

About Hong Kong ...



The ladies market is intense
Pleather Vuitton defines her broad shoulders with a backpack backslap.
Milked flesh drips in chinoiserie and sweat.
Plastics bristle on her tongue as she chomps them down into new ruins, brushing the heat from her face. The sun bites through smog.

Walking up steep steps in the backstreets they become a sort of temple of calm whilst looming before her like a concrete mountain.

Nostrils flared and gristle - she smells grass - somewhere on the new(ish) horizon.

It's quieting here, away from 'it all' she breathes in the thick of less
Taking the moment to spot stuff scattered, ladled, unlabelled at the edges of the street.

A bloated man with a wet face - hot - stops to tie a knot.

His belly gathers lilac around his knees like a swollen cushion swaddled in a polo shirt, darkening at the pits to deep purples. He flushes.

She imagines overripe aubergines, pips, stalks and flesh.

This man, brushes the wall with his hand of saveloys -leaving a trace.

The purple wall echoes behind them - heat soaked and emulsive.

Neighbouring swept streets are a series of seasoned shrines, full of fantastic fodder.

All window boxed-sets and doorway dioramas.

She spots a purple door- making the connection – all grapey and gaping – the broom handles beckoning at its sides

More stuff is strung up dangling - pipettes, and lanyard passcodes.

It's a bit weird science and exterior aesthetics.

Someone takes a shower and the dregs drain off in earshot.

She moves on.

Broken pots, Ming-like vases and chicken shop drops make like new ruins - shells of stuff- unstuffed. All paraded outside peoples makeshift palaces.

Small plants, grow in the cracks and in makeshift planters of shoes and crocks. Balloons deflate into rubber sacks and refuse. She contemplates growbags.

Back on the dry steps she feels her toes gripping steps - scaling.

And maybe some day it will be all crusts, chicken bones and puce breeze blocks ... wouldn't that be some things she thought through the heat as she climbed out.

Meanwhile in the marketplace slippery fancy goods stretch out like spring lambs on faux grass, frilled, faked, fingered.

Bike locks chain frames to nothing but each other, layered, lost and found archives reluctantly hugging on the drag.

It's evening.

Net curtains are partially drawn and framed, the doorway displays are half beckoning as the sun leaves.

In the window of this supermarket, lettuce leaves grow under purple light, rotary radicchio.

- she wonders if it tastes of perfume.

Thinking about a multi-gym strip-light, she chews her gum.

Looking the other way to the mountain and the harbour, she catches final glimpses of the modelled landscape thickening like moss, sun setting, all seemingly reliable.

The machine grumbles to a halt.

The lettuce, limp in her hot fingers still stinking of the greens and hinting at the fresh purple tastes a perfect colour. She bites into it all the same.