

MISSING ASIAN GIRL

Lakshmi Gill

Vancouver stood across my walking.
What bones of feet had trod here, invisible now.
Bones ground in. Vanished tracks.
Who could see the city in me?
How did it manifest itself?
I pulled its hood over my head. Ghost pueblo.
This was where home yearned for me.
Searched for me in the misty rain, called and called my name
past the weathered faces that turned to pavement.
Here I paced going nowhere, bone sliding on bone.
Buried here the mockery of days.

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