The Paper Room

Genie Nakano

a poem on rice paper
blows along the path
I reach to catch it
as I walk against the wind
what scented poem is this?

a treasured secret
a fragrance from another
time and place
Tales of Murasaki
a thousand years ago

the fragrance lingers
dream and waking mingle
the living and the dead
past, present, and future
rise around me in symphony

outside my window
green leaves ride the breeze
my senses awaken
the colors sharpen
water begins to rise

inside my paper room
if this is a dream
don’t wake me
let my desires
keep burning