

JEE LEONG KOH / Untitled

far from home
a chinatown feast
of soft-shelled crabs

all through the night
the sound of rushing waters
pachinko parlors

to make a living
on the slope of a volcano
mining sulphur

the kamo river
cuddled by cement shoulders
hello, hello kitty

when the sun drops
another view of fuji-san
holding up the feet

old green leaves
on the frangipani tree
beside the bulldozer

Elise Partridge said that she had met Goh Poh Seng. A brief encounter between two naturalized Canadian poets, one from Philadelphia, the other from Singapore. I did not quiz her about it and now will never get a chance. She died of colon cancer in January. A memorial service was held in New York yesterday, in the Ceremonial Hall of the Society for Ethical Culture. The windows looked out at Central Park, still in the grip of snow. Did the meeting take place in Vancouver? I don't even remember.

snagged by the thorns
of the short-lived honey locust
the second day of spring