*TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE *

Wai Li at the Coffee Maker

Wai Li leaning against the coffee maker as though in prayer, forearm up to fend off the consequences of her invocation; a slipped salute; shard of swastika; Canute's oh, no! facing the tsunami no-one predicted.

Not so much. Someone said hurry up! that's all or she grew impatient with her life, fiddling with the iron teats of it. Machines are so slow,

like prayer, and sometimes, lately, as the deep brown hot liquid hits the cup with a flat smack like God's disfavour, not even that, either.

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