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## WINTER SOLSTICE

*after Plato*

It is possible we met in another life  
under the cold solstice moon,  
and danced and danced madly...

It is possible we were too close to keep warm  
to recall faces and the land of promise...  
What has left since?  
A dream haunts me...  
my garden flowering with you  
in every spring.

I never doubt all the possibilities,  
the life before, the life after,  
our wings joined together.  
A path, my feet hesitant to follow it,  
my eyes closed in...  
leaves marks in these poems,  
cold, outside,  
hot, inside.

Anna Yin

## BEGINNING OF AUTUMN

The day was just breaking, no birds' songs  
I fell asleep again  
from one dream to another  
The wheels of my heart passed over  
the flowing seasons  
all in silence.

No sound in the dream too  
Grey and white like a fog  
through the window  
through the house  
across the road and the wild meadows  
Yet hope remains in my heart  
for eternity.

## ON TRANSLATION

Sometimes it's a maze  
I fall into.  
I call for light, for a guide,  
struggle to find my way...  
finally, out of it,  
I am not myself.

Sometimes it's a lake,  
clear to see.  
I swim across it with ease.  
Looking back,  
I find my own mark left behind.

Sometimes it's a dialogue,  
words longing for one another.  
Two languages stream like songs,  
chiming from the deep.

Sometimes it's a dream  
I walk into yours,  
and find you waiting,  
then you lead me  
through each door  
with your own key

## HILL SONG

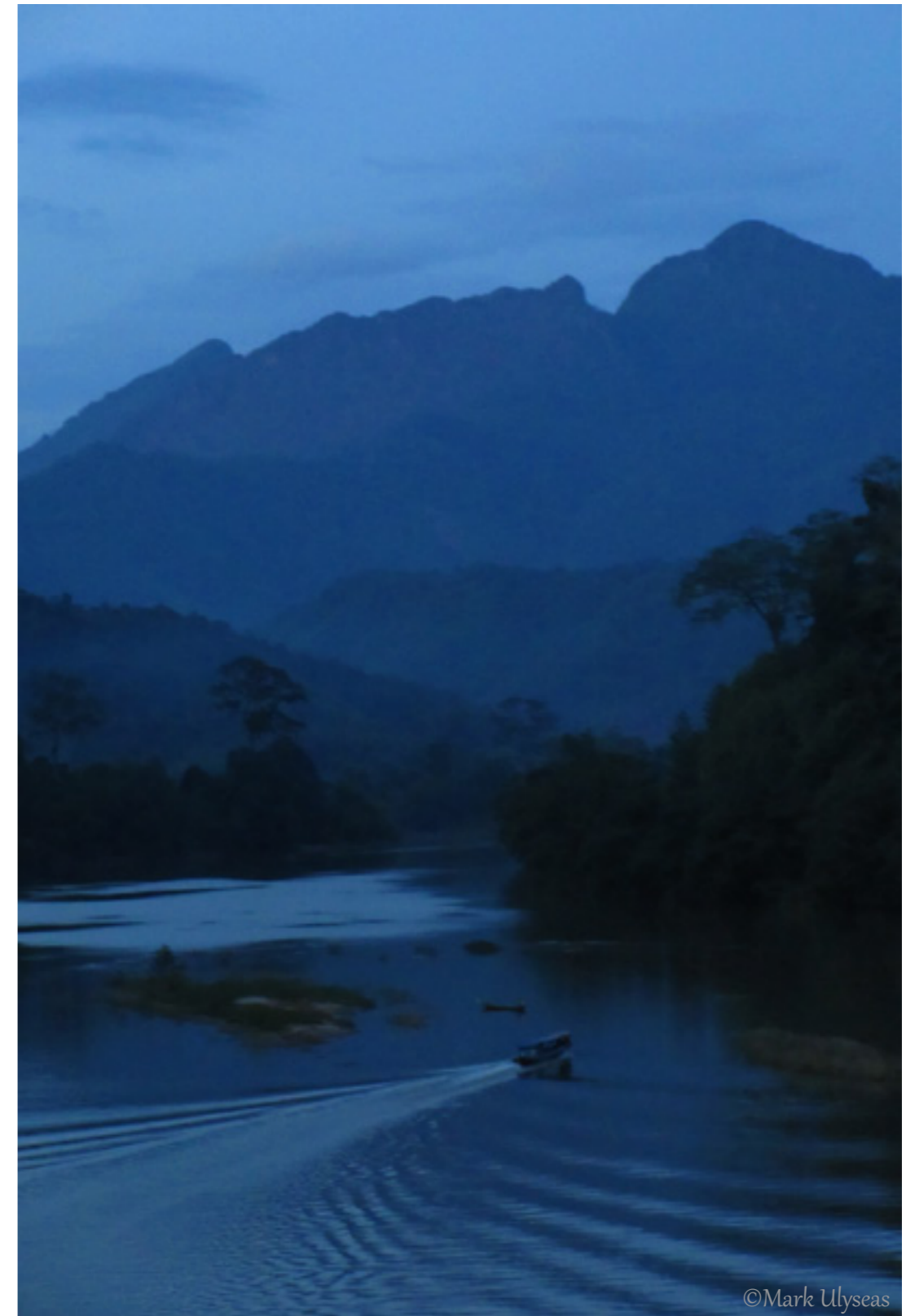
*a found poem after Jeff Hardin*

“Mystery, you will find”  
you muse,  
“somewhere in its resonance” ...

Handing me your signed book,  
you point at your own handwriting:  
“as time goes headlong  
filling itself...”

So here I am, listening to  
the hill song- the rain fills itself...  
on my fingers  
each drops a note,  
a sound of awakening-  
*O rain rained down to drench this song I am...*

Perhaps each comes inborn:  
*home is nowhere anyway but where  
I stand receiving what is offered me  
this drop of life,  
this reflection of moment,  
O rain rained down to drench this song I am...*  
I found the way  
*back down  
the hill and home.*



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Nam Ou, Laos PDR, photograph by Mark Ulyseas.