

And then almost at will the sun disappeared—/*gold, red, chromium, blue, green, tan, platinum, sepias*—like a formal rupture, / a volta, like how the inter-title / at the 87 minute-mark of / *In the Mood for Love*, arrives unprecedented, / and out-of-the-blue, *cuts into*, / and overturns the lovelorn atmospherics / of the film, the r e a l arriving / in the form of politics—*platinum, sepias*—/ news-footage of de Gaulle arriving / for the transfer of power. And in that clip / the end of French Indochina, / a sign for everything that will come after. Then Chow alone in the ruins—*stone, blue, green, tan*—of Ankor Wat / telling, mouthing his secret into the temple wall...

In the July letter (the letter on betrayal) / she wrote how Wong Kar-wai's film is a sun / in the index of the hope of being / absolutely modern, that beautiful antagonism, precisely for that move, that rupture: / THAT ERA HAS PASSED, NOTHING THAT BELONGED TO IT EXISTS ANYMORE / (you arriving—smuggled in that shipping / container—to your first exile, / and everything that will come after—meaning, / *and then the war came, and nothing was the same.* / Gold. Red. Chromium.