

Harbin

The man who lights candles
At Harbin Hot Springs
Has the perfect job

Naked, silent, Zen-like, he
Wafts into the steamy room
Striking the five votives as well as the
Hanging lamp in the corner
While I watch from the scalding water

Later, as he wipes down fiberglass
In the warm pool outside
I float by and whisper, "You have a wonderful job!"
Then enter the hot spring again,
Realizing he's heard that many times before
And sometimes, he must consider this
Just work
After all

Then, pushing up against my limit
I leave the hot pool for the last time
wobbling
And discover that to go home
I will have to learn to walk
All over, again