

Beijing 13
by Valerie Senyk

the day like the inside of a steeping teapot
you could warm up a bowl of noodles
on the window ledge

a dense pall of noise
thickens at each intersection
muffling the slap of my approaching sandals

magpies in muted blues and browns
have stopped to eat inside the park;
everything feels stopped

this pencil is shhhh