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BEAUTIFUL DEATH

the death of nature is most beautiful

fallen leaves are shedding a solemn golden color
the lake is sleeping hugging withered trees in its arms
in the pitch-black cavern of a night
no sighs are affected

the most beautiful is the death of nature

a mass of mountains are reduced to a plain in the twinkling of an eye
a mob of seas are turned into a fine falling drizzle
at the volcano of a grave
are lying face-up the brilliant corpses of stars

the death is the most beautiful of nature

the decaying animal carcass is swarming with thousands of ants
the felled forest has milky liquid running all over the place
sometimes under a stinking cancer sky
there wafts in the fragrance of the setting sun

the death of nature is the most beautiful

THE BONE OF A TREE

in winter
when the last leaf is withered

its green cloth vanished
and golden ornament eroded

the beauty emerges:
the steely skeleton of the burned-down high-rise

the intact bone structure
of an animal eaten clean of its skin and flesh

and the bone of a tree like a steel fork
that penetrates into a single moon