

Xia Fang

## 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