Taipei

i wake
my arms wrapped
around the city
legs enjambed with its towers
skyward /a formal composition/
silence /stylized/
flowers through its lights
the smallness of them
struck
by shadowed stills
the colour of cavities
of not wanting to disturb /harmony
respect/

28 degrees at midnight slums unshimmering
slumber the eye insists on definition
colour resists /chaos v order/
could hang me
it’s a hollow that isn’t black
but marinated

stinky tofu
where the street light

sizzles
maybe it’s a smell a size

the meaning of a name

i can never forget /beautiful

soup/
corrugated iron angles into place discreet /elegant/

blanketblue & rustroof red

staggered across some great want

where the revolution daubs

its palette of scars

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