

Romaine Moreton

Blak beauty

this has been held in my lips
since time immemorial

there is blakness
beneath these nails

for I know this earth
and wear her well

she has been

strapped around my waist
woven into my scalp
tied 'round my breast
poised in my hair

or dried
at the corners of
my mouth

she has been stomped
and torn
blessed and worn

this is my
earth

she's the colour of
blak

my blood is both the ocean
and the tree

it can be whipped into anger
or move like tranquility

clay is my words
the stone my friend
the sea my market
and trees my weapon

this is my earth

she's the colour of
blak

blak is the blood of the wallaby
it is the mother of pearl
it is the shell of the oyster
it is the paw of the warrigal
it is the bark of turtles
it is the bark of dogs
it is the bark of birds
it is the bark
of logs

this is my earth
she is the colour of blak

I move like shadows
betray the mood of the sun
I hang like clouds
and promise nothing
I tamper like the cyclone
so that you do not recognise
the before
I shatter like the earthquake
ripping to the core

this is my earth
she's the colour of blak

Mohan Koirala

It's a mineral, the mind

It's a mineral, the mind
Velvet the Himalayan poinsettia in bloom,
silver the scabbard of thrusting power,
the mind is a clear scent,
the pen a new ridge of hills.

I am a tree with countless boughs,
a flower which hides a thousand petals,
a juniper, a pointed branch of the scented fig,
its rough, misshapen fruit.

In my belief I am Nepali,
my faith the highest Himalaya,
my favorite season is the one
when leather jackets are donned,
my clothes are only freedom.

The Himalayan lights my touching place,
Equality spread on the ground where I stand.

John Clare

All nature has a feeling

All nature has a feeling: woods, fields, brooks
Are life eternal: and in silence they
Speak happiness beyond the reach of books;
There's nothing mortal in them; their decay
Is the green life of change; to pass away
And come again in blooms revived.
Its birth was heaven, eternal its stay,
And with the sun and moon shall still abide
Beneath their day and night and heaven wide.

G. Mend-Oyoo

The Wind with its Smell of Flowers

I love this peaceful blue evening
It is absolutely a castle of the East
I love this cloud with its golden mane
It is absolutely a lantern of the East
I love this wind with its smell of flowers
It is absolutely the fragrance of the East
I love this sagacious green locust
It is absolutely a darling of the East
I love this moon in the white waves
absolutely the mirror of the East
I love these lukewarm falling tears

absolutely a poem of the East
This wind with its smell of flowers.

* * *

Ulziitügs Luvsandorj

When I look at the mountains

After the rain has fallen, I am grass, and
When sparrows start to sing, I am the morning.

I am not human.

When stars flare up, I am the darkness

but these sentiments are laid alongside the daring

When girls shed their clothes, I am the spring

Gary Snyder

In the Santa Clarita Valley

Like skinny wildweed flowers sticking up
hexagonal "Denny's" sign
starry "Carl's"
loopy "McDonald's"
eight-petaled yellow "Shell"
blue-and-white "Mobil" with a big red "O"
growing in the asphalt riparian zone
by the soft roar of the flow
of Interstate 5.