

Itinerary

By Jennifer Wong

5 I don't mind the ring roads
or the strange intersections,

filled in with radio music tarmac
skirting streetlight and the dissolving moon.

10 Wing mirrors tell
of running trees.

My heart races
in the heave of the wind.

15 In the pivot of glass everything
is so small and manageable.

20 I think of an old song,
of purple cows in far fields,

I wonder what it'd take
to cover miles and miles
with no maps or destination.

25 It is not easy anymore

to forget or be free of the bear
that roams the place where I come from.