

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: isnt 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.