

*and earning money in the race
I could have made merry the madcap of gambling
and so be'
Or else, being born a goat I could have grazed and grown
and sold as hot meat;
Or else, as an elephant blessing with my trunk
and getting money for the mahout;
Or as a bull, eating off the straw and pulling along the cart;
Or as a monkey performing tricks and gymnastics
and collecting coins.
Having been born a human-being, going insane-
cheating, swindling,
decaying, disintegrating-
Oh damn it _
How I wish to have a tail....*

4) PEACE PERSONIFIED (□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□)

*Holding one end in a proper grip
I manage to bring the milk-packet.
The White-Liquid
reminding my palms of the pleasant chillness
tried to divert my attention.
With the wicked mind surfacing-
placing it softly upon the wooden plank of the swing
pouring water and swirling it by way of washing
the wickedness of thin water
turning sticky in the hands-
I was about to let slip
the round bowl.
The wooden plank, with its wickedness
jerking away the hand
I managed to hold the packet that was about to fall.
While lifting it and carefully cutting one end with the scissors
and pouring it,*

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