

1982

Group Poems

Sake Circle

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Group Poems From Sake Circle

In this stark season The naked willow's woven web —
IS FROZEN ALSO, AND BROKEN BY THE WIND.
"So what?", you ask. "So what.", I answer.
BUT THAT "WHAT" IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PEACEFUL NATURE STATE
What do you do for the weeping willow? To dry its tears
destroys its essence.
WEEP WITH THE WILLOW!
Chop down the sullen willow! Let the white pine raise
its noble head.
DON'T CHOP DOWN THE WILLOW FOR AFTER THE CRUEL WINTER
HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL THE WILLOW SHOWS ITS ENDURANCE
And takes on the cruel summer.
MAKE A WILLOW WHISTLE AND PIPE TWO COOL NOTES
INTO THE HEAT HAZE.

The clouds swiftly swept the sky.
AND WITH THE CLOUDS WENT ALL MY WORRIES.
Approaching my Cheops, Fujiyama, my vulcanized rubber soles crush
Juniper leaves shamelessly.
JUNIPER BERRIES CANNOT TALK BACK!
Without a whimper they leave their stain,
RED, DEEP SCARLET CRIMSON LIKE THE EARTH YOUR HOME,
In that stain is told the true message of life:
ALL THIS FOR JUST THIS!
Until a mountain, pregnant with snow, falls on me,
& WITH THE AVALANCH WENT ALL MY WORRIES.