

## BORDER CROSSINGS

by Owen Schaefer

it's not far to Lo Wu from here  
by train by car past dancing aunties  
in the weekend market blaring music,  
shouts and placards past drug stores  
with toothpaste pyramids baby  
formula on sale this week and next,  
suitcases rattling full toward the gate

or you may cross it unexpected a wave  
washing up round your shoes, or row of police  
just doing their job the pepper spray line  
crossed in tears, sometimes handcuffs,  
the laws different now than you remember

or maybe it's just three men in the back of a van  
outside your office, they escort you  
through the book stacks a visa stamped  
in purple, blooming now against your ribs,  
and eyes hooded, they drive you north  
to a place you thought was years away

**Owen Schaefer** is a Canadian writer and poet. Prior to moving to Hong Kong in 2013, he lived in Tokyo for fifteen years. His work has been published in various anthologies and literary journals including *Dimsum*, *Pressed*, *McGill Street Magazine*, *Jungle Crows: A Tokyo Expatriate Anthology*, and the *Hong Kong Future Perfect* anthology. He is currently pursuing a master's degree in creative writing at the University of British Columbia, and is working on a novel set in 1960s Japan.