


## THE GROUP 0 ELEMENTS

A guy walked by but no footsteps were heard. It could be on any dusk  
You sat in the community garden  
wrapped in a shabby grey blanket, disguised as a blind man—thronging feet sparkled on your eardrums  
like flowers on a Chinese perfume tree, rising from the surface of  
mirror-smooth pavements. Chalky-white face, luscious lips, folded arms ...  
all those seem more like personal symbols. A splash! That's the sound of October pigeons

landing on the streets. Yesterday, the black-and-white photo  
of a violinist who used to frequent here  
appeared for the last time in the newspaper—among obituary notices.  
And all of you started to change your umbrellas and locks this morning,  
neglecting rays of the sun, which ran by in black nylon shafts  
like small beasts of prey. You caught a glimpse of the construction crew,

busy repairing the bridge guardrails. The cordon they had drawn looked like a roll of film  
“On duty today?” You talked to him when you passed by  
He turned around and looked right into your eyes, startled and somewhat upset





Under the V-neck of his baseball jacket, a silver chain  
dangled across. The fact was: He seldom communicated,  
or trusted ... He just walked away, with his brothers, all in different directions,  
like a hardcore band, splitting up