

## Sang Sung Sing Swang

There is nothing in this week but self cultivation  
self cultivation  
self cultivation.

There is nothing in that week but repirsal  
There is nothing in the far week but doom dials  
who filter froth  
but still unloose mounds  
whom quake small snide  
and writ through loth  
rosing fancies

Like cat eyes  
mixed with serpent peepers  
and these betwist those of a toad  
that swirl and drain become into watersprout  
pirouetting  
till shot is pink fire from this prance