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“At This Very Moment” & “The Crasher”

By Ruoyi Zhu

At This Very Moment

Where are you now?
Who are you with now?
How long have you been away
from home at this very moment?

Stars hide themselves, whispering
in their family's ears; Of the moment
when squirrels wandered streets
to join the reunion of the moment.

Cars, in front of my apartment,
have fallen asleep. Back home
parents rested on passing vehicles
to wait for their children any moment.

Steaming pork chop, crunchy cold dish,
dumplings with overfilled stuffing are
untouchable except a plate of soulless
pasta with unknown red sauce. Right now,

around me, no fireworks,
no red lanterns, no New Year buzz
Ruoyi, at the moment, is
just a lone soul in a strange country.

The Crasher

Gloomy-lying in bed.
Sound of something
crawling on the ceiling.

With tired eyes slow to open,
a black blurry caped ghost was
on the prowl around.

Damn it!
I, an electric shocked cat,
jumped and crept away.

Breeding in squashed filth,
you're always like a naughty kid
playing hide and seek.

Muttering “卧槽” thousands of times,
I seized the homeopathic attack.
You, lightning-like, fleeing,

scurrying spreader of disease,
viviparous rampant monster,
stretched, scrabbled, and shriveled.



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