THE THRASHING DOVES

In the back of the dark Chinese store
   in a wooden jailhouse bibbet box
   with dust of hay on the floor, rice
   where the rice bags are leaned,
   beyond the doomed peekokoos in the box cage

All the little doves'll die.
   As well as the Peekotoos—eels
   —they'll bend chickens' necks back
   over barrels and slice at Samsara
   the world of eternal suffering with silver blades as thin as the ice in Peking

As thick & penetrable as the Wall of China
   the rice darkness of that store, beans,
   tea, boxes of dried fish, doodlebones,
   pieces of sea-weed, dry, pieces of eight,
   all the balloon of the shroud on the floor

And the lights from little tinkly Washington St.
   Behung, dim, opium pipes and gong wars,
   Tong, the rice and the card game—and
   Tibbet de tibbet the tink tink tink
   them Chinese cooks do in the kitchen
Jazz