

Hungry Ghost Panel

I believe the panel I was drawn to was in Sano, Tochigi. The chewy, silky noodles are ear-shaped and offer a year of luck after they are ingested. But viewers cannot see the noodle shape. An aroma of dashi bone broth fills the panel, though there is no way to draw that scent that utters a stomach grumble. My lips pucker in a whispering whistle, carving out the K-pop tune (“Dynamite” by BTS) booming from my airpods. I am the Mind of the udon snack shack. A hirsute hungry ghost is sketched on the far side of the linoleum counter. His desire observes my cooking

If hungry ghost is the hirsute mountain man

If hungry ghost is the cook

If hungry ghost is greed

If hungry ghost is observer, the artist, if hungry ghost is not the hirsute mountain man in the empty sky and udon cook for constellations and witnesses of burning forests

Long golden noodles in morning maple light, soaking, preparing to lead us home

Wolf look can't be lost

Water spider weaving into a Maidenhead Fern that has retreated to where the dead have fallen

See the garden around skulls, skeletons

Sea gardens growing on them, *as* them

Shade of galloping boughs shouldered by wind, shadowed

Traversing the universe

As a fable of this Mind

Our udon shake-shack Mind

There is one arachnid crafting us for dinner

I am the shellfish, the meat fat, the wolf look of the bone soup seeing the hungry diner

The hungry ghost is seeing the cook

The well the donkey

Avoiding an uncomfortable conversation

By slipping out of language

Skipping into a past meal or meaning, dissolved.