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## Cigarette Butts

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## CIGARETTE BUTTS

My cigarette butts are my forest,  
I'm piously addicted to the drug;  
Without a smoke I get too lonely,  
I love the fire, love the bright glow.  
On a gloomy sunless day,  
The fire in me never dies out.  
That's how my imagination takes wing.  
Nobody escapes the day of burial.  
I want to be buried here in my forest.

## A FIGURE SEEN FROM BEHIND

I can see only your back  
As you stand facing the mountain.  
Watching your excitement before that height,  
I would prefer to hide my name in a cave  
Like an outlaw taking to the greenwood.  
Sometimes climbing is a way of sinking,  
And sinking a way of climbing.  
The ancient cave is prolonged, and deep,  
I'm setting out from the eyes toward the mind.