The Chime

men in camp hear voices not just wind inside Yoshida's chime it's glinting perforating out our year then years if I had known I would have thought to put together one story for each note I heard there to tell a man whose mind has slipped away no one's letter came I imagine tossing those we would have written from the side of a final ship to take us home pink yellow light blue envelope confetti to a sea that looks rubbed like wax each licked and folded packet a voice on a gust then a wave tipping back it soaks and breaks it soaks and breaks off from itself