



When a gay party leaves a restaurant, the tables are more tidy than before.
When a wind blows gently through the street, the street is swept clean,
the dirt and dust transported to the edge of town.

When *waves*
of *water* splash
against the **shore**,
the shore rebuilds itself.

When a pipe lets smoke into a room,
the soot drifts toward a corner of the room, leaving clean air.
Painted balconies exposed to wind and rain become brighter in time.
The fragrant odor of a passing cinnamon cart intensifies, not dissipates with time.