

Momentum intermitted by laughter,
 A joy mist with freedom
 You come over in tiptoes, anxiously looking for permission
 gladly suspecting
 that somebody would through this night right.
 An innocent flower, lost in your eyes,
 and we, sitting by,
 colloquially committed
 to the monstrous beauty
 of the opposite building,
 pink in her imagination,
 hollow tunes scanned on the facade,
 gated prison looking back at us
 with a softer personality;
 here Jesus Joseph and Mary
 united in a single-minded thought
 for impersonal purposes
 twisted into our conversations:
 there Tommy on the guitar
 molesting the next piece of beauty,
 scientists wondering
 whether reality fits
 the ultimate test of tonight,
 I'm disappointing the rules,
 and Madame Monia
 justifies our looks,
 finally released,
 beneficently concerned
 upon mysterious jungles of this monkey mind,
 didn't I ask you already
 which was your latest hot story?,
 didn't I believe already,
 in everything that look may mean?
 A fancy dressed
 total beauty
 passes by
 eternally perceived
 probably un-existing...
 smoked around the trash
 of this tiny park
 there's nothing left
 except the void of this whole
 suggested by a motion of your lips,



while Gloria stays up tuned
lonely at the bar
and eyes camp out around,
as broken cracks down the misty walls
as a morning jacket
over the next unsweetened day:
as lovely as it comes,
cats furring among corners
Yoga pleasing
one more destiny,
that guitar stringed too right,
a fluorescent lab sample,
all signifying
all making it up
all suggesting it all,
and I turn around:
make the next minute
a believer out of me,
and the next hour
a saint proposed by nobody,
striped silent empty
beauty scattered
3am morning Shanghai streets
a night bought
by a beer,
we please it on,
for a minute stays longer
than what we imagine about,
for a life stays deeper
than what we even dare of...

