Rickshaw Boy

By Duy Doan

The man I pulled tonight carried a load of books.

When I felt him watching me uphill, I grimaced.

He gave me lunar cakes the size
of two camel humps.
When I answered him,

I smiled to his face.
He wore the moonlight

in his specs. Pant seams clean as the embroidery work of his book covers.

One cannot grow rich without a bit of cleverness.
Should I have shown him the secret of my deft touch? The Circling Moon,

the Graceful Swan? How East Wind beats West Wind

if other two winds say so?
Snow falls on cedars.

Source: Poetry (October 2017)