

The Land of Han

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international / poetry / post

in the ancient land of Han
i sipped moonbeams while others
sipped wine
it is where i first learned to write
or rather render characters onto
rice paper with a soft brush and the blackest ink

the art was to capture the form and express
meaning with minimal strokes
of a bamboo brush and deft, spontaneous
hand

it is where i learned to whisper to the wind
and write on fluid mediums

while i composed poetry in the land of Han
western devils were fucking their sisters in caves
and hunting in packs like wild dogs,
such is their bestial origins

scholars were respected in government
and poets were honoured among the literate classes
while the dogs of the west roamed in tribes
and engaged in brutal combat with competing
warring tribes

i learned the secrets of water and the Way
unwritten and untrodden, such was the rarefied
culture of Han

after my burial the emperor lamented the loss
of a respected adviser on government
and matters of war
though i never divulged that i learned
my secrets from observing water
and coursing the Way,
the wind continues to carry
the whispers of that day

later i was born in the land of the Franks
where i learned the arts of sorcery
and magic and established myself as healer

of the clan

many more deaths and births ensued
until today i am located
in the ancient Southern Land
where i learned the Dreaming
from a society more ancient
than the people of Han
it is where i learned to listen to the wind
and read the whispers i had made thousands
of years past

my skills are beyond the reach of men
that only yesterday roamed like ravenous dogs,
they continue to war and ruin everything they touch
and persist in fucking their sisters and daughters
though in private today

and so the land of Han has called me back
to deal with this sick menace, the ancient emperor
i once served is a formidable general today
together we have contrived a plan that will ensure
the victory of Han against the warring western devils

while coursing the Way i discovered the secret location
of my ancient grave,
my bones remain undisturbed and my vault
contains the written secrets that i once whispered
to the wind
in the land of Han

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-1763.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-599.html>