

Postcard · *Pamela Stewart*

Dusk, the sea is between colors  
And our medallion star is ready to leave for China.  
This is the brushstroke hour  
You have already befriended.

I am here for the first time  
Taking a rush of water into my mouth.  
My ribs fold with a white salt weight.

Centuries ago, Mu Ch'i slipped his eye  
From fog to indigo. A grain of sand  
Dislodged from a monastery wall.

His six bitter orbs of fruit  
Are still blindingly pure.  
And everyday  
His seventh, unpainted persimmon  
Ripens across the sky.

The bell-blossom moon follows behind.

Here, in California, the day shakes once  
And falls. The ocean pulls closer.  
With luck, you say,  
A sudden streak will flash toward the stars  
As the flaming persimmon dips into salt.  
In this way the eye will complete the day.  
It will root in the heart.  
My hands return from water, the water  
Returns from China.

I would unstain my heart to carry it with me.