

# SAVING THE WORLD

Michael Chang



UNTITLED by Mario  
Loprete

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## SAVING THE WORLD

how is it that i've lived this long & nobody's ever said: *i should put a bell on u ???*  
countless bell-ends yet no bells  
is it my quiet bound feet  
[another wish: to be quietly bound]  
don't tamp down my AZN JOY  
my heart rate slowed but the tox screen was inconclusive  
keep this talent liaison away from the celebrity wives—he is dangerous !!!  
why, why did u choose this one  
looking like roadkill  
grief brought us together—i gave the order to shoot her  
it's unforgivable what she has done  
for dasani in the prisons & public schools  
he was run off campus after being hazed by chiang kai-shek's great-niece  
it wasn't a book review but a puff piece abt kitty litter  
i enjoy my new poems  
they feel like me but also not-me, in a good way  
[that's something artists say to sound important]  
there u are, useless as a curling iron in the wrong voltage  
it's just something that gets easier as u go, fish on a bicycle  
did u think that was too degenerate, dwarves at the spanish court ???  
in the 18th century noblewomen wore monkeys  
on the shoulder to make themselves look more beautiful  
in contrast, six weeks ago i was on a rooftop w/ a champagne heir  
fighting off a deranged bulgarian weightlifter  
now my lover is a movie star, stubborn as a bunion, he's casanova  
coming home w/ an armful of worthless prints, he just gave his last interview  
under the pretext of getting comfortable, he edged his lips closer & closer to mine  
i eyed the platter of breadsticks, individually-wrapped in prosciutto  
a miserable snack, very proletariat  
unbecoming of a man whose grandfather created babar the elephant  
my country hasn't been around that long & ur already two-timing her  
poetry aims at difficult meanings but i don't think ALL poetry is political  
[the ppl who say that just don't have range]  
my poetry is aimed at destroying ugly shit  
i have it on good authority that white men w/ yellowed soles piss in the shower  
a design flaw, perhaps  
he went to rehab to dodge charges but came out w/ a sex addiction & fondness for the sopranos  
old dirty bastid propelled by romance, passion for the youth vote enviable  
i ran to face the streets alone, these jellied candies meant to be admired  
never eaten or fed piece-by-piece w/ antique tongs  
when he pulled me into bed  
of coz i was wrong abt that, too  
i mean falling asleep next to u  
white linen shirt so flattering  
not like my father's  
nope, not at all

