

## MANGO STICKY RICE

We always allowed him to describe the extent of the loss. The coconut cream of it all eludes him now. The pull of the sticky rice, fragrant sweetness of the mango. He lost himself on trains for months, and now he misses her in the softest moments. Who calls anything love? The bright rainbows arcing above after the falling of warm rain. The beloved dessert after the yellow curry. Thai food trucks drive through the night, trying to find roads to Thailand. He's stuck on a beautiful island in mid-Pacific like a prisoner of war. He can't get back to her eyes.