

5S. I Remember, Third Place

Street Food and Mopeds

I wandered hand-in-hand with my mother
Taking note of each step along the pavement
Hugging the street wall
with the parallel bright lights
My language, my people:
They sing a language everyone knows.

The street food knows no limits
slithering a delight fragrance to the wanderers.
The friendlies behind the stands,
reached only but their hand
inviting me to dance along
in the brightest of nights.

My mother speaks with open ears,
guiding me through this fever dream,
taking me through one of the endless routes
through every nook and cranny.
The night is still young,
we borrow a common moped
to continue our song of the night.

Home, home to a story of three.
The night welcomes the shy and brave alike,
with its blissful sounds and sights of grandeur.
The mattress comforts me at the break of dawn,
allowing me to listen to the midnight song once more.