

FISH GO DEEP INTO THE POND OF MY MIND

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The wild geese have flown, through air
A fable set down in invisible ink
you wave you hand at walls of books.

Clock, pen stand, old love letters
idol of Buddha
Brecht and Che Guevara
cranky music from an old record player
I close my books
Love looks like a dishevelled nest
And
everyday see myself
sitting an empty,
picture frames sink ,flail and pull back out
words instead of dust, fall from my papers.
Such deepness such loneliness
seem to flow like waves
words come up to my lips.

Wet leaves float on moss-coloured water
The wild geese have flown through air
A fish goes deep into the pond of my mind
And
A fable set down in invisible ink
You wave your hand at walls of books.