

KAORU MARUYAMA

A RHINOCEROS AND A LION

A rhinoceros was running;
A lion was clinging to his back,
Biting.
Blood spouted up and, twisting his neck in agony,
The rhinoceros was looking at the sky.
The sky was blue and quiet.
The daytime moon floated in it.

It was a picture,
An accidental moment in a far country of jungles,
So the landscape was silent,
The two animals remained as they were.
Only in the stillness
The lion was, moment by moment, trying to kill;
The rhinoceros was, eternally, about to die.

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