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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.

