

You rang through me

You rang through me,
before the water found its stream,
before I took shape.
On the grassland about to snap you stood,
you rang through me.

So long I lived,
I have seen crows march towards serenity,
flamingos wade gracefully across the white shoreline.
Now I can utter no words.
Frost has climbed on to my eyeballs.

Tiredness gushes forth like a bubbling spring,
thriving in my veins,
searing against my skin.
Yet barks are coming off,
like the thawing snowmelt of early spring,
a shattered thigh of a fawn.
Yet my eyes frosting.

All I want is to slumber beneath this boundless crimson,
to rest within the embrace of salty bedding,
the cradle of your arms.
Your valves vibrate softly beside my ear.

A gentle night

Such a gentle night you're like, I don't even dare to go into.
So I linger outside.
A raindrop held in some pale clouds,
and I'm bathed in your eyes.

A dampened sheet of rice paper through which you saw me,
It was the water from the sky you wanted, not tears.
You wanted those faces,
You wanted those fancy doors,
But you wanted no keys

Such a gentle night you're like.
But I linger outside.
Like ice cubes sleeping in a warm glass.
I made out your edges through the corners,
crimps I couldn't hold
had pierced through my skin,

I don't even have a name before we met,
but now I forget.
I slept into such a gentle night like you,
with scents of roasted almonds and cinnamon.
I was counting my nights until I counted you in

Willow twig

It was you that
I did not understand.
Singing the old rhythms and the new,
with a severed twig of the willow
You grew up like that tender and delicate green onion.
Just washed, with droplets of water on your lush hair and green beard

Your roars of laughter
My roars of laughter with yours
I was watching you when you laughed
I saw you when you laughed
I burst into tears when I laughed
I could not bear to leave when I laughed
I ran my fingers over the willow, and that reminded me of you

That was all I did, throwing a stone into the well
Those weathered barks did not have many stories to tell
You wanted to share while I was walking away thinking only
about you

Leaves had fallen but they had not gone
I ran my fingers over the willow, and that reminded me of you

I stand in the mist,
The flute is walking backwards.
I feel like falling,
blindly I reached behind.
The willow sank inward and held us in her palm.

The reef

Here quietly you stand until
you have become a
distant, sullen reef

I walked into your silhouette as I
walked into mine.
Quietly I shattered into one of those
gravelly songs uttered through your deep, uncanny throat.
I shattered in your soft, warm villus, your soothing quilt.

Take a deep breath, and focus on the process of being melted,
like our photos from the past and burnt coffee beans that smell like your skin.

Yet you have become a
distant, sullen reef,
growing so thin, slender, focusing on the process of being melted.

Like an exuberant train passing through the old brick station.
Like the handclaps welcoming it, and waving goodbye.
Rich and humble people,
Ravens with a beer.
Shiny and oily faces of the waiters,
bubbles escaping the glass.
The glass I am climbing out of and climbing into,
I am climbing into your shadow.

I wanted to sleep,
in your quilt though cold and hard as iron
as you walked quietly out of my sight

Water

As I counted the stars,
I counted you in.

I find myself unable to approach.
From afar, I glimpse your radiance,
maybe the quiet glow of your eyes
As I counted the stars,
I counted you in.

So I added some weight to your side,
and started leaning towards you.
What was in the mirror was buried even deeper.
You cradled it all with tender hands, but left safety unspoken.

So I touched like a wave and walked like water