to be changeable according to weather, and  place;  i haven’t had a decent job for the last 11  years; would you consider taking me on? |