Our people are suffering
Under the slash-eyed dictatorial decree

Of the Chinese.
The mezzotint of their storefronts

Betraying tourists who can’t read their writing,
And five cherubs perish.

Pebbles implant the knee bones
of crumpled Geshes and Rinpoches,

Their foreheads striking their hands
Like a gong at meditation’s end.

Knuckles imprint crying eyes,
Sheltered against visions

Of pious Buddhists (monks and nuns)
Thrown in the gutter

And forced to fuck
At gunpoint

For the last 50 odd years.

The Orient has employed
Big Brother

To exploit a people
Who cannot hold a gun—
Trapped
in their own constraint.

Blood chokes spiritual hope
As communism is forced down—

Down stilled throats;
Sucking, blowing the air

That prayer flags fly,
Over minds

Now clouded with fight.
A woman, 49 years

in a cave, chants—
Her soul no more.

2.6 million scream
Their insurgence to the world,

Over the roar of 1.5 billion Chinese—
Voices their only defense.

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NAOKO FUJIMOTO
A PIANIST

I hear a minuet. My cat sleeps on
A pianist plays Le Tombeau de C
Ravel composed it for his friends
They died in World War I.

She hums the phrase and whispers
"Funerals two thousand times in
Home: Pieces of blocks
under the soldiers' boots in her str
country, Georgia. No place to ret oth people call her. Her cousin

"Where are the all caskets?" I ask.

She keeps playing the minuet wit and its short repeated sound.

All the corpses are hidden under like spring water: blood.

A withered gerbera on the piano.

There is no graveyard for prayer. She cannot cry in front of it.

I say, "I bought a cup of tea and b"

She huddles the warm cup and picks up a blueberry. It li
down the table to the floor. The cat plays with a cricket pulling off its leg.