

SMALL TOWN

From the cabin radio, the song "River Water,"
the glittering silt-like pain
no longer there in the voice,
instead, the dejection after desire's failure.
In a teahouse called Three or Five Dou,
three or four peasants,
like dried corpses,
sit by a table of cards,
looking at one another,
evading each other's eyes,
looking again, evading again.
There's nothing left here.
The silence here is not silence
but weariness after blackmail.
In the deep alleys,
a man kept running by a dog leash
never knows he is a man kept running by a dog leash.
This is a small town submerged in water,
and few want to run away.