Home in Hong Kong

Home was a cardboard box in the slant under the overpass between the edge and the street.

Traffic crawled by each hour all day humidity crumbled the box where he kept his possessions, a collection of teeth and a shirt stiff with sweat.

Family lived close small babies tried crawling in the gap by the street sheltered from rain falling softly and soaking as it trailed by in the gutters.

Nothing was lacking unless it was space to roll out his bed and the need to elude the stares of fat tourists.

ANN GRIFFITHS