

ending credits for an ending of 'chinatown'

by Adrian Yue

serene cerulean seats sating
the rain. she
envelops my skin with her pink
raincoats covered with salmon factory
stains. stains of yonder yearly reawakening from the rain. the rain comes
and goes. judiciously gracing us
then leaving us. everything is temporary. it always is.

the verdigris gets peeled back, like layers of mandarin orange, mandarin chop suey neon---flash
of
picked away families---flash
of hopefules who came, who made the voyage by air like migrating birds flying over the pacific.
like the lost trail. our great-uncle. my great-uncle.

red bean ice, red bean me. second generation commodity. the 20 bus' embrace
caresses me gently, expunges all of its \$4.50 plate of rice fendi and slowly sinks me into her
song.

sung in

that perfectly mismatch toned cantonese
while
being lulled
to sleep i was only four.
yet i knew forty bus routes forty ways to the heart
forty words that penetrate the souls of an adult with my 'tai zee' and 'ngoi'.

she lifts me across the technicolour plains, just as
the movie was about to end. the panda
and the red streetlight legacies
and then
like the elders, gold rock, nothing gold can stay
watch the ending of the movie.

she hoists me atop her head as i

i lived it.

the twenty bus taking me into the thick
into the plot twists and turns into
the perms which held

the tears of her sister as she walked to start the film.

i watched as she ended it.

burned and blazed like gum gook yuen her kidney failed while the lights went dim,
while the tong fell silent,
sequoias being felled.

even though there are always different bus drivers, something feels similar.
im watching the film again, not the live stream. but the film. its ending again.
i can feel it as the seats become woven plastic. it ended a long time ago. i just sit
there. my bosom nudged into the mattress, the red streetpost stares at me.

and sleeps, the grocer falls into the abyss. the
series comes to an end.

the verdigris was peeled back, then a new coat of copper, half raw
Industrial-chic
Inner city gentrification ‘verdigris green’
slapped over it. For the ending credits

Are cheap, but the broken queues are long.

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