

## *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 Ic-  
arus falling in the Mu-  
sée.

♦

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.