

George Freek

AS IT IS (After Liu Yong)

Order is anathema to nature.  
As the autumn sky blooms,  
the roses have died,  
and I sense dismay  
where squirrels scurry  
to hoard some nuts,  
where crows block their way.  
Leaves drift down  
in yellow, red and brown,  
falling to their permanent rest  
without a sound.  
The moon says nothing.  
Its light drips from the trees.  
I look to the stars.  
They don't look back at me.

THE SURROUNDING SKY (After Li Po)

Thin clouds stretch  
like sheets on a hospital bed.  
On this frozen night,  
two crows in naked branches  
look desolate and unfed.  
There's no sun. There's no moon.  
The day topples  
where it finds room.  
I watch geese fly south,  
not by reason or passion.  
It's an instinctive action.  
Thick black clouds  
when I gaze at the sky,  
speak of a coming storm.  
They care nothing for  
the drifting leaves, as  
one by one, they return to  
the earth to gently die.

ARCHEOLOGY (After Tu Fu)

There are no flowers and the birds  
have sought warmer climates.

The trees, bereft of leaves  
seem from another planet.

My hair is turning gray,  
day by day.

What good are words;  
what do they really matter?

They're feeble tokens.

Dinosaurs roamed this earth  
for millions of years.

And not a word was ever spoken.