

Avoiding
the hierarchy
I become the fruit
and issue of fire and ice

Dream
of question
and spasm. Tomorrow
we wake to new violence

7/63

From "Korea, 1953"

In that strange war that was not
a war ...

We found a certain inner logic to
our violence

A game in which each player and
his mate

understood all rules
(each sensing his brother's center)
And at expense of this — genius of fools
One might purge oneself
so clean

That love would come to our dead
winter

for one cannot hold
an inner void ...

Yet we became
as a pack of maddened dogs that race
caged, snarling, for the hand
which flings

The one small piece of rancid meat
in the center of our corrupted sand
... And the single victor cannot eat
The prize before dying in his blood's
slow-cooling heat

11/63