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Apocryphal Medicine

Justin Chin

Cumulonimbus clouds float at foot level.

A Chinese man in a bowler hat walks by.

Plastic bamboo, the size of a brittle child's forearm, painted with a motif of caterpillars on its stems.

A nation mourns the death of a supermodel, flawless girl with perfect skin and handbag husband.

Fried Camembert cheese topped with cranberry sauce is served for breakfast.

A digital clock on a street in Paris flashes the temperature, 0°, 1°, -1°, 1°, 0°, 1°, 0°, mad Morse, a demented binary code.

The souls of the immortals dwell with exotic birds in the cosmic mountains, believed to be the place between heaven and earth.

A boy blows on embers to light the hearth, a man with an old monkey perched on his shoulder watches from a dark corner.

Asparagus, grown like veal, in a small wooden box, so it remains thin, tender, sweet.

The kitchen god's mouth is smeared with honey so he will only report the sweetest news.

A sketch of a dead child set in a gold frame, hung in the hallway.

A lipstick print on his hip, herpes scarlet on his flesh, white as a milk bubble.

Poppies decorate the war memorial, a monument to the failure of politicians.

A Magritte painting dipped in barbecue sauce.

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