

*Karma*

This is the ninth moon.

Fog rises in knots, with necessary pain.

A beggar believes in fortune,  
*Give me, give me.*

He follows a hand, a plume of smoke,  
a rope bridge

that shakes on its own.

In this life, suffering is nothing.  
I'll grant you a wish,

hungry ghosts –

statues that knock at my stone gate.