

Fooled

At first I cannot see the long boat
on the Nan river dawdling past
coffee swell of muscle
below the Sangkiew restaurant
lights flickering in the ripples

we sip Singha beer
struggle in Thai English
over wives, politics, lives
he's eager to hear of my Canadian
house, Chev, stereo, computer

while behind us Bangkok tv blares
Jeep Cherokee ads, the joy of
Coca Cola, Kentucky fried chicken
McDonalds and the Cadillac thrill

when the long thin boat
ghosts by, bright white painted sides
silent glimmer in the soft Thai night

And I ask why the boat
has such bright white sides
he tells me, the fish
dazzled by the strange white
shimmer on the river, leap up

fall right inside the boat.

KEVIN ROBERTS