

## It Is All

My finger's brief touch  
on the finely pocked cement  
between the great stones of the outer wall  
of this Portuguese fort  
in Macau, China,

is precisely as important as the drop of water  
sent spark-like through the thick air  
round the rumbling bulk of the Star Ferry  
carrying us from Hong Kong to Kowloon,  
that is folded back into the waves of the South China Sea:

both disappeared as easily as they came to be;  
both are memories unique in the Universe's mass;  
both cast my mind through a strange lens  
to prism all that is as steps near

and far apart  
that fold over each other in waves touching  
to sink as colours into cloth ever  
re-dyed, re-patterned, understood and misunderstood  
or ignored;  
both set in black that holds them to it  
as fast as it sets them free.