

## **carved in heart**

scorching sun  
connecting my thoughts and sky  
feeling the blazing sun  
I fly upwards  
silent actions on the street  
wander as weaving  
I get chased by myself  
I get abandoned by myself  
enormous, icy waves  
rush towards my forehead  
in the fields  
golden wheat has ripened  
in the courtyard  
grapes have ripened  
metal and acid  
a sleepless noon  
standing by the window  
the cold air flowing beneath my feet  
hiding behind the roots  
future's yesterday  
today's future  
carved in heart  
a map of sorrow

## **applause**

on earth's streets  
dances a beautiful girl  
especially joyful, uplifting

yet behind every movement of hers  
hides sorrow  
but the present audience could not  
notice  
I feel  
hidden in her smile is a sigh;  
having become tears  
in her roots awakens a cry  
and self surges in veins

go ahead, applaud, glorious humanity  
use this applause to wave at happiness  
we all know crows are black  
but through the crows' eyes  
we can clearly see all birds  
they are all silver  
applause relies on wisdom  
knowing all beings, that is  
us

**from birdsong, the scent of spring**

spring's scent is dispersed from birdsong  
the sun dyes the earth green  
spring water is liberated  
it runs with freedom

The soul lying on the branches  
gains strength from the hands of seasons —  
awakens, sprouts

wanderer's consciousness follows the earth  
flows in the universe  
spring breeze comforts his blood  
touches lonely footprints

loneliness of being lost  
in your bones' direction  
go to that corner

**arrived...**

chrysanthemums have bloomed —  
season's arrived  
arrives  
Rilke's season of eternal solitude  
arrives  
Celan's eating leaves out of his hands;  
the season when stones blossom  
the gray that closely follows gold  
flutters in all directions  
the corner of a corn's kernel  
warmth needed to sleep in winter  
the sound of horses hanging on wormwood branches  
play the melody of time  
all beings gift their own fruits  
as migratory birds fly across the sky  
occasionally dropping feathers  
dancing ballet with the fall winds  
don't shoot... let the flock go unharmed  
let them arrive at the south of summer's longing