

pandora street

yellow crane shifts floats heavy boxes across cement walls
magpies chatter messy wisdom industry rumbles away
man on a bicycle: where's powell street?
i shrug, don't talk to arrogant voices the city does that to me
boy disappears into a rented home retinal haze obscures his
face
graffiti makes it clear women work this street at night
rift of styx doing tricks along this curb
hope flutters on a girl's collarbone

alone in the playground i scribble men drive by staring
don't see their grimy light missiles ballistic myths
target the first woman who professes to share
her gifts with the ungrateful they stone me for their sins

yet centuries of strong women bred me
blood crossing oceans & mountains
my cells shout history
my cunt throbs rivers of longing
my black hair invites a lover's pull
i'll debate you faster than i'll kiss you

the western gaze frames
cardboard dolls in cardboard boxes
miss saigon's grandmother is spanking mad
suzy wong's aunties have had enough of this crap

i walk down the street a lone asian woman a loaded act
tender as gentians subtle as spring
when the wanna-be pimps come knocking
i'll be out dancing with the girls

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