

## *Rap Music*

Nguyen Quoc Chanh

Hands steadily spinning.  
Guarding each number for a chance to shrink into one spot.

All things peeled.  
Unchanging season.

Fading paints on furniture.  
Bottles and scraps of paper not becoming garbage.  
Accidents remaining at sites.  
Pores not excreting.  
Genitals neither generating nor receiving heat.

Population growth through test tubes.

An old monk chanting with his prayer beads on this play button.  
A young embittered black man playing rap on that play button.  
And on my play button a bass rhythm clogged up soggy without transmigration.

In the morning the Red Guard sperms are all blind.

They are bats facing the wall.  
They are heads masturbating to the point of impotence.

And the squashed little guy is lying and listening to rap.

*Translated by Linh Dinh*