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Cover Photo of Shanghai Street

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Biking with Grandpa**

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the dark days of cultural reformation. Criticisms echoed in his ears, broke his professorship. A change in the seas drowned his love for western words. How costly those words were to acquire, only to be burned like rubbish in the streets. Such ashes drove his colleagues from early retirement to their graves marked with shameful recantations. Those long hours kneeling in solitary confinement as glass pierced his knees brought confessions of western conspiracies. Hypocrits echoed from the resolute panel. His ex-pupils judged the gravity of his crimes. They sent his two daughters to join the sea-side farms for reeducation and paraded him through the streets like a war criminal. Nonetheless, he is grateful it only cost

five years of shame before the party reevaluated the cost of the country's brain-drain. The spring in his knees, the light of his eyes, extinguished like the street lamps relenting to the gray sun. My small heartbeat echoed against his hunched back, reminding him to stop with the sea of commuters at the stoplight. The standstill crowd gravitated his awareness to a motor sputtering behind him. He graved the front wheel sharply into the curb. This cost him his balance and sent us adrift into the swollen sea of black heads. As the motorist blasted by, his knees buckled onto asphalt, crashing downward. Our echoes for help washed through the indifferent streets. As the light changed, the swell of knees gravely contracts. The streets grind on. The cost of a new bike evaporates in the sudden clutch of silence echoing from his chest to mine.