

blink

sometimes I blink
and I'm back in Beijing
staring down on the traffic
it's dark out and I feel watched
by a thousand electric eyes
and I think "this isn't home"
"this isn't even me"

sometimes I blink
and I'm back on the beach
staring at the sea
the sun is setting and there's sand in my eyes
I take pictures with my phone
and I think "I'm not going to remember this"
"I'm not even here right now"

sometimes I blink
and I'm back in the forest
who knows where
but I remember you next to me
the sunlight darts through the forest and hits my skin
and I think "we're the same"
"we're not made for this"

sometimes I blink
and I'm back on my train
I think the passing fields should make me feel something
the clouds look like a painting
my brain is too full to take this in

and I think “all the best memories are already made”

“but I can’t remember them”