

Reading Takuboku

*these brave poets
always
one step ahead*

These brave poets, trying
every wrinkle, nook,
crack and cranny,
trembling from pain pain
and its sweetness,
their courage a kind of
gluttony, shameless appetite
for the whip, and the salt,
the sugar, the honey
bleeding down in dribbles, you know,
the way Sean Connery slipped out of
his fancy suite
left behind treacherous Honey
and stepped up toe to toe
with Dr. No