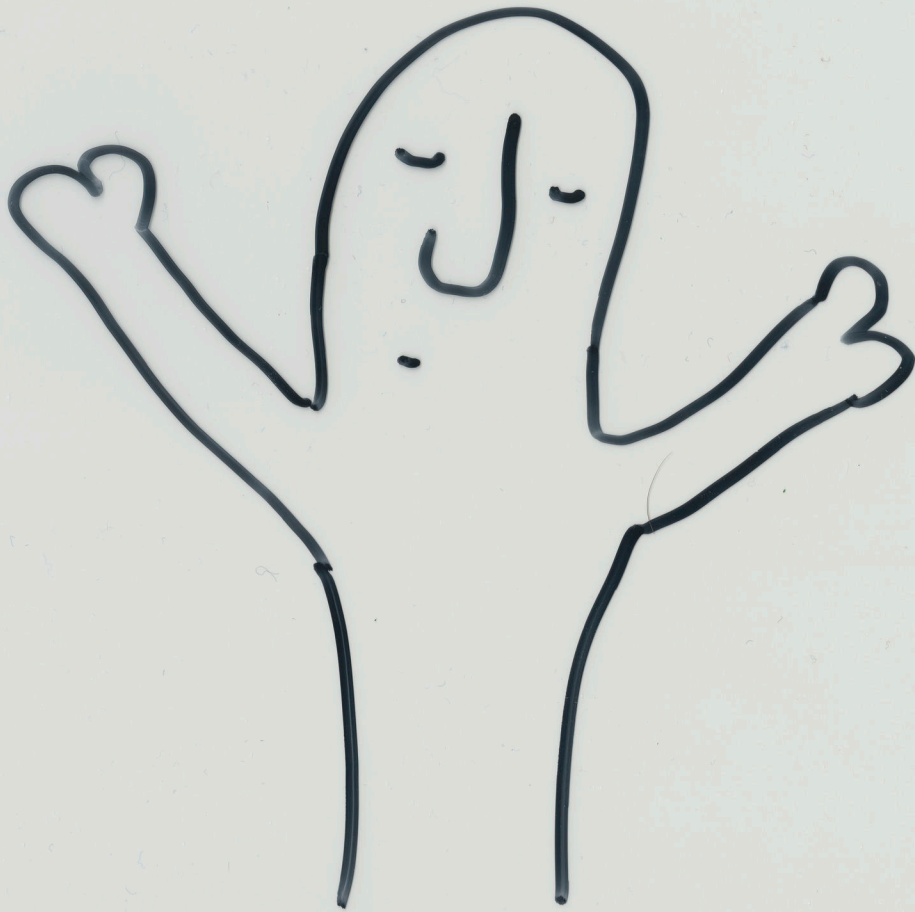
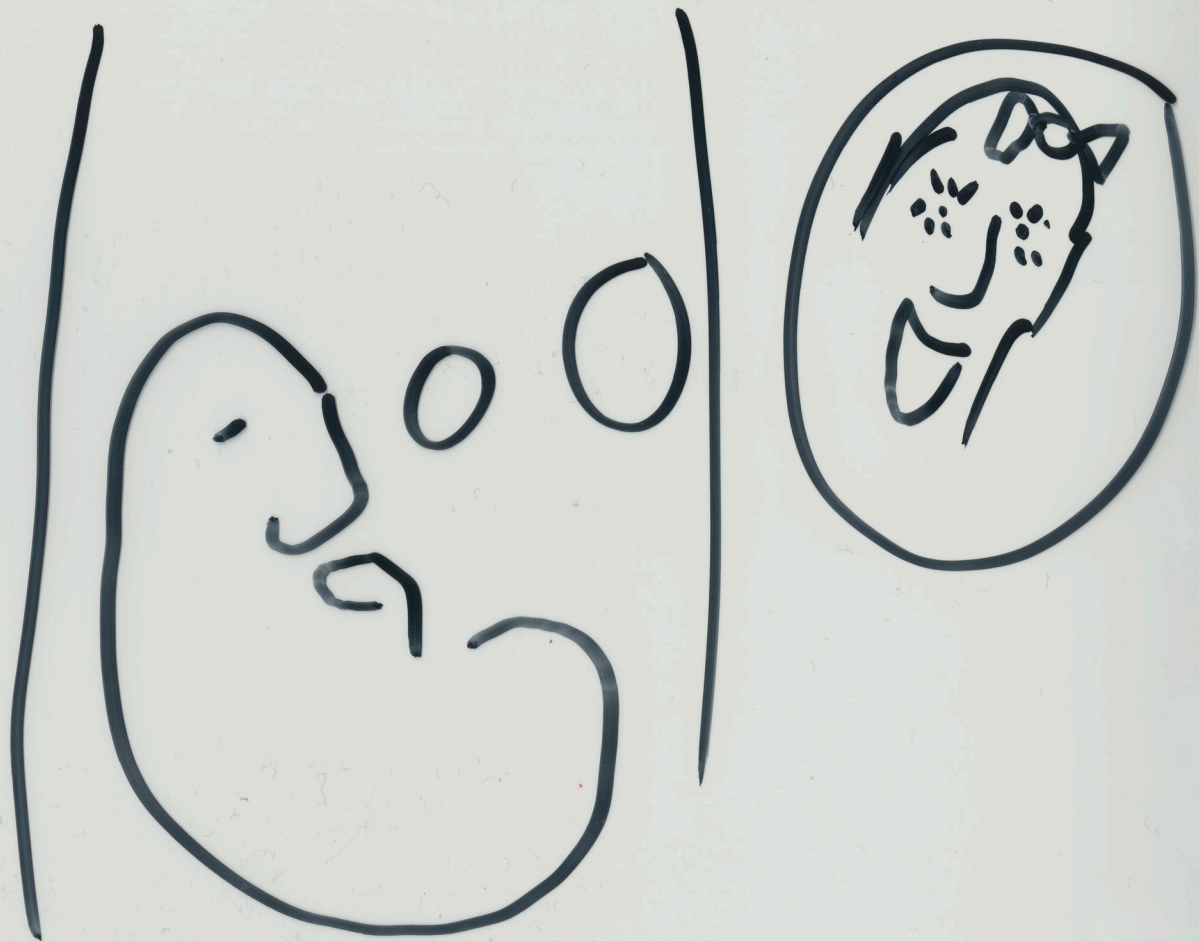


Fushanoona,
Where are you?

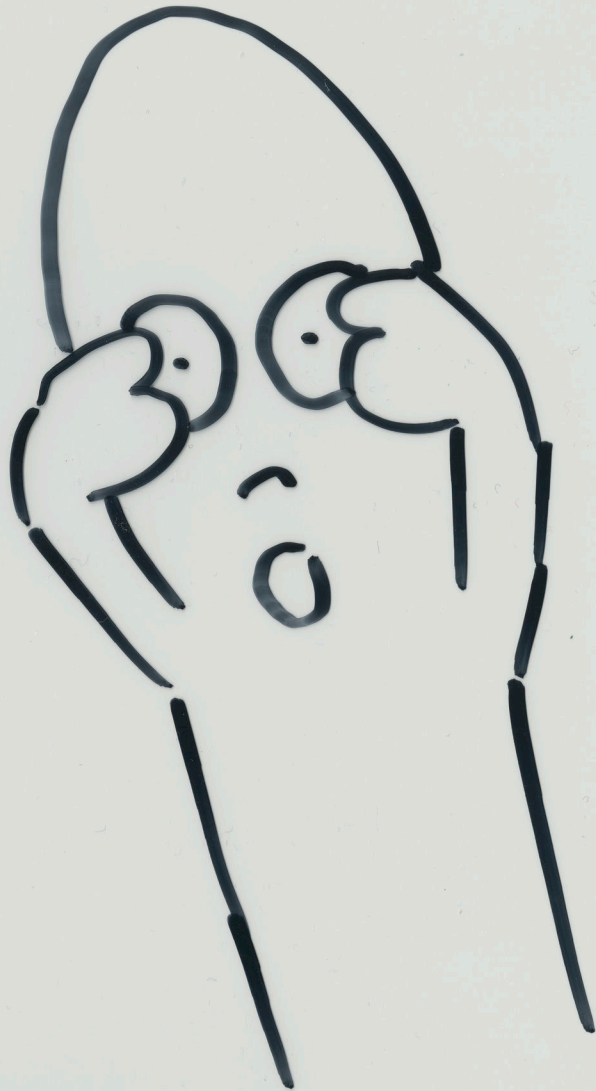




I dream for Fushanoona



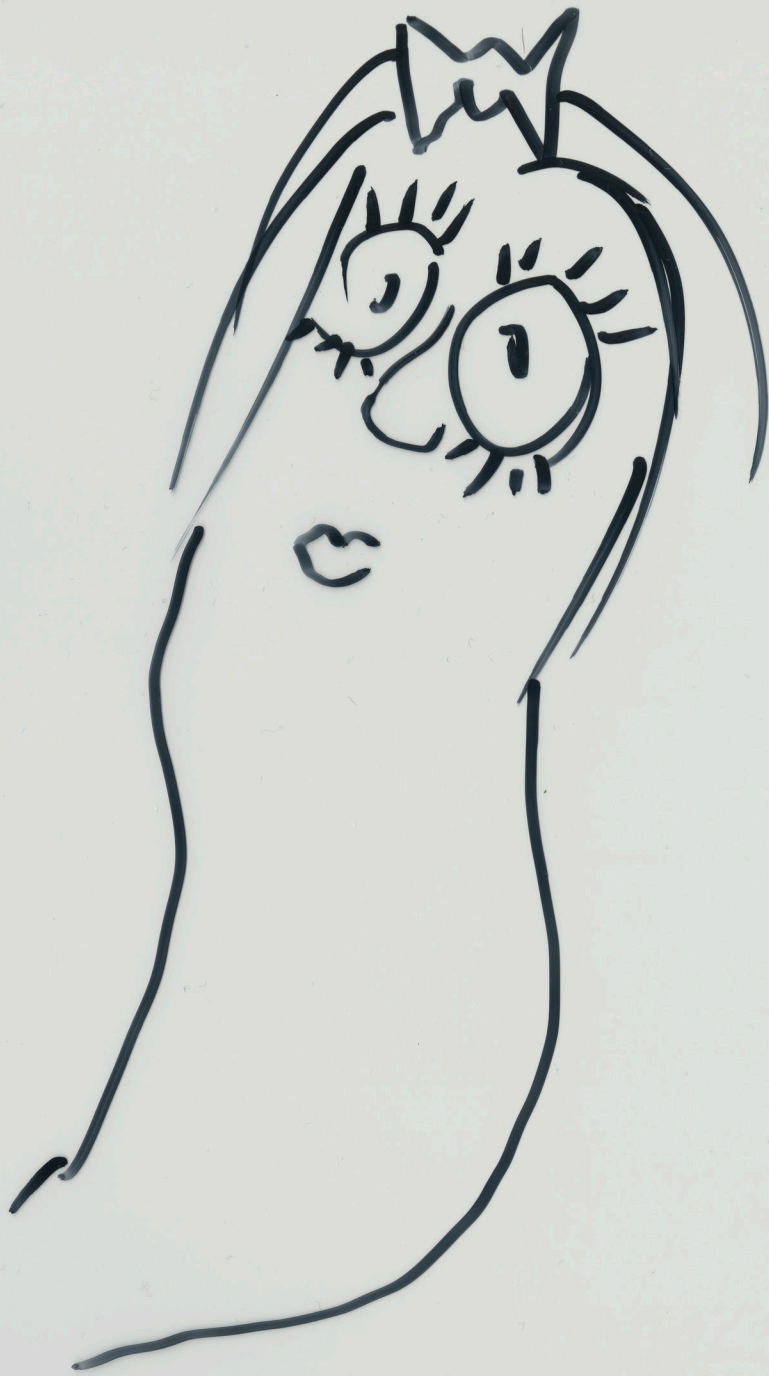
Ever since I was in the
womb I knew there
was a female such as she



In the eye of that storm
called feverelia what good
fortune I graced me, or did my
own eyes deceive?



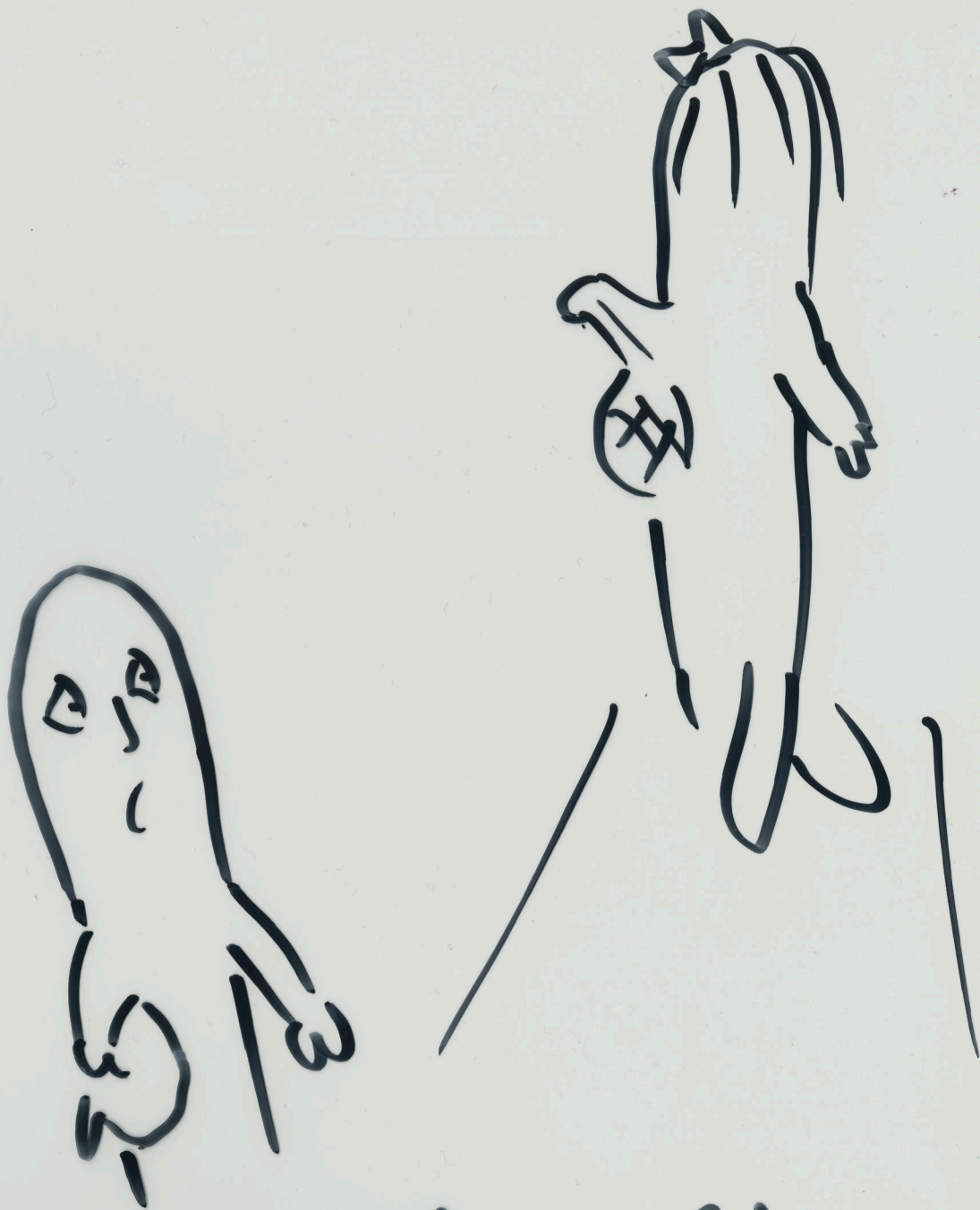
While an apprentice at the
mapmaker's a lovely visage
appeared, the ink peddler's
assistant!



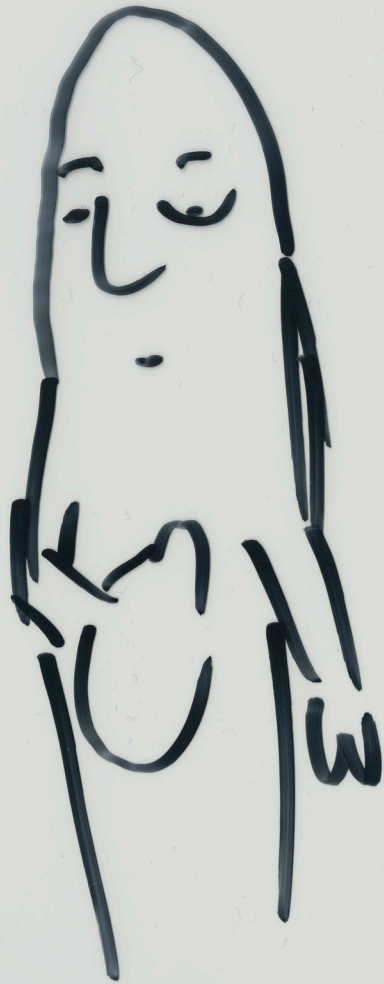
surely I must have conjured
her from thinnest air: she
came from the murky deep: her
bed is a cushion in a genie's lair



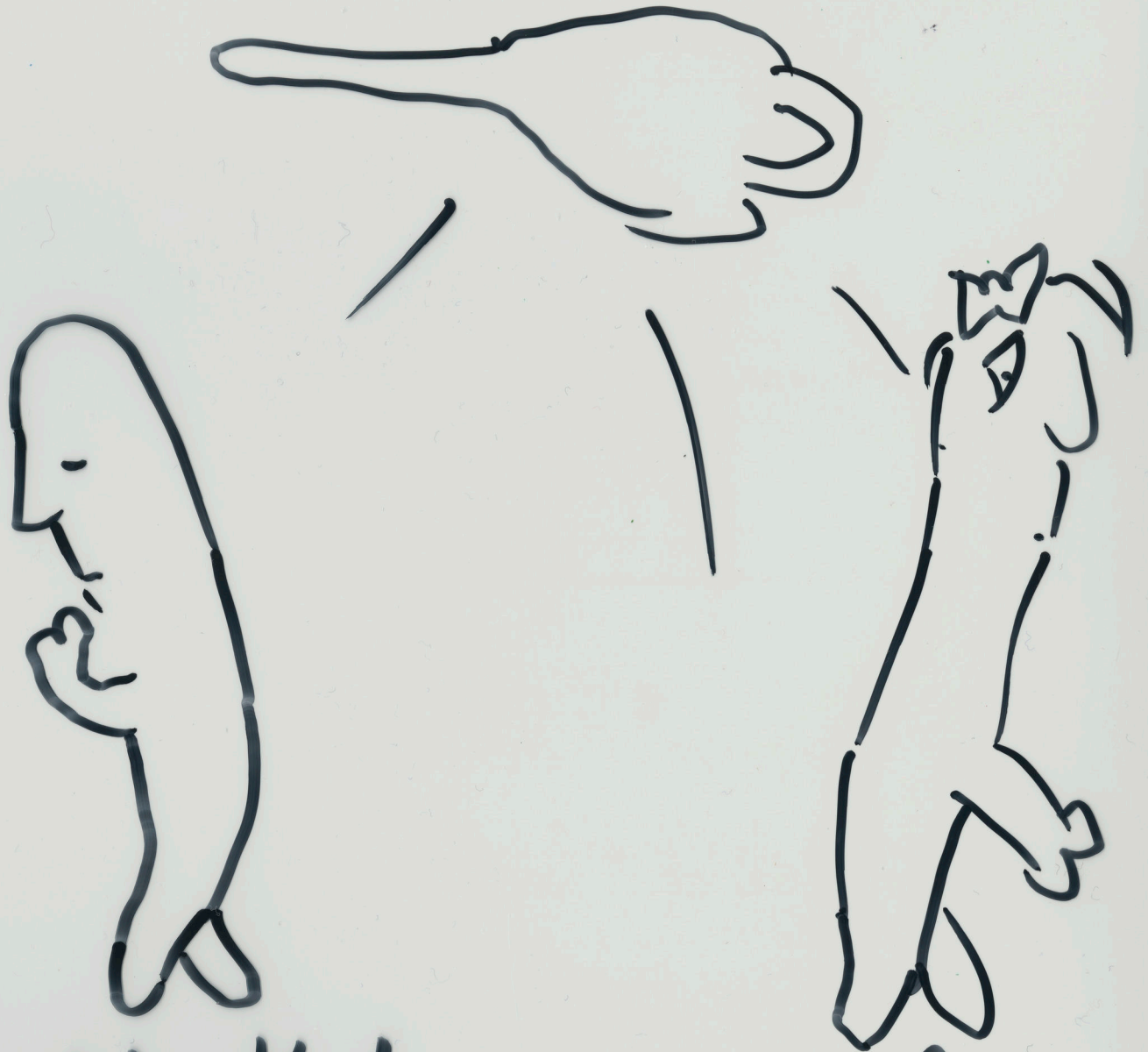
we were dancing, laughing,
carrying on while our
Masters made their trades



& before I could even
take stock of that feeling
I felt, she faded into the
middle distance



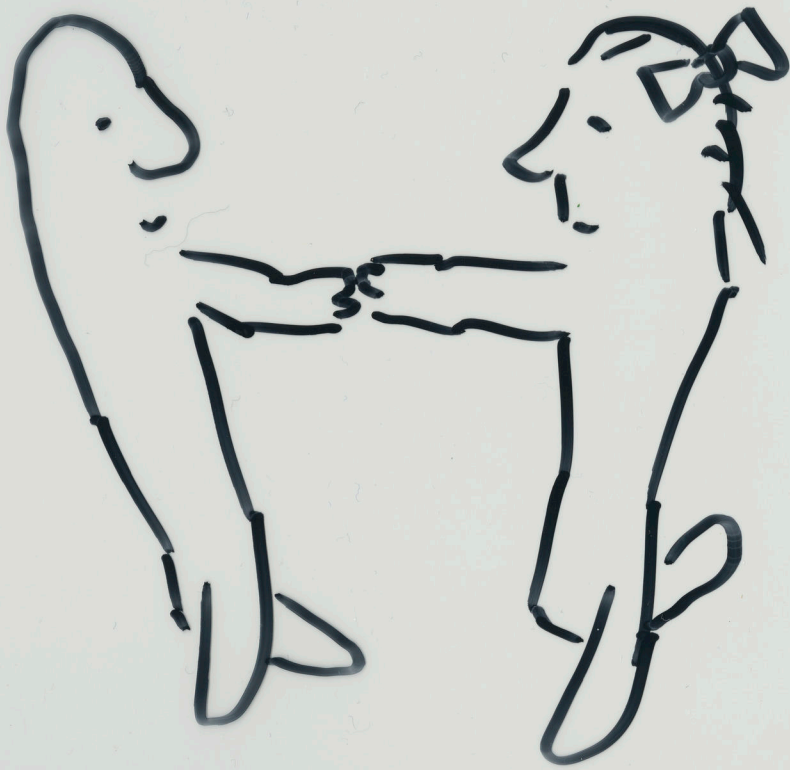
& with a true heart I
have been pining for
her since



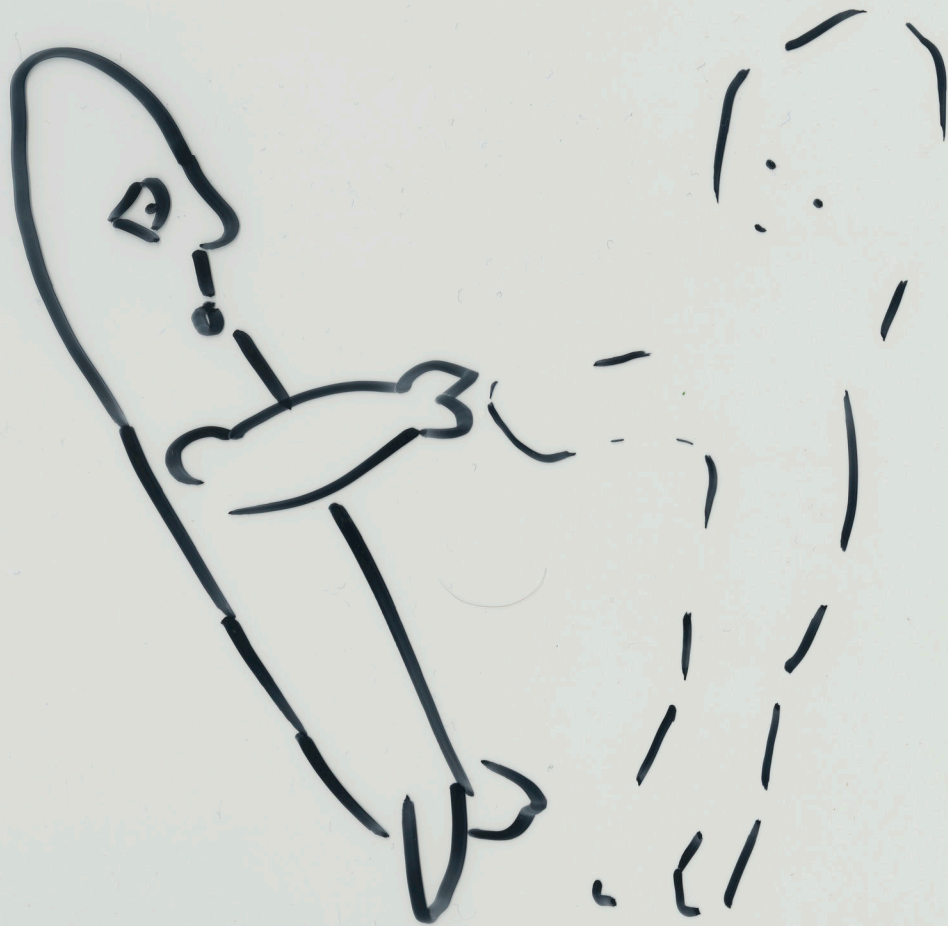
would that a genie's lamp
could illuminate the
darkness which separates
us!



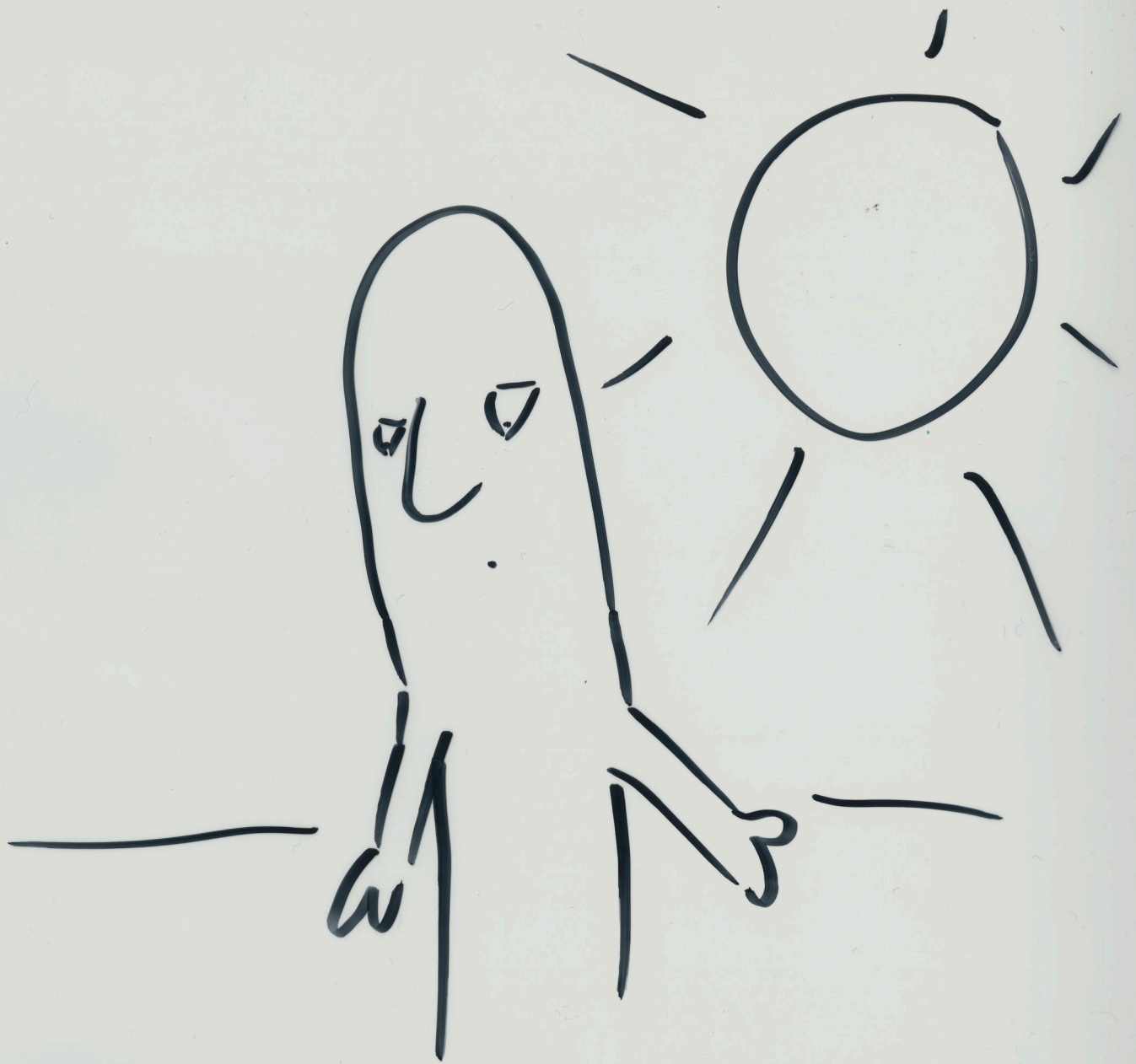
would that a genie's lamp
could summon her & allow me
to refill the reservoir where
my memories now drip dry!



No one I knew she had met; no one she knew I had met; what other explanation suits these facts?



at best she was mercurial,
at worst a daydream (as I
presently suspect)



& the inevitable logical
extreme... There is no one
on this planet for me; nor
do I belong on this planet



How sudden with these
sobering thoughts do I turn
sick! What remedy exists for
the burdensome loss of a weightless
thing?



& so I make my exit by
walking into a brick oven



I dream for Fushan room