

PART I . EXPECTATIONS

Look into my eyes:

what do you see?

As the rain cools down

some spare spring hopes

As the sun blows out

my fears

rolling down these slopes,

you see a kid

mistaking a sign for a warning

a sight for a scent

her face for yours,

himself for a man

and the so terribly wrong city lures

for all there is out there,



and lost,

among the immunity

silence gives

to those willing to risk,

through the drops

of what reality

dares to call right,

he swings,

and lingers, to the light

The naked picture

of indecent sensuality

splashed down that glass

still reveals

a sanity almost forgotten,

for a moment

of hope,

I still tend to believe

in what blinds me...



PART II . REVELATIONS

On the dining table

I stretch my arms

enough to reach for you

and bad enough

to let you go

My words clash

discordant music

upon my soul,

glows of an unforgivable touch,

lips down the alleys,

homosexuality thrown

off the windows

of this old taxi cab,

as the driver

offers me blow

jobs

with his passed by uniform

and the hands

of all these Shanghai sins

scratching my skin,



with the passion

of what is hardly found

among the clumsy

disco music,

with the fears

of blooming neon

dazzling street ads,

scared, of really

finding myself,

fancy, posh and porno,

my dreams try hard

to come true ...

