

## Interior Landscape

In the blink of an eye, a light rain.

Among the ten-thousand synapses, the sound of rain, but delicately, the  
sound of leaves.

In the blink of an eye, a pure-cold air.

Were I swimming there, how clearly I could see my hands and everything  
they touch.

Among all shapes growing here and dying, a sweet  
and earthy smell. The weight and feel spread thinly, my own blue house  
below,

as if the port were sighing, the cliffs  
hauled in from afar, a wave of rolling tiled roofs and lamp stain splashed  
against the walls.

In the blink of an eye, no wonder.

In the blink of an eye, an empty room. The unread paper. The space I've  
cleared.