

Jat Otsuka

## *The Evenings*

Crumple and toss a piece of paper  
repeat it many times

Resting a bit  
and standing up

It falls from my fingers  
and I look at my palms

I gaze at the stars sometimes  
and the piano sonata moves me

Prodding along  
following him

Stardust

when the earth was a star  
crumbling until it lost its shape  
in the remainder of the tears (all gone)  
the sand still stuck on its surface  
I saw a little girl; asked me if I was okay

at the small of her back

scribbled the gibberish on my tricycle  
that must be you wasn't you  
I just asked her / that's all

