

ALONG THE YANG-TZE:

A few reflections on an ancient river

With bottle of wine

I float through rivers of time

past willows and plum blossoms falling q

racefully towards the sea

History here seems deep

and even though the silt is thick

waters flow on:

beings are mere blips.

Gazing at the Yang-Tze the river seems to speak

through shades of viridian, emerald, and green

For a while I ignore the smokestacks - drifting,
drifting, drifting ... Yang-tze ... see ... dizzy ..

... sea ...