

Spring 1985

at the corner of grant and clay

Brenda Nasio

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at the corner of grant and clay

*following the massacre at the
golden dragon restaurant*

stooped chinese men sit
leaning against a brick wall
lined with slats of wood
the same men wearing tai chi
slippers holding pipes and canes
who sit there daily

some swing their bony legs
from higher elevations and chat
pleasantly with each other
while a block away in the park
at kearney people i don't recognize
gather like the pigeons

it is rush hour when i pass by
standing aboard the fifty-five
yet chinatown is quiet
except for a few shopkeepers
keen at setting up displays
of bok choy and ginger

across the street fruit pies
are being stacked in the window
of an oriental bakery
and a laundry has opened
early for business

throughout this neighborhood
restaurants prepare for dim sum
setting up tables and taking reservations
and as the bus continues downtown
where the streets begin to level off

i imagine how many pork buns
will be eaten that afternoon