

i'm Troy but i'm Trying I

hi i'm Troy but i'm Trying
to shake my history my name
's too heavy. yeah my Mum
should have known better i
know i've read most of the Iliad:
men burn each other 's cities and spill
their blood in the sand for someone else
's problems. i kept confusing them
with their gods so i stopped reading.

hi i'm Trying but my Mum named me
Troy after a city with thick walls &
a weakness for flattery if nothing
else i live up to my namesake. i
'm a city on fire i'm a sword
in the night i'm a gift horse spilling
its guts on the beach and i am Troy
but it's hard when the sand's eating you
alive and the ocean 's getting up your nose

believe me i'm Trying but most days
i'm a ten-year siege i get along
like a house on fire it's hot in here
but it's just Me spilling the good wine
every day is a fleet of warships
on the horizon. i bury myself alive
in the sand but each night the tide
washes me back up ugly & open like
a wound or a mouth crying out to god:

my Dad on the inside

i.

you know what they say
the quickest way to a Man
's Heart is through
his (Stomach well

my Dad on the inside is 80
(Crocodiles in one
big (Cuddlepuddle (Could've (Slipped
downriver easy into oceanmouths
but learned how to fold
for fish tanks & unshaken (Sauce
bottles instead Most days

he's (Still folded over frontways
and if you say *hAROLD* three times angry
will bend over backwards too
doesn't help that he does it
on his yoga Mat i've got
a keen enough eye to tell
the difference but that's just

my Old Man Dad. (Same
(Soggy dad bod with the hotrod
temper and yeah if you ask me
it is a bit (Sad.

ii.

my Teenage Dad
breeds (Crocodiles in the kitchen sink
so when his (Stepmother comes (Swooping
he bares his teeth and jumps twice his body height
(Clean through the ceiling (Slithers
down the (Stormwater drains of Lee Kwan Yew (Singapore
and (Slides like a rope into the *Bloody Bloody*.

in his Dream

the river spits him clean
through palm trees and onto beach
where the sand's salt-white.
in the sky a crystal sun blazes holy light
and the prism-clear wet winks every colour.

he wakes up in bed with Mosquito bites.

iii.

okay Now it's 1998 in the (Crocoseum™ of my growing up
centre stage my Mother Magpie (Swoops (Savage
at a fat tonne of (Corrugated father dancing Death rolls

they're both as reptilian as each other if you think about it
on the sidelines my Grandma Grandpa Uncles & Aunties
all stand khaki-(Clad and yell in (Cantonese

(*Crikey!* as a (Croc bursts
from the deep rivers of my
Dad and (Slams a door shut

(*Crikey!* as He breaks
loose and yells (Curses
at his Dead (Stepmother

(*Crikey!* when he (Snaps
the tv remote Right
Out Of My Hand.

iv.

my Half-Dead Dad is just one (Crocodile
and when i open him up i find

1. old tv remotes
2. Magpie feathers
3. his wedding ring
4. a fistful of (Scorpions
5. frangipanis
6. half the state of Brunei
7. plane tickets
8. Medical bills
9. all his Dead parents

& every other (Sad shitty thing
his life has (Served up to him
that he never (Could quite Digest.

they say the quickest way to a man
's Heart is through his (Stomach
but (Some things are just too Much
to (Swallow.