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I'm Lying on the Bed at a Motel and...

Tetsuo Nakagami

Marilyn Chin

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I'M LYING ON THE BED AT A MOTEL AND . . .

“If it stops raining,”
the buxom singer trills on the radio.
And I,
I am consciousness which puts its ears to a
soft belly,
to hear the sound of the world.
Right now, my world
is a long rainy season.
“If it stops raining,”
the singer sings on.
Some obscene drawings,
Numerous names of loves, lovers,
“My love for Reiko,”
scribbled on the walls—
“If it stops raining . . .”
the singer goes on trilling.
I hate her, Yukiji Asaoka.
I hate her, Ruriko Asaoka, who got engaged
and who will get married again and again.
Purple smoke-rings rise up to the ceiling
From my lips—
One, two, three,
Is Arthur Seaton still angry with the world?
My Enlightenment
always comes after sex.
So in this case is my view of the world
always post-coital?
A girl walking on the linoleum with bare feet.
(What a disgusting creature a girl is!)
While lying on your bed,
Idealize a girl from the bottom of your heart.
In my eyes the world becomes darker and darker and . . .
“If it stops raining,”
Unconsciously, the song escapes from my mouth.
“If it stops raining.”
Farewell to this dying rural town.

translated by the author and Marilyn Chin