**Hedge Maze**

Daniel Chan Yee Ann

Climbing onto my shoulders you see

the rings of hedges

rippling out, expanding

further than the eye can perceive.

Joy and sorrow, hot and cold,

dusk and dawn and song and silence

hurry each other away

like bloodhounds after the scent

of their trails. I tell you my friend,

this world does not end.

If you’re looking for another

let us go to the center

where there must be a bench,

a fountain which springs forth

cool waters, and a tree

which proffers the shade of its hands.

 The next world we’ll find

 on the inside of this one.