

A POEM

Still Life

Sukhumvit Road, Bangkok

It is dawn where pink shadows meet black
Coffee sits in a colander waiting for water
Singular lights flicker on the highway, in the homes
Workers roll over once more, it is Sunday
Water boils, tempiting another hot day in Bangkok
Gray skies open their poetic eyes not knowing
The fate that last night's global spin has spun
The eastern sky spills its most exotic fruit, by the second
Gray is gradually blue, flowers notice first
Very hot coffee slips into stomachs
This is the first eternal dawn to be saved
Each feature of Bangkok thrusts from the canvas
The condos, offices, hotels, highways stand
Last night's clouds hang over the dawning of Angels
Whose wings brush the sky with colors fresh from hell
Last night's lights shine on dawn's dreamy wake
Diode sensors decide when the time is right
The coffee goes down into a warmer pit and stirs
Agitating memories of the lives that sleep in Sukhumvit Road
From Where the coffee wakens and colours spread
Down Moonlight Lane, the taxis, the sun, the garbage collectors, but not the law
Are out in Full force as the last Angel of the night
Plays with a white light halfway up the horizon
Cars drive east and west along the elevated expressway
Who has lived, and who has succumbed to the night ?

Tom

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