

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)