**In the Computer Science Lab at 11:16pm on a Wednesday Evening**

I sit

my shoulders hunched

in a short black swivel chair

mysterious stains decorating the faded fabric.

The artificial light

bright in the sky.

The glow of the monitor keeping darkness at bay.

Hot, stuffy, claustrophobic warmth

that is not warm,

lacking the feeling

of my lover’s arms wrapped around my waist

Alone.

Tears slowly travel down my face

salty on my lips.

Reading about families that never were

and bodies floating on a rocking ocean

going home.

Unwelcome in death as in life.

* Emily Lucas

Inspired by “Frisco-City” by Blaise Cendrars

Frisco-City

It is an antique carcass eaten up by rust

The engine repaired twenty times does not make

more than 7 to 8 knots

Besides to save expenses cinders and coal waste

are its only fuel

Makeshift sails are hoisted whenever there is

a fair wind

With his ruddy face his bushy eyebrows his pimply nose

Master Hopkins is a true sailor

Small silver rings hang from his pierced ears

The ship’s cargo is exclusively coffins of Chinese

who died in America and wished to be buried

in their homeland

Oblong boxes painted red or light blue or covered

with golden characters

Just the type of merchandise it is illegal to ship

-By Blaise Cendrars

Translated by Monique Chefdor