

Rather than suffer that terrible affection
That murderous excess of care

The ornithologist Schüz once overheard a young penguin crying out in
despair:

Why wasn't I born a stork?
Mother would eat me by mistake
And I could have some peace

Translated by the author with John Batki

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Clear and Bright: In the Grave

I am still drunk, and the quiet night flows within me
As I stop up the ears, myth echoes around in my body
A smell of blossoms percolates through the skin
At this moment of ultimate beauty, I accept their worship
Receiving the sacrifice of a thousand streamers

Stars droop down in string, stirring up the wine between my lips
Fog is crystallizing, as cold as the prayerful eyes
So many so many eyes stream fast on my hair
I must return, to do something with these plants growing on limbs

I have returned: I have always been a stretch of blue hills

Pagoda for Urns

The Dead sit quietly in a small chamber in the matless pagoda
When spring wind rings the wind-bell