

Just making sure.

I laid my heart in your garden bed.
So flowers could spread themselves out.
To compete with the sun
And dare the heat and enjoy the rain.

I laid my heart in your hand.
So love could expand to touch your soul.
So I could feel your sorrow
And dare the stress and enjoy your love.

I laid my heart in front of your door,
Right where the wind charm was fixed
So when the wind blew
You could hear the sound of my heart
Ringing around you to chase away all
evils

I laid my heart on your writing desk.
Making sure the love letter
You were writing, yes
Would be addressed to: Me.

Dã-Thảo Quế Trần
Spring 2000.

