

### **Ice Cube Poem**

(For My Guest who Caught  
Her Brother Holding My Hand  
Whilst Her Back Was Turned)

For 4000 years  
your turned-up nose  
licensed funeral pyres,  
ropes,  
electric chairs,  
&  
guillotines.

Even now,  
above Lo Wu  
on ad hoc nights  
your turned-up nose  
squeezes snug into armpits  
to help squads aim  
when brothers stand too long  
beyond a final dribble.

Tonight  
I'm glad yours wrinkles  
without a match, switch, or gun;  
but I'll not push my luck  
to stick out my tongue  
because

50 years ago  
Mother told me  
that those who make faces  
freeze.

**Li Min Hua**