

Anathallo, Hanasakajijii (One: The Angry Neighbor)

I, of wicked deeds, snarling mouth,
Wandered away. Wandered by.
I passed your house, had seen a mountain.
The riches. A metal taste in my mouth for
The riches. Asked a question, took the dog
To the yard, and where he snarled

I dug, pulling out the bites of snakes!
And slugs and bugs and slugs and bugs
And slugs and blah!
I dug, pulling out the broken rake.
Tar, shingles, knives with duller blades.

I took the wood,
Split it into two,
Made a bed for him.
Laid it in a line.

I dug, I rubbed,
A spark! A flame!

A sun born, waiting for the body.
Turn the embers, glowing.

And I could feel the eyes that hang
Above the fence,
Between the cracks.
The knowledge of the death, the death,
Uncovered where I buried it.

But he just kept pulling it out...

So I killed him.