

Four Days in Singapore

by XXXX

I've lost something at sea
and am at a foreign island to find it.

It is a reflection on porcelain,
some beautiful monstrosity.

Here maps do not say, "You are here."
They say, "Here is everything else."

I went on a boat ride
seated next to the absence of a boy,

who snuck in my backpack
between my pants and socks.

It is hard to lose
what you do not have.

I've travelled from a land
where history robbed us

during the night of the world.
History has just arrived here,

after a long lingering lull
its waking yawn

is a stream of water
from the merlion's mouth.

