I close my eyes and I see you. It is you, carved in every
detail. I see your eyes on me, looking at me.
He has disappeared into the sea, a long time ago. I was
missing him terribly. Standing at the wall at the end of the
garden, looking over the pale yellow field, I was hoping for
a sign, a sign across the ocean. You must have received my
messages, you must have, I am sure.

The wall keeps us warm, me and the lilies, the dahlias,
peonies, marigold, the blue morning glory and the little
nasturtium. There is camomile sprouting under the cedar.
Words don’t come easy to me. They fear the open, the
exposure to the air, to other ears. If they come, they stay.
All the stories he told me about his travels and I was
wondering when he would ask me about mine. I guess he
thought there was not much to tell from a life like mine,
kept to myself. But he was wrong. I travel a lot, you know.
I wander around in this vast space. So much detail. The
parrot is cuddling up to the pear. My body might seem still,
but my mind is restless.
When I first saw you, it was there. How my body reacted.
I was chasing after you. I wanted to take your picture, then
and there. Watching the video over and over again, I see
my happiness, so obvious to everybody.