

Dear Lover,

All-at-once

All of the time, all over the world, there are single moments and entire histories unfolding.

In Mecca, the cornerstone of Kaaba is withering from the multitude of kisses lain upon it.

In Verona, a gentleman asks Juliet, "How many futures lie in wait".

In Nicosia, an astronaut dives deep into Aphrodite's springs.

In Bucharest, a gypsy traces his roots—routes—to the Thar desert, where a crust of salt looks like snow.

In Lahore, a cloud declares its feelings to the river. There are now clouds floating in the river.

In Paris, the bridges are fatigued with the load of the locks chained to it by lovers grasping for what eludes them.

In Cairo, from 2029, it is always spring and women exchange vows with each other.

In Dhaka, a tailor bird weaves a nest and packs it with wet mud so that fire flies are caught in it and there is light even in the dark.

In Lhasa, a young girl follows the sound of a flute through the Himalayas. She reaches Pokhara and there is still no player but the sound stays. It is the wind in the valley. And she whistles along.

In Delhi, a man born on the ascent of Saturn's largest moon, marries a moth so that his second wife would not bear the brunt of the shadows cast upon her.

In Hanoi, a twelve year old boy meets an eleven year old boy playing inside the M48 Patton tank and they sit in it together, imagining they are riding down large boulevards to the frontier, but knowing that they are not moving and that now is after the apocalypse. This comforts them, they crouch inside, eyelids heavy, calves touching. They kiss.

In Vancouver, a man shaves his head.

In Nuuk, on the first night of frost, there is no frost. All the snow has melted.

In Reykjavik, a middle-aged librarian canoes to the centre of a lake and drops a load of books on the seabed. She is preserving an archive.

In London, an old man from Tehran prays as he swims at the lido, breast stroke, head always above the water.

In Madrid, a family falls asleep at three in the afternoon and has dinner together in their dreams.

In Kyoto, the bark slips off a cherry blossom and leaves a window into its bones.

In Yerevan, a piano plays of its own volition.

In Los Angeles, memories of midnight moons, glitter and flight. Truth only in waves.

In Beijing, while the Ming dynasty rules, a princess transforms into an orchid and a prince transforms into a hummingbird. There are forever hummingbirds hovering around orchids.

In Vienna, a cat settles on a wooden desk, scratching at the map of the world beneath the glass.

In Katmandu, a girl is standing still in the rubble. There is no wind.

In St. Petersburg, maybe I'll run into you, decades later, and we kiss.

On the moon, there is a woman making fire with two strings of a harp.

And in distant galaxies, similar worlds are being made and un-made. We—this place—and everything out there is held and broken by one fragile force. *If* treated with love, the universe waters Love, a garden of rock and light.

Remember me in the approaching present. Safe travels. You know how I feel. I've always been distant and I've always felt close to you.

Yours,

O.