

FRAGMENTS OF A WISH

. . . That when air is disloyal to the straightness of lilies,
it be sentenced to die by whirling water;
that the shadow of sorrow need not be what trees push toward the west;
that the forest ranger tell you who pays for the cold;

that if in your country an illusion eventually loses its heat,
the snows in my country help you to get it back;
that if a shoe's footprint doesn't have time to put a violet to sleep,
your life here be spent harvesting the cycles of rain.

It is sad,
very sad to know that a hand stamped in dust
lasts a shorter time than it takes a leaf to face up to its death.

Don't you get sad when those threads of rain die suddenly against
your cheeks,
when they are emptied of clouds that freeze in pools of water?