

Angkor Wat, Cambodia



by Francesca Davidson

# The Taipei Airport

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All airport terminals are the same:  
the godawful fluorescent light,  
plastic tile flooring and  
lines, lines, lines.

In this factory the conveyor belts,  
convey people,  
but like an old train station  
the digital slot machine  
makes its gamble  
and chance leads me to gate A2  
twenty minutes before boarding.

The cities blink by with digital regularity,  
legendary locales followed by equally exotic  
North American counterparts,

Athens  
Anchorage  
Bangkok  
Boston  
London  
Los Angeles  
Moscow  
Milwaukee  
Paris  
Portland

all Anglo-fied,  
all given the same four seconds of air time,  
the only difference people make:  
wanting to go there.