

## little suicide

Little suicide  
a little episode on bus 22  
a short ride from Potrero to Mission.

what are you  
are you Chinese Korean Japanese?  
6 pm bus 22 ride to Mission,  
a lady in the front seat asking a girl sitting next to me  
the girl would not respond,  
are you Chinese Korean Japanese ?  
you must be Chinese, aren't you?  
still no answer  
the lady persists, then gives up  
but not really giving up as soon after her gaze moves towards me,  
and here comes the question  
what are you  
are you chinese korean japanese?  
i don't answer it, smiling softly yet still  
i don't answer her question.  
and get off the bus, regretting  
i should have said in return  
shut up, it's none of your business,  
should i have said that?  
no in fact  
i should have asked back  
what are you,  
are you Dutch German Irish ?  
you must be Dutch aren't you.  
what would she have said if I asked the question.  
i imagined the situation  
did she stay quiet as the girl and I did?  
why I didn't ask that?  
why, both the girl and I stayed quiet?  
my regrets persist throughout the evening

little suicide on the short bus ride  
killed me for the whole evening

## The fault of Uber

6 pm friday evening

Bus 22 stuck in traffic

A man sitting in front furious with anger  
on his phone he repeats

I will never make it on time

It's because of this traffic

Uber cars everywhere

I prepared everything for this day

Sleepless nights and no weekends

And I will never make it on time

Because of Uber cars

A calm friday evening on bus 22.

There is traffic outside

5 people on the bus

Quietly sitting

I want to bomb Uber cars

I will never make it on time

Uber cars everywhere

And destroying our lives

There is no other sounds

Other than this man's rant

The bus moves slowly

And I close my eyes

## **24th street, Misison San francisco**

You walk down east on the 24th street from 24th and Mission Bart station. You see a tree

lined street that might remind you of somewhere else. Maybe somewhere in south america. Maybe somewhere in Spain. Somewhere anonymous, somewhere far away, but still somewhere familiar. Away from the chaos of hip mission, away from the usual chill and fog of San Francisco, away from the shiny stores and restaurants, this sunny corner of the city, a still unknown favorite secluded for the locals, is an oasis, to those of us who want to hide, who want to acquire solitude at no cost.

Now you are in 2015, and of course the scene has changed. You walk down the street and see a new ice cream joint that looks like a brand new tiled bathroom, in between two old taquerias. Then two other taquerias and a nice old adobe bookstore continue. You tell yourself probably you were seeing illusion of some sort. But when you start to forget that you think you saw yuppy business on the street, you suddenly see a wine bar that serves \$13 a glass wine. The further you walk the rest of the street, their number increases. Gradually you star to feel like starring in a zombie flick. The character encounters one zombie, and then another one when you almost forgot about it, then the number starts to multiple as the time goes by.

Probably this is the time you start to ask the question. Is it the street that has changed? Or is it you that has changed. Is it the scenery that's all to be blamed? Probably that's not true. Maybe it's you who is a zombie, lamenting on the never changing mission that only existed in your head, nurtured by the imaginary fish taco, and not by \$5 a cup lavender vanilla ice cream, which is becoming more real than ever.