

the world is a wedding

the world is a wedding
of waters, of salt

whatever we throw in –
sea laps up

I call the land an interruption

now come to this other ended place
thick with ghosts and rotted canvas

I sketch in never more than the outlines
the colour is mud – sky the same

there's this tiny peninsula stuck in a river
a couple of islands by bridges attached

one season of cursed heat then another

everyone crowds in from mountains
pretending to be of the soil
pretending the river's an ocean

we're silt

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gweilo is a foreign devil
a ghost for whiteness

sei gweilo –
that's my favourite curse
sei's Cantonese for dead

but isn't a ghost
that way already?

this is how a *gweilo's* mind works
the process is peripatetic

my work the unfitting of pieces

I walk

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an hour each week
with the rusting town

its spate of sea
skin dark with dreaming

sky tattooed
is a fleet of voyages

brave limbs
labour deck for tide

the seasons have their streets in this
stumped in conclusion of all the sea's said

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ashore I am
as stray shipping come

part of the wall, part of the paper

a doorway painted red
of birds raucous

streets end in harbour, mast, grimy moon

on all fours find me
dog to the day

the town comes apart
in my hands

three bridges

under these bridges
cargoes pass

flags astern
black with days of work

the river is a mat of weed
gathers into a raft

rats climb
run stern and aft
landfall in mind

air brackish
in the channel dredged

something descends
then let it be night

then let
timbers split with
all the sea's said

salt drift
in each eye
let see