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PROFUNDA LINGUAE

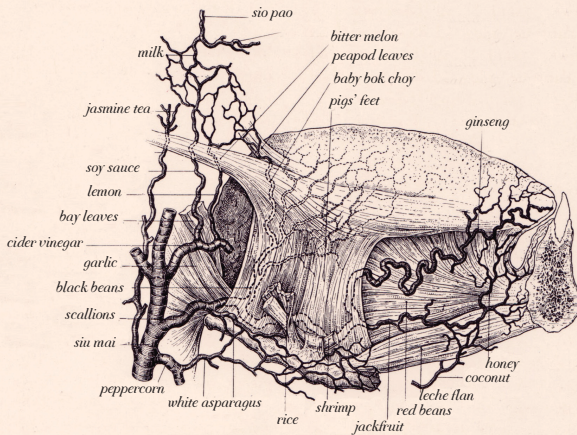


FIG. 1

Father, give me the cure for this midlife heat,
this body taken by fever, sublingual
a daughter's fear of never knowing —
Are you proud?
Hidden under a pillow of bitter melon buds.

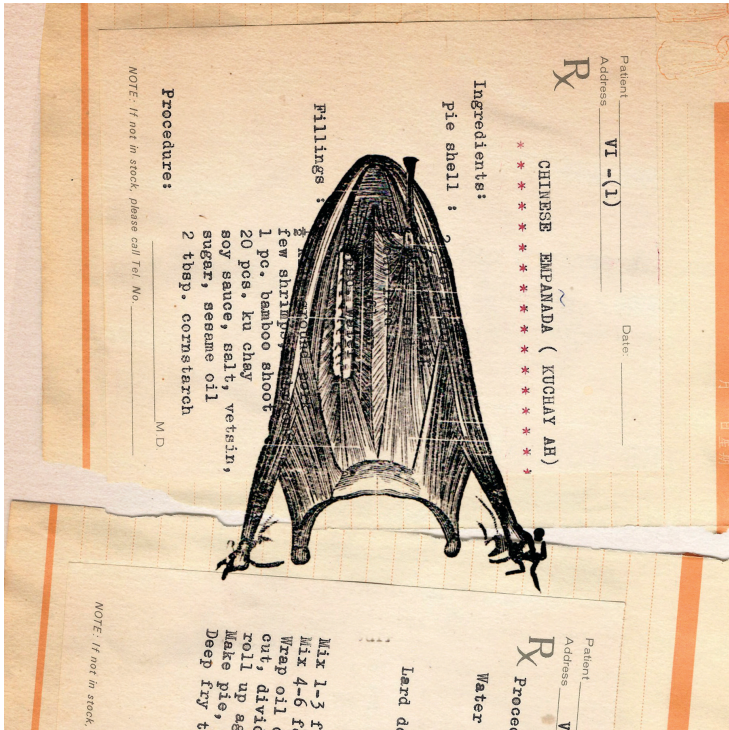


FIG. 2

Do you remember those Sundays,
 the rolling clatter of dim sum carts,
 so steamy next to the sultry walnut shrimp,
 and piquant vegetables who wear anything with
 black bean sauce?

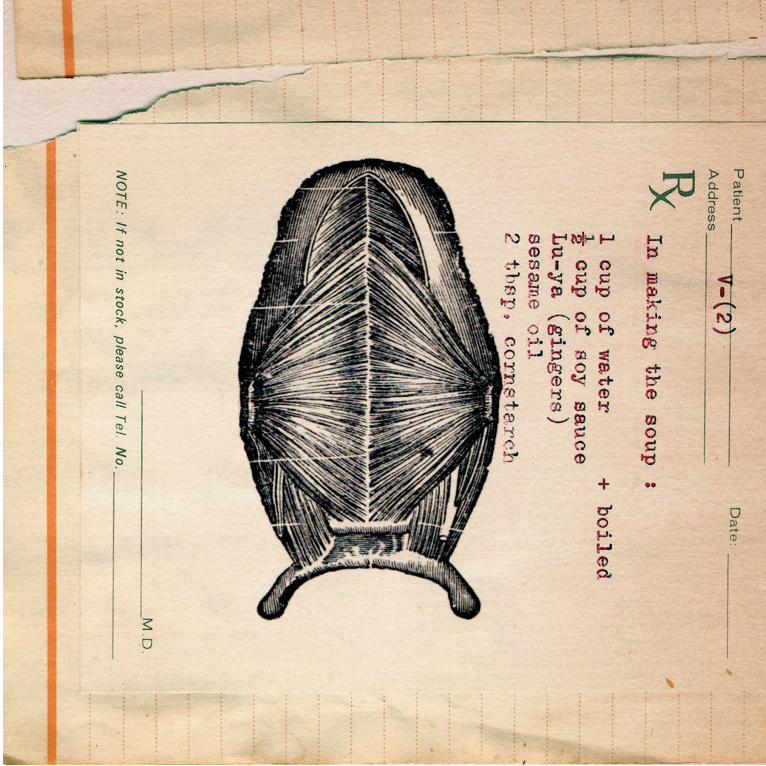


FIG. 3

At the table, we do not speak of ourselves,
never learned the words for *daring* or *disappointed*
don't know how to say
 I feel,
 I'm sorry,
have no idea if you've missed me these last few years.

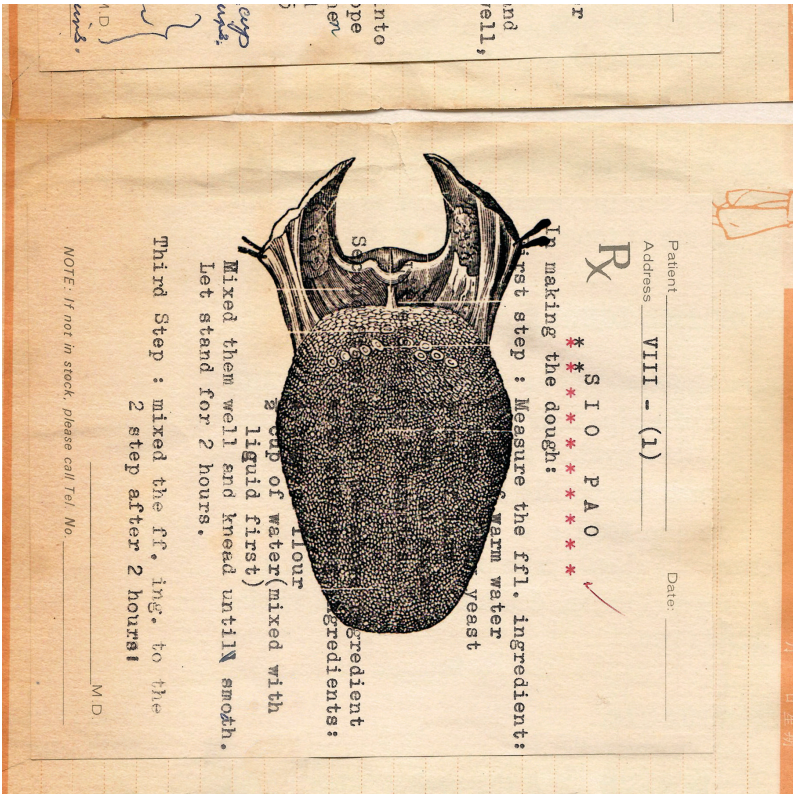


FIG. 4

We know how to agree by suggesting more *sio pao*,
 that whatever is left of my piety
 I can demonstrate in a perfect pour of tea.
 To lighten conversations, the sweet caramel of leche flan.
Halo halo, is what we speak, they say —

Patient _____ Date _____
 Address _____ II - (1) _____

Rx TAPIOCA CUSTARD
 * * * * *

Ingredients :

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pos. of white gulaman
- 1 cup of water
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of small
- 2 cups of cocon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of corns
- 1 cup of sugar
- 1 cup desiccated
- some powder sugar
- few cherried

Procedure:

Boil gulaman with water until desolved.
 Boil tapioca w/ more boiled water for
 5 to 10 minutes, let stand for few mins.
 Strain it.

M D

NOTE: If not in stock, please call Tel No. _____

Patient _____
 Address _____

Rx

and m
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
 Cool.

Gerat
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NOTE:

FIG. 5

The dessert of the mestizo soul:
 Shaved ice cloaked in the ghost of milk
 with layers of yellow jackfruit and red beans,
 a purple crown of ube ice cream
 topped by clean white coconut.

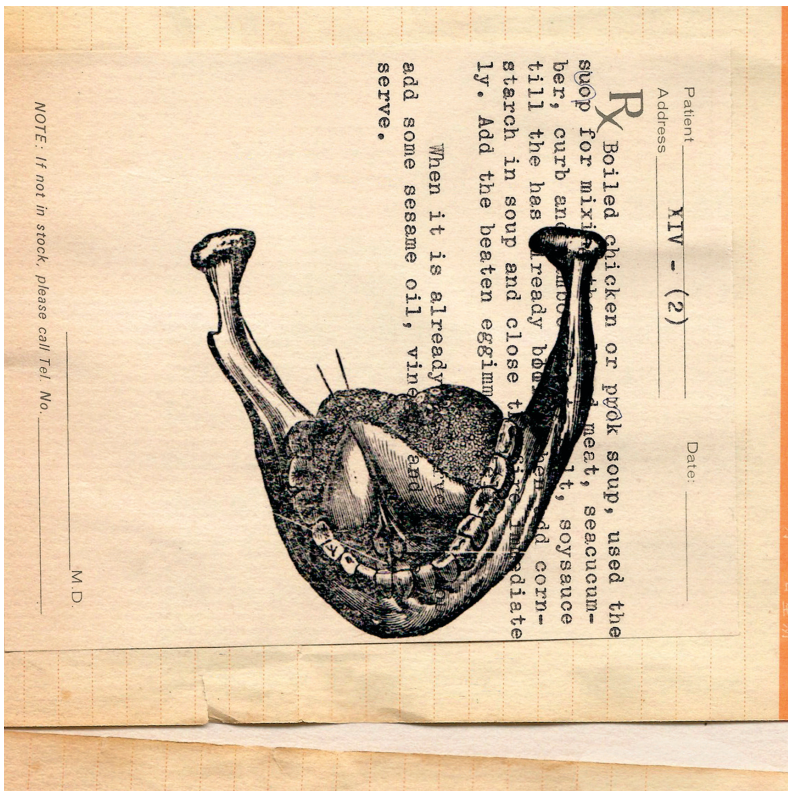


FIG. 6

We taste our selves,
 ripped to shreds —
 Though your nerves may be softened or set aflame,
 I do not get to see beyond your iron moustache —
 Except

add little

M.D.

add little

Ingredients:

1 cup mung bean flour
 2 cup washed sweet potato
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup hot water
 2 cups washed sweet potato
 1 cup sesame seeds

Directions: Part 1 for wrappers
 fill with fillings; wet with
 coat with sesame seeds,
 deep fry to brown.

Things to remember: In making
 1/2 cup of lard, 2 cups of sugar, then
 washed, 1 cup of sugar, then
 together for 5 minutes.

NOTE: If not in stock, please call Tel. No. _____

Patient: VII - (1)
 Address: _____
 Date: _____

R
 * * * BUCHI BUCHI * * *

FIG. 7

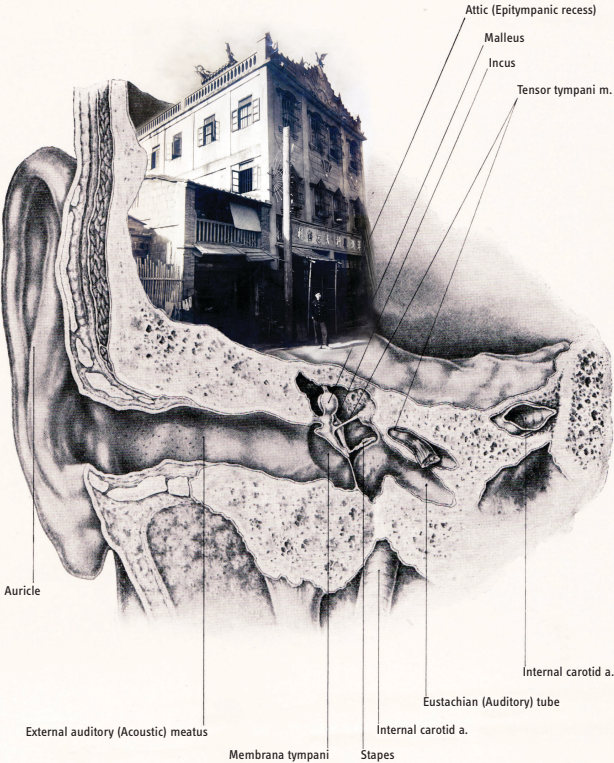
when you sniff and sniff and sniff,
 tending to the silky boil of pigs' feet,
 your wrist ladling in concentric circles
 the blossom notes of bay leaves with
 ginger and garlic cuddling in the gloss of soy.



FIG. 8

The peppercorns, how they crack between my molars
to my palatine pleasure,
hot tang of your quiet devotion,
how it quenches, washes away, leaving a
lump of sugar in my throat.

THE ATTIC



EXTERNAL AND MIDDLE EAR

2013

By the time you are born, what I know of this world will be well on its way to extinction. Above your crib, the floorboards creak as I make more room in this attic. All of us have someone dying in this place.

FIGURE NO. 1 — The Auricle

Remember to play games made with ivory or shells — I like backgammon and mancala the best, the way my fingers brush against my mother's hands to pick up all the pieces. Enjoy the collective clink of sticks on Corningware, spinning on a lazy susan. We don't lock doors in this house, and in the summers, the windows glow with fireflies. When I say in the first tone *lai tiab*, it is me asking you to bring your warm body to the family room, heart within heart.

FIGURE NO. 2 — The Membrana Tympani

Do not walk the streets plugging your ears with digital waves. What of the ocean's breath, or the patter of tongues that play over mangoes and plastic bags? Perhaps you will be able to feel my father's vibrato in your chest, and notice the long hair on his adam's apple as he sings over hissing scallions. At the table, I will sit with you quietly, not looking away even once, until you are done. In Hokkien, *tiab* also means to listen.

FIGURE NO. 3 — The Malleus

You will never hear the crackle of landlines, how they shroud Ama's voice like a fishing boat in the mouth of a monsoon, as she mourns Grandpa's fate in the shark-infested waters. There are no schools to teach you the diction of our kin who fled. These eyes can't even make out the markings. When we say it in the fourth tone, *tiab* is the word for ache.

FIGURE NO. 4 — The Internal Carotid

Go. Go to the countries that have not yet been named. No need to hum like me on my sewing machine, for I have already embroidered my story in blood. There will be a larger hum, beckoning you beyond the laurel trees, through door upon open door, toward cranes that climb endlessly up the sky. At night, I will thumb my red spool of thread and tug at you, mend your tears, whisper while you are sleeping: *Gua tzin tiab di*, my child, for *tiab* is the other name for love.