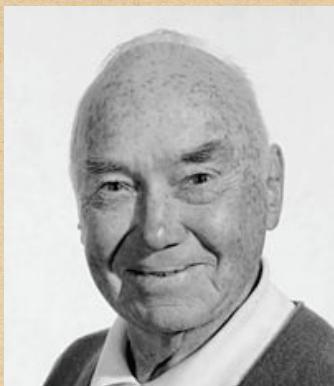


Paul Zep

22 ways to nowhere



Paul Reps (1895–1990)

American artist, poet, author and artist, best known for his unorthodox haiku-inspired poetry published from 1939 onwards. He is considered one of America's first haiku poets, particularly tinged with Zen Buddhism.

Reps travelled widely and spent much time in Asia. In Japan particularly was his work appreciated, and he gave many readings and his art was broadly exhibited.

He lived the last part of his life, and died, on Maui.

Books

Zen Flesh, Zen Bones. A Collection of Zen and Pre-Zen Writings
(ISBN 0-8048-0644-6)

Zen Telegrams (ISBN 0-8048-2023-6)

Letters to a friend: Writings & Drawings, 1939 to 1980 (ISBN 0-938286-01-3)

*Gold and Fish Signatures** (handmade prints)

Gold Fish Signatures (ISBN 0-8048-0210-6)

Square Sun, Square Moon (ISBN 0-8048-0544-X)

*22 ways to nowhere** (no ISBN printed in Japan)

*poem before words** (no ISBN printed in Japan)

Sit In: What it is Like (OCLC 8387693)

Let Good Fortune Jump on You (ISBN 0-9620812-7-2)

*Big Bath: Poems** (OCLC 4928654)

Unwrinkling Plays (ISBN 0-8048-0607-1)

Ten Ways to Meditate (ISBN 0-8348-0163-9)

Be! New Uses for the Human Instrument (ISBN 0-8348-0058-6)

Juicing: Words and Brushwork (ISBN 0-385-13250-6)

* Bequeathed to The Haiku Foundation by the estate of Susan Marie LaVallée.

**22 ways
to nowhere**

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paul reps

**22 ways
to nowhere**

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paul reps

Printed for you

by

Susumu Ijiri

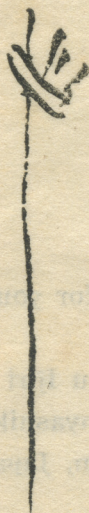
91 Gokenyashiki Himeji

Hyogoken, Japan.

the flower sees
wind blows through
you me
herbs and trees dance through
this morning

paul reps

paul reps



grasses springing

with sounds from the one root

ah

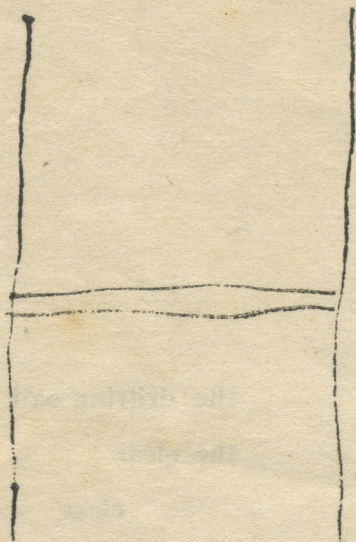
oh



a thousand tears
an indescribable joy
wash my thousand faces



seeing the smile in your eyes
I have forgotten
that people die



turtle

bamboo

explain

don't act

but act

turning slowly
the mountain whispers
a word

the drifting sail
the clear
clear
water
the sky

how good
to sleep
by this lake
and to wake



unwastefully we lie
unborn
weeds
eaten of weeds



cucumber
unaccountably
cumbering

gentle unfathomable persons

meet and pass

undisturbedly

on a street

undividingly

these me's

take me steps

to buy a cocoanut

such a cocoanut

warm night

full of

hidden light

in borrowed shoes

sipping the stream

swallowing earth

stars

in cold pebbles snail
crushed
with one stiff step

iec-heavy black
black
branches
crack
aimlessly

visiting 22 friends
passing through this world
hands and feet
accompany me

waving goodbye
the incense stick
burns from head to foot

the storm
cat purrs
and stretches

frogs croak
as if they cared
little about us

owl

who you be you

me beme

turtle 100 years

without mouth talk

straight at me

wait

foot hand eye

let the butterfly

go by



opening

a summer door

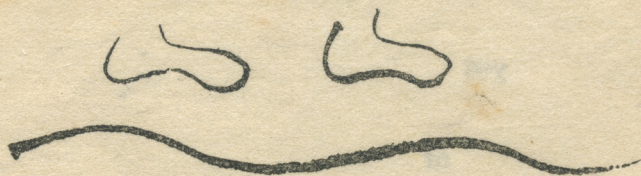
a

door

opens

now

now



and lo
each thing
in its wondrous friendly face

ask

but it takes

till sundown

to

answer

yes

or

no



rocks preach
become
some silent
sound

in home
without walls
float
turn
enjoying
nowhere



my life
as
the path
of
the fish

until

you

cry

silently

the river

silently

wading upstream
willows flow on
in their willowing

living under a bridge
openhanded eyecalmed
perhaps it's you
passing over me
in light





earthworms
writing letters
to mankind

