Hound

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Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.

So says Li Po (701-762)

according to Ezra Pound (1885-1972),

who called the Chinese poet a Japanese name,

Rihaku, and could not read Chinese in 1915,

the time of this translation. I read and write no
Chinese, nor Japanese, but I study

Kanji when I have spare time

(never happens). A Japanese system

of writing that utilizes characters

borrowed or adapted from Chinese writing:

Merriam Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary, Tenth Edition (1993), given
to me by my maternal grandparents when I graduated

from Northeast High School in Goose Lake, Iowa. I already owned a bible.

It was 1994 and bibles still had priority

over dictionaries, but Leo and Rosalie knew

I was college-bound. Rosalie still prays for me
every day. Leo rests in a Trappist

pine box six feet beneath the cold Iowa dirt

atop my favorite hill. It is a desolate castle—just the dead

and grass and stones. The sky there goes

as far as a sky can. A distance, wider than deserts,
grows between these words

and Leo’s lifeless eyes, closed in perpetual care.

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The tire’s vulcanized rubber blathers
over a potholed road
blocks away. Angry, old hounds
lick themselves, chained
to stakes in wholly ghost-filled backyards. The wheel's bay met
like kin
briefly before each tongue
resumes its wont.

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_The ant’s a centaur in his dragon world._
So says Ezra Pound (see above) according to _The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry_, Third Edition (2003), Canto LXXXI. Pound’s a centaur in the anthologized world. While he’s Rihaku in his Orientalized world. I’m the ant in his centaur world. Iowa is the home of my graveyard world. Leo is alive in those Iowa days. Rosalie resides in one of Westwing Place’s seventy-seven intermediate beds for long-term nursing care in DeWitt. With convenient access to all hospital services (such as radiology, laboratory, therapy, and emergency), she is a dragon in her daughters’ ant-days. The dictionary’s a bible in my dragon world. Poetry’s the centaur I ride through each page. I yell _Forward!_ and she turns her human-looking head over her human-looking shoulder to say _Truly,_

_Jeremy, I’m right here. No need to yell._
_Anyway, I canter where I want and carry you only as far as I desire. Don’t forget it._
But I always do. Close, my eyes. Ride that centaur into perpetuity.