

## Taipei

i wake          my arms wrapped

around the city          legs enjamb-

ed 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

