

# 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.

