

## *The Custom of Aerial Burial*

I didn't realize until this morning  
that the dried fruits in my room were increasing.  
The pomegranate and orange on my desk are harder than stone.  
And now that they've lost their fragrance I'm relieved.  
I finger the hard rinds, I tell myself  
they might have gained eternal life by losing their fragrance.  
The acorns that fell on my head last fall  
are arranged in a small bowl;  
a bell rings when I shake them.  
The fruits of the briar are still red.  
Whenever I see fresh flowers or fruit,  
I think I should bury them  
before they rot in their own juices,  
which has led me to adopt the custom of premature aerial burial.  
I can't help myself, I hang their fragrant bodies upside down  
in a well-ventilated sunny place  
to dry the blood and flesh.  
I used to stir with a wooden scoop  
the sugary flesh on the stove,  
and flee the scene in disgust.  
I wonder if I'm suffering from a kind of xerosis.  
Someone told me that I have a knack for drying flowers,  
but this was only to suppress my nomadic blood.  
Entering the room,  
I caught the fragrance of dried flowers  
and heard the loud cry of lips shouting at me—  
of multi-layered lips that never touched wet thighs,  
amid the flowers turning light as butterflies.