IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE VISIT
OF FOREIGN COMMERCIAL REPRESENTATIVES
TO JAPAN
In Commemoration of the Visit of Foreign Commercial Representatives to Japan, 1947

for Robert Glück

KF
Toro Hatcho, “one of the most picturesque pools in Japan” (Wakayama Prefecture)

I am taken on a boat just wide enough for myself and the boatman, unless we should encounter your party at one of the crossways. Then I would wave to you, hoping to separate you from commerce and modernity, indicating another seat in
the boat. Can you feel a drifting like sleep, re-shaping the first idea we were given when they sent us here? While I am not alarmed, I wish to compare these recent days, and the views of water so amply restored to each morning’s rising. A certain formality beckons and forbids.

Blue shines up, from between the rafts. I watch the backs of the
pole-men pushing their load to the next town. They call out to my boatman, wave a fish and laugh and beckon to us. Their bare toes curve with the wood.

No buildings, for miles now. Only shoals of rock and sharply dropping embankments, leading in no direction I recognize. I look back, thinking of our first meeting and the later dream
where you were a woman and I was a man. Now that we have exchanged boundaries and blood types, it is easier. If I do not see you at the impasse, I will understand your message and return to the hotel lobby.
TORO HATCHO, one of the most picturesque pools in Japan (Wakayama Prefecture).
Nijubashi, the famous double arch bridge, the gateway to the Imperial Palace.
The Visit

for Kathleen Fraser

RG
5. River, ocean, lake, tidal pool. Everything is a hinge. The traveler incorporates change by looking at it with gratitude. Everything is a low inland sea, or a mountain if he looks at one. The present shapes his story, is the sound of crickets after rain—his ear is the result of that vibration.

A pale arrow of trunks from the ideal shoots downstream into the world. Some spatial opti-
mism, a bend in the river onwards involving fearless men and white reflections of brown cliffs, as though truth were clear seeing. I take for granted that the image betrays me, that their children died in the war. Whatever I think is the diminutive of what I think. The fish are disturbed (like mental patients). The miller sleeps under a bridge. The photographers are wrong. The travelers are disturbed, tireless, salty, empty.
The city is tireless, killed in the war....