Thinking of all the times I've listened to someone close, then noticed you beyond them coming into focus. Yards away along the path of a mountain-I wonder how you've lived.

To my left, I see a firestorm approaching along the distant shoreline.

*Horse seated boy, and me, in his horizon sights. Horizontal hand against laid against my own warm forehead, just to see him clearer.* 

How can you see me from all the way over there?

Just listen to me for a second The Sunrays are warping this mirage The flames are approaching- We've got to leave.

My friends want to go. Before I'm no longer here I need to tell you, I can't quite put my finger on it but You're familiar yet unplaceable. I feel like you've held me close but also passed me by.

If I run to my friends in many deep steps in grains of sand ahead, over my shoulder and leave a trail Will you follow it? I'll leave something here if you can't get here before I've departed - a sort of retelling of a missed connection: A gift to you.

But should you decide to go further you'll see me there In my last moments

Watching, elbows to the dirt, taking the earth, reforming it, and setting it ablaze seeking to hopefully conjure something that will remain long after we're gone.

Recreating that which means a lot to me but belongs to all of us. A vision of how much a stranger cares for something so simple like a juice box or the sweet taste of a handpicked peach. How much I care for those same things

A frugal love; joy which comes from so little

*In these final hours nothing matters but it also matters.* 

"If nothing saves us from death, at least love should save us from life" Pablo Neruda

Philip Leonard Ocampo



Misbah Ahmed The Loon October 3rd - October 15th, 2019

































