Hong Kong

Mornings they welcome the sun with a dance like geometry the soul and war

afternoons offer me again, and again everything I don't want at the best price which must be discovered

evenings call me Missa Meel overfeed me gizzards in broth minced greens in bean curd, spicy scallops, chicken readied with a sledge, its bones bleeding into the yellow oil, pigeons, pigs, peanuts at the tips of sticks.

I learn by walking competitive sport, by crossing a street that cars outrank me, attack over my wrong shoulder outnumber a lifetime's days, by riding taxis that all existence is controlled by chance underground, trade metal for plastic card of entry to the burrowing trains a pass to the mushroom temple growing in a forest of identical highrises.

Bushels of incense lift thin messages to the god. Dutiful daughters photograph elders under the orchid trees, beside the ponds, sitting on the ancient rocks. Bamboo thickets say no to the barking of dogs.

There is time to sit, hear laughter, to smile, even at ghost-guy heavy camera hanging from his neck time to look, stop looking, time to remember

ancestors, descendants, all time.

In the morning we will welcome the sun.

RON MILES