

The Wet-market

Its eyes were murky, the last gasped for air,
the fish has prepared for the chopping boards.
The butcher grabbed a fowl, he said his prayer
and dreamt of *Choysum*¹. Tiny yellow cords!

*Ah je*² invited us over *tai ha*³
the USA plums she sprayed water on,
*C9*⁴ there fought for those without a flaw
and chattered, they smiled, then happily gone.

The Red A lamps⁵ hovered above the eggs,
credentials both Arabic and Chinese.
Bottles of soy sauce boarded, I saw dregs.
Some asked the guy why *bok jun*⁶? For my niece.
He answered.

(*Fai d lah*⁷)

Some kids hastened and pushed him to the loam,
the black streams pointed to where I called home.

¹*Choysum* is a transliteration of its Cantonese name. It is also known as Chinese Flowering Cabbage.

²*Ah jie* is a transliteration of a Cantonese term that is used to address a middle-aged woman.

³*Tai ha* is a transliteration of a Cantonese term which carries the meaning of *please feel free to look around*.

⁴*C9* is an example of code-mixing and transliteration. The term means housewives.

⁵Red A lamps are the red lamps hanging around the wet-markets. They look like UFOs.

⁶*Bok jun* is another transliteration of a Cantonese term that refers to a person's strive against all the odds.

⁷*Fai d la* is a transliteration of a Cantonese term which articulates the meaning of *hurry up!*

The Plane to Your Heart

It was a dream come true when planes landed,
I thought I have thus landed on your heart
upon five hours of wait, clouds stranded
mid-air, we were two thousand miles apart.

At times, I envy those who bade farewell
because they knew they would be meet'in again.
I wish the passengers would send my mail;
and let the engines whisper in your brain.

It started earlier than I recalled,
I buried it in contrail 'cross the sky.
It's often read as clouds neatly installed
as I stood, watching aeroplanes go by.

And if I now fly you a paper plane;
this time, will you be happy to emplane?

Feeding a Child

He is fed with the words and the number
from the start, he would chant in his slumber.
It's a tick on his books
and his fingers the hooks.
Then, he pukes and his dreams are encumbered.