I WAIT FOR THE RUINED ELEGANCE

Plum blossoms comb the southern mountain. Maybe
winter,
maybe spring. What can the difference
give a bystander? If
only swallows mend the wind, another way to choose—
tree to tree, grievance
by grievance. I watch
the sun turn from a sphere to a palace. Burning,
but not disastrous. Soon, or
now, my gaze
will break. I want to honor
the invisible. I'll use the fog to see white peaches.