The Goose

Volume 18 | Number 2

Article 9

10-15-2020

Three Poems by Gary Lai

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Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Lai, Gary. "Three Poems by Gary Lai." *The Goose*, vol. 18, no. 2, article 9, 2020, https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol18/iss2/9.

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Lai: Three Poems

The Four Seasons in Edmonton in Haikus

the quiet pavement snowed on on Halloween's day the start of winter

on the fresh white snow imprinted little deer hooves tracks just go one way

the soggy top soil the thin ice once broken through reveals a strong stench

the day is longer at ten o'clock the sky's bright the air is clear, too

the air is cooler the sun readjusts its trail the daylight I need

Being Inspired by Nature

Benzene's structure occurred to Kekulé, a dream about a snake nibbling its tail. Belgians should have got to it first, seeing puppies chasing their tails. But then the ring is no double helix.

Einstein rode on a beam of light: would time accelerate, stand still, slow down? Medieval monks wrote on angels standing on heads of pins; maybe there are more imaginative ways of thinking about the world.

Not all create with the utility of the engineer who took a cue from the tiny hooks in nature and made Velcro. But this is not the norm.

Progress of man is qualified by the imageries with which he crafts theories and tools.

A Lament about OPEC

The beast, with its tentacles dripping with black goo, controls how much we fly, when we drive, how many plastic rubber ducks sit on the shelves at Walmart.

The more we try to wean ourselves off of Arabian petroleum the more we crave it; that is the Persian Gulf dilemma.

Not that the straight-faced men in Vienna would let us have it any other way. Ask Putin and the Bushes, the beast plays no favorites. Friend or foe, it only answers to the iron law of economics. **Gary Lai**, a former resident of Vancouver and Edmonton, is currently based in Hong Kong. He is an alumnus of USC, University of British Columbia Allard School of Law, Columbia University, and the University of Hong Kong.