

## on a scroll by hokusai

1

nature never was like this  
in our eyes:  
whispered poems breathed through  
the holes on mist & sky  
a. waterfall of forms  
splashing/carefully/over rock

2

your subtle eye  
was a burning lens  
& a photographic fixative.  
drive off idioms  
into the pale sun  
eat your vision/  
slowly/  
wrapped in rice paper  
then watch the burnt ashes  
flow from your fingers  
& fix their form & shape

though you sit behind paper walls  
& eat only rice  
i know you to be a hunter:  
there your captive mountains  
there your silent waterfalls  
there your many mistresses  
flattered & held  
for always  
by your hand

3

a zen puzzle for you  
hokusai  
imagine death to be a flower  
in which the soul is trapped  
how can the soul be freed.  
answer:  
          clap your hands together  
          it was only a concept anyway  
you know  
                          how silence  
          always                  sometimes  
                          has a meaning

**EDWARD DEAN**