

Bicycle

Su-Yee Lin

fan blazing hot hot hot
like whose
refrigeration unit is this
 anyway
sweat keeps my
 body awash turbulent perpetual

weathermen tell me these
predictions—like they make
 sense, the cold front meets the warm front and
then they
 fall in love

tsunami engulfs the coast
 world throws up its hands
what about them hurricanes
shrug like
 it means nothing
fire and water and
earth
 shaking
like a baby's toy, a drunkard's hands
they'll just cancel each other out
right?

the animals all gone
 the doe-eyed, bushy-tailed
large-maned
slithery, jumpy, gargantuan

Poetry: *Bicycle* by Su-Yee Lin

monsters

of deep sea and space

because they know something we don't

give up my sister

brother

all my friends

for the way things were

before we

ruined it all.

Su-Yee Lin is a writer from New York. Her work has been published in *Meniscus*, *Day One*, *EVENT*, *The Offing*, *Strange Horizons*, *Electric Literature*, *Bennington Review* and other journals, and have been translated into Chinese and Italian. She has been the recipient of fellowships from the Fulbright Foundation, NYFA, Jentel, Storyknife, Art Omi, and others.