

CHEN CHEN

Autumn

Autumn approaches
and the heart begins to dream—

—*Basho, translated by Sam Hamill*

My heart comes back in a very large FedEx box.

As though it has accumulated many new possessions.

But no, it is just surrounded by a lavish amount of bubble wrap.

Kneeling on the carpet, I lift it out.

& feel for a moment like I've won a raffle, though I don't recall buying a ticket.

Then I bring my heart up to my face.

& find it giving off a mystery odor.

Like a relative you want to have to buy a bus, no, plane ticket to see.

Yet this pounding is, undeniably, me.

Demanding a flawless performance of the entire *Lion King* soundtrack.

Asking, does the moon ever get sad?

Needing to know, does the moon get terribly sad because it is simply called
the moon, & not some fancy Greek name, like the myriad moons of
Jupiter, like Callisto, for example, from the Greek *kallistos*, superlative
form of *kalos*, meaning “beautiful”?

Then, knowing:

The moon does not get sad. Or at least, not because of that.

Of that, the moon is terribly proud.