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Allison vonMaur

Western Michigan University

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A kind of thick night moved over some man, his apartment. Through his kitchen window, a breeze wove in and out the lattice of gray screen. He was pensive, tugging air through a smoke. Haze exhales floated out to where the dark Indonesian-carved bamboo chimes spun in a circle, clattered then sucked in air, moved out a song. This reminded him of a certain night back home in Michigan, spread him over the shores of Rosey Mound where his old lover and he laid in cool sand and counted as many stars, two hundred, as they might before a thundercloud rush could cover them spill them over, onto an already tumbling shore. He remembered the way her finger pointed out, up from their chins, the way its tip brought in a row down their arms about cluster recounts. His numbers ending in and out a reality. The man decided to go to Phan’s One-Stop Shop and unhook the gate in the back. He had been there before, knew Phan had no use for keys. And when the man did Phan was well asleep, was back in Shanghai. His hand skimmed over the smooth, sober steel of Phan’s lattice chain links. It made a tink-drum by the tips of his fingers, no particular rhythm. In Phan’s storage which served the same as an office, the man found blue crates neatly stacked. Six high in rows of four, corners and sides married, one after the other. His hand latched. In unison, two fingers through two plastic, midnight holes. Then his left did likewise. The man could have taken more had he counted more the how. But no. It took him a few rounds. His room to Phan’s. Back. Forth. There again. Each time he carried along two proud, blue stars suspended by two white and sweaty holds.
Each moment he sighed a stacked relief at the block corner; the one turning his street away from Phan’s. It was marked. Tiger Lilies. Shut and resting the night in their berm. Their smell made him feel invisible, the air less a labor on his tensing lungs. It rolled in through the man’s senses, over and tumbled in waves. At five o’clock a.m. in Michigan,

when he had re-latched the Phan’s gate, began for home, the man noticed on the clouds, how thickly, they packed over his deed, his mission, carrying, in this unified shadow, the last two of its buried brilliance to his home. And when he had, at last, the blue crates all lined up with corners married, the man was surprised. He could not raise his chin nor smile. No girl was present to point, disagree on their count, their worth.

Take the moments that stray ahead and peel them back, dig your fingers in ripe fruit of time.

It could be sweet as when Persephone used to be. She entwined Black-eyed Susan stems, twirled them seven times fair capello strands wound her airy toes.

At times they have a sour bite, a twinge puckering lips. We squint our eyes from spray juices, a sunny orange. And we may shield their sight our hearts, but they will come out anyway with seeds from our mouths to the ground.

I tied your cravatta as you had instructed, looped it carelessly while staring into you your eyes… when there was me in them, I was away staining my Hades blue.
It was forgotten in a moment...
with that moment
This moment sliced in sections
rich with flavor.

You string our tree and the fort becomes yellow. Dimentichi...this history
our decorations turn us red with shame and defeat? Look at the leaves
they mass down on us in _______...
   Catch them and they paint regret.

It will be new for our memories, yet how much
would fill one moment? We recall the taste, curl our tongues
up against our palates, crave the zest
opaque as honey in our noses
that scent,
that sweat.

On a bicycle she
balances her day;
   coconuts in one basket,
   digital watches in the other.
   Bamboo rod finds its groove
   along her shoulders
as the baskets teeter,
shifting heights.

Round white faces gawk
   through waffled windows,
   nearly opaque
   breath thickening my sight.

As though it were normal for the bus,
it jolts suddenly,
bouncing,
   bobbing bodies,
   nodding heads.
Then she,  
not pausing to brush  
the caked dirt from her face,  
instead shakes her head  
and climbs back on the bicycle.

Ragged edges  
of roads,  
of her clothing,  
of myself  
become clear  
as I lean back,  
sinking in  
against the straight line of the seat.

Today I made a promise.  
To live  
in the place between  
nurturing rocking  
and open-eyed shaking.