

Tetsuo Nakagami · *Japan*

WANDERING WAS ALWAYS AN IMPORTANT THEME IN MY LYRIC

Like Sal Paradise, a mouse gets wet to its bones at
 Bear Mountain.
But why am I, now, showered by the Asian monsoon
Which has already left Nikko Heights?
A Penguin Book in a hip pocket of my blue jeans—
It's wet through and through.
It's sodden and bent, just like me.
The letters on its spine read indistinctly,
PENGUIN MODERN POETS: GINSBERG, FERLINGHETTI
 CORSO . . .
And the mark of the penguin printed, of course.
Once I prayed for a study crammed with books like
 a library.
Once I envied Blaise Cendrars, who was surrounded
By an enormous collection deep in the jungles of Africa.
Now this one book is my 102 page library.
This morning, instead of going through the Holland Tunnel,
I climbed a long slope and passed
A thick, dark casuarina tree.
Oh rain! Let all bourgeois thought be washed out
Immediately!
I am not a long-faced fish, merrily
Striding down a long slope,
Splashing through vigorously.
Now, in my sonorous voice, I shall recite from my
 pocket book—
The first page.