

TOKENS

rain without sound, so
the loquat appears to weep

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inner compartment of a prayer wheel
bearing nothing

*

stems continue, but with
orchid buds now

*

distressing every feeding bird
one mockingbird

*

of self-portraits, the sensation
in touching paint to one's mouth

*

the relation of calm to the hands, the face
after good dreams, after nightmares

*

rain harder now, a return
awareness of the usual way love comes