

philanthropy from a cardboard box + a detour to Han-shan

by strannikov

philanthropy corrugated with smirks
printed on every cardboard box and room
each cardboard house with every cardboard door.

(cardboard comes in many grades, we recall,
what's made today can be sturdy and stiff:
the printed smirks point to where the doors go.)

portable cardboard houses are sturdy
conferring portable charm when winds blow
leaving little ash from any rude match.

"billions for millions!" philanthropies claim:
when did philanthropies become so lame?

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detour to Han-shan

unmarked, this highway to Han-shan's hangout,
not one track of hoof or wheel,
mountains crowd each other, paths curl right and left,
ridges lining ridges into the air,
a thousand grasses steeped in dew,
clumps of pine strummed by the wind—
now you find you are on no path:
ask your shadow "where are we now?"

