

ALL THE TIME THE SUN LOOKS

Xiao Huang

the sun looks / as if
drowning
in a pool
of its own yolk
when actually
it has gone already
below the horizon / only visible
as a refraction
curved by atmosphere
deviant light
providing
an extension
for body
each time it's a long drawn out
ending / waving at each other
until / there's no more

then waving a while longer

at the apparition

in place

of you / then

at the emptiness

in place

of your apparition

I lick my lips

& get to know salt's place

it's hard to know

the sun's true position / or

where any

body is / all this

matter / dispersing

forever

with time