

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

By and large:

not much of a poem to speak of;

By blood:

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;

By birth:

a no hoper, destined to drift for life;

By death:

someone australia will regret to have;

By language:

capable of speaking only two at the
moment; bilingual in the sense of bi-
sexual or bi-partisan or bigamous or
bipolar;

By mistake:

getting caught by two, wanted by none,
hated by most, and preferring to be left
alone;

By nationality:

australian for the last couple of years;
chinese for the first 43; unashamed of
either; having a bit of problem with
both;

By nature:

a cross-cultural fucker;

By occupation:

a stateless and statusless poet;
downward mobile; upward wayward;
edgewise, always edgewise;

By race:

hard to define at the moment; some sort
of as yet unformulated new theory
would be needed;

By skin-colour:

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;

By the way:

i haven't had a decent job for the last 11
years; would you consider taking me on?