

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.

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