

Surabaya · *Robin S. Chapman*

A man on a bicycle rides by
Balancing a rotary mower over the bars
On his way to mow the consultant's yard.

Another pedals two dozen chickens
Draped in squawking bunches by their feet
Craning the necks they'll lose to the foreigner's cook.

In the manicured yard
Grow yucca plants; on each sharp spear
The cook hangs egg shells—white ornaments.

Water buffalo, followed
By small boys with sticks, wander down the street.
In the padi, a man shakes a bell to warn away the birds.

Perched sidesaddle on the back
Of her boyfriend's motorbike, a laughing girl
Holds a five-foot plate glass pane to replace

The one that a stone-thrower broke.
Ten years ago ten thousand headless bodies
Lined the bridges. We hire a local man to drive the car.