

**DEL****The Eight-Thirty Train**

A crowd gets on the train at eight-thirty  
Borne away by respiration and body odour  
Silvery grey seats and hand rails  
Under an orange ceiling  
The rising sun  
Arches over their bobbing heads—  
A sea with an undulating silence  
She gives me a glance  
Then drops her head  
The cold air  
Windows without a view  
Bring sudden reminiscences     She is afraid  
Of other people's piercing stares  
Magical illusion  
Reflects the city's fatigue  
Within the windows  
Is contained the heartbeat  
Of the one sitting opposite  
Rising and falling rising and falling  
She wants to know who is sitting next to her  
Not daring to look  
She raises her head     On the glass pane  
Is a man sitting up straight  
Next to her  
She observes that another crowd has squeezed in

*Translated by Louise HO*

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**WANG Hai** 王亥

From Tsuen Wan to Central, 1992.

Oil on canvas (diptych), 154 x 274 cm.

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