the city becomes a painting

spring is named for the walk of commuters.

dead faces awaken from a winter sleep atatakai

strangers discuss the advance of the bloom
as the pink complexioned Sakura Front
advances over a country’s winter face

streets are dappled with the small-change of sun,
filtered through blossom and budding leaves,
coins of light.

the city is a wedding littered
    with spent-petal confetti

daubs of the palest pink flurried
into piles in corners and depressions

highlighting the dullest bitumen
with the slightest embarrassment
on a rice-powdered cheek

a city transformed
from stark realist
to pointillist
impression

rob walker

rob walker, ‘the city becomes a painting’,
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 1, November 2012.