

DAY OFF

I'm taking the day off from my longings,
from my years, my time and all the books that have ever
endeavored to teach me a world in exacting words.

And I like it—
mulling things over, needing no answer.

What is the name of that tree? And how
do you sing a bird's silence? From where
did the wind carry that one star?

And am I lost forever
amid the prettiness of nearby things?
Or maybe
what is farthest away of all
will restore my soul?