Sutra

There is no shame. And no end to shame. The hermit in the boat washes his yellow hair in the city's sewage and in the sea.

There is no country rose, no country dung. *No nose, no tongue.* No perigee of anne's-lace or philodendron.

There are the flying things made of splintering bamboo and string. A droning of holy war across the sound of snow falling into poor flames. They are cold diamonds, forming in the ground. Beyond. And *beyond*.