

The Good Earth

The empty shell of a snail
By a dry log. Warm grass
 seeds in an old cookpot
 playing, we were starving,
Playing "The Good Earth"

Why I Laugh when Kai Cries

Nothing's to blame:
 daily hunger, baby rage—
 the Buddha's Lion Roar
 and hymns of praise.

Belly and nerves,
 floating gathering mind
 feel pain and wail.
 he's getting fat

I have to laugh at that