

# Toy Boat

By Ocean Vuong

*For Tamir Rice*

yellow plastic  
black sea

eye-shaped shard  
on a darkened map

no shores now  
to arrive — or  
depart  
no wind but  
this waiting which  
moves you

as if the seconds  
could be entered  
& never left

toy boat — oarless  
each wave  
a green lamp  
outlasted

toy boat  
toy leaf dropped  
from a toy tree  
waiting

waiting  
as if the sp-  
arrows  
thinning above you  
are not  
already pierced  
by their own names

Notes:

The epigraph of this poem was originally omitted in the changeover to the new website. Because of this, reciting the epigraph is optional for the 2019-2020 Poetry Out Loud season.

Source: *Poetry* (April 2016)



Born in Saigon, poet and editor Ocean Vuong was raised in Hartford, Connecticut, and earned a BA at Brooklyn College (CUNY). He lives in Queens, New York, where he serves as managing editor for Thrush Press. In his poems, he often explores transformation, desire, and violent loss.

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