

underground, trade metal for plastic
card of entry to the burrowing trains
a pass to the mushroom temple
growing in a forest
of identical highrises.

Bushels of incense
lift thin messages to the god.
Dutiful daughters photograph elders
under the orchid trees, beside the ponds,
sitting on the ancient rocks. Bamboo thickets
say no to the barking of dogs.

There is time to sit, hear
laughter, to smile, even at ghost-guy
heavy camera hanging from his neck
time to look, stop
looking, time to remember

ancestors, descendants, all
time.

In the morning
we will welcome the sun.

RON MILES