

David,
How I am proud of you!
what do you think of this poem?
On Paper *car*

The brush drops.
Pushed, crushed, burst,
it twirls, bouncing, tapping, and jumping,
dashes trembling and stops.
A straight line
so far.
Slightly over the edge.

Blossoms

Blossoms
embracing
all in one
just as it is
as it is
as is
nothing to be reduced
nothing to be added
the entire world
Hiroshima

This May Not Be A Poem

Kazuaki Tanahashi