Three Poems by Gary Lai

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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.