

# Adagio in Fitzroys 24 Hours

By Stephen J. Zhang

## 1. The Bohemian Wind

Then it's the bohemian wind  
denying the secular life of the city.

You are the wind getting up early  
in Fitzroys that owns a Gypsy heart,  
as if everything isn't there,  
drifting away upon a cup of coffee.

Coffee or sleeplessness could not  
release the fact or fear of virus invasion.

A sense of absence came from the lockdown  
burning February's skin and sweat glands;  
*Fitzroys* and *Wuhan* like fire and ice between heavens,  
the whole world entered a complete disinfection.

I walk into *The Catholic University* confronting  
the cross, silence being the last weapon of rebellion.

Your siege at the other side of the earth,  
who will claim, without sound or message,  
is getting used to the invisible high walls  
yet obeying the lung shadow and breathlessness.

## **2. Your days in Fitzroys**

Memory at my fingertips, the plague  
south rolled up a huge hurricane;  
Lots of irrelevancy, you being besieged,  
has been entangled with the wind.

*A Rooftop* movie we talked about, I remember  
that was soaked later by a sudden night rain

Our rain-chasing on Napier Street,  
there was some wind stored in your smile

as well as a bit water on my shoulder;

Trams went on without linearity of time.

The one-way lanes collected sheet music of tracks,  
and wind stirred rain triggering rustling laughter.

We used to nestle up in the wind;

Unlike new immigrants who knew nothing,

we talked each other of Rose Street under the sun  
and the future of the century-old blue stone houses

Paved streets after rain used to be more deceptive  
than their dry surfaces while street lights fell apart  
into shallow puddles that turned wet  
and bright, like your lips.

### **3. Nothing is dry after rain**

Did the rain come from the north

and flow into *The Old Bar* and *Workers Club*?

Moods of the night dissolve in the cocktail,  
*The Night Cat* singing ceaselessly antagonism to  
reality, body rising out of the *Corona*  
Shouts when Fitzroys settled into dreams.

The City always wears half rain with half sun,  
the wind packing up its emotions in the dark.

*Little Creatures Dinning Hall*, please let me  
do a self-exile through the neon light,  
the moon in hometown, you and I altogether  
drinking, the three loners reunited.

My scaly reason has been scrubbed layer by layer  
with social distancing, smooth finish of the moon revealed.

It is but imagination of your return to Fitzroys  
that cooks soul food for my night;  
mostly, as if our singing in freedom  
shaving its starry sky of coffee texture.