

Poetry Series

**Sakura Tomoko**  
**- poems -**

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**Sakura Tomoko(5/12/94)**

# Cliche

woe to the mourners,  
and woe to myself,  
and woe to the sad poets  
for the overuse of such a word-  
so much to a point of platitudinous  
though surreal despair

Sakura Tomoko

# Elegy Of Ages

poets of centuries,  
their words ever so  
-eloquent  
whisper their lives  
which  
Result in catastrophe  
but preserve them forever  
-in elegy

Sakura Tomoko

# In Good Graces Of A Pedestal

What grace has left me, I cannot fathom to express; it is my curse, blessing and indubitably a pedestal. From atop this crest I see people wandering aimlessly not knowing how full and wide the world is without barriers, and I see myself, too- Trapped within the confines of my narrow perch, with the world as my view, and no way to attain flight.

Sakura Tomoko

# Kitsch Politics

Set upon golden hills would be a truce; not shining like a sun  
Not golden as a moon  
But bright as the stars-  
Distant forever till they are not, and by then far far  
Too late  
Oh far  
Too far  
Far far  
Writhing in agony for defense of savvy society in  
Swav-information as a garb for a gag  
Slung against the youth with such phrases as  
"dulcet" and "decorum est" what words  
Sing in dulcet tones and shriek  
In subterfuge that old lie that  
Would will the deaths of countless  
In vain attempt of peace  
Chaos is bound to be abound  
In attempts of peace  
Turned—unknowingly- to  
Plays for blood  
Imperialism, nationalism  
What springs from lies of nations?  
That which would spring from  
Cruel empires of yore,  
As the common turned to patriotism, so do they  
Turn to expatriates, their fundamentals  
Are corrupted in attempts to preserve very that  
By lies that would seek to use them-change- them  
For betterment of a proverbial totalitarian-  
With the face and mask of democracy

Sakura Tomoko

# Meant; Therefore; Cornered...

existential therefore empirical  
in a dark corner;  
to what ends we chase meaning

Sakura Tomoko

# Nothing Of Dire Consequence Unfortunately

four years  
and four minutes past  
half the hour and what do you  
get the past is a bandage  
as it was woven as time passed  
be it your eyes grey  
or my heart timid that would thrust  
beauty out of reach,  
with an obstacle so far rounded,  
that in the end I  
alone and you unaware forever  
separate, for as edges round  
they curve away from home and  
the beauty I pined once for and  
once shunned, the nature of cowardice  
is not rewarding, nor is the fruits of  
its procrastination

Sakura Tomoko



# Null

a leaky pipe sprung a leak before  
it became a leaky pipe,  
and then became its future, and thus  
current self,  
as a saint, never fornicate  
whilst the moon is in retrograde

Sakura Tomoko

# Once I Did Come Upon A Man

once I did come upon a man  
of short in stature  
but greater than  
As such man, would abhor  
so too nature, his talent  
implore

Sakura Tomoko

# Soil And Sky

Blossoming brush, dark sky  
And a torrential world between them;  
Both sit unmoving  
For all they know they are alone  
Any token they receive  
Of one another,  
Makes them question  
If being alone is really worse

Sakura Tomoko