

A bullet-train full of celebrities

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Life and what it passes on, remind me of you—
panoramic elevators
and Richard Dawkins' book about
 some selfish genes

weird colors
and that "hippie" scent illuminating the
air

roasted coffee beans
the texture of old books
the sound of a window squeaking on its track
 and
that moment when winter blows against the glass

life and what it passes on, remind me of you—
peoples' necks
 moles spreading on bountiful acres of flesh
 like a chair rocking alone
 on the porch of this universe

life and what it passes on, remind me of you—
Julia Robert's smile
Monica Bellucci's tan
and that wicked attractiveness of
 Scarlet Johansson

life and what it passes on, remind me of you—
dancing reflections on store fronts
hunger and crying babies
 the smell of French fries
and the taste of the blues after midnight

so, it becomes a habit...
every time I sit in a bullet-train
going from B to A
I close my eyes

dismantle the wheels and windows
enter the memory space— and use your carefully uploaded portraits
to build a
photo exhibit.