SEPT. 16, 1961, POEM

How awfully sad I felt thinking of my sleeping mother in her bed
that she’ll die someday
tho she herself says “death is nothing to worry about,
from this life we start to another”
How awfully sad I felt anyway —
That have no wine to make me forget my rotting teeth is bad enough
but that my whole body is rotting and my mother’s body is rotting
towards death, it’s all so insanely sad.
I went outside in the pure dawn: but why should I be glad about
a dawn
that dawns on another rumor of war,
and why should I be sad: isn’t the air at least pure and fresh?
I looked at the flowers on the bush: one of them had fallen: another was just bloomed open: neither of them were sad or glad.
I suddenly realized all things just come and go
including any feeling of sadness: that too will go:
sad today glad tomorrow: somber today drunk tomorrow:
why fret
so much?

Everybody in the world has flaws just like me.