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Chink

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HELENA CHUNG

CHINK

In small towns too, lines dictate my feet's course, the glottal rain gathered against the curb. I live in awe of other people, their body-moves through grainy scenes, how time crosses quick on a bridge. The trains pass underneath without ceremony, clouds a net uncast, leaves all sak ksak ksak, only in rain do they obstruct. The confusing thing is both what the stranger said and why. Admiring the arms of a woman who'd helped reinvert my umbrella, I noticed late. Water between us, what made me not hear, though I'm almost sure I did. I don't remember the face, how long before my shoes felt dry.