

# Poetry

## DÔKA 'ON THE MIND'

kokoro to wa ikanaru mono wo iu yaran  
sumie ni kakishi matsukaze no oto

The mind —  
What shall we call it?  
It is the sound of the breeze  
That blows through the pines  
In the indian ink picture.

*Ikkyu (1394–1481) tr. R.H. Blyth*

## ALL DAY BREAKFAST

A wise man said recently  
That he had always known  
Time speeds up as you get older  
But now he was eighty  
He seemed to be having breakfast every five minutes  
I'm not quite that bad  
It just seems to be Sunday every day  
I do miss Fridays

*James Anderson*

**MACHINES**

In conquered hollow spaces of the mind  
 You make your palaces, O slaves set free,  
 Creations worshipped, Golden Calves, MACHINES!  
 Not for an instant are you left behind  
 To lubricate in silent workshop-prisons;  
 Set up like Gods, you order, make, destroy  
 With equal grim resolve. Our yesterdays  
 Are stripped of grace; new buildings rise up high  
 In rigid lines of stone which craftsmen once  
 Cut hesitantly to shapes of beauty. You drive out  
 Nature's play and human words whose fewness  
 Drifted into silence; now, where once  
 Our music conjured hope in empty space,  
 Yours drowns our souls in repetitious newness.

*Ivo Mosley (After 'Alles Erworben'  
 by Rainer Maria Rilke 1875–1926)*

**TO HIMSELF**

Now may you rest forever,  
 O my tired heart. Your last illusion has perished —  
 One which I had thought eternal. Dead. Now I feel  
 That for us, the sweet illusions  
 Are nothing but ash; desire is spent.  
 So rest forever; you have trembled enough;  
 Nothing is worth your motion; your sighs are not deserved  
 By this earth. Bitter and boring  
 Is life, and nothing else; this world is of clay.  
 So rest; for the last time feel despair!  
 To our kind, Fate gives nothing but death.  
 From henceforth, scorn Nature — that brutal power  
 Which secretly commands our common ruin  
 And the infinite vanity of everything.

*Giacomo Leopardi (1798–1837)*