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PHILOPHILIA

A Thesis
presented in partial fulfillment of requirements
for the degree of Master of Fine Arts
in the Department of English
The University of Mississippi

by

ANDY SIA

May 2021

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ABSTRACT

A collection of poems.

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Philophilia

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Question (parent): how do you like it?
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The room with my little pieces. I fill up a room. At 10,
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To be faithful because this is what you do at 10. I reflect
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Question (parent): how do you like it?
Answer (me): I love it.

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And unmanageable, falling and flying around the room. I suffuse
The room with my little pieces. I fill up a room. At 10,
I am more room than boy. I am more mirror. I try
To be faithful because this is what you do at 10. I reflect
The dreams of others so that they may see they are not dreamless.
Not unwhole. It is no sleight. No alchemy. I don't
Peddle magnanimity in my selflessness. It is all no more
Necessary than the engorgement of cocoons
Or a wound closing. I was born empty and knowing.
Sometimes I forget my origins. I look at the mirror
And see all of the ways I can bypass myself. I am playing
The piano and suddenly the tune morphs
Into a glittering sea of cicadas in the jungle. Instead
Of doctoring viscera, I doctor the souls of others, being
The little saint I am. My hair grows and grows, overwhelming
The scissors in the barber's hands. It grows into a flock of birds.
I stop myself then, putting everything back in natural
Order. The mirrored boy and the dreamless boy.
Boy constructed and boy eroded and boy constructed.
Why do I live like this? Here's another hypothesis. Love.
Question (parent): how do you like it?
Answer (me): I love it.

At Age 10, I Get a Bad Haircut

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The barber chop me up, my little pieces, all innocent
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VITA

Andy Sia is a Chinese Bruneian poet. His poems have been published or are forthcoming in *The Massachusetts Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *West Branch*, and elsewhere. He holds an MFA from the University of Mississippi, where he was a John and Renée Grisham fellow and a senior editor of *Yalobusha Review*.