Poetry Series

SanThoiU Mog - poems -

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After Reading A Patrick Kavanagh Poem

Ploughing with blunted coulters
Abandoned sinking clay ship
Roots revisited and abandoned again
And revisited again

Somewhere something is
Resistant to translation
Reluctant to confess the doubt
Let the cow fly in the sky and have an ariel view
As the fish is walking proudly on the ground
And happy with the bell sound

Is it true the tongue and the language are always the same Untranslatable are the translated

Words

The building blocks The very basic units Anatomically and functionally Of every organism and every building every republic and every et cetera Bored with bullets The captain is commanding the soldiers to fire them into the masses Branding the change The candidates are spreading them convincing or confusing the masses Its rainning heavy out there Our children's boots are soaked in them Our children's heads are drenched with them When they get sick The doctors advise Dont forget to breathe them out after breathe them in But they have nothing to prescribe Except these f**king words

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