

Poem for Su Shi

Alex Deng

I see him in front of the red pagoda, skinny and
pale,
Like one of the stars pressed against the night sky.
Drunk, he laughs and runs among the peonies.
Rosy faced and cut with sweat,
He sings an out of tune song.
So out of tune I cannot even tell what it is!
I see him fall into the field, as I approach him

I step into a
puddle
I am in Toronto

I see
towering
glass giants

grass growing
out a crack
in concrete

Su Shi, I just saw you, where did you go?

car horns pass me
billboards blind me

Su Shi, did you make it safely down the Yangtze?