# end of tunnel

Eddie Tay<sup>1</sup> Chinese University of Hong Kong

i am tired of metaphors with ants crawling like an efficient army above and to the side of a head of branch felled from a tree

i realise i have to learn to write another way perhaps with a spear of light

writing with light so i could crawl out of a private tunnel of a vision

with some practice the roof of the tunnel becomes the ceiling of my mouth and the ground the floor of my tongue the walls the inside of my cheeks

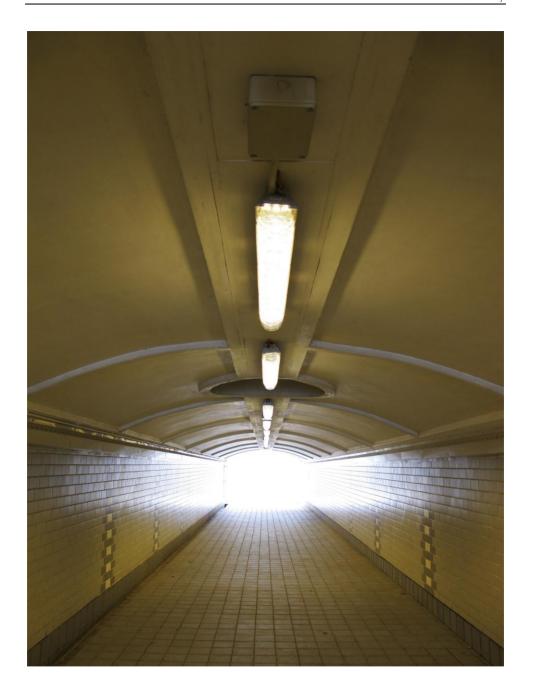
only then will i be a spit of myself walking away free at last from the tunnel from words drifting like dead leaves

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Literature (HKU Press; NUS Press, 2011).

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# stations of the cross

Eddie Tay

Christ plays in ten thousand places black and yellow like bees

these are reminders of stations

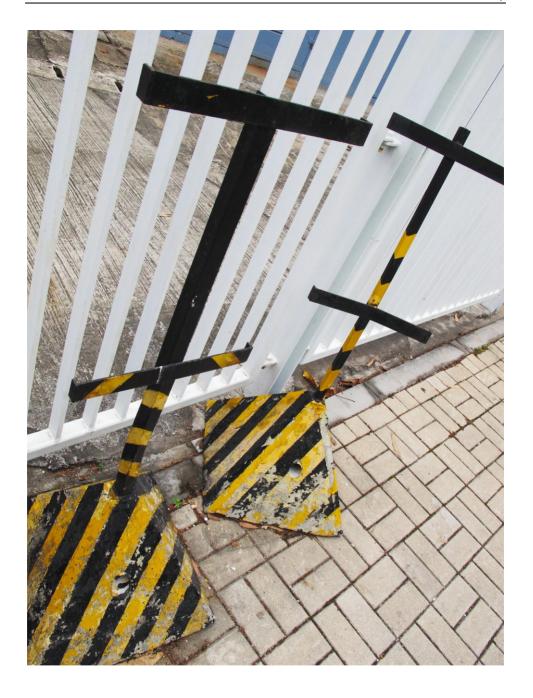
they bring me back my son's white and red uniform on a first day at school and daughter's tottering steps

Christ plays in ten thousand places and still i ask the skin paper stone of a question

is the light better in Hong Kong when i think

is the airport shinier in Singapore with me priced as a passenger

when will i go home



### modern concrete

Eddie Tay

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

concrete is modern as airports bridges pavements and the river still a river and functional

the cars gleam silver like fishes

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

the new hermit a snail of a shell is modern and not seen like wi fi

he lives within a mountain of pigeon flats holes in an economy of a few million snails by the bank of pale water

the cars gleam silver like fishes

i try for colour but the city's concrete does not allow me

so here's the housing project in chunks with mended words

the cars gleam silver like fishes



# glass city

Eddie Tay

sometimes i think the glass of buildings fluid

i dream of swimming away

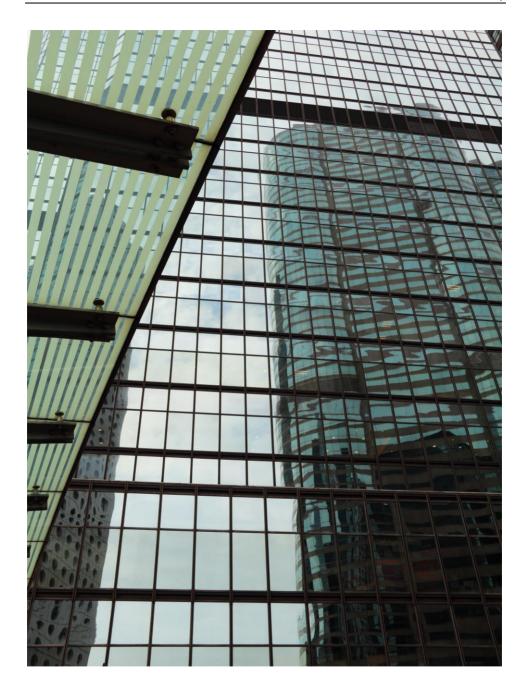
who wouldn't fancy in their name the letters titles of buildings

i dream of swimming away

who wouldn't stop and stay rooted like trees bending by the tarmac in singapore hong kong taipei beijing

sometimes i think the glass of buildings fluid

and i'll swim to hear the silence of every body under water



# fence

Eddie Tay

skyscrapers all eyes looking at the center

henry aspires to harvard business and throws away his harmonica

jenny is driving a car into her global spider networked future

jonah tsang unfurls like a creased carpet on the eighth floor to watch voodoo tv

someone is working on her tablet cv on winning beans and influencing people

dorcas must pass her abrsm she bangs her piano or else her mother

skyscrapers all eyes looking at the center

