

Hulan, Then & Now

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GROUP: Write the World

Flamings watched over Hulan
with their sunglow eyes.
They regurgitated crop milk for nestlings (until pink feathers bled white)
and mothered the marshes with lean limbs.
The interweaving of sedges composed a fugue of their grand endurance.

Soon, the fugue died
as murky water flowed in and reaped grasses for good.
Disco music dictated
the rhythm of rebar and hammers' clinks.
Tower cranes rose higher than the Sun and its glow.
Wet concrete dropped on the cusps of black rostrums,
solidified,
and hasped flamingos' honks.

They resigned from their antediluvian habitat.
Left are spurious cut-outs of cardinal silhouettes
and the techno-beats from across the sticky asphalt road.