

Shopping for Pomelos at Central Market on Chinese New Year

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By Robert Flinn

The jade-green pomelos are stacked as precise as pyramids; perfect spheres

Of nutritious citrus and Asian mystery; the vendors tell me they possess
secret powers of good fortune and wealth; at that moment the universe

opens up for a nano second and I see all and nothing; maybe that's the
essence of enlightenment, a flash of wisdom and confusion conjoined like

twins among the stars and planets, giving us a fleeting taste of true
knowledge; or is it simply *déjà vu*, like meeting the strangers at Sartre's bus stop

again, that existential split second between clarity and complication, when
all things become questions without answers, a kaleidoscope of mirrors and

colored glass, with veiled reflections and constantly changing patterns.