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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 intentions
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.