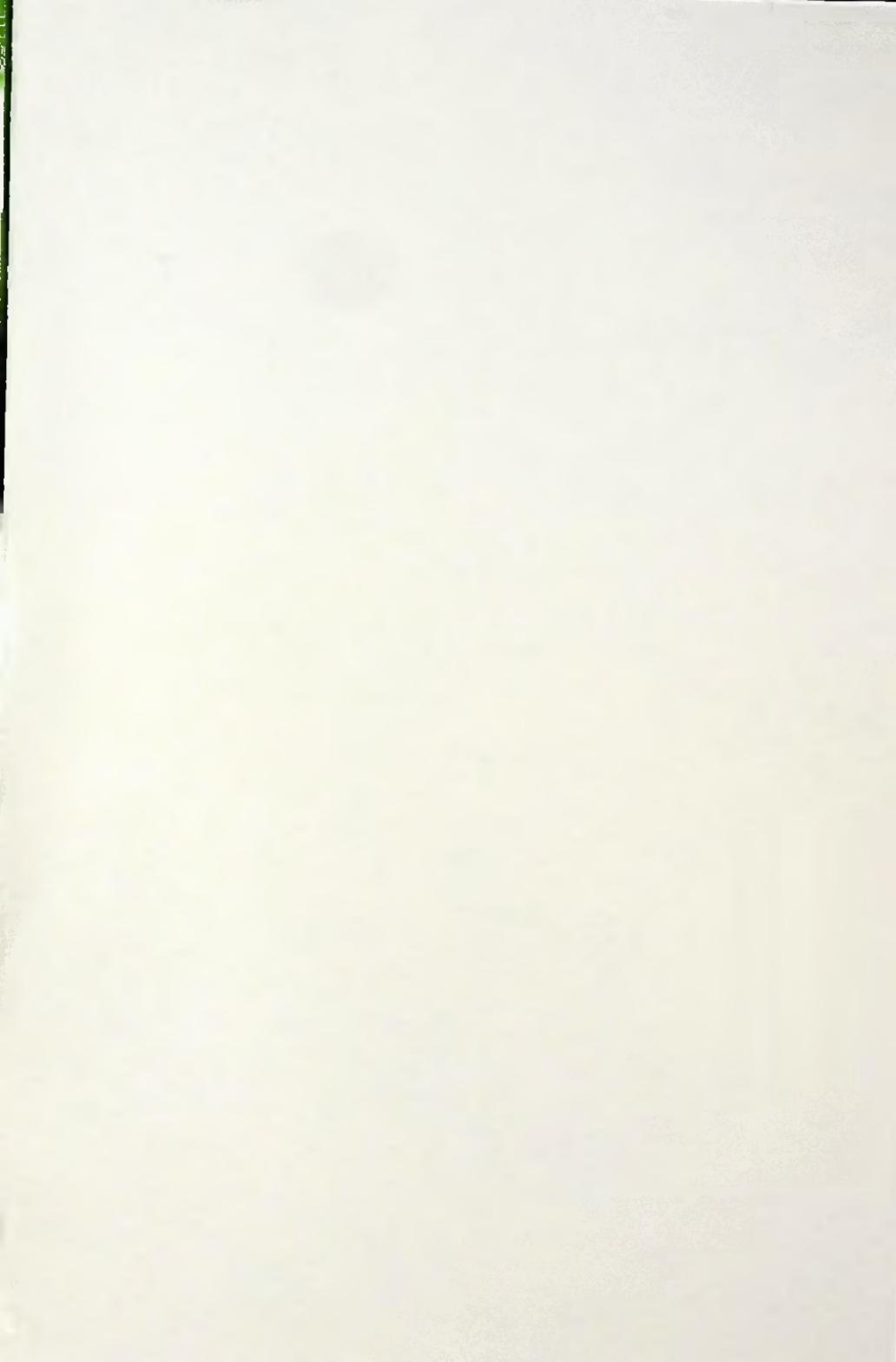


CROW WORDS  
FALLING ON  
DEAD GRASS

Ronald Baatz







C R O W   W O R D S

F A L L I N G   O N

D E A D   G R A S S



*for*

Al Tirella



Dawn-  
young sparrows  
in old trees

Gently arriving  
summer like a moth  
carrying its own flame

Unwavering in its blessings  
the sun loaded with seeds  
sounding like a tambourine

Pleasing to  
nipples of honey  
lips sticky with pleasure

Mirror bright  
sometimes from  
fire in the window

Since the beginning of summer  
a painting of a chicken  
hanging in the kitchen

Morning fog  
nibbling on the footprints  
of yesterday's ants

Under a gloomy moon  
eyes of blossoming worries  
black as ants

Oh! that unprovoked monkey  
again banging its tin cup  
on the dog's head

Rushing upon a pea  
the only light known  
in the bowl

Sunset's big round glowing  
orange apology  
left behind

My wish is for sheep  
that can count themselves  
while I sleep

So fleshy these steamed mushrooms-  
like I'm eating  
my own lips

Tormented by no future  
a mayfly's belly  
sweetly perishing

Ah! be content  
moo when praying  
let your sorrows jump over the moon

Darkness swaying  
like trees crowded thick  
with big leaves in wind

My wife's unanswering lips  
overwhelmingly such  
sweet fiery blossoms

Stepping on my sandwich  
to flatten it out like a pancake  
I tip the canoe over

Satisfied with the crumbs  
of speechless bread-  
the voices of sparrows

Haiku about the moon  
so old it's  
turning green

Enfeebled blindness  
my scribbling in darkness  
since way back when in the womb

Look, a cloud like  
the loveliest house ever  
completely abandoned

Grains of sand  
between her toes  
happy as new stars

Moon like an old folk toy  
its blue lakes its shimmering  
fish songs

Up my sleeves  
the fragrance of  
ten-thousand haiku

Soft toes of clouds  
over silk crow and  
so many other silk crows

Voices wet from rain  
somewhere in these blue mountains  
I've received a letter

Unmask me my love  
as slowly I unmask you  
one mask at a time

Though old and brittle  
the moon's fantastic  
self-assurance

By the way  
her ass also suggests  
a turtle swimming

As the crow flies  
so my soul flies  
straight into oblivion

The woods  
in the mirror  
my ear in a nest

A shattering rain  
a cat in the wrong house  
licking its feet

The high grass  
too much of it to draw  
with so little ink

The serenity of shadows  
inspiring the flooding prayers  
of light

A haiku!  
two men  
shitting at sea

The entire garden missing  
as though every plant found it safer  
to sleep in the trees

Of hardships and wars  
songs coming from the backyard  
from tiny hills

Peonies when  
you most  
expect them

Stars purify themselves  
then  
die

The stare of the sparrow  
lasts about as long as  
one note of its song

Poor childless moon  
its gray birds  
never sleep

Like Zorro  
at night the wind rides  
a black horse

With its pig nose  
the sun pushing  
melons around

A mournful cloud of birds  
a withered tree  
its sisters

No sorrow among the squirrels  
even the demented  
dancing around an acorn

My legs move slowly  
like those of an old insect  
the birds would like to eat

Ah, so many worthless poems  
from so many crude pens  
from so many dollar stores

My angel thinks I'm still a child  
my dog sniffs  
my nuts

Untold sources of pain  
but beautiful white trees  
praying for apples

Tingling skin  
of a man in a hole  
brushing dirt off a goddess

Wind playing  
those birds those  
little whistles

Nothing in this cave  
except candy wrappers  
from different parts of the world

No-  
no goat wearing sandals  
in the night sky

Dread whatever darkness  
flowering in the corner  
of an ant's eye

Cursed morning  
strange wrinkles  
for an infant to have

My soul  
an overflowing bowl  
of good fish stories

At the end of the meal  
realizing I was using the wrong  
end of the chopsticks

Dry grass  
birds drinking  
their own bath water

An ancient death in me  
a tomb the size  
of a splinter

In its loudly buzzing dream  
the earth knows every last one  
of its flies

In the yard at night  
inhaling the whole universe  
I sneeze

Leaves hidden by other leaves  
I slice a melon  
my mother dies

Ah! on my  
empty shaven head  
the beauty of snow falling

Trying to remember a sunset  
is like trying to wrap a poached egg  
in barbed wire

The darkest plum  
throwing the darkest shadow-  
this when I return from the hills

There is no death quite so beautiful  
as the death of a leaf-  
follow your kiss

Early summer night  
everywhere insects roaring  
with happiness

Beg for a bowl first  
then for rice  
then kiss a fish

Numberless miracles  
happening all at once-  
my beard stabbing her pussy

Human beings  
sleeping in winter-  
the beautiful silence of stars

Perfumed by  
a spring mist  
the shiny ants

Enough is enough  
the well-powdered moth  
insists

Rain  
softening  
the doghouse

Memories of my father  
accommodating so well  
the odor of fish manure

Cake crumbs  
singing in my bed  
like bugs

Birds with no shoulders  
for evening  
to weep on

Horse pissing-  
clouds watching  
in envy

In heaven's oldest wing  
the frugal use  
of bells

Standing tiptoe  
she kisses the fog's  
disappearing forehead

The sun  
just another flea  
the dog can sit on

Stone elephant  
I wipe away the dust  
from behind its ears

Trumpets being blown  
in a bible  
in a motel

Plunging sticks  
into another steamed dumpling  
her toes separate

Death brings its own pillow  
stuffed not with feathers  
but with songless birds

During the solar eclipse  
I kill a  
dead fly

Envious tomatoes  
in a garden where nightly  
the moon comes and goes

I switch to singing the laments  
the old women left behind  
at the well

Swiftly creative  
for a little while  
then being afraid

Dying moth-  
when it's dead I'll bury it  
in that big unused dictionary

Rest and pray  
here's water  
drink like a dog

Ink on sheets  
wine on pillow  
wife on toilet

Bowing to sunset  
red ants and their  
black shadows

Bring flowers  
we'll throw petals on the dead  
when they pause by the lake

Burying the dog  
shovel still cold  
from winter

Exhausting the guitar  
the cunning deceptions  
of a stringless moon

When leaving this world  
I leave behind the shadows  
of the daughters I never had

Under the obscure  
sayings of winter stars  
the path to the barn

Lost stars-  
pilgrims blinded  
by their own light

Hungry flies  
bothering death itself  
to take a shit

The size of a cigarette lighter  
the trap I set  
for the moth

Stricken with senility and tics  
my old angel  
dies before I do

Promises of stale bread  
thrown in snow  
for the birds

Eat dumplings  
pregnant with steam  
enjoy your belly

On a dare  
I swallow a haiku  
about a goldfish

Cloud roots  
reaching down into pond life-  
children wearing no shoes

Rain falling in the window  
I'm embarrassed by every word  
I've ever written

Standing outside of the temple  
squeezing olives  
already shriveled

Birds sleep  
behind eyelids  
thin as the ashes of thin leaves

Dancing with my dying shadow  
my wife's  
dying shadow

Old beads  
their memories of so many  
small desperate prayers

In the depths of winter  
crickets singing  
in my head

The gaze of that goldfish  
similar to how a horse  
looks at snow

Stone gods  
where I piled them  
by the river

Mind's rice  
steamed wild  
thrown in snow

Sentence after sentence  
a kind of death  
in fool's ink

From studying the birds  
angels can shit  
while flying

Sublime and liberating as it is  
you can pretty quickly grow sick  
of old age

My last words  
weakly stuck together  
with wet ashes and bird breath

Drunk  
I piss in the backyard  
under understanding stars

Nightfall-  
I tire of breathing in a despair  
older than I am

All that was left for me to do  
was to amuse strangers  
from a distance

Thin winter branches  
the moon growing rivers  
my old ears growing hairs

Time disappearing  
like cheap snow-  
I shave my neck

From a lost war  
ants coming home in the rain  
life is an embarrassing ordeal

Bird envy  
what I have after a lifetime  
of using words

Sunset gentle as  
the spine of an infant  
imitating dawn

Mourn the death  
of mud too  
and mosquitos

Wordless cold stars  
they tell me all I need  
to know

Nothing remains-  
not even Charles  
the lamb

Every last  
drop of life  
pure mystery

Lasting the entire night  
a dream about  
wind and ashes

Extravagantly  
for their own bliss  
the peonies die

Crow words  
falling on  
dead grass

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