

The Chime

men in camp hear voices not just
wind inside Yoshida's chime it's glinting
perforating out our year then years
if I had known I would have thought
to put together one story for each
note I heard there to tell a man
whose mind has slipped away no one's
letter came I imagine tossing those
we would have written from the side
of a final ship to take us home pink
yellow light blue envelope confetti
to a sea that looks rubbed like wax
each licked and folded packet a voice
on a gust then a wave tipping
back it soaks and breaks it soaks
and breaks off from itself