

# THE UNIVERSE

after Sengai Gibon's bokuseki painting, *Circle, Triangle, Square*

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## [Square]

You have an affair  
You risk telling a story about a bruise  
You have two swords (each victory a solstice)  
one leads me upon the feet crashing into home—  
the east and the west hands are two divorced yams  
sighted by a giant one-eyed history  
thinking fondly of fire eating fire—  
while the other points toward the direction  
exactly where the axis is sabotaged  
Cornered by the elemental shapes of three  
—*Circle, Triangle, Square*—  
these capital interstices of spectral marginalia  
you turn up to the fact  
the world is a nipple that feels compensated  
on the vague hands of water  
Ah water—yes!  
What about the ears that suck the wind  
Well it's a matter of feeling  
Remember what your heart is for

*Katsu! Katsu! Katsu!*

Let's okay the kites anew

## [Circle]

Under the saccharine formation of return  
you birth from the bladder briefly bled  
sleeping off the altercation of pagodas  
in the mind of every artist baptized from within  
admiring the city of ink where you hibernate

To the sacral temptation of *satori*  
I believe you carry enlightenment at your behest  
A form of teaching that life can detonate  
into a pure spirit bomb of meditation

Silence you mean revolution  
Planet I say temple  
Here in the bamboo garden the raccoon  
spins a cycle that never ends  
No it never ends, 決して—  
only gallicises the accent of exhaust pipes  
Under the circular masturbation of dawn  
I remain angular at all points of leaves  
for you will die and live and die, breathe again  
And what comes after is the crowning of the shrieks  
in the throat of the afternoon as your fingers  
waltz with Surrealism, tomorrow's *bokuseki*  
You will

awaken

the cup

Helpless wind doesn't know where to go  
Helpless hair devours the avoided world  
Helpless mirror reflects Zen like:

*Katsu! Katsu! Katsu!*

Let's okay the kites anew

## [Triangle]

What seraph of time will you enter the cave  
What flock of luck will you meet the Great  
The walls you struggle to destroy  
Invisible moles of water  
You drink and think

yielding you a fiasco  
What is colouring the grass  
does not lionize the muscle of it all  
You need to clear your head  
the tattered ego said  
*Katsu! Katsu!* what Mahāśvara advised  
the dragons flitting from zenith to zenith  
the golden cherries flooding their faux scales  
with a tumult of sushi with eyes

O how you carry your weight  
O how you translate *mono no aware*  
O how you duel against the axis

You will never come down once you shin up  
You will never will

The shogunate rule levitates the blossoms  
offers up a slice of the red samurai sun  
Dedicate your postcard-pinned ego  
to the fruit of high power  
taking refuge in your scapula  
Make a vow that can be eaten by scrolls

O frogs shimmering their ashen parts  
O dear life to feast upon the *inka*  
Hope is squeezed from a masticated finish  
You will graduate as soon as *Katsu!*

O the discipleship hires a master  
a master of the teetotaling tropes  
a master mindful of the seasons  
And many years of speaking  
in hushed tones you say *Katsu!* to all a few  
and *Katsu!* to all of me  
and *Katsu!* to the leaders of mountains  
*Katsu!* to the Noh masses  
*Katsu!* to the sleepers' pointed snore  
*Katsu!* to the panda gnashing the heat's nails  
*Katsu!* to the moon's harvest  
*Katsu!* to the pond's music of memory  
*Katsu!* to the system the city endorses  
Now let me announce paradise:

*Katsu! Katsu! Katsu!*  
Let's okay the kites anew