

It's This Way

I stand in the advancing light,

my hands hungry, the world beautiful.

My eyes can't get enough of the trees--

they're so hopeful, so green.

A sunny road runs through the mulberries,

I'm at the window of the prison infirmary.

I can't smell the medicines--

carnations must be blooming nearby.

It's this way:

being captured is beside the point,

the point is not to surrender.

Trans. by Randy Blasing and Mutlu Konuk (1993)