



Nguyen Bao Chan (Vietnam)

## RETURN

The exhausted verses of my poetry  
return to me

from burning journeys

The thirsty verses

long for a river

The droughty verses of my poetry  
return to me

from a dry river

The withered verses

dream of a shady garden

The bitter verses of my poetry  
return to me

from green illusion

of the vault of faded leaves

The fresh verses

ripen themselves silently

The proud verses of my poetry  
return to me —

a room of memories

Their footsteps beat,

awaking each corner of oblivion  
of myself.

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