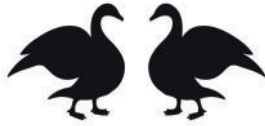


KRISTINE ONG MUSLIM

HOUSE FOR SALE



Untrimmed for months, the grass
in the lawn grew higher
than the picket fence.

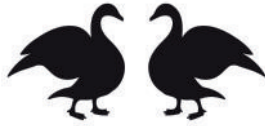
Along the sides of the house,
the paint was about to peel.
Moss sprouted on the surface

of the wooden porch, like the
intrusion of a hook inside
the gills of a dying fish.

Inside, the air was a matrix
of colliding little things,
and it still had room for more.

KRISTINE ONG MUSLIM

THE PRODIGY FALLS IN LOVE



He shifts, scrunches the pillow to will himself
to sleep, to sleep, to dream the same dream with her

on that beach somewhere where all the tourists
wear white, hide their faces under wide straw hats.

Again and again, he wakes up, unable to conjure
that dream, until he can no longer remember her name,

her voice, her face dissolving like the image of a fleeing
burglar caught in the lamplight's reflection on glass.