

NAGORI POEMS

SUMMER

1

Morning cicadas
Their shimmering racket sounds
The long day ahead

2

Windows opened wide
Languid movements, dancing flecks
Pasts hide in the shade.

3

This fountain projects
Life's abundant inventions
No drop will be lost.

FALL

1

Circle high strange bird
Cry your autumnal aria
Can we sing with you?

2

Lake of cool repose
Ringed by reddish foliage
Elsewhere, forests burn.

3

Erratic water
Drops sprayed from these azure skies
Punctuate our grief

WINTER

1

Freezing seas at night
Traversed by icy currents
Lit by a lone moon.

2

Verticality
Clinging to the hanging rock
Instability

3

This icicle harp
Played by invisible hands
Clinks splinteringly.

SPRING

1

A cherry branch explodes
with scent, in white, with insects
seduced by promise.

2

Shoots, leaves, buds and greens
New answers to the prayers
Chanted by their roots.

3

Building a new nest
Depends on the right moment.
Yesterday perhaps?