

A Late Walk on the World's Fair Site

Moonlight? Who can say? All I can recall
Are your eyes, embers, golden in the streetlamps

Ringing the carp pond in back of the pavilion.
I thought I'd lost you through stupidity,

And nothing calmed my fears. I've called it
Dozens of other names, but longing still means

Emptiness, or worse, an ache for something
Nothing else can ease, goodbye's refrain.

And then you called my name, and I stopped —
Just because, I suppose, I'd never heard it

On the wind so likewise filled with longing —
Nothing but yourself and the blossoms offered,

Each one five-petalled, milk-white like china,
Scented and brighter in the company of others.