

Changsha's Night

Cao qiongwen

The parrot guys in the masks are standing in the damp air, repeating 'hello'.

I am on the motorcycle on my way home.

The traffic light begins to disperse into dewy beads.

Men are yelling in the red and thick exhaust.

Two greasy faces are reflecting oil and red light.

Breeze floating on the river (the name of the river is XiangJiang) surface.

Their hair getting wet.

Why didn't they turn on the auto's air conditioning?

I was thinking that night,

Smelling oil and stinky.