

GRASS IS GROWING IN THE EAST  
*for the Taiwanese poet Yu Hsi*

Grass, growing in the east  
in yellow waves, and  
kneeling and bowing  
for so long  
to the exalted east.  
I place my aching head  
upon its warm breast.  
It strokes my brow  
with its yellowing fingers,  
my tears falling thicker and thicker,  
covering the silksoft lichen.  
An inner suffering  
rides upon waves  
into the east,  
marking my warm body,  
and grasshoppers flock  
into the silent aeons,  
dispersing the light  
at the final moment of rest...  
And for some time yet to come,  
its face unchanging  
in golden waves, there will be  
grass, growing in the east.

*Bankok*

## BEAUTY, DOZING

To touch the silvern collar  
of the beauty, dozing,  
was my eternal desire,  
and my own silver verses  
lit the way like a candle.  
My own dear love herself  
had fashioned the portentous evening moon,  
and, moved by the moment,  
I offered a joyful candle,  
an ancient prayer, to the Buddha,  
while silence filled the spaces  
between joyful leaves.  
But still more desires  
pain the shameless vagrant...  
I touch the silvern neck  
of the beauty, dozing,  
but my eternal desire stays unfulfilled.  
I touch her lips...

THE SKYBLUE OCEAN  
(from *The Book of India*)

How can I forget your skyblue ocean?  
How can I forget the silent and beautiful Buddha?  
How can I forget the eyes of melancholy stones?  
How can I forget the unshod Tamils?  
How can I forget a temple with a golden roof?  
How can I forget the love of small children, holding out their hands?  
How can I forget the girls with their callouses and shining eyes?  
How can I forget sneaking a look at their naked breasts?  
How can I forget what I saw in the raging velvet of the blue ocean?  
How can I forget the huge white elephants, their legs in chains?  
How can I forget enjoying the milk from split coconuts?  
How can I forget a life in the glance of a single elder sister?  
How can I forget the skyblue ocean?  
How can I forget the fishing boats, fading away into white?  
How can I forget the thought of spending my life with them in song?  
How can I forget pouring water by the round moon, o goddess, yearning to reach

you?

## MY GENTLE INDIA

Give up your callouses, India,  
give up your gold and precious stones,  
wipe the mark on your forehead,  
and keep your shining vision.  
Briefly fix your oceans,  
and do not let your lime trees wither.  
I want to hold you, naked.  
I want to press the folds of your gown to my face.  
I want to listen to how your heart beats.  
I want to taste your lips alone.  
I want to stroke your womb, which bore Tagore.  
I want to dip my pen in the tears of the Taj Mahal.  
I want to remember you, to love you as divine.  
I want to lose patience, to stir up a storm on the ocean waves.  
Give up your ornaments, my dear one,  
look at me in silence, my India.  
When the moon rises in the east,  
may it be, Lord Buddha, as though you are surging.  
When its majesty declines,  
may it be, o Heaven, as though you are wild.  
And o my gentle India,  
give up your golden callouses...

*The Bay of Bengal*

## THE LEAVES ARE TWISTED

The leaves are red,  
and they are twisted in the wind,  
but to think of their mothers, the precious trees,  
gives them most happiness...

The petals are frayed,  
upset by the hail,  
but to dream of their swaying stalks  
gives them most pleasure...

The Buddhas are distressed,  
they make the people angry,  
but the ancient universe  
is their clearest meditation...

The magic golden brush of the sun  
opens my eyes every morning.  
The Buddha has finished drawing,  
he flushes my face  
with a special honor,  
as though looking at the world with compassion.  
Mankind is older by a day,  
the flowers wither, their desires unrealised.  
But every morning I take in my hand  
more precious than anything,  
the key which opens the inner heavens,  
and I cast it aside when evening comes.

## THE ONE

As I sit, suffering with the autumn grasses,  
there is someone leaving me.  
I said I would abandon my dreadful suffering.  
I would forget that person, but I could not forget.  
The one who had walked with me down the path of Heaven.  
The one who had been my friend in the land of Heaven.  
The one who had been my protector among savages.  
The one who had been the eastern grasses.  
The one who had gone back earlier than I had hoped.  
I have no friend other than the moon.

## EVERY DAY

How every day can the bright sun dawn  
without growing weary of us?  
And, every day, how can it bear  
the pleasure of our mad lion minds?  
It is a bluesky, timeless thought.  
It is a mindless, skyblue tenderness.  
It thrills with hope, each day,  
the bright gold sun.  
It is for us a bouquet of wonderful secrets.  
But when we might come upon it...

## THE FLOW OF THE WORLD RIVER

Notwithstanding  
the flow of the world river,  
notwithstanding  
the emptiness under the monk's hat,  
in whom can I place my hope now?

Notwithstanding  
the mists of the ancient universe,  
notwithstanding  
the eyes of the Buddha,  
why should I hope to return?

Notwithstanding  
the numbers of the heavenly stars,  
notwithstanding  
this universe,  
whom can I hope will come?

## DESIRE

The women are changed  
into flaxen grasses.  
Out comes the moon, and  
sweet memories awaken in them.  
Their fragrant red lips  
still bear dew,  
cast unrestrained  
at the golden sun's kiss.  
So it was when they were human.  
But the lovely girls  
have not altered their desires,  
they honor them.  
But when I offer  
brush and paper to heaven,  
I desire the dark winds  
to cause the grasses and the girls to fade.

## SEARCHING

I got lost as I searched far afield  
for the silver steps which lead to you.  
I did not know that you were waiting,  
all around me, in your thousands and thousands.  
Many a year I spent looking for you.  
As I moved through the far distance I thought about you.  
Eternally blue,  
the shining Buddha was a companion to me,  
was a friend to my mistaken mind,  
and, in love and in forgiveness, a crutch for me  
was the moon, my dearest lover.  
And now, I will put them aside  
like a raincoat,  
or else I will set off  
into the habitual blue.

## QUESTIONS

With which hand will you correct  
this idea of *the pure universe*?

When will you enjoy  
sucking out our human purity?

You Buddhas, with so many hands,  
you whisper quite silently.

Did you suffer, as you waited for our education,  
as we forgot the language of your saving hearts?

## AUTUMN

When will you set down without a word  
the memories of ancient springtime?  
You have long been poking my heart,  
painlessly, with your feathery quills.  
The huge, clear moon...  
The uncertain flight of white clouds...  
Wood grubs, crossing the water...  
Simple eyes, with their long eyebrows...  
And, at that precious moment,  
the magic of words escaped me.  
I couldn't find the handle  
on the ever-shining door.  
I searched in vain in books  
for the candle's yellow flame,  
and grasshoppers came flying,  
a rasping in their wake.

## MEMORY

It was something I took, unthinking,  
from the cold ears of the hare in the moon.  
Once I had given it to him,  
the poet stopped using the term “charming.”

Because tomorrow had a chilly melody,  
I chose to hide my schoolfriends in the warmth.  
The warm ears of the hare in the moon  
brushed against my love closer than the silver world.

## SOMEONE WITH A GENTLE GLANCE

The sadness of grasses,  
brings continual sadness.  
Another man  
has brought me low.

To make the Buddha sad,  
brings continual sadness.  
And yet another man  
has brought me low.

To make the east sad  
brings continual sadness.  
Another of these vicious men  
has brought me low.

Someone with a gentle glance.  
*It's only me...*

## YOUR LIPS

Every morning, strangely attractive,  
you paint your lips,  
you would have them be the image  
of the red sun's rays.

But oh, I will give up waiting for my desire,  
traveling here to steal a look,  
the beauty in your face is known to the wind  
and the beauty in your heart divine.

Perhaps love insults her,  
perhaps life deceives her,  
only delay your lips...

## EVERY DAY

I rescue myself from myself.  
Every day I rescue myself.  
At every moment I rescue myself.  
In every second of my life  
I rescue myself from myself.  
I seek the respect of Heaven.

## A PEACEFUL EMPTINESS

The books I read,  
a peaceful emptiness.  
My sparring friends,  
a peaceful emptiness.

The music I play,  
a peaceful emptiness.  
My harmful enemies,  
a peaceful emptiness.

The prayers I spread around,  
a peaceful emptiness.  
The damage I receive,  
a peaceful emptiness...

## THE IMAGE

On the mountain's southern slope,  
an image of my teacher the Buddha,  
made from white stones  
on the clear surface of the river's flow,  
gently smiles.  
But, unusually, from between his lips,  
beautiful girls keep popping out,  
setting off the sound of love.

I found an eye on my palm.  
And now, oh,  
I have stopped looking at the sky.

I found the sun on my eyelid.  
And now, oh,  
I have stopped looking at myself.

## SPRING

In town,  
the red deer hazily steps.  
I took it, and placed it in a frame,  
with the distant snow mountains, and with the sky.  
Tears took birth in the valleys,  
followed it for some time after.

We do not come close to the moon now,  
we worship the light,  
we do not change our simple pleasures.  
We do not come close to the moon.

We do not honor the moon now,  
we feel the melody,  
we do not wipe away our false desires.  
We do not honor the moon.

We are not distracted by the moon now,  
we bow like a monk  
to the candle's warm light.  
We are not distracted by the moon.

## MY SILVER SOUL, STARING

Kindly I place my hand  
on the shoulder of impermanence.  
Happily I am conversing  
with my silver soul, staring.  
My heart shakes, just a little,  
but carefully holds my memories in its hands...  
My intuition was somewhat abandoned,  
but my poems holds the scent of the shining sun...  
How will the Buddhas perceive my hesitation  
in the face of change, if they are not insensitive?  
How will people consider my doubt  
in the face of exhaustion, if they are not in pain?  
My silver soul, staring,  
for a long, long time...

I close my eyes.  
The clouds are moving,  
a clear white gleaming.  
I close my eyes.

I close my ears.  
Brushing against the rainbow sky,  
clear and enticing sounds.  
I close my ears.

I restrain my mind,  
The prayers offered by the flowers  
seem strangely clear.  
I restrain my mind.

My shining contemplation  
is right for you...  
Shall I hold you to my clear breast...?

## IN THE LAND OF GOLDEN PRAYER

A knock at the fine door  
of the land of golden prayer,  
and this, this was the hand  
of my pure desire.  
I took my hat and polished my shoes,  
I came to you a fine man.  
But the bright door opened suddenly,  
I lit a lamp in this familiar abode  
with my simple verse...  
I stuck a match  
into the lotus of a flickering candle...  
You still had three cups...  
It was the homeland  
which I will forever enjoy...

## PEARL

The hidden path of heavenly bodies  
is clear, but it is secret,  
it exists but doesn't exist.  
Here it is a pale yellow,  
a bright line into the far distance.  
The Buddhas come along this path,  
descending with a flutter of robes.  
This path offers no way back,  
but those who are beyond us have dispersed,  
and our world is cleared away...  
The pure heart of the meditator  
is a small pearl, hidden.

## THE MEDITATOR'S SONG

Up in my roof, repairing their nests,  
the choughs were screeching.  
And then, protected by their deels,  
they floated into the great blue overhead.

My friend, hungover, pressed me by phone  
to return home from the road to Shambhala.  
And then, wearing their houseshoes,  
the Buddhas flew into the heavenly lowlands.

I looked sadly through the window at the sun,  
I locked up my wisdom like the temple doors.  
But then I glanced warmly at my shoes,  
they were covered in the dust of yesterday.

## MY SONG TO THE GRASS

The sun-yellow grasses  
bow down, as though gently  
praying, *We will come to you.*  
How will you meet with the Buddha?  
Or will you grasp that great image,  
the golden secret transformation  
of people into grass...?  
One thing we lack,  
to sense your language.  
One power we lack,  
to create your land.  
One day, one day...  
We will live for just a while  
with our simple understanding.

## THE SONG OF HUMAN BIRTH

The gleaming of Heaven,  
and my own simple gleaming,  
have a similar brightness,  
the same magic.

This dear friend of mine  
shines crystalline red,  
but I am something other...

I will never stop shaking from my shoulders  
the world's many garments,  
and poetry is preparing to return,  
rustling on the yellow leaves.

*You will certainly be born a human,*  
a secret voice  
beating against my brain,  
*until you rise forever from this scornful world.*

## INTIMATELY

While the elders trust that  
to love others more than you love yourself  
is a higher pleasure,  
dearly I love  
the simple poets.

And until I come home, I will trust that  
to kneel, not to the Haan, but to my lover  
is the highest pleasure.  
Divinely I love  
the crazy poets.

And until I return, I will trust that  
to put my faith in wine more than in the Buddha  
is the pleasure of existence.  
Intimately I love  
the ordinary poets.

## I PLACE MY HOPE IN THE BUDDHA ALONE

A flock of red robes  
flutters right and left.  
The world is waiting for the last days.  
Light touches my indistinct gaze, and  
the fire reawakens, doused in my heart,  
turns my face red.  
In the blistering cold, the wretch's gaze  
can barely hide his suffering.  
The heavenly calendar is malign,  
and Heaven's wise pleasure elusive.  
Now I put my trust in the glory of the heart...  
Now I place my hope in the Buddha alone...  
A flock of red robes  
flutters in this world,  
but in the final moment, this single tear  
shed for me will multiply...

*Stockholm*

## AT THIS MOMENT

At this moment, how will the vast door  
be opened by my wisdom?

At this instant, how will the threshold of nonduality  
be opened by my vision?

At such a point, how will the silver divinity  
be opened by my understanding?

And, oh, at this moment, how will the condition  
be opened by my wisdom...?

## MISTS

I cannot say  
when the mists might break apart  
with news of you,  
and I realise they might never break apart.

Mists...

mists in layers...

The more I know that you are well,  
the more I am shot through with desire.

I desire to reach beyond,  
as to a needle of silver.

But...my comfort is away,  
past the mists, and  
certainly there is nobody there.

This beautiful news of you has cut through my sugared heart,  
how amazing that a pearl has grown within my breast.

Oh, pale mists,  
my happiness.

## WHILE I WAS WATCHING

While I was watching,  
a strangely bright man  
arose from where you were, but  
where he went I do not know,  
and I felt deeply  
that he would never return.

While I was watching,  
a strange Buddha of light  
lifted from your body, but  
where he had been I do not know,  
and this man of love  
felt for you a sudden affection.

While I was watching,  
a strange, crystal fish  
fell from your eyes,  
shed light upon you, whom I know so well,  
and then I suddenly noticed  
that this was a mantra.

While I was watching,  
a strange golden filigree  
fell away from your palms,  
and the spirit of the earth  
leapt forward and swept it away.  
But while you were watching...

## SONG OF THE GOLDEN SUN

I sit cross-legged like a lotus flower,  
and raise my eyebrows and my eyes to Buddhahood.  
I sit, focussed on my meditation.  
Nearby, abandoned and without desire,  
the warm gods of life have made me better.  
As always, a simple, clear glance,  
as though bright life has returned.  
A symbol of perfection,  
the third eye forms a triangle, but  
seems not to overwhelm me with distress...  
Am I the visitor of the golden sun,  
so much distress?  
How shall I now  
remake myself as quite another man?  
If only a golden cord would fall down to me, exhausted,  
and lead me forward.  
If only life would grasp me hard,  
I, who have ignored golden Heaven,  
and bend forward,  
and draw me, exhausted, onwards.

## BEFORE THE SWORD

I would lie, gazing at the familiar blue sky,  
and think  
how I have no precious door  
to be reopened.  
From where within me  
did there flash  
a powerful and pure light,  
as though reaching the Buddha,  
as though penetrating Shambala?  
Beautiful,  
how I opened my door,  
but your cavalier sword  
chopped through  
my moonclear mandala,  
and where now shall I go?  
You are slowly pulling from my trunk  
the red leaves of past autumns.

## A SKETCH

On White Stupa Hill,  
a man is sitting in a red shirt.  
Around him,  
the blue blue waves  
of the powerful ocean  
splash and splash the blue waters.  
The heavy heavy steps  
of dinosaurs  
are trampling left and right.  
The wormwood steppe has forgotten  
how it covered with peace so many eons,  
and the poet, in his red shirt,  
like the melody  
which is the fear of peace,  
doesn't hear it...  
And White Stupa Hill,  
like the sadness of leaving eternal peace behind...  
Ah yes,  
the one in the red shirt,  
it's my brother Urianhai...

*There is a lovely place in Dorngovi aimag named White Stupa.*

## OVER THERE

Over there, against the backdrop of the lightening dawn,  
smoke is twisting out from the gers.

Over there, to the sound of clanking stirrups,  
a flock of rooks start upwards.

Over there, an offering scarf snatches the smoke,  
and fades in the wind around the roofring.

Over there, dark-skinned men  
have been talking for some time, indistinctly.

Over there, from tea made with fermented milk  
a warm steam is billowing up.

Over there, the lotus left behind in a small bowl  
sticks out like a black flower.

Over there, caught on a willow rafter,  
a felt fox is fading.

Over there, where the Buddha's framed in wood,  
the sunlight is gleaming.

Over there...

## SONG OF THE BUDDHAS

Chiselled  
onto solid stone or  
white marble  
by the unmoving wind of time:  
eternity is easy to find.  
The pattern is chosen  
for its elegant thread,  
embroidered with great skill  
onto expensive silk:  
a place of honor is easy to hold –  
and it's easy to possess the golden world.  
But it's not easy to hold a solitary person,  
nor a melancholy mind:  
there's no frontier to force, and  
the one-time-only option doesn't ease eternity.  
It's a fragile fortress,  
its ownership inequitable, and  
it has no garden to rest in, and  
its eyes are stained with fear....  
Oh, but  
there stands my golden temple.  
Oh....

## SORROW

I have come crawling to you,  
through arrogance and sudden drops in temperature,  
through the colors of the world and  
through the suppression of dreams.  
I want to love you  
with the kind of sweet affection  
that can dwell only in a human being.  
In my heart I mourn one thing,  
that I've not been able to love another.  
I regret I'm not a swallow on the wild steppe,  
that I cannot soar to meet another.  
I want to love you, to  
open the eyes of cross-legged Buddhas.  
I've such a magic storm –  
I want to make a lily in the snow glance up.  
I've such a shining wind....  
I want to love you...but  
in the hazy smile of this moment  
I can't come close to you.  
In this cold glow of arrogance,  
I cannot come to you.  
I wanted only to love you....

## THE BLUE FRONTIER OF TRANSCENDENCE

I'll not go beyond the blue sky.  
A felt fox is following me in tears.  
Wishing prayers are following in tears.  
A blue, blue dungfire is following in tears.  
The rabbit in the moon overhead is following me in tears.  
The milk in the pan is following in tears.  
The scent of saffron is following me in tears.  
The galloping horse I so desire is following in tears.  
The strength of nomads is following in tears.  
Tearful eyes are following.  
I'll not go beyond the blue sky.  
Peace and tranquility are following me in tears.  
The lion who guards our coffers is following in tears.  
The brown earth is following in tears.  
My red blood is following in tears.  
The walls encircling me upon the dark green grass  
are following me in tears.  
I'll not go beyond the blue sky.  
I'd not go beyond the blue east,  
for it is my eternal blue pavilion....  
I'll not go beyond the blue sky,  
for it is my blue frontier of transcendence....

## SPIRIT OF SADNESS

There is a spirit  
in the sky above.  
He has found pleasure  
in the shining nakedness of people.  
He has found pleasure  
in the full moon's striation.  
He has found pleasure  
in the grasses' changing colors.  
He has found pleasure  
in the fortune of the generations.  
He has found pleasure  
in the rising again of the sun.  
He has found pleasure  
in the volcano amid the peaceful blue.  
And oh there is a great spirit of sadness.  
He is irritated  
by the oceans' calm.  
He is irritated  
by the flowers' sedate poise and slow growth.  
He is irritated  
by the unblinking eyes of a thousand Buddhas.  
He is irritated  
by the steppe's gloom and by the barren wolf.  
He is irritated when the golden stars take time to glimmer.  
He is irritated when eyes fail to tear.  
And oh,  
he is irritated when the earth turns and turns.  
In the deep blue overhead  
there is a spirit  
like the one at my core.

## TO A PUPPY

A fine white cloud, moving wearily  
this side of the rising sun,  
for the both of us  
is happiness, my vagabond  
puppy, is pain...  
I am watching my child smiling,  
a heart split from a gentle heart  
a fragment of my own dear flesh.  
Beneath the moon's sphere,  
like a wall you are lying around me  
and dozing, pups  
pounding your teats.  
And for the two of us alone,  
there will be joy and suffering.  
Such a landscape  
bears us both,  
my vagabond breeze...  
Today I am a man, but you are a dog.  
They will place my bones in the earth,  
the autumn winds will quite tangle my hair,  
and will repair my soul  
in the fortress of heaven.  
We are both alike,  
in my house of rock,  
the two of us...

## AT THE DOOR OF THE SKYTENT

At the door of the skytent,  
holding a golden lantern,  
by the light of my golden lantern, I can see  
that the old ones are coming,  
mounted on high upon white clouds.  
A gentle creature, smelling still of milk  
is coming, wading through the milky ocean.  
Through tantric practise and endless recitation,  
a monk has shrunk his body, small as an elbow, and  
he's coming, flying cross-legged.  
The door of the skytent  
swings quietly open....  
Twenty-one young girls, their eyes all-seeing and clear,  
are coming into the Buddha's presence.  
The pure of heart, free of sorrow,  
free now from the world,  
have thrown the door wide and stand amazed.  
A child comes to her mother, and  
a mother comes to her child, and  
they go seeking the profundity they lack.  
The door of the skytent  
swings quietly open....  
And every time that door swings quietly open,  
it steals a count of breaths  
from life's red bulb.  
Gold and silver fishes,  
impermanent, seem permanent  
inside.  
They are content in their own way.  
at the door of the skytent,  
holding a golden lantern....

## IN DARIGANGA

This spring,  
I visited the glass mountains  
on the steppe, smelling of fire.  
This spring,  
I took a golden photograph  
of my little son, smelling of horses.  
This spring,  
I was thrilled by the moon, silver  
over Golden Hill, everlasting.  
This spring,  
I gently stroked with my hand  
the ice upon Lake Ganga.  
This spring, I  
placed a kiss at ancient Dariganga.

## HEADING OFF

Whatever your talents, please  
just fall, sprawling off into the juniper.  
Whatever the earth does, please  
just fall off into the juniper.  
Whatever wears you out, please  
just fall off into the juniper.

## MEND-OOYO

Like a candle lit in the moonlight,  
the gentle poet Mend-Ooyo  
walks, unhurriedly,  
among the yellow yellow pasque flowers.  
The blue blue beans  
are round like blue pearls,  
and he comes walking,  
skirting the scattered juniper.  
The eight shargas come trotting.  
Ten foot pines are swaying on the ridge.  
A special vehicle struggles, unceasingly,  
from Otgontenger to the mountains on the distant steppe.  
The mountain of Altan Dari prays beneath the moon.  
The brilliance of relics is placed in a stupa...  
A meeting, three centuries away,  
in three steps lights up the space of his mind.  
One vast, white mountain,  
they say it's Ochirvani,  
flashes a little further away.  
A distant cloud,  
they say it's from Altan Ovoo  
moves a little closer.  
Like a candle lit in the moonlight,  
the gentle poet Mend-Ooyo  
walks, unhurriedly,  
among the yellow yellow pasque flowers.

## THE SONG OF LOPONCHENPO RAVJAA

Their knives are not inside their sleeves,  
but wrapped carefully in offering scarves,  
and the whole family stares as a thousand horsemen  
ride around the hitching-post,  
all heading in one direction,  
all galloping as one.

Their eyes avoid  
the Gobi's gentle yellow sun,  
the blue hills lurk nearby,  
among the shrubs and bushes,  
the wild leek's white hair  
flutters as though thrashed,  
and the serpentine clouds  
split apart as though cursed.

A thousand horsemen  
swarm to the place as the holy man instructed,  
pile together a thousand knives,  
here in the eastern desert.

The ironsmiths run in, weeping,  
the bellows are hard to work, they light  
a thousand knives, they weep...melt...flow,  
pouring down their broad shoulders,  
their lips and noses,  
their broad foreheads...

For a thousand years I have avoided  
the slaughter of men with knives  
preferring the slaughter of sheep.  
They rode to the holy man's instruction,  
they were legless on hard liquor,  
and they brought to life the great Buddha of knives.  
They say his eyes unceasingly  
guard an area to the east.

Grasshoppers  
through the Gobi, and  
white clouds  
gently moving...

The families, amazed,  
are peaceful upon the steppe,  
and the horsemen are galloping,  
singing out greetings.

These dear ones  
have gathered the knives  
to create a Buddha,  
they are scared  
to greet the world.

## A SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART

The horse's head on the ovoo turns white,  
turns really white,  
like nothing's happened in the world....  
Like finding peace,  
like the stillness of stallions,  
the horse's head turns white.  
This divine creature  
threw back his head.  
This dumb creature  
forgot to neigh.  
Mark his golden skull with the words:  
"Gone away."  
Oh...  
A spring haze hangs like washing.  
He's jogging, whinnying, his mind's gone this way,  
his raging pounding pounding  
heart's gone that way.  
The world's left him  
empty.  
Just like it's left me,  
left me....  
Just as my golden conscience,  
which inscribed this destiny of mine,  
goes this way.  
Just as my tender heart,  
which pursued that gentle love of mine,  
has left me behind, so  
the one I loved goes that way,  
scattering my songs and my tears.  
The tips of the grasses,  
brown swaying on my homeland steppe,  
whistle their agitation,  
that the one who's passed is forgotten,  
poor thing....  
The horse's head upon the ovoo, and  
the moon turns white over the lonely hills.

## A VERY BIG, WHITE ELEPHANT

A very big, white elephant  
has passed through the world.  
He's left with the calmness  
of the mighty ocean.  
He's left, uprooting  
the serenity of the earth.  
He's left, shaking  
dew from the topmost leaves.  
He's returned, disturbing the sun gods.  
He's left, commandeering  
golden temples, shining with blood.  
He's left, waking  
grey peaks under snow.  
He's left, shutting the eyes of the mighty.  
He's returned, shaking East and West.  
A very big, white elephant  
has passed through the world.  
A very big, white elephant....