

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.