

MOVING IN

POETRY

Kyle Singh

Who will ask us to proclaim
that we are deadweight? Who will move
from the land of their past two generations
because that land is occupied by us who
are the first generation? There are no
remains from Byzantium, just
an unidentifiable patch
of swimming clouds. I remember
peeking out the window to check
if someone was looking. There is no
malt liquor for the masked jester
to rummage with his paws.
I remember trying to understand
the pact of neighbors, making
an offering of sweets to a mistaken
answer at the door.