

## Do you remember?

Do you remember the New year ball?  
Your hair worn up above its wispy strands,  
And swinging jewels that kissed the neck,  
Cool and scented with the musk of foreign lands.  
You rose from a dress the colour of your lips,  
Plunged a neckline that drew the hungry eye  
Onto the eggshell curves and the teasing split  
Long, though never quite revealed the thigh.

Do you remember Tiananmen square?  
Rushing to the front, running with the madding crowd,  
High on passions that quickly gave to laughs or tears,  
A rebel stance and voice exuberant and loud.  
You were strong and lithe, danced into the night,  
Filled with beans for a life come recently mature.  
We lit candles at both ends and did it all,  
Having time and energy to spare for more.

Do you remember Fridays after work  
and weekend afternoons lost in sin?  
We'd toss our clothes, fall carefree in a fumbling yearn,  
Hands buried in hair and greedy for a touch of skin.  
We did it all together, hardly left a day apart,  
With nothing but ourselves for warmth, but happily  
Scraping *jiao* for bills and budget meals,  
Slowly making house then family.

Do you remember how we got so old?  
Our faces fell and hair turned thin and grey.  
Focus shifted nearer, the youthful fires cooled,  
While the world unnoticed moved away.  
We slowed, quietened by relentless years,  
Congealed into the people we portrayed;  
Staid companions, content with holding hands,  
Creaking and groaning into life's denoting fade.