INDOCHINE

War in southeast Asia 1974

When did self love

Turn into self hate ?

When did the inscrutable smile of the Buddha

Shatter into destructible pieces of flaming mortar ?

When did the quietude of the golden cloister

Scream into the wind as the roar of rotors ?

When did the orange sarong of eternal heaven

Dissolve and flare into balls of red napalm ?

Your prince deserted you ;

Your stars blackened their shine….ravaged ;

Your Angka devastated you.

You , mysterious woman of the orient , gazing

Blazing

At the sky with windswept hair ,

With eyes projecting passion and pain.

Your loving turned to hating when the eagle

Scarred the sun ,

When the touch of dollar could not be resisted

And coca - cola seared your tongue.

JAPAN

Born

Bare room

Upstairs

Father’s

Noodle shop.

Hokkaido.

Road

Tapered to

Nothing.

Zen

Conundrum,

Calligrapher’s

Brush stroke

Handmade sheets

Birch bark paper.

Steep slope

Scrub bamboo

White birch

Ladder fern

Roots

Mother

Dug up

Boiled.

Family

Red foxes.