

Gozo Yoshimasu

TATTOO

A new shadow for my soul. Behind my dream, a young tree quietly falls.

Although I am a shadow of a passenger on this planet, my soul is always absorbed in play. Whose voice?—I wanted a tattoo.

Yura yura (sway-ing, sway-ing) I, also, (a young tree) with sleepy eyes, the remnants of the garden's light, my eyes dreamed. The voice came from behind the temple. A pearl began to speak softly. I fell down.

In a dream the tenor's eyes lit up. The serpent stands and walks away. The smell of apples.

Don't you think the moon is wet? Deep in the dream, the gate's lock whispered: yes, then a dragonfly will make the trip. Loaded down with panes of glass, discarded treasures, things that shine. A dragonfly was flying to the moon.

SANTA FE RAILROAD LEMY STATION

Twilight, a deserted station, the Santa Fe Railroad, we stood at Lemy Station. There was a thicket of bushes and an old Cheyenne, sitting. (Or he wasn't there at all. My memory has a thicket of bushes, an old Cheyenne, sitting.) — When, I heard, it, a clear day in autumn, twilight, a deserted station, the Santa Fe Railroad, we stood at Lemy Station. The Rio Grande, a deep crevice, long ago, the Indian children played, chasing squirrels and weasels. On snowy days, the Rio Grande, makes the crevice deeper. A clear autumn day, there's a clock in the station, (I don't know) the