

That Place 1

THAT PLACE, where even brightly
lit shadows cannot enter
bright even with my eyes closed
even in my sleep my skull's fluttering
visible, bright

THAT PLACE, the world's best studio
endlessly episodic like the inside of a rotten yellow
fish woven on tangled nails

THAT PLACE,
on both cheeks, eyes, thighs,
like the gait of the horse whose harness falls
from where stories and themes are made

THAT PLACE,
outside of which lights are out black and breath dead
where I am alone
like a small box lit
brightly

THAT PLACE,

That Place 2

—a burning ritual

Even if not slapped down with a whip I
get naked and
on top of my naked body
water falls
fog pours
dew forms

Next—the fathers come out
They come out and draw curtains outside my body
Gentle like silk! But steel curtains!
Soft like cotton! But thicker than a quilt!
Next—with the whip of the word slap it down
Next—feed it ink
The whole body fills up with ink

Finally made naked and beaten
and wearing the heavy stories as clothes
over myself I spit out all the letters
That prophecy of the secrets
from even centuries ago
shameful flames hanging over my whole body

That Place 3

—dark and winter

Trapped in THAT PLACE

The man with the broken spine

The red apple he missed as he collapsed

Lips gapped in surprise, mother's lullaby

in between f a t h e r ' s l a s h i n g s

Trapped in THAT PLACE

Cold wind blowing leaves off all at once, facing each other

Two circular gingko trees' leaves have shed, the flesh

has rotted, apples have rolled, nosebleeds have poured

The teeth are pulled and trapped, in THAT PLACE

THAT PLACE! Shit pit into frozen waterfall

Dark sealed with ten million locks!

That Place 4

Suddenly one day
the woman is summoned
While singing songs of congratulations
for a friend's wedding in the field
as though inside a letter, the woman made of noodles
each dragging
between the rooms
enters

THAT PLACE, the dark lump of soy pulp
The soy pulp that if slashed with a knife, the place where
the father that is delivering the younger sibling
the children opened onto trees
the ancient times when the dragons ascended
the leopard that snuck under the skirt
the stars are immaterially pouring
The side view of a bundle of soybean pulp!

Instead of an umbilical cord, give birth to stems and
instead of a placenta, give birth to schemes in a curtained room and
instead of a newborn baby, give birth to a big-eyed big adult at the edge of a corridor
or the story of obstetrics and the big brother's centrality
bundled soybean pulp, THAT PLACE

The Way to Go

My hair a burning charcoal lump
but my feet are ice

When I lie down, the whole room is in flames
When I wake up, the whole room is an ice warehouse
Mom, mom come here and look at this,
a young daughter beckons while
a black mouse digs through a burning head
and waits in front of the fontanelle
The continuously visible road
was too far away

I go without having to go, I go while washing my feet with my hair
Even if I don't leave, automatically I depart
He is waiting, holding a baton
Even if I walk backwards, I go straight
I go even if I hide in the dirt
Black trees, forest stars, and sky owl go
even while opening their eyes and running
The blue light is on, the blue light is on soon

When I lie down, fire catches
and says to go
and if I run, my legs break
Even if my body goes, the mouse in my body doesn't and
even if it doesn't go, I go

A Big Snow is Approaching

Mountain of water!
On a bad weather day
mountain built from the liquid skeleton of
the silver mountain standing tall
that walks toward me!

To block the breath
from banging on the throat,
the steadily approaching
march of regret's tears!
Opening its big eyes full of water and mountain tears
wrapping me in silver starting with my head
running
haughty, unstoppable
big
mountain!

—Oh oh oh! Wait a minute!
I will flow first and
in front of me, mountain of water

Person Walking Backwards

Inside your head there lives a lonely dog
drooling spit
digging through a mountain pile of garbage
opening and closing an empty house's windows
overturning footprints left in the sand
going into the fog

When you're hanging a clock from your heart today
and walking with pounding legs
When you're hanging the hour and second hands from your legs today
and rowing here and there
When the road you walked today
someone quickly follows and erases
Inside your head the dog
wags its tail and
stands with its back to you
digging through the garbage pile
while indifferently watching
a bird falling to death