Walking Through Chengdu

by Mark Eastwood

Walking with friends through Chengdu at night.
In an alley the silhouette of a young couple osculating.
Unusual—China is not America.
Closer, and I see they are not kissing; her head is in
his chest.
Closer, and I hear her speaking in the dismal language
known to all humans.
They are behind us, and Nathan speaks:
"She was crying."