

'Checkerboard Dance' by Eric Wang

Geometric, framed, well-defined shapes.
A symphony of connected colours,
navigating through the tangle of purple.
White roads lead on to grey lanes,
directing the colour where it is needed.
Colour of purity. Passing.
An occasional dot of scarlet provokes
the mixture, a smooth soup
of pink Sakura blossoms, settling.
An unending curve, falling
out of reach for eternity.
Rippling disturbances clutter
the lines with bending crests,
trampling across the inanimate
plane, unable to bend against it.

But a new form awakens.
Similar, yet palpably different.
Subverting old
expectations.

This new feeling,
revitalises.

Temporarily.