

## Da Nang

She waits at the edge,  
as a new day dawns,  
with fish to sell  
for a handful of coins  
from boats as they let slip  
their puppies of war.  
They'll want more than this,  
for their dollars and dimes.

A gathering swarm  
flies over the trees.  
Silver rain brings the Fall,  
burning orange,  
in Spring.

Ill formed are the hands  
that clap, in the womb,  
at the gentle rains  
that fall.

A packet of nuts,  
small, shrivelled with pain,  
a hand held out  
for a bundle of *Dongg*  
Will this do?  
Who are you,  
with your trinkets and charms?

*“Just a little boy, standing in the rain,  
The gentle rain that falls for years...”*

These are the hands,  
that clapped in the womb.  
You see what they did  
to the rain?