



## THE REST OF MY MIND

Once      porcelain      I cleaned      the  
I          or just a      off the      rest  
Found      porridge      dirt      of my  
A blue      plate      and      mind.  
& white      I'll      kept  
shard      never      it in      glen

in a know my shirt phillips

country but while pocket March

backyard. wondering for 2013



This opalescent-streaked horizon  
is what you saw across  
a bushlake where you had swum.  
It was sweetwater, unaccustomed,  
and treading water here you awaited  
the hushed rush of wild ducks landing

unheeding of the waiting shooters' guns.  
But still it is not yet time. Eventide's  
reddened bandage scarcely wraps

this lowland of lakes and woodlands  
and the skies in darkening mauve.



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ing Jie)

Last night I had a dream,  
walking on cobbled streets  
searching for any small shop  
where I could buy new clothes,  
just a simple shirt for my back,  
and a pair of new shoes too.

No matter how hard I tried  
no such humble purveyor  
came to view. No street market  
with pleading vendors saved me  
in my hour of need. For my wish  
was to be simply happy, the joy  
of heart that comes when no debt  
is owed to anyone. For if love  
is won only under shadow  
even of gratitude that must be repaid,  
like a bride's dowry given  
in exchange, then that love will be soured  
in time, like the sad empty streets  
I scoured uselessly in my dream.

Last night I had a dream  
but when I awoke, I could  
hardly believe I had seen those  
narrow streets, the ancient houses  
in that distant town, in that  
dream country so far away.

Yet foolish I felt, for I was still unclothed,  
I still lacked a decent pair of shoes

and I felt alone, as if family  
and friends had left me there.  
I was home but I had no home.