

Andrew Lau

exodus

it ran on hope and it paralleled my desperation,
it runs crisp and it's running me across
soils known plus new,
the retina in my mind showed me footages,
squinting it registered a peculiar plateau
from the vast mosaic afternoon sky,
those veiny ridges of a desert ruthlessness,
back-dropping the cotton fortresses
built for a dreaming ancient dry,
but its rough glamour soon turned tedium
and so I went soul spending in the Orient
where her rich books and silver seduced me,
before a pool of vomit in the subway stank me farewell,
my crowded memories made the worthless packing swift,
while this heart was dissolving fade away,
despite having three versions of wealth in my pockets,
and enough pharmaceutical authority to take on Time,
only a sub-zero detox would save me from myself,
the runways could be frozen and my voice
is hoarse from screaming into a satellite phone,
but as long as I keep moving,
I should be fine.