

## A Single Delight

“Concentrate on a single delight...” – Anon.

*Mmn.* [下雨了.] A voice; a jewel that trembles in the ear. Do you remember? A thousand chants rising to the sky by falling to the ground :

cloned happiness rumbling the body.

They gave me my Eden, and they took it away by existing somewhere else.

Plt

tnk. Shhhhhhaaaaaaaaaa. [Xiaaaaaaaaaaaaa.]

All that's left is in my mind

twisted before the world, wrung

and wandering steps,

slow. [吃飯了!] White beads

elliptical, steaming in a blue-white patterned bowl.

[A pair of unusually short plastic chopsticks]

[gleams off-white, like father's stained teeth.]

They've turned into wooden pencils now.

How long does it take to reclaim land? Dull grey streaks my vision; overlays the clouds. I will wait for that warm place to come, when I can touch the jewel and heavy air again.

I strain to hear God's prayer.