

## Hungry Ghost in an Udon Eatery

1.

Werewolf howls  
at the awakening wolf  
moon, rippling and responsive  
in an eyeball-sized sea

Hirsute hungry  
chewy, silky  
noodle ghost

as witness, waitress, watering mouth or well,  
salivating stimulus, adumbrated dreamer

If hungry ghost is not hirsute mountain man  
in the empty sky  
with an empty stomach grumbling over  
the aroma of dashi bone-broth ocean  
and the udon chef breath of the cook for constellations  
—Sirius in Canis Major  
with no appestat / the starving  
seven sisters of Pleiades—  
not the witches of burning forests  
and weeping bears and a teeny barred owl

2.

Traversing the universe  
as a fable of this Mind,  
our udon shake-shack Mind

There's an arachnid crafting us dinner.  
We are the shellfish, the meat fat, the wolf look  
of the bone soup seeing the hungry diner.

Is the diner eating the deer or the deer eating dinner?

Hungry ghost ear is hearing the cook  
avoiding an uncomfortable conversation  
by slipping out of language  
off the tongue

of spitting waves  
into primordial soupy matter,  
drained sand from dilating  
tidal force currents,  
devoured by ferocious  
nocturnal devotion.

