

Celadon Charger (China) 458

ALICE PERO

The dragon lies
under a sky filled with clouds
You are wondering how
you can drink broth
so near
his sleeping fire

As pure as moon
shining in darkest night
You will never be filled
with plums, roses
Hands barely touch
Simple droplets fall
that turn to a clear broth
distilled from thought
somewhere near
Words form
like tiny rice kernels
swelling

BILLIE DEE

Celadon Charger

A morning fog
mutes all the greens to celadon:

each damp blade of grass, the dripping
needles of an ancient black pine,

the moss-covered headstone
of my first love.