In My Native Home

Fukushima, March 11, 2011

1

Family. Safety. These too are waves.

Then I drive back to our home, and lock myself into this miraculous catastrophe.


Because radiance lives here too. War without war. Within this wayward radiation.

A trembling beyond a home’s despair. Despair just a backdoor stoop. Up or down. Because number three.

Particles, waves, walls—I lay down each breath within you.

Sartre, I challenge every no exit noun verb page you wrote.

*Shi no tsubute* (pebbles of poetry). “Can there be any meaning in causing us such pain?”

*Shi no kaikou* (encounter of poetry). “What can we believe if it teaches us nothing?”
Shi no mokurei (silent prayer poetry).
“Shh, petals falling to the ground. Night.”

2

Stupidly, I raise my twitter fist, blurt I can tell a better story than any quake, wave, or radiance.

“The ocean was sitting around one day, thinking up jokes. The water down under is a trickster kind of guy.”

The tsunami was the punchline.

Because I want to laugh too. Because I want to gallop too.

Like a bump on a log. Or maybe two bumps. One for each eye.

Like two bumps inside a log. So the log can laugh as it crashes through our town.

All God particles—the ones inside the crashing—are being and nothingness free.

Because the white whale is not white. Color of killer debris. Color of “once in a thousand years.”

Each petal word, whale word, even to the most fearful among us, offers a wave way through.

Twitter out, twitter in, each poem an angel of history.

“Shh, it’s an aftershock. Millions of horses are galloping underground, crying.”