



Haibun for Kerouac N° 2*

We arrive at a Coyocan town over which the hazy blue Mountain rises...the World is fine and white like a beard of a patriarch in the Popocatepetl Sky—
...I look up in the sky & see that old ten thousand foot of hundred mile high mountain cliff with its enormous hazy blue palaces and temples where they have giant granite benches & tables for Giant Gods...And in the air, Ah the silence of that horror, I see flying winged horses with capes furling over their shoulders, the slow majestic pawing of their...hooves as they climb thru the air...Griffins they are!
and now I notice that the Flying Horses are constantly swirling over this town & around the cliff, swooping, flying, sometimes sweeping low, yet nobody looks up & bothers with them—I cant bring myself to believe that they are actually flying horses & I look & look but that's what they have to be, even when I see them in moon profile: horses pawing thru air, slow, slow, eerie griffin horror men-horses...swirling around the Eternal Mountain Temple...the natives... refuse to recognize the existence of that Terrible Swirl of Flying horses—
“Mien Mo,” I think, remembering the name of the Mountain in Burma they call the world,...on account of Himalayan secret horrors—The beating heart of the Giant Beast is up there,...but those Flying Horses are happy! how beautifully they claw slow fore hooves thru the void!—...I see a...horse motioning lyrically thru the moon with a cape furling from his infernal shoulders—...And the Flying Horses of Mien Mo are galloping with silent ease in the happy empty air way up there—...as the sun falls, but up there is all silence & the Giant Gods are up—...flying straight thru the rail of space...

From Mount Kailāśa
all the waters of the world
quench all thirsts alike.

I...was...deceived by Iron Irrealities in the Discriminated Lapless Dark of the
World...This is the food of the great sad dangerous water...peotl...
...in vast quiet the force of the sun is burning out, dusk birds sing-up through the
vast tree we see rays of gold, and smoke...as immense music plays slowly...the day is
done,... –This is the way the world will end, in rays, red, people watching, silent, tired–
...all the forms the Dharmakaya One–Essence assumes,
in...raving human dreams–
this raving human Dream
this world–

Weary of standing in Sky
I fall to earth as one
stricken with decay.

*All texts in Bell MT font are from Jack Kerouac's *Book of Dreams*, City Lights Books (1961),
Pages 17, 39, 64, 95, 130, 131, 180, 181 and 182.
The two haiku in Calibri font are by ©Pascual Delgado, February 5th 2016, and August 2006,
from my adaptation of *Hagoromo*, a No play by Seami (15th century).
Photograph of Mount Kailāśa, Tibet.