

# POETRY

## Watching “Don Giovanni” While Trump Gives His First State of the Union Address

*Shirley Geok-lin Lim*

He grabs pussy wherever he can,  
boasting of lists of women seduced  
by money, name and rank. Leporello  
has his back, sentinel, watchman and deuce  
to the act. The words are smoothly raw  
on the other side of reality’s screen.  
Miss America Zerlina swoons  
to the vision of ham and wine, her screams  
a trifle against the chocolate truffles  
stuffed in her mouth. He caresses her form  
as the players’ arias swell and muffle.  
Manor and manner mixed with murder  
win our ears. No ghost, hell-hole, witches’ storm  
stays the monkey preening by the grinder.

## The Fireman's Wife

*Shirley Geok-lin Lim*

The child stays indoors,  
purifier blowing  
the house air clear  
for his homecoming.  
He'd put his ear  
to her womb, the heart  
of the unborn beating  
goodbye at the door.  
The winds elsewhere  
are blowing, whistling  
through the canyons  
bearing their torches before.  
Alarms beckon.  
He'd trained for this part,  
Ax, hose, mask, yellow  
uniform, and amulet  
round his slender neck, eyes  
hooded like an owl's.  
Such a man she'd wanted—  
Sweetly strong muscled,  
such as the fire gods call  
away in the sunrise.