

On the Streets of Tokyo

neon characters echo
vague tones of the motherland,
giving way to alien sounds
as words flow into
eager ears.

curves of rounded brush strokes
soften the local's smile,
a display of gratitude in
a slight bow,
a parting gift.

an attempt to reciprocate,
a mumbling of *arigatou*
as suited men and women flock onwards,
wings flapping as the breeze carries sleeves and ties with it.

there goes the crowd as
warm air follows them into the *izakayas*
next door, sounds of laughter tumbling
out into the streets like the men
who've had too much to drink.

they clink sake shots to the setting sun
cheers ringing out amongst them,
a toast to this Tokyo evening
and the chance to do it again tomorrow.