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Cover Photo of Shanghai Street

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**Biking with Grandpa** 

**Qinglan Wang** 

in the sudden clutch of silence echoing from his chest to mine. The streets grind on. The cost of a new bike evaporates As the light changed, the swell of knees gravely contracts.

for help washed through the indifferent streets.

the tront wheel sharply into the curb. This cost

the light of his eyes, extinguished like the street

of the country's brain-drain. The spring in his knees,

buckled onto asphalt, crashing downward. Our echoes

him his balance and sent us adrift into the swollen sea

his awareness to a motor sputtering behind him. He graved

of commuters at the stoplight. The standstill crowd gravitated

against his hunched back, reminding him to stop with the sea

lamps relenting to the gray sun. My small heartbeat echoed

tive years of shame before the party reevaluated the cost

of black heads. As the motorist blasted by, his knees

of his crimes. They sent his two daughters to join the seatrom the resolute panel. His ex-pupils judged the gravity brought contessions of western conspiracies. Hypocrisy echoed in solitary continement as glass pierced his knees

marked with shametul recantations. Those long hours kneeling Such ashes drove his colleagues from early retirement to their graves those words were to acquire, only to be burned like rubbish in the streets. drowned his love for western words. How costly

like a war criminal. Nonetheless, he is grateful it only cost steets and paraded him through the streets

in his ears, broke his protessorship. A change in the seas

the dark days of cultural retormation. Criticisms echoed

of time and borders. With a hearty push, I fly over the sea green bushes and onto his bike's seat. Inching through noisy streets of Shanghai a decade ago, I see 25 million knees spinning steel spokes against the pull of gravity. Each revolution reminds the riders the cost

of the city's boom. The whistle of his wheels echoes

Pedaling through the newly-paved streets, rural and empty except for a few cars, the gravity of his experience escapes me. These county roads can't echo the chaotic flow of life he had come to accept as the cost of living in a newly awoken city. Our knees pedal simultaneously across the vast seas

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