

The art of origami, “an architecture of paper,” establishes an image of Japanese cranes (p. 39), and the idea of a fine line painting emerges from the conclusion of “Eyepiece”:

And on the lake

the moon grows oblong
as a cell ready to divide.
The reflector tilts.
Night clouds the lens.

“Eyepiece” (p. 38)

There is much to reward the reader in this first collection: Judith Beveridge is a developing and competent Australian poet.

HAGIWARA SAKUTARO (1886-1942)

SCENE OF THE CRIME

Inside that house a wounded man is lying.

Of aluminium was the building built:
Its window-frames were made triangular
To counterbalance an intrinsic tilt.

A thin snow flutters down. A cherry-tree
Blooms white as blue. In pitiful small bits
The smashed glass scattered on the floorboards fits
Its patient role of waiting to be proof.

In the first floor’s *Room To Let* there’s a metal chair;
And a black cat’s curled, like conscience, on the roof.

Translated by Graeme Wilson