

Death Is Sitting at the Foot of My Bed

My bed is unmade: sheets on the floor
and blankets ready to rise in flight.
Now death says she's going to make my bed.

I beg her not to, leave it unmade.
She insists and replies that tonight is the night,
makes herself at home and says tonight she loves me.

I answer her but how am I to cuckold
life? She tells me to go to hell.
Death is sitting at the foot of my bed.

This insistent death is really hot for me,
would like to leave me sucked dry as a fig:
I try to frighten her with an enormous branch.

Now she says she wants to lie down at my side,
just to sleep, don't be afraid.
Out of respect I don't mention her bad reputation.

Death is sitting at the foot of my bed.

Translated by Roslyn Frank

Burning

The golden sword looks directly at the sun
Ah!
The pear blossom reflected on a fixed star!

The wind blows
In an Asian region
The soul is a wheel speeding on clouds

My will
Is to become blind
 to become sun and apple
 and not to become like them
 to become woman's breast, sun, apple, sheet of paper, pen, ink,
 and dream!
 To become weird music. And that's all.

Tonight, you
In a sports car
A star shooting at you from the front
Can you tattoo it on your face? You!

Mad in the Morning

I shout the first line of my poem
I write the first line
A carving knife stands up madly in the morning
These are my rights!

The glow of morning or a woman's breasts are not always beautiful
Beauty is not always first
All music is a lie!
Ah! First of all, let's close all the petals and fall down to the earth!

This morning, September 24, 1966
I wrote a letter to my dearest friend
About original sin
About the perfect crime and the method of destroying intelligence

Ah!
What a drop of water rolling on my pale pink palm!