

Isolation

I lie in a sun spot.
My palm face ceiling. Asking
sky: "What isn't time?" All I have gathered in a year
is a block of light
in a tube of black paint
with a brush that dripped into a silencing

"Hi" :: In this isolation, I fall
towards a location
where it is least
lonely.
In New York City, I hunch over
a thousand dumplings. Wait
for the heavens to lip me
with either snow or sunlight.
I marvel. I scrutinize.
I alchemize a crowd
to chase a soaring dandelion
across the avenues only to witness
it dissipate into thousand
tiny fulfillings. My wish
was to keep gathering
signs. My wish is to keep
gathering all my life some kind
of object permanence. Muji
Pens. Pigeon Feathers.
Blushing Maple Leaves. Take care.
Home. Room. Train.
Reverie. You are always
on fire. Don't
drink. Glitter. Don't
smoke. Kiss
instead Planet with the back
of a viral hand.
Cry

::

My body
is whose temple?

Pinned to a flag, memorizing words like *petrichor*, *clinomania*, *supine*, coaxing throat to encourage *love*, *anthem*, *scene*.

I am from the floor finding birds
in the sky while the sky
lakes in my hands.

A forecasted air
constructs an architecture
of motifs

where everything of witness cleans a slate by burying a year
with wish with flock with grief.

I was made to believe all this time, I was alone.
When, all along, I was just spending time
with the world.