Wayside Shrine

tears—I haven’t heard
the temple bell
in so long

or ever before
seen a Buddha’s shrine
on the Tokyo business street
or deep in country
where the earthen
sides of the lanes
loom over my head

offered an orange
like the ones
on the small trees
despite the freezing weather

for a few yen
lit a stick of incense
with my cold gloved hands

stars, worlds

this smoke
goes nowhere
goes
everywhere