

## The Meeting of East and West

*Chuab Guat Eng*

He looks at her  
an older woman  
sees between the lines  
the promise of a body  
used to using  
being used.  
Ah!  
What languorous hours  
of Marquesan pleasures  
may he get  
yet  
from this mistress of time—  
unconfused  
by any need  
for a faithless plight.

She  
life still bitter on her tongue  
looks at the folds  
of the crumpled bed  
finds something  
more or less  
like truth.  
But  
truth taking time  
and time not long enough  
for truth  
when all is said  
she lets the crepuscular hour  
soothe her  
into a dark  
anonymous  
night.