

# POETRY

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CHANGMING YUAN

## Stream Moonset in Autumn

close your eyes  
stay still  
and you can feel  
the moon's silver needles  
softly pointed  
penetrating peace  
into your head, hand and heart  
like chinese acupuncture  
flying balmy filaments  
at you and me alike  
although ten thousand miles apart

open your ears  
the light is streamwater  
spattering down from heaven  
upon your shaded shoulders  
whirling up and splashing about  
into stars, if you can  
catch just one droplet  
hurling it into the backyard  
out of the broken window  
of your fenced mind  
the symphony of night  
tender