

from *TRANSFER*

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A temple in Kyoto famous  
For its mosses  
Bright dark fur-like  
Miniature-tree-like in-between-like

Most of the Japanese older dressed  
In western collars khakis and long dresses  
Were interested in photographing with mosses

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Squatting with feet flat and side to side  
With admiration for moss  
Looking closely at the beginnings    ends of moss  
Its divisions of kind blurring  
How spirally arranged its leaves are

The spirals appear  
Growing outwards    inwards  
To its own source    to extend  
The moss has our attention  
Is superimposed over its tenders' voices

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And people have sprouted  
In my lapse here and obscured its spread

Again lifted in moss's time  
The flattened  
Patches of moss a foot has been  
Planted is planted  
The moss is fenced by rocks  
Not meant to be flattened but don't mind it

Human hour it's counting what sight gives available  
When it goes dark closing time the irritable wind chime

The temple's cat is seen by its jingle

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A temple in Hiroshima empty of tourists  
Two cats befriending my lonesome for something salty

It's new here appearing to be old  
Wood beams haven't yet soaked  
Summer's occasional rains

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The temple in Hokkaido near my grandparent's  
Smaller than a suburban house  
Children disperse the puddled rain  
High school boys shifty-eyed who might be in love  
Press their hands to their groins are looking at their ground

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To exist while not fully here is to have no meeting arranged?

If I sit here on this bench   restrain keying  
In someone's sense    the peering is a personal window

No a sliding door  
To let the whole of someone in?

Oh I want to wear a bird mask  
With a long Vantablack beak

If all who pass wear these masks  
Still are eyeballs and lash  
Beyond those masks

There are curtains on those sliding doors

If I speak in their language there is only glass between

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...

Not a memorial a lively place

Passed down through upkeep a pay  
To engage landmark  
The ticket box aged at least fifty more more

Suspect: before  
The money ecosystem was there a sense  
A sense of secure  
There was yam there was rice there were trees  
In a father's name there is house there is neighbor

Currency as a way to organize the pulses  
Currency as a way to mic a pulse

## KOU SUGITA

**Kou Sugita** was born in Sapporo, Japan (1994), raised in Oregon, has spent the last several years in the Los Angeles area and Tucson, and currently lives through recurring nightmares he doesn't remember in Seattle. His work has appeared in *TYPO*, *Juked*, *Asian American Writers' Workshop*, *The Margins*, among others, and is forthcoming from *The Volta*.