

l'heure bleue

Daphne Marlatt

below freezing warm red mist off Astoria's all-night sign
cut by house roofs here one bright back porch two rooms aglow
alley dark bulk of mountains apparition snow halflit

here, here

atmospheric scattering of the not-yet

can't find my way back to monsoon heat with S who walks faster
through Chulia Street's motor bike zip by parked cars cement
blocks dodgy underfoot tiled walkways crammed bike-by-rattan
seat grey husky chained to a platform backpackers chat up resident
eaters snack at white kopi or kedai or cappuccino she's looking for
bee hoon me for char kway teow

so we get to the padang's white colonial government porticoes
seat of state and static rain trees lift dark crowns to fading
light it's rainbow drift as if from sea level some mystique
through horizon light the trees the esplanade *en flot* oh

a man blowing

bubbles for kids'

outstretched finger reach

pffft and gone