

**LIM'S POEM
SPOT
2020-2026**

This is a zine forever unfinished. I lost motivation to work on the digital collages after a month or so but wanted to move on from the project and let people have a look at what I did finish anyway.

These poems were originally written on Poem Spot (on the spot), a forum thread on the Young Writers Society that asks you to write a poem . . . on the spot. I've organised them by theme into five sections and revised them only slightly to preserve the spontaneous feel (and to be honest about my poetic immaturity in the earlier years). The collages are of photographs taken by me.

- Liminality

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Don't sing praises for love

19th March 2020

Love is a telephone wire;
it can expand, contract,
it can rust. It can
voyage through airspace for miles,
then tumble, tipsy, into a garden next door.
Don't sing praises for love,
love as fickle as a signal;
it can sway, it can spin
into a somersault.

22nd November 2021

Leaf, don't ask others to fall with you.
Either they come of their own accord
or they do not come at all.

The dying autumn winds may pull
but only some of us follow
while the others rot in place.

When you spin through the wind, remember
it was not the tree that permitted you fall alone,
but your own small green kind.



20th January 2023

Small girl, big universe.
Muddling crowds.
She wanted them to know
she was not like them,
so she took down all her flags
and vowed only to put
transparent glass up
for statement-making,
for rage, for loving,
and these other things like
specks before the stars.

Then they sauntered down
the lamp-infested street
to shine coloured lights
into her glass decorations,
sighing with relief as finally
they saw something which they
could understand.

They made an installation
so she would always appear to be
one thing, or another,
or another one
thing.

14th April 2026

It's already someday,
it's been someday a hundred times
and she still hasn't found her people.

She hovers between plastic tables
at a crowded garden party
all of her friends here but also
no one.

She distracts herself doing the dishes
and spilling soap suds on her jeans,
the houseflies buzzing around her head
in the summer heat.



Beautiful things are midnight apparitions

5th Dec 2020

There are places, there are spaces
where the arrogant sun cannot see
with its glaring white light,
so it declares
through the poison radiation
that they do not exist.
They are not real, and so only
in the minds of the multitudes
the caves, the cracks, the jewels
might slip by unnoticed.

8th March 2021

Behind all this brain fog
there might be concealed
a swamp monster,
impatiently tapping its tentacle
against the curled mangrove root,
waiting for us to notice
its presence.

16th March 2021

Beautiful things are midnight apparitions,
ghastly chills between ribs that
shutter shut at the sensation
of something precious
needing to be protected.

13th June 2021

There is a place that her classmates passed,
on the way home she saw it last --
this room with a pallid white door
no one had gone in before.

If they hadn't been in a hurry to leave,
they might have learnt not to believe
the stories, that all uncharted rooms
are as flaky as dried ashen plumes.

This is the place that her peers have passed,
and she was the one that saw it last.
She loved its walls and left its halls,
to answer other wanderlust calls.



30th October 2022

I am quiet and full of ice,
a brown herbal concoction;
somebody forgot they were supposed to drink me
and I was left here on the porch.



I crawl over volcanic rock

11th March 2021

I still believe we were made to be telescopes
in all our metal finery, and a glass
window facing the stars.

No one asked you to shatter your lens
and rub it into your sewn-together skin
or to preach this broken methodology
like declaring a patent, an invention,
before setting the observatory ablaze.

11th March 2021

In some universe, I am algae
drifting through the sea without a heart
or brain. In some universe,
that is, but not the current one
where I crawl over volcanic rock,
sharp quartz in the heels of my palms.

17th March 2021

To forgive the past I must
tug at the rolled-up petals
of a withered dahlia
abandoned frozen by the roadside.

7th Sep 2021

Quiet ball of fury,
how you test me,
my capability
to flow and let bygones
be bygones.

My childhood river
became a monsoon drain.
My strongest
strength was never
looking inward
or blaming myself,
even puddles
when the rain fell
always spread, and spread.

Quiet ball of fury,
will you detest me
if I do not permit you
to burst?

For the tangerines

21st February 2022

Someday I will
take responsibility
for the tangerines
that fell out of my pocket
even if
not today,
not entirely.

I scribble on my to-do list
to get bigger pockets, to learn to sew,
among other things
like picking up the peels
and licking the juice from my fingertips.

30th November 2025

She still eats jellybeans
and cuts sandwiches into triangles

believing in red velvet cake
while the big mechanised drums
slosh a nameless sugar mixture.

Tomorrow she bakes boysenberry pie
maybe this time, to share.

All the things we have borrowed

21st June 2023

There is a short school desk
containing all the things we have borrowed:
a broken pencil, an eraser vandalised in blue ballpoint,

a shell from the sea,
an old rental car,
a false memory,

and underneath those things,
inside the drawer,
a dusty year,
a month,
a day.

26th December 2024

Green starlight billows
in the vast black vault
the universe cups its treasures
with all the hands it has to spare.

If only it could do the same
with living things --
a desperate sapling
harried by breeze.

8th November 2025

twist the roots from the treetop
penthouse bombing the ground floor
Earth in clumps
torn or shaken loose
lose it all
become nothing.

excavate the undergrowth
the palaces crush fertile farmland
soil dried out
no flowers
for the graves
of earthworms.

this erosion tempting fate
brings hungry waters to the homestead;
drive out everyone who lives there
fill the rooms
with bone-white marble.