

hiromi suzuki

Xerox Fancy Car
Poetry by hiromi suzuki



I.

Who knows the parkade is copy machine?

The cars which are spun and spit out of the square box,
whether Peugeot, Mercedes, or Jaguar, are all made of papers.



II.

Rain falls on the town.

The used copy paper, stained with ink, loses its way home.

The wind is blowing.

Inkjet print dances lightly through the valley of the buildings.



III.

A road sweeper runs on the breakdown lane at midnight.
Along with the fallen leaves of the ginkgo,
the Xerox cars disappear below the horizon.