

## CALLIGRAPHY BY NIGHT

Three migrating cranes  
brush inky strokes across  
the waning moon's empty page.  
In silvered silence  
we read their cryptic message  
like an ancient haiku scroll.

## SUNRISE IN ST. LOUIS

Dawn overwhelms the window,  
bias light stretched wrong,  
a mulled shade of ugly,  
luckless as the failed painting  
embarrassing my easel.

My palette and the new day  
compose a drab medley  
that might pass for blues.  
or a torch song.  
Such power there is  
in unwanted effects.

Still damp,  
the canvas can be scraped  
or burned. It's harder  
to dispose  
of a misbegotten morning.

## 夜書

三隻遷徙的鶴  
用它們的筆觸刷過  
殘月的空頁。  
在銀色靜默裡  
我們讀它們神秘的信息  
如展讀一卷古老的俳賦。

## 聖路易日出

黎明淹沒窗戶，  
斜光扯錯了方向，  
一團醜陋的色澤，  
不幸如一張失敗的圖畫  
使我的畫布受窘。

我的調色板同新的一日  
構成一種乏味的  
可稱之為藍調的東西。  
或一首火炬歌。  
如此有力的效果  
純屬多餘。

依然濕潤，  
這畫布可被刮掉  
或焚毀。但要  
丟棄一個起錯了頭的早晨  
可不那麼簡單。