

Jacha

Hyperlapse

My alarm tones have changed & there are seven marks
on my door frame but waking up sounds the same

10-minute snooze & fan whirring, reminding
me that my pockets are empty

& my head's a mess of dreams, I better start the
routine & run the rush-hour route. The road

is a ruler measuring feet to architecture, in 24 hours
I sink closer to the ground while the city grows

like an adolescent, I become more aware
that I relate to Lorde when she says she's scared

of getting old because it's taking me five years
to grow taller & my eyes are getting darker

than the nightscape in the city that never sleeps.
The city is proud that it never sleeps. Does it

have dark circles too? No wonder it hides
behind spectacles to cover

its anemia & constipation, the blur
of lightspeed a filter pulling me in, I walk fast,

talk fast, listen to
the broadcast, lectures on
my bedroom floor,
lips & liquor at my door
nothing lingers anymore
mutant poultry down
my throat, shopping spree
on promo tees & premium coffee
free of imprints of Southeast Asian kids,
just myths & stories & suits & ties
the rags to riches mogul guys
the job's from 9-to-overtime,
no time for lingering,
you don't get rewarded
for taking Dramamine
in the city of scenes & light screens
we do not ask questions when
the grace of god has ensured
our creation myth
even when the city is burning,
the seas are boiling,
The end is coming,
The end is coming,
The end is here.

I don't ever want to age like the city, skin turning
to cold glass & steel, to empty apparitions & partitions
at the train stations & malls.

Sound the alarm & shove me awake if I get lulled into the motion sickness of the city that never sleeps.