

View

Wong Ming Yook

My sun windows strain the sunshine,
Sifting rays that splash onto my walls, all cream and beige.
The yellow streaks that line the glass and walls are
egg yolks in a bowl,
they could be no yellower than that.
Every morning when I pray,
these restless lines of light
hover in the air, &
remind me of a domeless world above.

My sun windows sift the straining sunlight,
Hear the fizz of fire as they touch my cool cream walls.
Pinging strings of yellow light, like lasers
through the glassy panes,
there could be no sharper sound than that.
Every morning when I pray,
I hear those dancing strings,
like restless music,
reminders of the seamless world beyond.