

Montri Umavijani · *Thailand*

from A THAI DIVINE COMEDY

Writing

My three fingers
drive the pen outward;
the axis moves
from my hand
to my shoulder,
then, to my throat,
reaching up to my head,
and going out in smoke.

A Young Poet

Waiting in the front row,
he looks
something between celebrity and
celibacy,
not knowing how to choose
between the schoolgirl love
and the old hag fame.

Writing

I only know writing
as a falling away from,
and a getting close to,
but what it is
I am not given to know.

Love

I look from one face
to another;
but I know:
love is a manner of
particularizing.

A Poet

A poet
must have the look
of someone to whom
nothing is given.

Writing

Just now,
as I sat under those trees,
I felt something dripping,
like rain;
and as I walked up to my room,
the rain seemed to follow.

Heaven

Heaven is not the earth
made anew:
it is the ruins of the earth
gazed on
compassionately.