

"Somehow" by Dorothy Chan

You visit me in a dream after passing,
after I've been awaiting you for weeks,
because Chinese belief teaches us our
loved ones *will* appear when we're asleep.
It's *real* when I enter the hotel restaurant
in the middle of nowhere town I live in,
as the Midwest architecture transforms
into Kowloon at evening time. We eat
bird's nest soup, and I remember the time
my father ordered me this four-hundred-
year-old delicacy at Hong Kong airport.
Out comes the Peking duck, and I ask you:
"Why did it take you so long?" You answer:
"I arrived once you were strong and ready."