

Mishima

The ice flows in the Summer garden
And each idea is beheaded like a flower
Narcissus did not die nor was he dreamed
O Abbess! He had not begun
And aged wisdom? Standing like a fool
Through broken mirrors of his own ideas
We also come by force and are wounded,
Give us therefore the fruits of your earth
That the blinding sun of death
Is illuminated in triumph,
Tutelary genius
The ice cracks in cementing floes
Splitting the known universe
Know and not know,

Farewel.