

## The Intersection

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I know this place.  
For me, the sidewalks and signage  
Aren't Greek or math.  
My feet are stepping fluently on the pavements,  
and the intersections don't appear like puzzles.  
But it still seems like,  
I am lost.  
I searched for you among the pedestrians,  
But you're nowhere to be found.  
This isn't my home.

You're not in this place.  
But someday,  
If these tangle of buses were to untie,  
I promise that I will return.  
I will then find you,  
Love you,  
Marry you,  
And live without shame.