

*Afternoon in Kunming**for Young Wou Wei*

In Green Lake Park, the afternoon crowd
Gathering in and around the pavilion

Was mostly pensioners, old comrades in cards,
Settling companionably near the music.

When the younger woman (someone's daughter?) was called
She spat over the railing and then pitched

Her voice so perfectly to the bamboo flute
That applause almost drowned her singing.

And when she danced whatever story
Flowed between the *erhu* and the bells,

Her rayon blouse and fat, miniskirted legs
Liquefied themselves into the music,

As cranes might pick their white, reflected way
Dreamily through the mud of patterned terraces.

I saw the lined, watching faces lift up and shine
Like dry bamboo absorbing morning sun.