

goodbye

Encina Mei Roh

cold flutters and nests into the
edges of the subway platform
fitted with the good-byes left unturned
under your tongue like a silver coin.

in your last life, you were a priest.
and in the life before that, a crow.
now, you are sterile,
unable to mother anything but time.

you let your wombed names
hang tarnished and abandoned
between the coppery telephone lines
like sneakers thrown by restless teenagers,
covered in shivering sequins and vodka.

tonight, the sun hangs low,
marooned in the evening sky,
a lost child.

father tells you not to turn back.
stare too long into the fire
and you too will dissolve to salt.

*A concrete wall: Concrete wall with
water stains on it* by Chris Wu

