

[As stars are not]

As stars are not
the mystic harbor of my wishes
nor mass but space and burning,
so are my questions.

I come to every strange city
as a refugee coming home,
the old streets as if new,
a familiar portico, flourished pedestal,

view from this dusty window.
I am this name unasked.

::
 stars are

 burning
 questions

I come to every city

 as if

a

 dusty window

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 stars are

 burning

 every city

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