

## *The Japanese Mask Re-Viewed*

His sharp eye saw at once —  
The lines across the creature's forehead  
Showed how tiring it was to be wicked.

At greater length, myself  
Admired the creature for its restless line  
And steadiness of purpose,  
Unlike the painted paper spectres  
Of self-affrighting poetasters.

Some truth in both, perhaps.  
But Brecht's is lasting longer,  
As one can see now, growing older,  
More tired, more lines across the face,  
And reading poetry less.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## *Sun*

(translation of J. J. Celly, *Le Dialogue des Sourds*)

Those who have keen sight  
Who look across the sea, across eternity  
Pretend that vision is for everyone.

But the blind man  
Has only touched with the tip of his cane,  
Has only sensed the end of night.

We are like him.  
We live side by side, close to earth,  
And flower boredom.  
The pattern of our days forces us to see  
How far the edge of despair carries.

The sun  
Is an orange bruised on the face of God.

MARGUERITE EDMONDS