Two Fishermen in Hong Kong

Timothy Liu

We couldn't find anyone in that inner-city maze. Between thick buildings

we asked God for directions in our own tongue, our hope unravelling like heavy nets

let out to drag the ocean floor, our eyes instinctively closing on the smell of squid and fish

steaming from a hawker's cart. We watched him dip two sticks, each skewered with pieces

of orange legs and tentacles. We were warned not to feed off strangers. For hours

we worked that succulence in our mouths, our aching jaws beginning to testify.