



Sandy McCord

Risk

(after Motoyoshi Shinno and Hokusai)

I don't care anymore, I am in hell
without you. Come to where the stakes
measure tides in the harbor. Hide
behind your fan and I will wear disguise,
not gauging danger, even if, in Naniwa Bay,
I lose my face, my name, my life.

Risk II.

Come away from the wall, out
from the shadow of your DNA.
Bone might bruise and speed will sting
your eyes, at first, but soon you will see
paths veining the land, every one of them

pulsing their traffic toward the heart.

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Angels

(after Sojo Henjo and Hojusai)

You sweet angels who fly only cloudless skies,
sweet daughters who dance for the harvest,
who honor the emperor with your grace and form,
do not hurry your performance, let us look
longer. See, the winds have closed your way
back to heaven, and you must linger.

Angels II.

My cherished son, my myriad sons,
you change and multiply with the turning
of a page. A babe who smells like kittens,
a kid who catapults toys to oblivion, a mosh pit
king, a groom struck dumb by his bride,
you are all of them, and always new.

Sandy McCord's poems have appeared in *The Chaffin*, *Cider Press Review*, *Plainsongs*, *Tiger's Eye* and elsewhere. Her chapbook *Dragon Well* appeared in 2010. These poems are inspired by *Hokusai*, *The One Hundred Poets*, edited by Peter Morse, which collects poems from the 13th century collection of Japanese poems called *Hyakunin issyu* and the prints that Hokusai, four centuries later, made, based on that collection, in his old age.

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