

THE ZEN AFFAIR

Kazuko Shiraishi,  
I bought your book  
of poems, Seasons  
of Sacred Lust,  
to judge your photos  
on the cover: five Eastern  
faces, all of them you....  
Wrap me in a silk kimono  
of your hair  
some cherry blossom night;  
gather my fingers to your  
Oriental poppy lips  
and let them blossom  
in your mouth.  
I want to lift violet  
butterflies off the  
pools of your eyes.  
Breathe Bashō in my ear.  
Hover over me in haiku.  
I don't give a fuck what  
you have to say  
in any season:  
the frog jumps.

FEBRUARY

Saturday morning,  
the car won't start  
frozen dead  
my son lies on the sofa  
with an ankle, iced,  
swollen like an acorn squash.  
My wife worries broken bones.  
In town  
they're out of:  
Eggs on Sale  
so I buy a dozen  
fresh mushrooms and  
the news instead.  
There's a woman in  
my morning mail  
holding a sack of  
butterflies,  
while I sit at the typewriter  
wintering words,  
in sunglasses  
and a straw hat ....  
This is my poem  
for today.

-- Norbert Blei

Ellison Bay WI