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by A. Pseudonym

When we arrive and are met by strange friends strange like the fog on the redreed mudflats that span the low tide around Incheon -

When we arrive carrying so much we will not need like the bus they hire to take us through the dark six people to fill so much more space -

When we arrive that minute initial of the coming years contains not much of what will happen later but its blank seconds begin it,

And we can feel it.

Openings can be so hairline small
just enough room to breathe once and then
again until the spread of life

fulfills.