

THE UNIVERSE

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

Lawdenmarc Decamora

[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

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