

end of tunnel

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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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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 abrsn
she bangs her piano or else her mother

skyscrapers
all eyes looking at the center

