

Poem

by [Greg Huteson](#) in the [January 29, 2020](#) issue

Roomed with solitude and a tablet  
while *zongzi* steams in the rice cooker.  
Dragon Boat Festival is the day  
after tomorrow, but this is not  
about that—

about water races and loyalty.  
It's not about pyramids of rice  
or respect for the dead, although  
the latter is commendable,  
like history.

Rather, here is a white pine desk  
and a plastic cup with tea stall tea.  
Here's a window and the sky at dusk.  
With a lone bookshelf in the glass,  
there's a poem here.