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# No man's grove

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## No man's grove

### **Abstract**

Crossing the China Sea, we see Other sailors, knee-deep in padi, Transformed by the land's rolling green. We cannot enter their dream.

I'll never know, left simply  
to knit them together — characters in a story,  
a middle-aged couple on a train  
waiting for love's fable to happen  
to them, for their old lives to be  
swept aside, changed, changed —  
as she keeps knitting, bumping him  
occasionally, at which he shrugs,  
turns his head sharply  
not like a lover, but content.

## Shirley Lim

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### NO MAN'S GROVE

Crossing the China Sea, we see  
Other sailors, knee-deep in padi,  
Transformed by the land's rolling green.  
We cannot enter their dream.

The sea brings us all to jungle,  
Native, unclaimed, rooted, and tangled  
On salt like one giant tree.

We spring straight from sea-wave. We see  
But do not see grey netted pliants  
Shutting out the sun. Where sea and plant  
Twine, mammoth croakers crawl on tidal zone.

Some will live in the giant's shade, bend  
To the rapidly rolling horizon.  
I choose to walk between water and land.