

## Nightfall in Land of the Morning Calm

My fingers trace the gold ivy etched into the wooden walls  
and my eyes pace over the smoking woman art nouveau  
whose thin delicate frame drapes over a green perfumed bottle of gin  
and tonic

The calligraphic script of foreign tongues paint paper signs a familiar mark  
Of home I know I am close and that the winds will walk me to the eastern lanterns of watchfulness

Tomorrow, dragonflies and stinging wings will flit among the drapes turned blinds  
the velvet into green plastic, the old into moths nested caskets  
for new forms and new chords that play a note of debts repaid and roads repaved  
I say this because I have seen the past and the present makes  
for the same is the same  
under hollow wings

So before I leave I will know not to know but to let the maybes be  
and believe that what's possible  
though it may seem like impossible things  
could grow up into better dreams  
and those dreams let me rest in peace  
For the day is harsher than sunlight burning holes in my skin  
Harsher than smog wrapping tendrils of suffocation around my neck pulling me down into the city sewers  
I hate to be morbid but  
that's just how it is sometimes

And I know that of my travels this will be the longest at first, and I know  
That my wanders material prompt wanderings elsewhere such  
that I write and I think and my sleeve  
soaks up the spilled ink and my clothes help me blend into the night  
so that I may walk peacefully as if at home wherever I go, because home  
is where the mind is  
and home is where my feet walk  
Footsteps balancing the act of righteous and reprieved life  
On a tightrope of street talk

Street walks  
Shadows that cast reflections more than their own and  
Castles that aren't made out of stone but metal and neon lights  
Intertwined into starlight brought down with a reckoning force  
Of forces I have been taught many things but  
my trust dwindles down to the means I have taught myself