Two Poems

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Fuji

via Hokusai

Fuji does not float
but will not drown. Below mist
loyal boatmen loll

fore to aft, seaward,
skyward, fearward. Buoyant heads:
Fuji’s collar’s pearls.

From the bridge’s brow
viewers lift moted gazes
to Fuji: mount notes

not even the lane
of courtesans, swelling with
sizeable wishes.

Each view of Fuji
hides more than half of Fuji.

Lake doubles Fuji’s

silence: mum Fuji
troubles lake. Rock-plop. What frog?
Taking Fuji down

we of the West claim
its indifference rises not
one whit above folk's

unseeing of Icarus falling in the Musée.

•

A frozen peak
is liquid in the purchase
of a frozen wave.

•

Fuji's foot, gone in
fog. A facing cliff glimpses
the invisible.

•

Lightning mocks the peak,
says *Slide down here where thin air dances, cracked and crazed*

*in your tiptop shape.*

*Better to electrify*

*than stonily sit.*

•

Red Fuji tarts up:
sky lends its blue line to comb
pale snow from pale cloud.

•
See how gravity
of Fuji bends windless pines?
My head, too, inclines.

Palanquin at rest,
does the bearer laud Fuji?
First he’ll fix his shoe.

Thatched roof unaware
it wears the cap Fuji lost
when it blew its stack.

Where’s Fuji’s fury?
Long ago and someday soon.
Will knowing spare you?

Western perspective
fades Fuji to vanishing.
Yet nothing’s missing.

Beyond all frames, hear
space breathing through a bellows:
marabou, not mount.

Where is Mount Emei
in confections of Fuji?
Air incorporate.
How men hold their hats,
wind up-gusting. Pages flown,
what more can be lost?

Leaves leap out like birds.
Fuji too comes untethered,
one shank exultant.

In tossed river dreams
Fuji takes mountain lovers,
nipple feeds all sky.

Fuji’s holy how?
Open top and bottom where
heaven, earth enter.

As they meet, woodblock
presses paper: grain faces
pulp, same greeting self.

Wily printer posts
his logo on each cresting
ecstasy of ink.

Some ochers aspire
to be sheaves of reeds loaded
on mud-dipped oxen.
Let’s say paper loves
what the eye enumerates:
gulps color, thirsts on.

Across the Tama
Fuji is receding as
I pole my boat. I
pole my boat across
the Tama where Fuji-san,
across and across.

We are never on
the other side of Fuji.
Icarus keeps his
spares there.
Roadkill Haiku

Flies at work: new food.
Flat chipmunk, all parts revised.
Still cute: cheek and stripes.

∙

Moths are slow this year.
Clap! Wings without fey flutter.
Applaud Creation.

∙

Possible possum.
Fur unzipped, in flagrante,
getting done by Death.

∙

A Bambi: round, whole.
Well-bred kid caught in headlights.
So, clichés can kill?

∙

I too bled in dirt.
Got salvaged and sewn up.
One syllable short.