

Still in the Night Fields of Hokkaido

Inattentive rain. Inattentive star.

Water and light in this violent faint
life. The fields, say

the ancients, an unwinged sea
of lamps. In the space,
concentric silence expanding

outwards. Into the stillness,

and on into distance. Crickets question

twice. They register an air
between real and improvised time.

Crickets – I can't
finish my line. Nature suddenly

feels so foreign

and I just broke my camera.