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A Figure Seen from Behind

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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.