

crossings

路口



a shanghai poetry zine
issue one: november 2016

PREVIEW



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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Issue 1: Crossings / 路口
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Crossings
Xoài E. David

At the gate, a man in the queue
caught my eye in the
midst of our in-between, unraveled states
in a wavering glance I saw
a caterpillar that curls up when you touch it, small and soft
One of those human moments,
 bright and elusive
evaporated with the ceremonial
ripping of a boarding pass

i remember that time he opened
the library door when i was locked out
 my shoulders were elated, the
skin on them turning goosebumps
because the air felt charged, like we walked
on a tongue full of Grape-flavored pop-rocks
 and they crackled with every glimpse
you stole edgeways between jokes,
 we're laughing.

There's a rope-length of laughter
between us, and I've never felt stronger
than now, holding something so firmly
so doubtlessly;

 But I got strung out, strung out of people
and places and salty pearls that
fell to stitches in the dust, and within
this unbearable vastness

 I'm taut.
/shorn hopes/ clipped words / like / yarn / splinters / and glass\
- look at those telephone lines
cutting into space
those

 slick
 black
 telephone lines
breaking diagonally into the broken blue sky

and I'll braid my hair
weaving, weaving, one pleat over the other
in an easy rhythm, me
a red string on a thumbtack, no, a
pearl-headed pin, salty, playing
connect-the-dots on a cardboard globe

my vertebrae align themselves,
the columns of the elevated highway
and old laughter rigs itself to the concrete
like ivy.

like braid strands, highways are full of
endless crossings, but do the paths
ever
meet?

ex(a)ctlywhen
Hannah Lund

ex (a) ctlywhen
the (l) ight
bec (o) mes
gree (n) i
fe (e) lso



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

End of this preview.

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