

Dalat

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

She walks barefoot
under the endearing
caress of the rain,
worn sneakers swinging
in one hand, a tattered bag
dangling from the other.

The city wraps its cool,
autumn arms around her
and kisses her cheeks with
light breezes dancing
through raindrops.

Rushing water tickles her
toes as she feels herself
falling in love.

And slowly, with the gentle
sigh of the pine trees,
she feels her love returned.

(Mar. 3/2010)

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The Indifferences of Mother Nature & Father Time

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

Spring is intruding
again. I'm leaving
soon.

Little green strands
of grass are growing
on your car.

When are you
coming home?

(Mar. 5/2010)

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Floating

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

You wake up
and you're nowhere.

You hear nothing
except for the
empty plastic bottles
dancing against
each other
on the ground
as you walk
through them.

Everything is white:

the floor,
the walls,
the ceiling,
even the sunlight
streaming through
the clear glass window.

You can't tell
where you are or
what time it is
or what day.

All you know
is that you're lost

in the thickness of
nothing
surrounded by
empty air.

(Mar 7/2010)

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