

After the earthquake at Kobe, Japan - 14 January 1995.

for Yoko who I wanted to know

Only the moon
pallid nun of heaven.
Watching.

Eyes ruled with lines.
An account due
deciding the dawn.

I will not grieve.
Five thousand sad flowers
mourn with songs and sadness
a girl I never knew

Teenage child of Kobe.
Watch your father pick
broken black burnt
flowers bones.
Amid dust of nature.

A blossom Hutt.
Why did you not cry, mother.
She was my daughter too.

I cry
Curse the ronin of nature
Do not be silent
Nature. I command your voice