

and as I turn in the womb  
pressing my ear to the sound  
I feel her hand  
rest on my shoulder –  
her eyes converging  
on the distant hills  
and further...

## LANG LANG

You weren't much to look at  
so I'm told  
because  
your face was horribly scarred  
from being dragged in the dirt  
  
and testing the depth of puddles –  
the weight of trucks –  
leaping like a boneless sky-diver  
from the tallest trees –  
and checking the darkness under my bed:  
  
now  
I wake in the night  
to strange sounds  
and sense your terror: