

POEMS

J O Y C E
S H I N T A N I

WORDS

I COULDN'T STOP

A COLLECTION

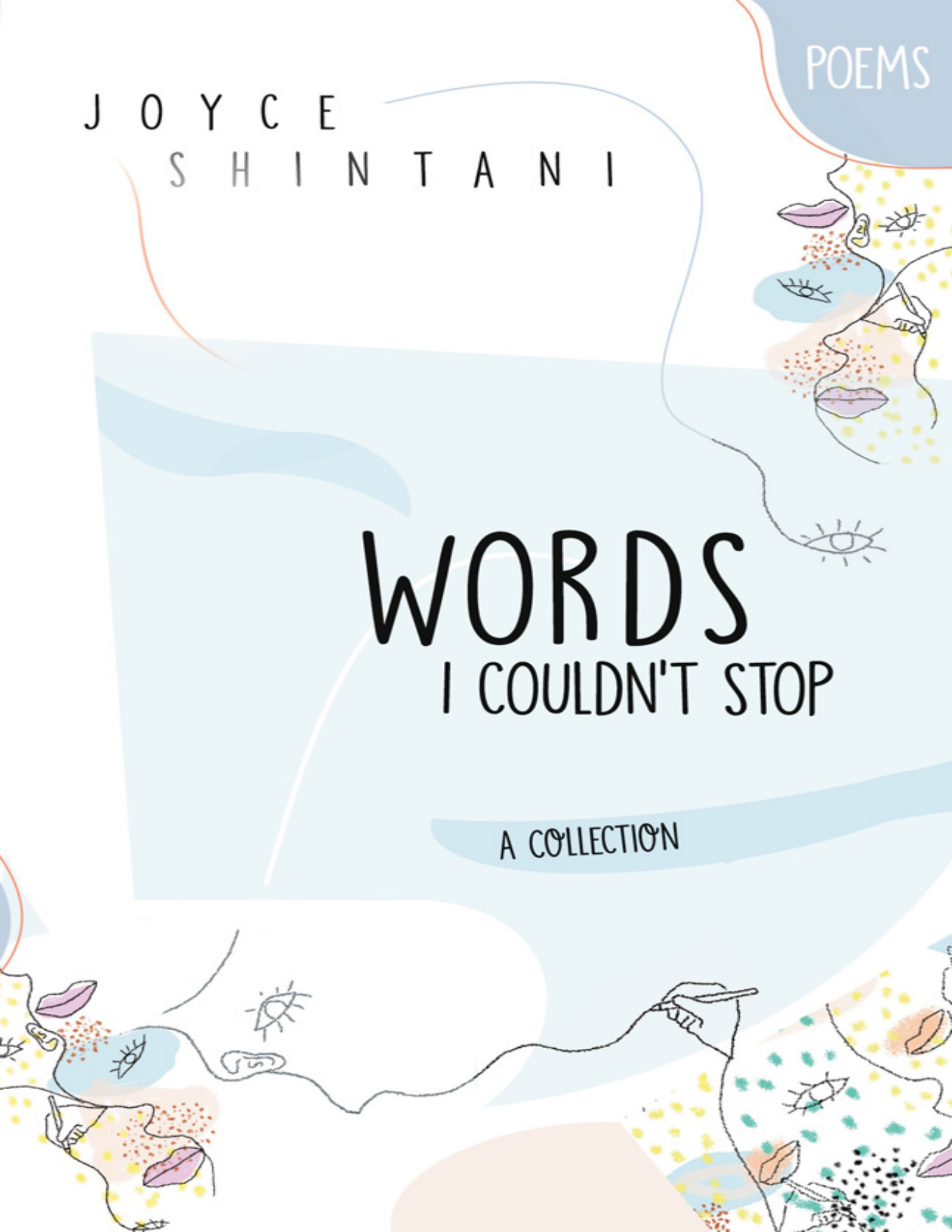


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1 Innocence

Attending

Shadow thing lurks inside
robbing breath and time;
 makes spring thrush envied sister,
 whispers stabs at night.

What hard thing beneath the breast?
cramping, sparking mine!
 Tight crumpled knot—
 whole galaxy—
 waits to feel
 unfurled.

Childhood

Lacerated innocence
black-boxed in pain
desperation insensate—
numbness the only surcease
from metal-toothed horror.

2 Flush of Life