

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Changming Yuan
Pumpkins

Arhats
squatting around in a fast fading field

each flushed with protests
against frost coming all too soon

Buddha puts you there
to guard an entire season
but we will relocate you
to guard our houses only

the last of an orange-dotted landscape
the last to ripen

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Out of Memoriam

in a quiet corner
a squirrel jumped up
onto the thickest tree in my backyard

it's up there no more, but its movements
remain visible among the leaves
the tenderly broken branches
still holding its weight

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Dialectical Dialogue

the bell rings aloud
though no wind is blowing

the bird flies afar
though it remains still

the sky is filled up
though there are no stars or clouds

the sound is heard
though it lacks a voice

no human is coming
though roads are everywhere

nothing is disappearing
into this present absence