

POEMS 86-88

Disputing Sôgyô (H 198-200) [PUBL. IN *Defined...*]

Variation on Bunan (H 201)

Remembering Komachi (H 177)

[JAwahresrapport auffür das Jahr... NOT USED HERE]

High Jurassic

On Reading *Hyaku-nin-issu* (T 50-51, H 185)

Three Presents

4 Tankas on Reading the Japanese Classics (T 45, 47, 44, 49) REDONE

Korkyra Revisited

7 Pacific Haiku (H 178-84)

Under This Moon: Homage to Saigyô (H 186-97)

To a Radical Right-Winger

To the Lighthouse

A Poem Because of Nancy Willard

On/To Shushi (3pp.)

The Nothing & I Uta (T 48 – REDONE, USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”)

"wind & moon" (H 176? OR OLDER? – USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”)

After Li Bai (H 175 -- – USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”)

"older..." (H 177)

Romantic Stanzas

[Abgesang NOT USED HERE]

Winter Love (11 H: 160-165, 167, 154, 174, 169, 159) REDONE

Haiku from Japan (H 153, 155-56, 166, 168, 172-73)

[A Geisha Speaks (H 157-158) NOT USED HERE]

Light, lighter (H 170-71)

5 Tankas From Japan (T 40-43) [PUBL in *Abiko Annual* no. 23 (2003); 1. AND 2. – USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”]

Troper ("Quem Quaeritis")

Bringing Up the Renaissance

On My Plaster Cast

Reading Some More Tao Yuan-ming

A Bottled-up Poem... REDONE

A Broken Japanese Poem for Akiko-san [PUBL. *Abiko Annual* no. 23 (2003)]

Refurbishing Yoshitsune (H 149)

Haiku for Kazuko (H 151)

A Tanka for Carolyn F. (T 39)

Planetary Robinson Crusoe

Late Than Never

Trajectories of Dejection (H 142, 143, 146, 147, 148)

"Winter snows" (H 152)

Depressed at a Far-Off Outpost

A Holiday (T 34)

Said In a Dream (H 144)

One Equals One, That's All I Say

What I See (Fantasio)

3 Tankas of Want = Lady Awata + 2 FOLL.

IN M Ein garstig Lied

What For? [– USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”]

Ah, Marvell (H 145, T 36-38)

Whence Melancholy?

DISPUTING SŌGYŌ

even the greatest truth
may grow into skyward wall
hiding all fireflies

or i may climb up
atop the great wall-tower
to see the fireflies

or i may grow up
playing on the great tower
amid all these fireflies.

11488

VARIATION ON BUNAN

The Law unfetters
followers from fetters. Still
followers follow.

12488

REMEMBERING KOMACHI

This world's acid rain
decalcifies my kneecap
what roads can i still walk?

25587

HIGH JURASSIC

To Evgeniy Shvarts

Dragons growled in their high mountain caves, far off
The sixtieth rejection slip fell out of the slit envelope
Sure, who do these editors represent, either vain enough

To equip their own hobby-horse, or clever enough
To wheedle a local throne into giving them a powerful steed
Glittering sword, chain mail, hauberk, greaves, insignia

Of lordly right over cap-in-hand tenants, vagrants resentful.
The dragon's barbed tail flicks restless, thunder growls on
But what about Sir Atlantic, Sir American Scholar,

Sir Southern, Sir Nation, the fine crop of the four corners
Or at least three? The great dragon shakes himself awake
& yawns. Four corners of what, four power-holding paws

Of the hegemonic dinosaur beast with a crocodile snout?
Watch out, it's powerful still, its breath poisons this air
Dig into the stirrups, fasten the oxygen mask

Remember the cause, find Birnam Wood, check again
The angle of your lance -- does it work? -- gallop on.
In a cave's corner, the dragon's mighty egg rocked.

288

ON READING *HYAKU-NIN-ISSHU*

1.

Looking at the moon,

the only body now seen
simultaneously
by my body & your body,
i see the moonlight on the two.

2.

This flower's freshness
fades away without fail:
o how vain, i too
say, as the rains of this world
continue to icy fall.

3.

The moon i behold
is a body unshadowed
by another body

23188

COMMENT: I trust it won't offend you if i give this & say: These poems are for you. 1/ The Moon is the only "body" (in this case a heavenly body) which we can see simultaneously; we do not see each other's bodies now. Yet in my mind's eye (imagination) i can see us together, with the same Moon shining its light on us. This is a kind of magical charm to hasten the day of bringing us really together. 2/ There is a similar old poem by the famous poetess Ono no Komachi in the *Hyaku-nin-isshu* we both love. The rains are not only the material ones of Winter, they are "the rains of this world", i.e. all the icy influences from outside impeding & making for "cold" human relationships. This is a lament, but by contraries it should make the reader (you) wish to enjoy the freshness of the flower before it will inevitably fade. What is the flower? Again, not only any material flower (though that too) but also the beauty of life in general, & the potential beauty of a relationship -- perhaps between ourselves? 3/ As in a musical fugue (for example by Bach) the first theme returns at the end, but as a haiku & not as a tanka, that is in 3 instead of 5 lines, briefer & more condensed. The Moon from 1 is still being seen alone by me, but it shines on unimpeded: the shadow of our Earth cannot

reach it (except in eclipses), & it is an ambiguous example: both a utopian ideal and one we on this Earth, ironically, cannot (as a rule) follow.

THREE PRESENTS

1. Historical: Moriantur ne omnes?

Memory is virginally mothered by the regardant moon
& loving desire pins the flattering butterfly
In the end spider-widow earth smothers all bones dry.

Does anything remain unless as touched by wanton poets:
Lucretius, Lenin, Ingrid, engrams & phonetic shadows
Fleshly in the people's body & world's unceasing mind?

2. Optative: Calligraphy Lesson

i white u black o green, vowels...
not rimbaud

"u must dot the i's & cross the t's"
said my calligraphy teacher history is of life,
bit in my teeth for weaving its text, L by L.
ah but c: u slashed at me & yr dots grew into spots
i crossed out u & my i grew spotty
finally there were too many crosses to bear, huh?
too many bears pulling down, double-binds,
ocean crossings, cheap m/immigrant labor
illegal as on tex-mex border, warping drunkenly
a back-&-forth intertext in a weak textile industry.
o the leopard dots shd shine on; my spots
blanched & faded outta sight -- gods no, god
noes i o u, pope's nose, but u & i, cross-i'd, at cross-

roads, double-cross-purposes, crossed each other
crabby out (& p, 6 decimals in pirandellian search
for a stop, is a perfectly pertinent irrational no.),
Xmas after sexless Xmas, til i read u no longer,
done to a t, & X-rayed, busy as any b, letter by letter,
from xyz to abc, literally x'ing out,
OXX, the w/hole of our w/helpless littery,
woof whoosh woof, paragraph by grabbed paragraph.

X were i in myne bed
& x in my arms againe

3. Interrogative: Tanka of the Mountain Halt

Mountain roadside halt
People cross from this & that side
We meet long lost friends
& what were till now strangers
Will she stop: will you make sense?
1186-1188

FOUR TANKAS ON READING THE JAPANESE CLASSICS

1. Plant Life

As surging sea-grass
you wound around my body.
Brief the togetherness
like dew on the meadow. Move away,
mountains, let me glimpse her door!

2. The Wind

Dusk, the salty wind
blows among the pines on stone.
I try to compose
a lovely song for this lute
but the pine wind won't let up.

3. For Xu Wei

Refulgent lotus lake
lying level as on a palm.
Leaf wilts, lotus droops.
Come Fall, dragonflies will find
no petal's place to alight.

4. For Bunan

The Law's Way unbinds
one from bounds; yet the canon's
still bound to cannon;
in double bind, even knowing
the goal, which is Kwannon's way?

787-889

KORKYRA REVISITED: ANAMNESTIC STANZAS ON THE SPHINX

The stone lions from the citadel stretch & roar
Bearding the unruly sea, o my message bearer,
Where Lot's wives are dissolved & the sight
Of the iron heel stomping down upon the boy.

Milk-skinned green-eye, monster sweetly smiling,
Her paw struck into the young man between the crickets
& bent olive trees at battery point, iron in
Her pent-up blood, flaming hair a Potemkin village,

No pine needles crowning their mingled brows.

Silver-beard, the man

Sees dead friends, ongoing house-owners in the sun=
Sequinned waves; ships still bring heaps of wonder
Into the little port, yet no news of her, nor of heroes

Who hamstrung the iron heel, nor defiant me
Transfixed into boy wonderings by terror, buoyed
Upon principle in my hopeful twenties, forever hanging
On the sphinx's lips, making the stone stony.

Back at the winter palace, one & all, we ought to regret
Much of the general line, not too much,
Regretting nothing, not even the sweet claws, as for
Me in particular.

1087-188

NOTE: Korkyra = Greek name for Korčula

7 PACIFIC HAIKU

Only handled by you
the flame of this maple leaf
long into winter

Unmingled, island-split

river, may we flow again
mingling to the sea

Ten brief guesthouse nights:
ten thousand days together
the thirst would remain

One & all know
what & when & how:
only i stand amazed

At least as a breeze
i'd blow thru bamboo blinds,
enter your chinks

Quail cries
on the moor: when will you come
net-catching by?

My body may melt
but in my last glance the moon
will remain, & you

271287

UNDER THIS MOON: PAIRED HOMAGES TO SAIGYŌ

1. Full moon over roofs:
to be thirty again, a=
tiptoe in mid-life!

The vine is constant
it only twines around
changing trunks

2. When i understand,
the mind's a limpid landscape
a cool Moon riding high

When i understand,
the mind's a volcano at work
melting down metals

3. Could i stay alive
to see the sunny irises
at least as voyeur!

Can i die quiet
if mad brass hats & bankers
menace each iris?

4. In the intervals
between freezing, burning, hail,
lucky buds may bloom

/ 5. In a crooked epoch
/poetry's way stays straight
/as a measure stick

/For the eye in water
/the stick does not look crooked:
/will memory remain?

/ 6. Ice holds the high rocks
/ in unyielding lover's lock,
/ inescapable grip

/ Ice melts into trickle,
/ water must murmur the way
/ it seeks & carves out

The cricket's cry
trails off in bitter winter --
further off, it seems

1-17188

TO A RADICAL RIGHT-WINGER

oh i see how you see, enemy brother,
the hateful smooth-shaven jowl of the banker,
how you hurl at him the dragon-seed of shit
blood manuring the fields of the upright farmer
all kinds

& creatures having faces rubbed into the fact
of death, & sin like strong scotch.
yet how come your affirmation turns under
your tough hands into putty, cleverly kneaded
into a mask

by those both of us hate most? they are
more skilful than your blood & our brains, they turn
both into money that lords it over all,
that digests the collective organs of humanity,
fields & braes,

factories & banks, houses & chemicals & tanks.
money makes addicts of humanity when it needs
a sugar diet of the strictest: where ezra's *usura*
is dissolved into karl's alienation & all the poison
thrown to the dogs.

human faces can then stop being masks of indifference

when kind, & slashers of naked faces when
business-like. you see, brother enemy,
you cannot get rid of budget deficits without
abolishing bombers

nor can you protect the innocent life of the unborn
by delivering the born to the drug industries
(pharmaceutics or tv, *cosa nostra* or patriotism);
you cannot abolish unemployment without abolishing employment
in useless toil,

you must yearn for useful work, which is
labour for ourselves, creating our own better selves.
your supermen leaders only lead into the arms
of the super-banker & super-general, & to the final
super-blowup

after which there will be nothing left to see
either you or i would like to see.

1185-786

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE

To Nena - & Virginia

On the ocean shore, deep dark, hundreds of tiny wave-cap icebergs
Are sinking their salty titanic selves.
The warm yellow light revolves
Constantly
The whole night it wanders,
Tactile deliberate lady Care.

The ocean of desires & griefs

The never-ending wave caps, white in dark,
It touches & illumines
That fitful ongoing light.

O griefs, desires, a little tenderness
So many things that cannot be seen
As if nothing went on beneath the night.
Nevertheless the moth-like touch returns
Time after time it scoops out channels of sense:

Delicate light walker of death's ways.
887-788

A POEM BECAUSE OF NANCY WILLARD
(ON READING AN ANTHOLOGY OF U.S. POETRY)

Little squinting mother
spelling out the ear's murmur
light you do not intimidate

Robert Francis intimidates me
He's merry & lean in precisions
i shall never carve, a dark cypress
that could watch over my hid grave

Adrienne Rich intimidates me
The Wolf-Child cries in her menstruations
i feel guilty that my female buds
do not branch out into a woman

Sylvia's poems intimidate me
still & screeching like Ming porcelain

like a burning glass just before it melts
Yet Plath doesn't intimidate me, she's safely

dead i am safely sorry,
just when my jaw drops before her parcelled-
out little hell-flames, her pure face
palely loiters to haunt me

Only you comfort me smiling
thru a female wand, caring
observing the cool commandments
of the grinning moon

Laundry-washer of soiled peace
you wring us clean
this day & in the hour of our false hope

Of our flaming clean hope

31787

ON/TO SHUSHI

1. Meditations in the *shinkansen*

To arrange flowers & tea-cups, stunt
Small trees & goldfish, plant every
Minuscule nook on the hillside -- not these the only
Matters of shaping tenacious life to be learned
From the Japanese, neither specially martial nor
Martians, after all, simply the purest feudals earth has seen
From the great Mongols & Roland's horn at Roncesvalles.

Now the ties of parent & child last here one lifetime,
Husband & wife two, master & vassal three: how many
Uneasy lifelines then, o mistress, am i to be enfeoffed
To you? -- you descending, O *kami*, for one week
To wed the nether lands; you who are my sister-
In-arms; you who have no use for a steadfast vassal
Yet masterfully bind me with a cruel friendship

I would not miss? Unless the desert swallows us
Both forever, in our next five lives perhaps you'll be
A gracious bonsai tree, & i a reddish goldfish
Swimming in circular contentment around & around
The pond your bent little branches curve back upon:
Like Narcissus, rooted by the bank.

2. Nostalgia Leading Nowhere

The voice was a night river flowing thru willow branches
the body an oriole singing in the wooded hills

Her wild apple blossoms enmeshed the silver moon
her generous peony held rank upon rank of rising suns.

3. For Shushi's Birthday, on my Birthday (homage to collatrix Xue Tao)

The lush & fragrant peony
sheds crimson petals

You have drifted away, in the heat of Summer
it's difficult to maintain a pied-à-terre in Utopia

Do you still sometimes take in the singing peony?
Whenever Spring comes, my old feelings return.

Do we still know each other? Wordless, we should.
While this earth turns, & petals scatter.

I hope you have somebody who moves his mattress near
& deep into the moony night, at ease together,

Speaks of your work with you, loves your body
& mind these diseased words as i did,

As with bitter longing i do.

4. How Would Wen Ting-yun Put This

They clasped & cried out at the generous peonies
The meeting was short, the parting was long
Affairs of the heart, who can really grasp?
The moon stays bright, blossoms fill the branches
mono no aware.

786-188

Notes on Japanese terms

--**Shushi**, a Buddhist dancer-mesmerist, also performer of Miracle plays; with long "u" = sadness; **shushin** = obsession of the soul, if unsatisfied during one lifetime returns after death to haunt the object of that passion; with long "u" = devotee.

--**shinkansen**, the fast train Tōkyō-Kyōto

--**kami**, numinous being, goddess, Lady

--**mono no aware**, (approximately) "the pathos of things", *lacrimae rerum*

older

sad thots cling
springtime dream before i woke
a burrowing mole
14887

ROMANTIC STANZAS
(after Rozhdestvensky)

Women have still kept this art
(Most men have lost the range)
As if in another millennium
To be themselves, yet strange;

To wait & yet be avoiding,
To look promises & spears,
To touch you when they quickly leave,
To stay put & disappear.

27487

WINTER LOVE

Love climbs in us two
enlaced we stumble upstairs
to the double bed

Moonless night, close room,
dark bedspread, your long body
is light enough

Blackness gulps your hair --
ivory Onna mask has grown

a creamy body

Tracing your eyebrows
nose-root to temple, two silkworm arcs,
with thumb & forefinger

The tenderness of things
calls out. How vulnerable,
a body in love!

Birds must nest at night:
i'm nightingale, my beloved
is branching plum tree

Your coat can't be found
it plays hide & seek, look dear:
huge drifts, howling wind

I wake to the hollow
left by you; i look upon
my lone outstretched arm

Your scent still ascends
to the sky. My ringed eyes see
the Moon clouded.

Noon glow, crickets
scold; in coldest night
glowworms burn

I won't remember
i won't quite forget Winter
i'll write down Winter.

2-387

HAIKU FROM JAPAN

empty envelopes
in the mail from Tokyo:
a bit of myself dies

a stag cries
tramples the maple leaves:
empty mailbox

frozen carps in my net,
going to her, red brazier,
i'm warm all over

a body in love is frail
the maelstrom of cash nexus
cuts off its air

unbelievably
dazzling the first snow; my first love,
fading old photo

clear night, the plum tree
shimmers white
the scent it can't keep
ascends to the Moon

LIGHT, LIGHTER

the light maple leaf clings,
the heavy breaks off: if you love,
love firmly & lightly

the light maple leaf clings,
the heavy breaks off: loving you
grows ever lighter

19-20287

5 TANKAS FROM JAPAN

1. Homage to Akiko (*uta ni kike na*)

Hear these final lines:

[– USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”]

2. The Bent

The redbreast's at home

[– USED IN “SATURNIAN FUGUE”]

3. Indifferent to Nature

The wistaria

hanging from ancient pines, it

blooms a thousand times, you
say. That's none of our business:
we'll barely see sixty blooms.

4. Tanka of Firm Flow

If you love, love firmly
but lightly: as water, wearing
the rock away,
as the light maple leaf, clinging
while the heavy leaf breaks off.

5. Optimistic Tanka

The rush pretends
to spurn the dew. The dew
pretends to love
the rush. The rush will blossom,
both will understand.

1286-388

TROPER

--Quem quaeritis in sepulchro mundi, O Marxicolae?
--Carolus Marcusium Prophetam, O futuricolae!
--Non est hic, resurget sicut praedixerunt. Ite, nuntiate quod resurrecturus est,
dicentes: "Labor et patientia, labor et patientia!".

(Novum Troparium eccl. S. Darci)

BRINGING UP THE RENAISSANCE

When Father Time brings forth his dancing daughter Truth
Her steps are dogged by sour-faced dueña, goodwife Ruth.

84-86

ON MY PLASTER CAST

now Darko you're almost (yet not really) Daruma
he lost his legs meditating:

but he didn't mind

11786

READING SOME MORE TAO YUAN-MING

As a green boy i grew into my odd ways
Before i knew it i was over forty.
Wind-whipped waves bear away my body
But the mind within stays firm,
No gem could be harder before it burns up.

I think of fair cities with friendly people
But i haven't been born to such times.
So meanwhile let me cultivate a few fruits
& in the heat of the day take your hand,
Under the dense leaves, still against the windless sky.

18786

A BOTTLED-UP POEM FOR MOHUA

Ridiculous the waste sad time
Stretching before & after

T. S. Eliot

The ancient Japanese, expert in all matters
Of nature tamed, used to decipher the polysemous
Allusions of verse by presenting an object with it
Disambiguating interpretation: a branch of pine
Perhaps, with snow still on it -- don't shake it off! --
Hinting that the cold is harmless to evergreens

Everywhere. What can i then, woe is me O Mohua,
Send you, sparks in your intelligent brown eyes
Of Bengal, beautiful black panther with amused soft purr,
Velvet skin, sharp claws into my breast? If you be
Passion tree of tropics, can you be matched by pine
Standing steadfast under the Arctic snows?

221286

A BROKEN JAPANESE POEM FOR AKIKO-SAN

Hinadori, yume mo kazu sō kari-makura:
My little chickadee, dreams have piled up
On the ever-changing pillow. *Wakare no ari to ieba*
Iyo-iyo mimaku hoshiki kimi: at this separation
More than ever i yearn & pine for your sight,
For your feel, for your smile, the chuckle still warm
Over a thousand miles of telephone ether. Winter
Nights of the young moon in Nishi-waseda guesthouse
Did not last forever. *Ika ni sen* -- What am i
To do in this one badly constructed life, loath
To let you go, *Azuma no hana?* O flower in the lotus
Of the East, is it possible you may perfume my days
No more? Will time turn you into the cruel Kabuki's
Impressed *iie ya hime* princess, O my Akiko hai hai?

Rochiu ni michi - oshite michi kiwamari nashi

Indeed: way latches onto way, ways never have an end,

By the way i like you, by the way i love you;

Yama aoku yama shiroku shite kumo raikyo su:

Mountains blue, out of Aoyama-dori dusk,

Mountains white, above Lake Biwa at noon,

They stand immovable while white clouds come & go

& we pass thru international airports under a full moon

Talking of Brecht, science fiction & Nō.

Hito tanoshimi hito ury: people rejoice, people

Worry, my voice catches in my throat & threatens

To break, tears come to my eyelashes. When shall i

See you, *hinadori*, with a long black tress & perhaps

A white paper braid, or a sedge hat above your

Intelligent eyes? In a past century you might have put on

A kimono of gold brocade for me, many-coloured damask

& figured satin fit for your creamy thighs,

With a stream-&-irises pattern & obi with clouds

Or with linked chrysanthemums & small cherry blossoms

Peeping shyly in pink; or perhaps i might have wondered

At trailing cherry, or pine bamboo & plum? Now,

In this incarnation, will you still come, like a Yuya in jeans,

So far East that it becomes West, across the jet-lag oceans?

Sakura-gawa, furukoto made mo omoide no

Namida nagara kaki-todomu: O my

Stream of cherry blossoms, these old verses we heard together

I now recall, & in tears i tender you my feelings

Thru this letter. Write me, not too little,

My love gets cold & will freeze without

The smile of your warmth, traced in alphabet

Letters at least while awaiting your palms. *Tada kaesugaesu*

Mo inochi no uchi ni ima hito-tabi

Mi-mairasetako koso sōrae toyo:

I repeat again & again, while still in this life,
Just a few more times, i wish so much
To see you. Goodbye! Write me, write! Goodbye!
Long letters, or even short, at least once a month!

NOTE: Aoyama-dori (lit. Blue Mountain Avenue), a thorofare in Tokyo; Yuya, female protagonist of a famous Nō, from which most of the Japanese citations in this poem stem.

Hong Kong 141286

REFURBISHING YOSHITSUNE

Autumn Tokyo leaves.
Today, will only my cloak
hug my cold mat close?
161186

HAIKU FOR KAZUKO

Mountain Peace you're called:
peace of high peaks you brought me,
delight in their view.
271186

PLANETARY ROBINSON CRUSOE

Stuck to commuting
Between airless planets, the oxygen
Sparse & rationed, carried over from old, the hoarded
Matches guttering in my cupped hands, i call up

Stubbornly to myself every solar-flare hour
John's injunction after a failed
Commonwealth: They also serve
Who stand & steadfast wait.

16886

A TANKA FOR CAROLYN F.

Chatting in dim bars
heightens kingfisher splendor.
When feeling cut off
what can be said? The transient
heart is a river of stars.

14886

LATE THAN NEVER

On seeing Hokusai's *Tubmaker's Fuji*

1.

Now, very late, i glimpse
The second teaching of the masters.
First, put matter in, to point out
In a pleasing way what is to be seen:
People densely inhabiting reciprocal nature.

To see what is the matter is difficult;
When you do see, images press you temptingly
To show them all, convincingly, detail by detail:
Resist ascetically the temptation,
Leave other minds matters

To digest by themselves

& so incorporate those truly
Into their engrams.

Thus you'll think
Inside other minds too.

2.

The masters take matter then
Out! -- so the seer may complete the picture
By gliding on the airy slope

Scooped out for the eye to judge;
Like the Tubmaker's Fuji-san
Very small beside

The cheerful scraping worker
In the foreground barrel O:

Very huge
At a distance.

221186

TRAJECTORIES OF DEJECTION

Peony petals
close up expectantly
a hand plucks it

One week of cleaving
close: time's razor at

a weak hairlock

The heavy boat is
hauled & poled upstream. My heart
fails when the sun shines.

Rough seas, far skies
giving love is getting pain
no path to return.

Wind & moon
tireless; memory wounds
useless.

786-787

Winter snows.
Lone bedspread
 on cold bedstead.
When comes your warmth?
187-389

DEPRESSED AT A FAR-OFF OUTPOST

For George & Marc, & for Huan Fu-
weng who advocated changing the bones

The frozen land glistens in the bone-white moonlight
I cannot carry on with my fruitless duties any longer.
Whatever we teach is swept away by this idiot stream of greed
We shall not reach Peach Blossom Country in our lifetimes.
If only i had enough money, i'd go to the nearest airline
& again see the flowing waters thru your loving eyes.

A HOLIDAY

Abandoned by gods
the world basked in unending
sunlight. No virtue
prevailed, no sincerity
gave rise to rain & to tears.

19786

SAID IN A DREAM (PHONETIC REFERENCE)

always cleaving
to a worthy sovereign, love:
loyal samurai

17388

ONE EQUALS ONE, THAT'S ALL I SAY

With thanks to Oliver Wendell Holmes

Profit comes from what may be multiplied
Usefulness from what is unique to *this* use.

*

If i cannot repeat it exactly, it isn't science
If i can repeat it exactly, it isn't art.

*

Only if people are uniform, equality before law makes sense
The lawyer letter killeth.
If people are unique, each case is unequal: significations differ,

The spirit of justice may inspire life.

*

Don't you want proper protection by the law?

Yes, but even more from the law serving property.

*

Her rights are equal to mine.

Am i equal to her?

*

One person, one vote! Yet

Also: one person, one body.

*

You've come a long way baby,

You can now die in style from Virginia Slims.

You've attained democratic freedom of choice

You're free to pay for dying poisoned.

*

Mass production produces the masses

Class can only be had when a class produces itself.

*

The classics are those who had class.

Which class decided who had what?

986-787

WHAT I SEE (FANTASIO)

she interrupts her rehearsals

smiles at the unexpected guest

pollen is flying, it is Spring

the woman is from the country of the past

hair now cut short, generosity still rising

playing a zither of twenty-five strings

she wears a dress of dark blue

shot thru by purple threads

archly, she asks

"is this how they dress in the other life?"

18786

THREE TANKAS OF WANT

1. The Lady Awata Tanka

Lady Awata

you walked under a full Moon

red orange blossoms

in your black hair twelve hundred

years ago, i remember

2. Israel

Thus might be the land

of heart's desire but its light

turns into torment

beneath the Sun & the Moon

lashing rain shall also fall

3. Katsuragi Canyon

Here's a god's handi=

work half finished, the rock bridge

breaks off in mid-air.

The monstrous misbirth looks quite

familiar: guess like what?

84-86

EIN GARSTIG LIED

How deep have i been sucked into the morass!

When was the last time i dreamed of Lenin?

I don't even remember. Call me!

18786

AH, MARVELL

1.

Petal face, how may
you float yet not fall? Mirrored
in memory's flow.

2.

My pitiable
body is the shore of a
fishless sea: tired
the fishers' feet falter as
they draw near with empty nets

3.

A score of ripe Falls,
one intoxicating Spring.
White orchard blossoms,
red maple leaves were, fell,

will return for other eyes.

4.

Tomorrow will come
again, & the moon will lodge
in the river's silver
ripples, lone by the swaying
reeds. My heart rails at this world.

886

WHENCE MELANCHOLY?

The sun sinks, a huge shadow overwhelms the ocean
& mist rises amid the multitudinous mountain gorges
The fragrance of plants brings no forgetfulness
music is soothing but its beauty disembodied

A tryst with you is far away, O Akiko kami,
the dragon should be both swift bird & scaly fish
Wings allow a view of the watershed
it is different to alight & bathe in a brook

In this world of cruel classes i cannot yoke together
my joys & hopes: perhaps melancholy is proper.

12886