

today a non-human memory barked in his feet.  
he was seized with surprise—  
he always considered himself as solemn  
as a night tree.  
(based on his journal, he is not the type of person who  
enjoys comedy happening to him.)

a very serious being—his mother would  
agree. she remembered the day he was born  
how he moved as a clock  
precisely and steadily  
a baby who cried very rhythmically.

another bark gnawing his chin.  
he burped because he felt his throat fluffy.  
it was so ungraceful that all the children  
laughed.  
he had never laughed.  
never had any of his students seen him like this in forty years.  
before the school bell rang,  
away he ran.

he sprinted so fast that  
the wind and feathers blossomed on his cheek.  
he couldn't stop, making his way up until  
the night clothed the earth.  
out of hunger, he devoured the moon  
with its shell.

he hurried to finish though it was hard to chew the shell.  
he's never missed dinner time—  
even when he was sad, when someone he loved took a bus away  
with a suitcase filled with  
love letters he had never written.

i didn't write her letters? he wasn't sure—

the volcanos on the moon were so spicy that  
his memories were numbed.  
he was sad  
so he dropped his body down  
from the moon back to the earth.

this is the place that we lost track of him.  
it took me years  
to find him  
because the earth is bigger  
than the universe—

(where is our father?  
can he still love without memories?)

it took long years to find him but  
it was not too late because  
a clock does not know it is late.  
when i found him  
he was standing on a meadow  
on which stood a thousand people  
who had different animal memories dwelling in their feet,  
their faces ancient and furry.

he turned to me and grinned.  
in my mind, I think he was saying

see  
i took you on a safari.