

One Month After Returning From China

ELINOR MATTERN

As the road before me drops away
the shadows of branches throw

fractured leaf-light across my windscreen.
And those trees in the median

that bank east and west and in the breeze,
surely they're Asian trees.

Last night, I dreamed thousands
of faces streamed toward me

when I stepped off a bus in Beijing.
Each of them called to me.

Each of them knew my name
in Mandarin.