

## **Waiting for Laksa**

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Between dawn and dusk  
bellies grumble  
as black cat shadows of the Kuching River  
make their way from riverboat to riverside  
and muslim boys and girls (in separate boats each)  
plunk coins in a wooden box  
while nearby a dog crunches something in darkness

I wonder if it might be a prawn from a previous Laksa dinner  
or the breakfast  
I'm waiting for  
watching for the seven o'clock sun-line on the river  
that will be the magic hour  
when I share the Borneo post with a waddling chinese girl (she gets  
the comics)  
when the steam of prawn and chinese noodles mix  
with coffee and conversation of streetside stalls  
when steam rises to mix with tropical heat  
the perfect time for waiting  
for eating Laksa  
for tasting chile and kalamansi and coconut oil  
and fresh chicken and crunching sprouts  
slowly  
with the hot and spicy soup  
allowing for just enough wakefulness

just enough light  
just enough taste sensation  
to create a thanks for food  
for Laksa  
for fresh ingredients  
for things that can be mixed together  
in a single bowl  
appropriate for eating anytime  
in between dreams of evening to morning  
for longing of taste that can penetrate sleep  
a kind of food and a life  
a single bowl of dreams