

This is always a nice place for a walk. Wander aimlessly while I arrange my thoughts into tidy lines. Deep in the quiet – and its sands are fair. I love those poems. And look for what's between the lines. But it's too dark for a stroll, and anyway I'm nearing my destination. I look down in the direction of the park. Today I am able to see not just the trees, but the forest. A man walks out, in search of a drink. Another man is carrying ice. Suppose they came together somewhere?

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