

## Neighbours by Antony Huen

We're looking at you, divided  
by the window frames.  
You walk to your right, disappear,

and emerge again, divided  
by the window frames.  
You never step close to

the windows. We're watching you  
walking back and forth, looking  
for something. You don't notice us,

we assume. You've left the bedroom  
for like ten minutes, keeping  
the pendant light on. As you return,

you're topless. I turn off the lamp  
and draw the curtains, but keep  
a narrow opening. You face us

with your back. Then a man  
covers you from behind.  
You both wear sweatpants.

He faces us, stretching his arms.  
He draws the curtains, but keeps  
a narrow opening. Like a crevice.

Now my curtains are on top  
of each other. Sunlight still creeps in  
underneath their hems, making

a column. I hear from upstairs  
the sound of pouring,  
then dripping.