

Amlanjyoti Goswami

Finding China

I count my blessings
Brown as pennies.
A hot soup is

Rare as
A butterfly

In
This neon-lit
Square
Laughter ringing
Christmas

When the rice arrives, jasmine fragrant,
Grand as the last emperor in exile,

I gallop down
Centuries

To a stormy desert.
The lemon chicken

Dainty as
The girl, dancing in snow,
Her fan fluttering
Me awake,

Eyes darting
Quick as night.