

## A Film Collage: Drowning By Numbers (Peter Greenaway)

I

Stars cast shadows  
On the poles

I don't like  
My name being called  
By an airport announcer's voice

Gladioli in the theater lobby are  
Pale & banal –  
*Soutine's* blood still stirs my concentration

“Cry Wolf!” –  
Every decade  
Has to have a target  
For a hatred

II

What are you doing so late at night?  
*I'm counting stars*

Do you know all their names?  
*Yes I do*

How many did you count so far?  
*One hundred*

Is that all? There are more than 100 in the sky  
*100 is enough. After you count 100, other 100s are all the same*

III

In summer, death smells  
Of its origin & destination  
Everywhere

Melting ice pop; corpse of a cow

Our curiosity toward our own genitals,

Male or female, is driving us almost crazily  
Back toward infancy

“You are so stubborn that you don’t sink!”  
A woman says, mumbling to the air, & then continues,  
“I always knew that a car could run slower than a runner if it really tried!”

When the sun starts to set,  
A man offers her uncountable sheep, but,  
She prefers to have a plateful of shellfish  
Under a cloudy sky, before the storm  
A man once talked about,  
Arrives

#### IV

Do you see the mist through head lights?  
Fireworks among branches?

Wearing stars on ourselves,  
We jump rope 100 times & more

A man says,  
“I am not playing games any more!”

It is quite normal to want to see  
A shadow of a little girl dressed in a costume  
Rather than a shadow of a dead bird,  
If we are destined to see a shadow  
At all

Pressing our hands & spines  
On an old tree trunk at night,  
We foolishly try to talk  
To a rustle of a breeze, & then,  
Whisper to each other’s sensitive soft ears,

“Summer is full of wonders, isn’t it?”

*Excerpt from "Philosopher"*

moon, water, thoughts –  
they are all the same,  
a noble reflection  
of our own fragile senses  
of (im)mortality

two major  
one minor  
& one diminished

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

(repeat)

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

(repeat again)

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

Yuko Otomo

## Philosopher

(after Satie)

1.

a profound poesy  
blooms  
in a peach garden,

at night  
after the rain,

when the moon  
becomes a shirt  
tailored for  
a dedicated artist  
& a devotional poet.

an argument over  
“have” & “have-not”  
is so old  
that it has lost its point.

Cold songs –  
Annoying faces –  
Warm melodies –

“the haves” can act  
the role of “pure poverty”  
on the dark stage  
any time  
as needed.

“Shall we?”  
a red dress whispers  
to a white dress  
as nocturnal nostalgia  
& tragedy  
place their hands  
on the wet pavement.

2.

delicate rippling  
of dark, white music  
climbs up & down the ladder of light  
as a philosopher  
runs through his thoughts  
turning the pages of his life-long riddles.

“It’s lucky I came out without shoes.  
You, of course, never wear them.  
Our easiest way is to get our feet wet  
& walk in the stream.”

a disciple cites.

“Hush!”

the master stills (the air).

together, they cry,

“I love! I love!”

3.

pinching our skin,  
we greet Innocence.

wearing a jacket & torn pants for the day,  
a spell of imagination  
chisels its name  
on the philosopher’s forehead.

at night,  
rain stops,  
all of a sudden & once again,

the world becomes

a house, so open & pale  
for every possible discourse  
of thought, analysis & radical dialectic twists.

slowly, how irresistibly slowly,

we have grown  
to learn to listen to  
a sigh of Fate  
when it gently flutters  
its mind/heart  
on piano keys!

“Poverty comes from God  
& one wouldn’t know  
how to renounce it  
without disobeying Him.”

(repeat)

“Poverty comes from God  
& one wouldn’t know  
how to renounce it  
without disobeying Him.”

resigning ourselves  
to a grand destitution  
to be human,  
we finally exile our thoughts  
from the battle  
of words.

4.

moon, water, thoughts –  
they are all the same;  
a noble reflection  
of our own fragile senses  
of (im)mortality.

two      major,  
one      minor  
& one    diminished.

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

(repeat)

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

(repeat again)

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”

“Where does it begin  
&  
where does it end?”