

Yuko Otomo

An excerpt from a nine part poem "Crossing Lines"
(for Sarah Sze)
Sept. 24, 2011

9. *Salt of the Earth*

salt of the earth
starts
to fall
on
us

as we kick
"Lights of America"

to cause

some
lightening.

shall I carry an umbrella?
shall I open my mouth
to say something?

being horizontal/vertical,

we all learn
to measure
our intensions
to see things
by observing *"Reality"*
in a slightly more
accurate mode.

Cactus; dead or alive.
Clay; burnt or raw.

a key here is
to keep some order
even in the most
destructive moments.