



The Japanese Mask Re-Viewed

His sharp eye saw at once —
The lines across the creature's forehead
Showed how tiring it was to be wicked.

At greater length, myself
Admired the creature for its restless line
And steadiness of purpose,
Unlike the painted paper spectres
Of self-affrighting poetasters.

Some truth in both, perhaps.
But Brecht's is lasting longer,
As one can see now, growing older,
More tired, more lines across the face,
And reading poetry less.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Sun

(translation of J. J. Celly, *Le Dialogue des Sourds*)

Those who have keen sight
Who look across the sea, across eternity
Pretend that vision is for everyone.

But the blind man
Has only touched with the tip of his cane,
Has only sensed the end of night.

We are like him.
We live side by side, close to earth,
And flower boredom.
The pattern of our days forces us to see
How far the edge of despair carries.

The sun
Is an orange bruised on the face of God.

MARGUERITE EDMONDS