

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Red Altar

The idols, amidst
the incense smoke are
lonely and abandoned.

Tired at their
desolate red altars,
their sacred light
slowly diminishes
with the hollow wind.

Growing weary
of waiting,
they are undisturbed
(the petitions no longer come).

Quiet and without breath,
the whispers of mortals
grow muted
as their footsteps
slowly vanish like
the slow-curling
smoke of
joss sticks.

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