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## Mai-Anh Tran

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This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu. It's a farce!—he cries—a trick!
Disregarding the fluttering-paged pleas of protest
He throws away Aristotle, rips up Nietzsche
(Humping the dear old corpse of Western tradition)
And lets myriad treastises on the new Chinese economy
(Fellating the myth of Orientalism)
Preach their sermons to empty plebeian air.

Traditional revolutionary! Go to war

Against the sages of the street,

Denouncer of those pastoral clichés of reality!

and meanwhile against a wall

In some back alley, perhaps

Or out the back door

Of a populist bookshop

The truth slouching slinks

In corners between cracks

On empty open streets

He searches for it, without desperation—

He has sinned enough to know

The marks against him,

Too much for redemption,

He knows he cannot be allowed to find it

(His vision has been becoming too clouded for that)

Covering its face the truth
Brushes past him
Dodges the quiet battle
—it needs to buy cheese, and milk.

Tomorrow

The old book soldiers resign their commissions and themselves to their new careers (recycled paper is all the rage these days). Tomorrow the sun will still rise, As long as we remember which way is east.

And tomorrow evening
Perhaps in a seedy booze-hall
Mr. Disillusioned—
You may be able to sneak a bare glimpse
Of him through his rampant dissolution.

Good luck.