

Played between millions of mouths and a few loaves of bread.  
There is a long queue of wandering spirits  
Their corpses—at the other side of the river—  
Are waiting for somebody to put a coin under their tongue  
The greedy boatman is cracking his whip in the smoky air  
Look into your pocket, friend—  
See if you have a coin  
Perhaps this is your father who has spent all  
His pennies bribing his way through life  
Now frightened by soul-eating dogs he is running around muttering  
the Kalb Surah  
Look into your pocket, friend,  
Even though it might be empty.

*Translated by the author*

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WAN KIN-LAU / HONG KONG

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### At an Execution Square in Vietnam

one by one heads tumble down the sandbags  
they fasten their ears to the earth  
and listen to someone  
singing an elegy for himself under the grass

the circular loosely stuck on the pole has floated away  
in the wind  
always  
good-looking faces  
disappear in mirrors

*Translated by the author*