

## Ginger

In the supermarket,  
you'll ask me something,  
and I'll shake my head.

I will try to say something along the aisles  
of vinegar, of sourness and bitterness. But  
the lines end. And then jarring silence.  
It'll be like I have your eyes. And you have  
mine. But we are not sure how to use  
them, so instead we look away from  
each other.

Uselessly. And awkwardly.  
Funny, right? You won't laugh.  
Because I can't explain the joke.  
Forgive me. It is not your mother  
tongue. Maybe mine in the fleeting  
eighteen years. Ahead is the toy  
aisles. We stroll past the toy guns  
are the hues of the river beneath  
your dwelling. Past the fire truck that  
flashes the rouge of grandma's cheongsam  
in the white and black portrait. Do you ever  
see someone familiar but can't remember  
their name? It is the inevitable curse on me to  
forget the syllables that make your name. To forget  
how to write I love you. I've written this  
poem about you in words that are an ocean  
apart. But still, we'll leave the supermarket  
with ginger. Still, we will peel the ginger in faked  
chatters of mixed tongues. Still, we will drop  
them in the translucent beef broth and wait for  
the hue to dim for the peppery flavor. Still, we  
will sip and chat at dinner, knowing it will be  
some of the rare moments when you are more  
than pixels on my computer screen.