

Entertainment by Jeremy Chu

For the Marco Polo Restaurant

Language begins
at the crunch of siu yuk,
its rugged hide, and continues
through the rhythm of laughter,
the blues of evening vapor
among brass horns hoisting the dizzy
swing of conversation

A collection of lips
pressed against mouthpieces
while some press themselves
against others, you hear so much
more music than music,
you hear bodies knowing

their way. They move
within the moments between syllables,
their record spinning in the spaces.

Wherever alleyways and city blocks,
there is the flight of bodies,
dancers on midnight
folding into the neighbourhood,

the crackle of shoes
atop sidewalks and the crackle
of a wild microphone
are the same voice

 and forever,
when high notes settle
on these blanketfall evenings
it is no new thing, because
settling only comes
after a lay of the land.