

the difference  
between the  
present moment  
and eternity is  
not always so  
discernible to  
me. last week i  
didn't see any of  
the cats on our  
street. this week

the parts can be  
more beautiful  
than the whole. i  
don't know what  
beauty is, but i  
love watching  
the moon rise. i  
wish i felt more  
sure about more  
things.

the earth orbits  
the sun.  
sometimes the  
shifts happen in  
silence. it was  
silent too, the  
day the snow  
came. someone  
i don't know well  
once wrote that

the green of  
the Dan Flavin  
installation.  
nothing is  
static. we  
know this. it is  
written every  
time the moon  
orbits the  
earth and

i have seen  
three.  
sometimes a  
field can feel  
like an old  
friend. the trees  
that survived  
are blooming.

-hong hong

i remember the  
week every  
plant died in  
houston. the  
field by my  
apartment was  
always this  
color: a child-  
hood friend's  
hair, a shade

lighter than the  
wheat fields in  
north dakota.  
since moving  
to texas, i've  
been walking to  
this field around  
sunset. i'm  
nobody out  
here. i like

spaces where  
i become no  
one.  
sometimes the  
grass would  
turn pale  
beneath the  
sky when the  
sky became  
purple next to