

**RUSSELL LEONG**

**Tian Qiao / Sky Bridge**

-- Taipei & Los Angeles

Here I am standing at the edge  
of the dark lashes under your eyes  
in that zone that misses radar altogether.

Jagged fragrance, jagged finger  
once-upon-a-time jagged  
Chinese lover, cook, masseur  
good at massages, at pouring the right amount  
of cold-pressed olive oil between your thighs  
kneading your body and at once  
needing it obsessively.

Pointing at a world that now scans me ironically  
crystal and shadow compete  
for alignment or enlightenment--  
here, a spot of dust, there, a bit of glass  
a line of light intersects a shadow slowly.

Here I am standing  
at the bottom of the sky bridge  
back to back with you in Hong Kong,  
Tokyo, Manila, L.A.

On the verge of a tropical sweat  
of a relationship that is no longer  
a familiar relation  
all points of the cheap compass I bought in Taipei  
magnetize my longing and your leaving  
opposing directions  
as you walk away.

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A thousand cars a minute  
 pass under the concrete sky bridge  
 mute steel bodies threaten to metabolize me  
 I climb the first steps anyway.

Two monks in ochre cloth  
 stand on either side of the bridge  
 one monk has a bowl, and so does the other

one is real and the other is fake  
 or both are real or both are fake

I genuflect to the first, and when  
 I reach the other side  
 nod to the other  
 I drop one coin in each bowl adding  
 a clink or two to my claustrophobic karma.

Jagged fragrance, jagged finger  
 point at the world that denies me  
 but another feeling arises from nowhere  
 even more subtle than smell, or sex, or perfume  
 chromatic eyes of yellow, red, and blue  
 flags mark a zone that ignore radar altogether.

I've crossed the sky bridge, loved and left  
 paid homage to monks real and unreal  
 dodged loose cars, tight women, soft men  
 and seductive shadows  
 left all familiar relations to the familiar-

Now I am in a line of sight barely  
 touching the jagged edge of the Heart  
     Heart as body  
     Heart as sutra  
     Heart that roams freely  
 as empty as some sound  
 bouncing around in a brass bowl.

