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Stay Behind

Mist fades slowly in a mirror when white light
slants down with the rain. The palm leaves rustle
faithfully before they drain and drip.

The fluorescent light in the building opposite is higher,
not from the sky. It only creates a gruesome
coldness. Pumping water giggles from the corridor,
then disappears. The weather is getting cold
and wet. I remember mom told me to turn on the heating.
So I did. Then, the curtain of rain draws back.

Now the frame of the building across the way,
and the eaves of a decorative pavilion, show themselves.
The leftover rain sieves slowly through
the palm leaves, an unfinished work.

The bang of a door, out in the corridor
and, then, again the quiet.

Aloof Fringe

the azure sky, as pure as heaven
or, as the home screen of Windows 7
as I walked along a trail, the fine scattered twigs
cracked underfoot, like a field where tiny creatures
fought or the magpie’s nest dismembered
by a wretch’s tantrum

be gentle, the wind said;
dust came on quietly