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Shiho

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Shiho

She paints the night in a scripture of stars,
cloaked in the folds of a black velvet dress.
I stir the idiot winds from afar
as I steal, wine-sure, one furtive caress.
Mount Fuji scars the eastern horizon
and scatters the sunset red in the sky,
changeless through time and delightfully vain-
the girl and the mountain, deaf to the cries
that carry the lovers in dharma's cup.
With springtime beckoning, I reminisce:
have I transcended or only climbed up?
Words can't relate to a starry canvas.
 And then I saw the Shiho's paper-thin fan;
 She holds Fuji in the palm of her hand.

-Jeff Boon '95

