

A Morning in Pratumam

(A district in Thailand)

Riot of colors,
smells tell of life's
presence in every fabric
of silk, cotton cloth with elephants,
clothing brands
with pseudonyms of
designers afraid to
recognize their masterpieces
in an organized chaos.

Smokes from giant vats
remind me of stream of breath
whenever I spoke
incomprehensible to them
in another plane of life.

They open their mouths
exchanging bills, coins, spit
for a bowl of steaming noodles,
rice cakes or ground pork red with chilies.

Eyes still clouded in dreams,
scan the throng of humanity
that never sleeps
in the navel of the city.

—*Eunice Barbara NOVIO*