

## The Land of Han

by Kuan via jade - Jungle Drum Newswire *Thursday, Aug 6 2015, 8:24am*

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>

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