

# MAIL

TIEN TAYLOR

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Perfume of lychee and durian fades from her  
Skin as she sits next to her new husband—  
Whose threaded eyes are easier to look at in photos.  
Besides hello and how are you, their shared  
Languages are fragile smiles and glimpses.

The Hayward air leaking through the window screen,  
Lacks tall buildings, bright signs and celebrities—  
She sees houses sitting on four to six wheels,  
On every row of the weed-infected cement.

Hiding behind molding lemon trees,  
People tiptoe to see their neighbor's  
New wife— who stands out like  
    Menstrual blood  
On a new pair of white silk panties—  
Before turning away and never looking back.