

NATIVE LANGUAGE

In the middle of the dry season
A dewdrop appeared.
In the middle of a locust flight
A smile appeared.
In the middle of a spring flood
There was a high cliff.

Your heart is like a pigeon's wing,
Easily bruised.
Your mind is like a desert cactus,
Always has water.
If you choose to make the world bright
Then the world laughs at you.
If you choose to make the world dark
Then the world laughs at you.

You have one foot in Laredo
And one foot in the rest of the world.
You have ten arms and ten faces
And you offer your experience
Without getting depressed.
Since we know each other
I am totally honest.
I have nothing to say
But to extol your virtue
To everyone who will listen.
If I am a fool for saying this
Then we are fools together.
Your son is my son.

March 11, 1979
Austin, Texas

VROT/bt