

# A POEM

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## Still Life

### Sukhumvit Road, Bangkok

It is dawn where pink shadows meet black  
Coffee sits in a colander waiting for water  
Singular lights flicker on the highway, in the homes  
Workers roll over once more, it is Sunday  
Water boils, tempiting another hot day in Bangkok  
Gray skies open their poetic eyes not knowing  
The fate that last night's global spin has spun  
The eastern sky spills its most exotic fruit, by the second  
Gray is gradually blue, flowers notice first  
Very hot coffee slips into stomachs  
This is the first eternal dawn to be saved  
Each feature of Bangkok thrusts from the canvas  
The condos, offices, hotels, highways stand  
Last night's clouds hang over the dawning of Angels  
Whose wings brush the sky with colors fresh from hell  
Last night's lights shine on dawn's dreamy wake  
Diode sensors decide when the time is right  
The coffee goes down into a warmer pit and stirs  
Agitating memories of the lives that sleep in Sukhumvit Road  
From Where the coffee wakens and colours spread  
Down Moonlight Lane, the taxis, the sun, the garbage collectors, but not the law  
Are out in Full force as the last Angel of the night  
Plays with a white light halfway up the horizon  
Cars drive east and west along the elevated expressway  
Who has lived, and who has succumbed to the night ?

*Tom*

*Radzienda 1997*