

Five examples

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Translated from German by Tom R. Schulz

Another Day

The party is over. Yesterday
A red carpet marked the way right here.
In the movie theater they premiered a new film.

Autograph hunters: run off
Into the dark. Photographers' hoots: silenced.
Reporters' reviews: all in print.
The headlights above the tin roof: disappeared
The posters: torn down over night.

Only the sun cuts an edge
Into the silence. And the spectacle
Begins.

Curtains

Finally
Alone
Together.
Give me 1 minute 13
(plus 14 hundredth, to be precise)
For, let's say,
A kiss.
And a touch of your lashes on my skin.
Or maybe, even shorter,
For a halt in motion.
Just as the wind
Does rest
In the curtains.

Echo

What small shadows
Our bodies cast under the sun
around noon.
Above our heads
The sun pours its light,
Lavishly.
And all we have for it
Is one echo.
As if there was but one answer
to all colours,
just one.

Blue Green Yellow Pale

At some point in time
I'll be in the zone in between.
All colours will still be there
After I've awoken
From primal darkness.
The colours
Not the forms.
The light
Not its source.
One more time I'll have words for it
As one remembers words
Blue green yellow pale
The has-been.
Then
Everything will blur
Colours light memory
And ascend to darkness.

Here / there

How beautiful it is
in foreign cities to go by train.
Its sound could remind you of metal perhaps.
And people do smell different
just as the outside air does
And each day owns a sound.
Voices? Oh, yes, voices, too. A mother is
calling her child. Two people are whispering,
they're teasing. And, mind you, Next stop,
says the automatic voice
in this town or another,
Next Stop Here or There.
Whether you're existing or not does not matter.
Whether you're alive or not does not matter.
Up to the moment a look falls upon you
from no matter whose eyes
for a glimpse.

Poems by Som P. Ranchan

Buddha is Gone

Buddha is gone, forever gone
Gate gate pargate

Tunba Chuma

Really, he is obliterated, demised
Has been for centuries
Despite being in relics, statuary
Gompas, temples and monasteries

You must confront your existence
Even as he did
You are on you own
Responsible for virtue and sin
Inside
in the frame of your time and history
Dende
You have to work out your salvation
diligently, stalwartly, slowly, suddenly
and give the fruit thereof
in you own way
without getting deluded, puffed

He Was a Sage

Inaugurator of new way
Taught for thirty-five years

Yet he was a muni
Silence incarnate
Muni, Muni, mahamunni
Who lives in the extinction of desire