



HYMNUS AD PATREM SINENSIS

I praise those ancient Chinamen
Who left me a few words,
Usually a pointless joke or a silly question
A line of poetry drunkenly scrawled on the margin
of a quick splashed picture - bug, leaf,
caricature of Teacher -
On paper held together now by little more than ink
& their own strength brushed momentarily over it

Their world and several others since
Gone to hell in a handbasket, they knew it -
Cheered as it whizzed by -
& conked out among the busted spring rain cherry blossom winejars
Happy to have saved us all.

31:VIII:58

by Philip Whalen, who wrote &
decorated this copy on
21 September, 1963, at
San Francisco.