BEIJING GIRL

by Lonnie Carter

though the hellmann's mayo is not real
and the bandits your numbers from the atm's will steal
you can leave your bikes your children and your yuans
And the terra cotta soldiers have an artificial feel
while watermelon and roasted scorpiONS you chew on
macdonald's mission is one on every corner
thirty-five and counting
with ronald in missionary position
cholesterol mounting
there'll soon be peep shows and hard porners
the bicycles still abound
and belching blue trucks rumble
but seldom a horn amidst the sound
they're polite but they ain't humble
i walked across Tiananmen Square
the day bill clinton spoke
as i looked down at the squares in the Square
My eye took quite a poke
these new ones are of lighter color
that make the older squares that much duller
the tanks had been so heavy
that the concrete had collapsed
they've been replaced and the blood's been cleaned
now there's plans for stores kids' gaps
if the emperor's children in the forbidden city were still around
they'd be diggin' the spice girls all over town
on pirated tapes wearing tommy hilfiger capes
dkny halter tops
same north face white boys with kennedy mops
what's your pleasure, beijing
lap dancing or lap tops
what's your measure, Tsu Ling
you got enough change for dog chops?
i doubt it, you got to be paying for those shear little ankle socks
riding your bicycle holding a wet rag to your mouth and nose

dodging pedicabs, double buses and a thousand shocks
pumping for dear life and they want you to think designer clothes

what's that doing to your psychee
can you even afford one nut leechee?
come again, your girlfriends on the backs of their boyfriends bikes
while you pedal alone you are the only one you do like
beijing girl by the hundred thousands
thou swell thou pretty
thou just one grain of thou - sands
with your hutongs, i say your barrios, your ghettos and your 'hoods
destroyed
hey, darlin', it's just the asian economic miracle you can't avoid
with shell and mobil phones and investment banks
here's nobody giving you a chance to say no thanks
my three year old blonde blue-eyed daughter cannot walk the
cobbled stones of the lamastery where the Dalai kept his llamas
without families of chinese black-haired folk grinningly pulling
her into poses for photo ops and that's maybe a pity
if in fact it's true that the adoption macro-economy is humming
along with a surplus of sino-girlbabies
and without this in-dust-try in dustiest of beijing these girls
would never infancy leave no ifs ands buts or maybes
what are these folks doing with their insistence
that my girl pose for their snapshots
what about Tsu Ling with her little anklets
wishing she'd been strangled at birth
so she wouldn't have to ride her bike
with leaded gas fumes so thick they're crapclots
hey, leaders, you can plant a billion trees in mongolia to keep
the sands from rushing across the beijing plains
but if you lose Tsu Ling, her heart her soul her brains
like aretha put it, what you got without a little r-e-s-p-e-c-tee
is the laundry for 1.25 billion and no tickee

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