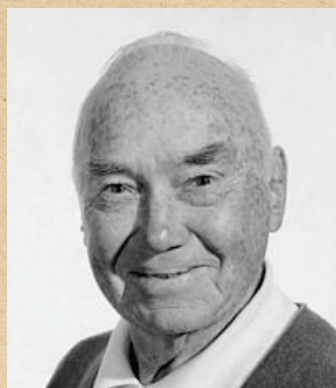


Paul Zep

big bath



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.

big
bath

poems

reps





Poems



*Everyone sees handwriting, hears a spoken
word intimately, even tenderly.*

*Something dearer than dear bends in glance
or word or breath. But say so softly, only this
moment receiving.*

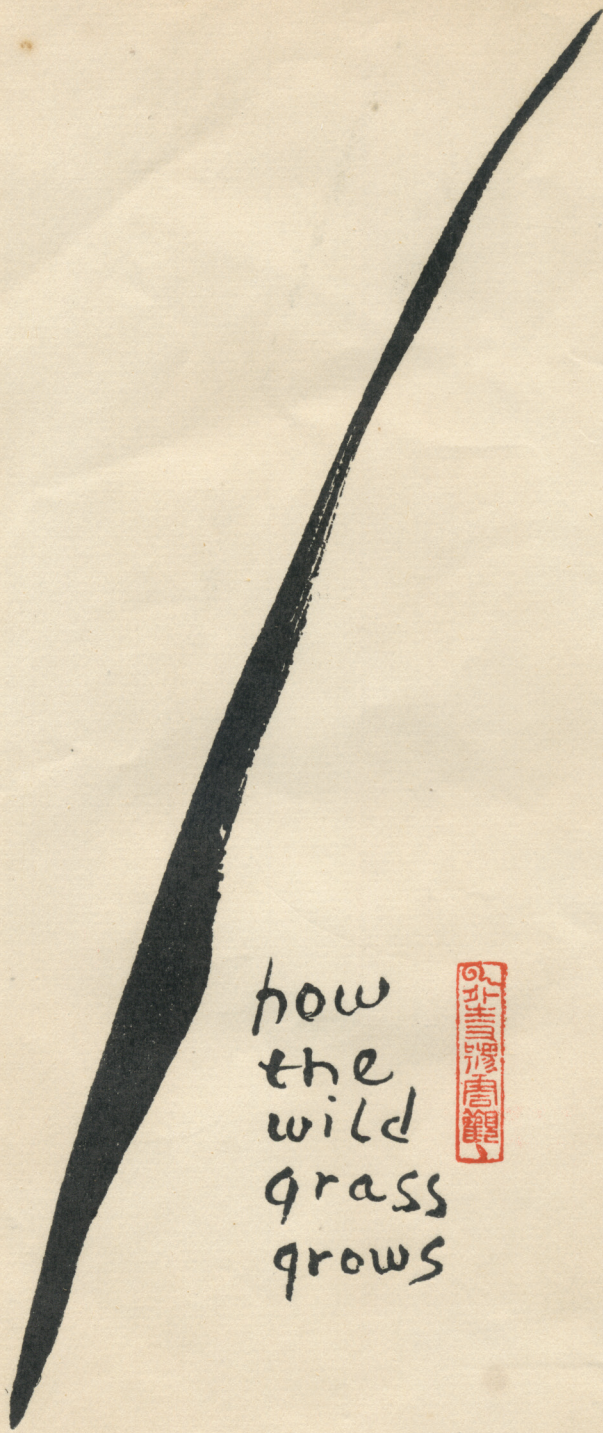
*Who knows how the wild grass grows.
Who, you, somehow knows. This word, sound,
sight (poem) springs of our underknow, our
IN-giver, infinite-possibility-delighting.*

*Then we sentence ourself without even
knowing what word we will say in the next
minute.*

*Where is there a next minute? Before art,
your any first word, first-hand line childfreshes
heart.*



12010
24/07/19



how
the
wild
grass
grows



touching
Forehead
to rock
in rain



reps

pinpoint poem

Dearest you
(to me)
have you free

rubbish collector
ejector no longer
everyone lives by this
grassblade light

IN
nearest breath
past dull death
pinpoint
nerve
of
BRIGHT
Open, third eye
IN
dance
over
pin

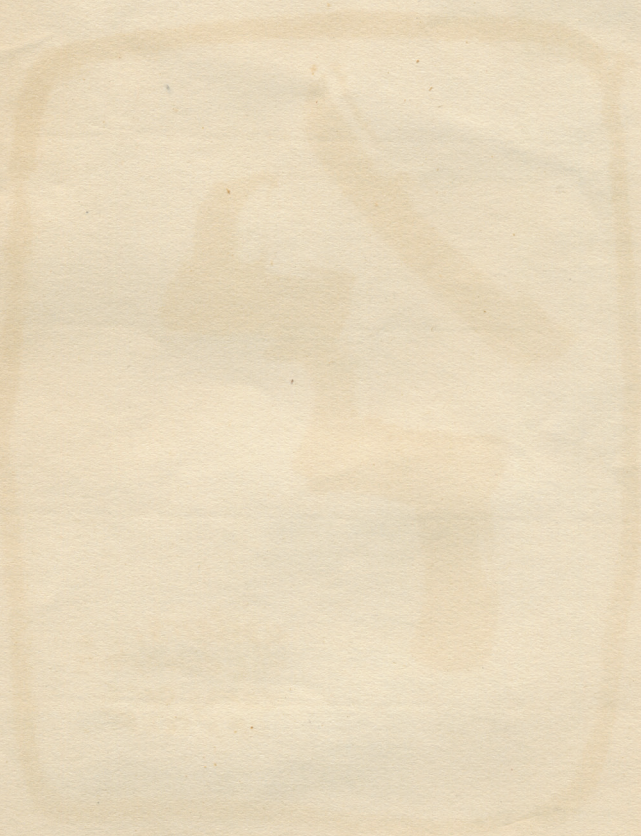
flowers are never
ever ours

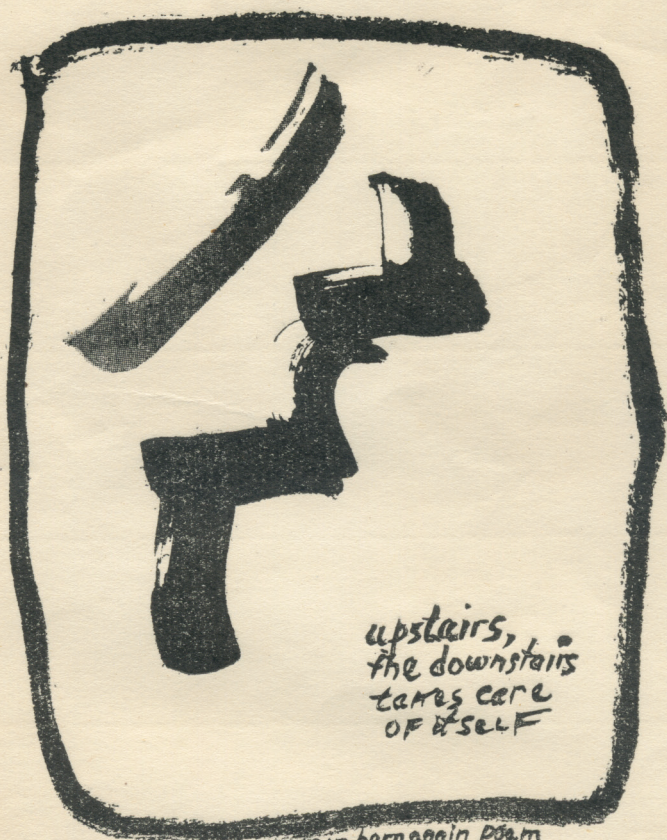
look out
vacate my
IN
electrify

((Eyes close
look softly
IN
over
head or point of pin
let center of dark turn light
center of light turn light turn light
suddenly
SHOWER OF BRIGHT))

Dearest you
(to me)
play a light bath a day
instant
perfect
presence
win
IN

十





upstairs,
the downstairs
takes care
OF ITSELF

well again born again poem



Breaking the
Light Barrier



breaking the
Light barrier

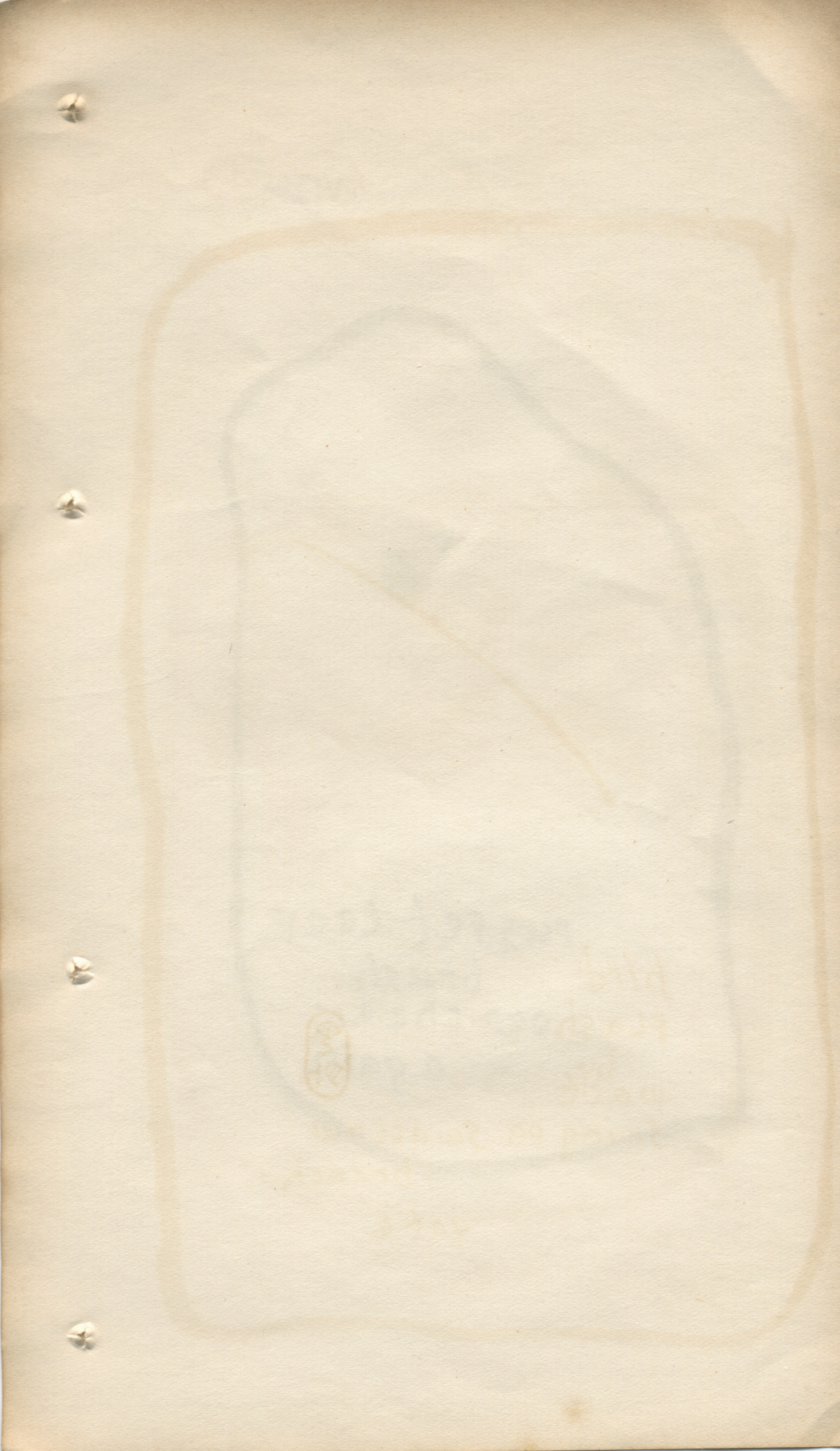


Stepping
From under
caterpillar leaf.
worlds of
dew

3 3 3 3 3

and







bird
Flash
by
wait
Swing on Swallow
branch
gate



Who can say
I am Japanese
American
or can
be in the
may be
but only





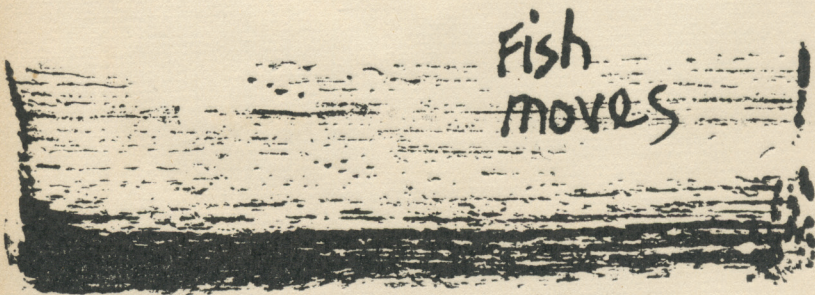
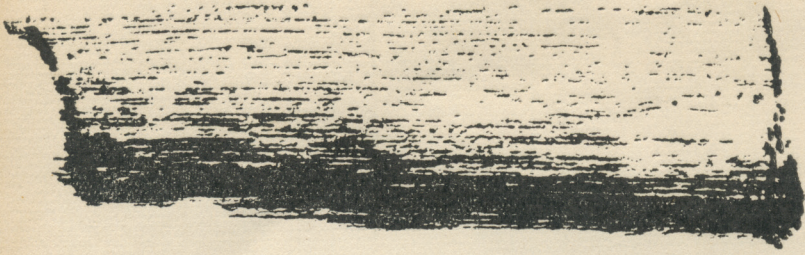
who can say
I am Japanese
american
african
when in the next day
he may be a
butterfly



in

silent

melody



*mother
blows away
baby's hurt*

*blow, intended breath
over us*

*grace
blow off
tangling
pain*

*blow us
young
again*

*blew on legs
and they ran
blew on bones
and tkey laughed
blew
on
sky
and my wish came by*

closing

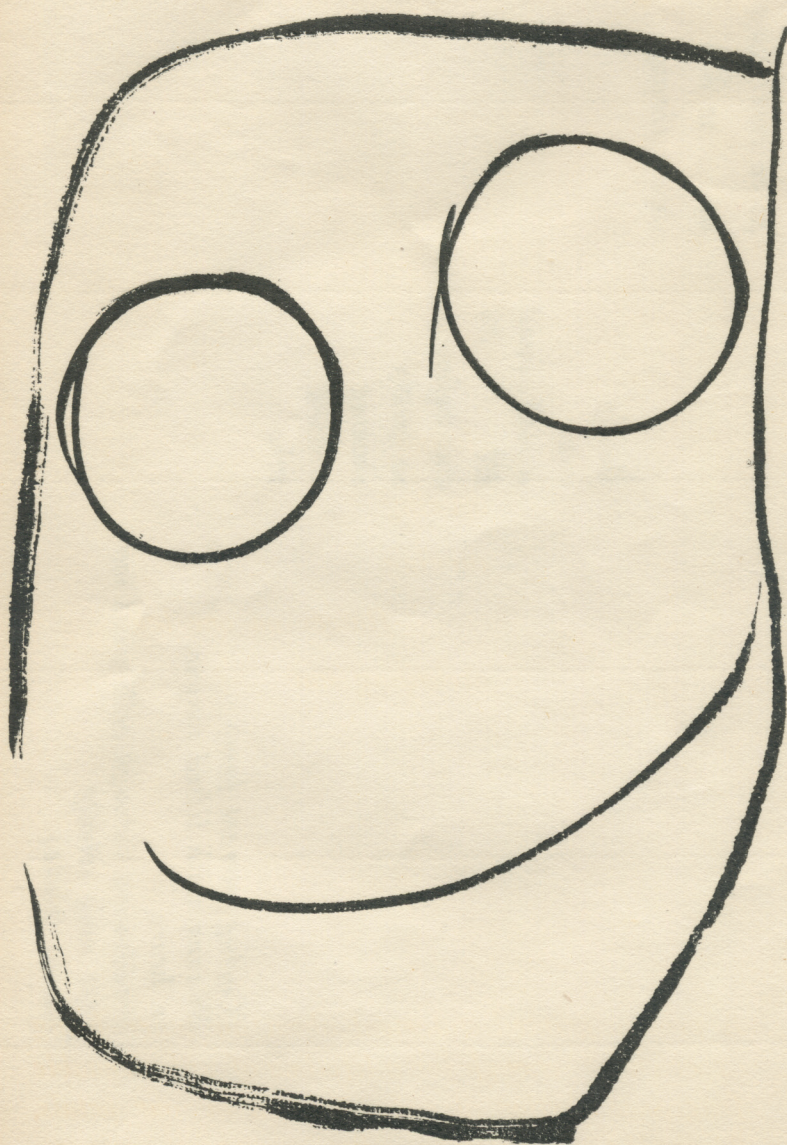
opening

turning

flower on one leg

according sun

*A prosaic printed statement about an inner being
experienced, enough for a lifetime of unfathomable
fragrance rhythm already written in our petals,
9 words for unfrosting, what is a poem, a way,
the sweet mountain air*



3

*as in continuing rain
as who or
desert through*

*slowly
enter
a still sound
IN IN
this before sound
so gently
shaking
waking
who*

*(Coring current home
IN-sung with lifted tongue,
in heart,
breath-sung through cells stars ours,
once sung wholly
has us whole)*

bath

of

sound

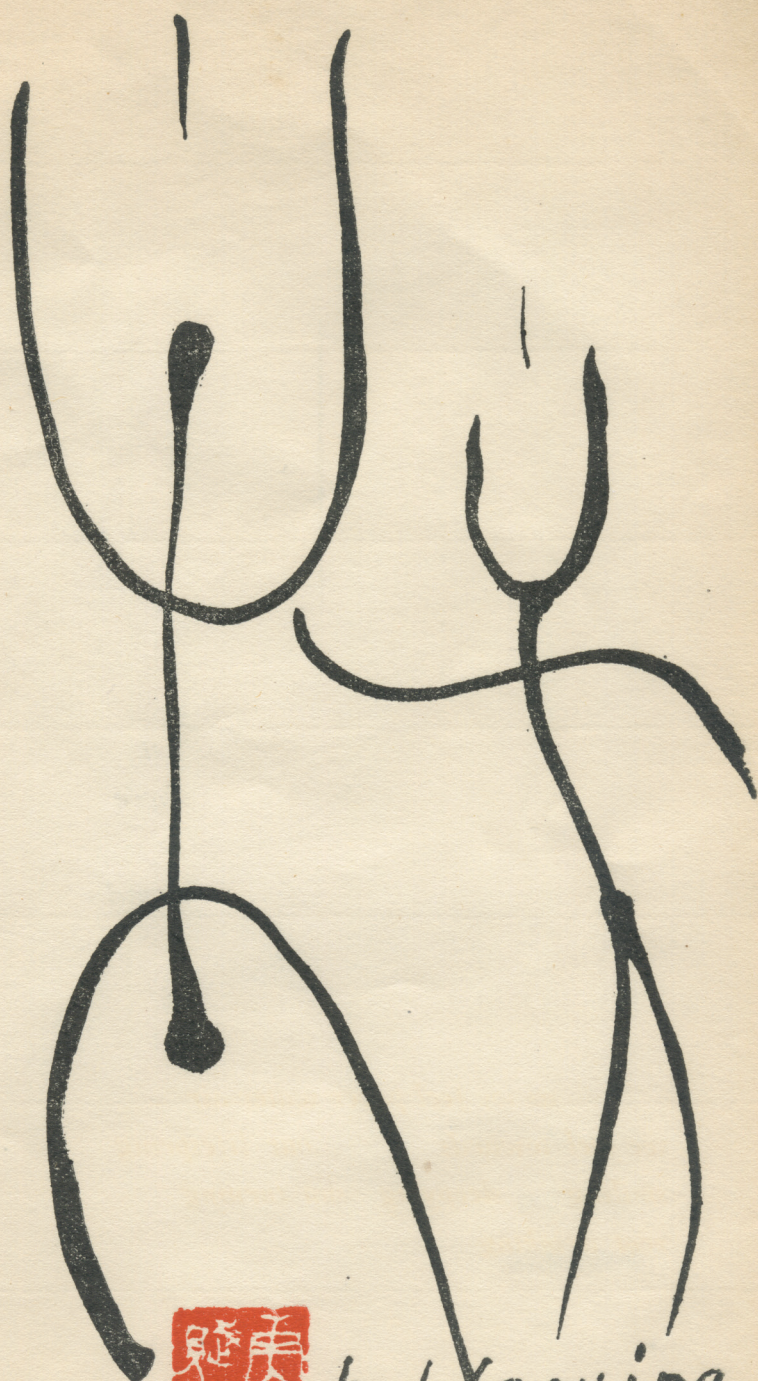


Lightly please. Children play IN beauty. Is this an old man's world in our face. To try hardly, not even poetically, for the welling of soundless sound, the transforming light, seems as absurd as trying for two hands we have them. - Those in prison would get out but how can we get out of our face. We can get IN but joy - fully supposing - as - so. Unless delightingly as play, have lost our way. Play doesn't sap rag dolls. IN sound lightly please.



*Let
there
be
sound*

*around
rapturous
matchstick*



hollo wing

*as we feel paper water air
we feel towards our lifespring
smiling sleeping sun turning
root drinking*



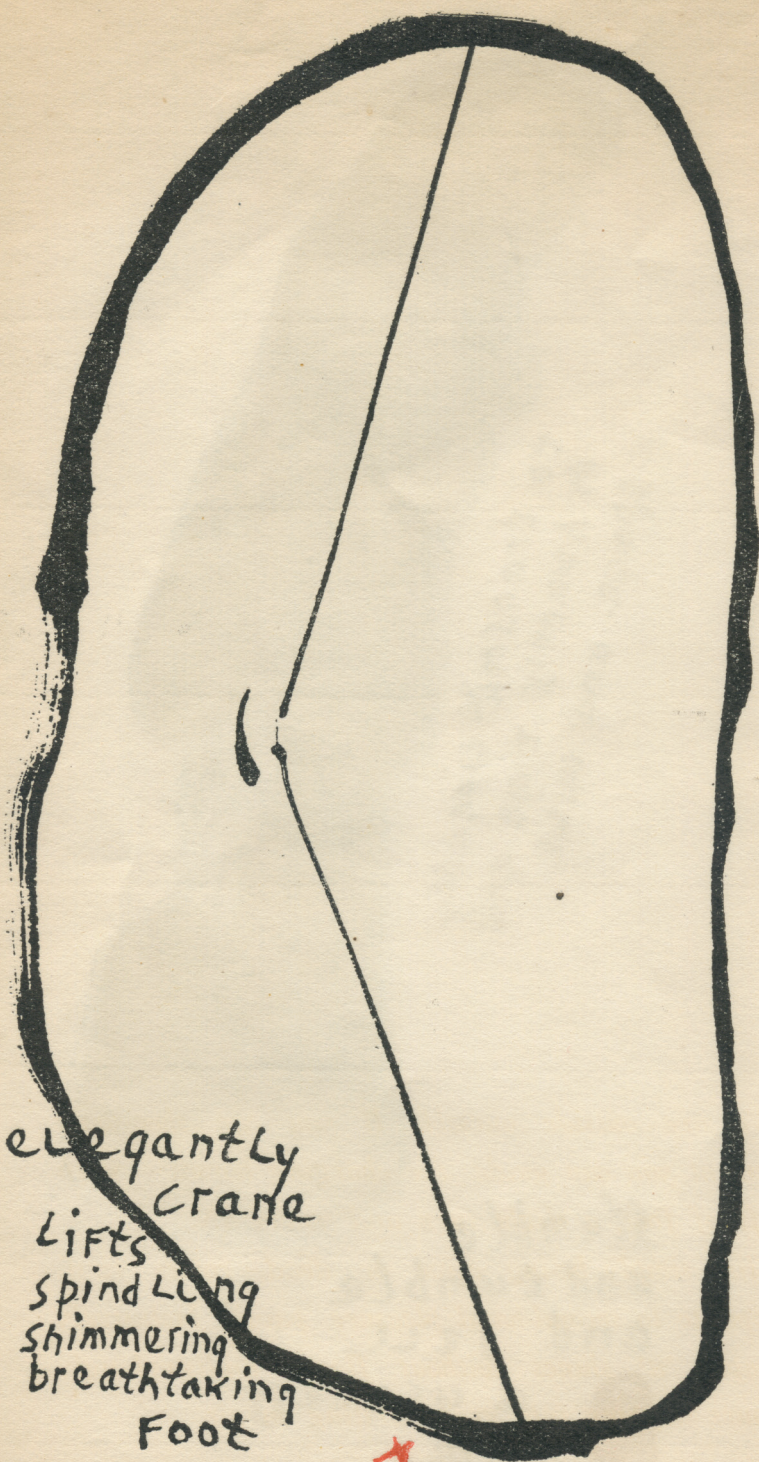
Firecrackering
 mirroring
out
 find
 pebble
 leaf
 pin
and
infinitely
IN

weep, water
into loam
unwrap, dear seed
your appleing

Are there beings who
breathe light as we breathe air?
Yes. You are one.

*We are outside ourself. If you can shoe-walk
cement you can guide the charging horses — with
lift of foot, a slight turn and you're IN.*

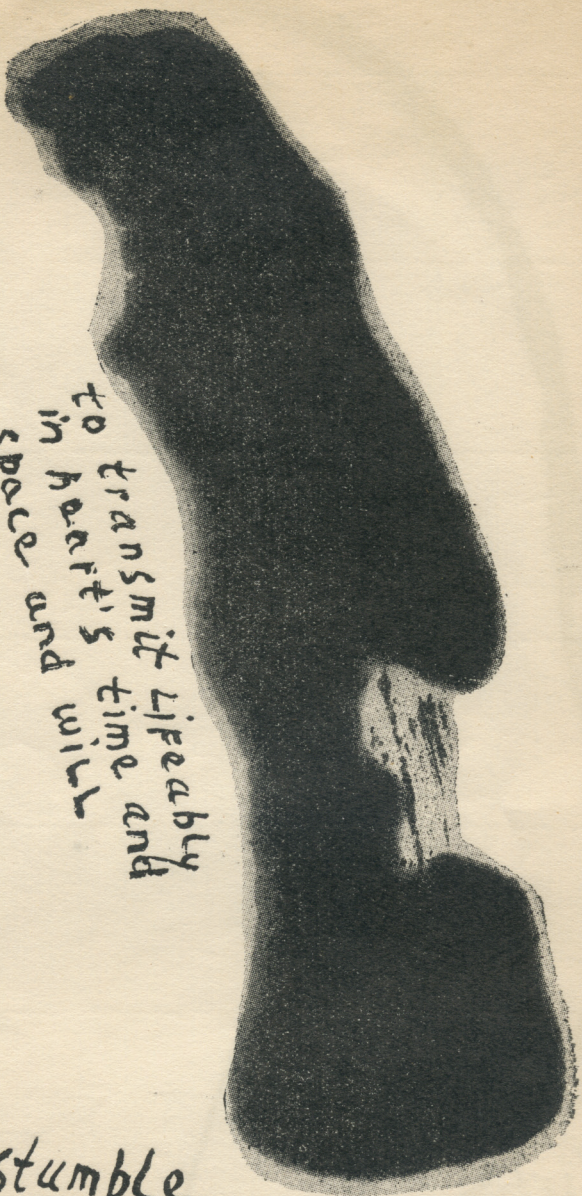
*Bliss, simply be-ing alive or dead, comes first,
opposite to second-hand pleasure pains. Inclusively
empty 'it' shines without flaws, undisturbingly
yours stepping into grass writing on air*



elegantly
crane

Lifts
spindling
shimmering
breathtaking
Foot





to transmit lifeably
in heart's time and
space and will

stumble
and tumble
and fell into
a useless
maple



What are the
names of the
places where
you have been
and how long
have you been
there?

Stamps
and stamps
and how
many
made



though wide
the sky
Never Lost
wild geese cry

*STOP. Reverse on go - by reading this book
backwards Chinese style right to left, day-night.
(Back up may be a poetic experience.)*

Each poem stands by itself.

*The red seals are for red - a drop of
lifeblood. Over Japan and other places reps
gives in - visible in - soundable poems, one to one.*

*A Kyoto poet first gathered them into a 'show'.
Kyoto, Osaka shows 1957; Tokyo, Kyoto, 1958;
Kyoto (pottery and fish signatures) 1959; Texas
1959; for India, Australia, New Zealand, U. S. A.,
Japan, Mexico, 1960, Big bath.*

Construction:

*Find some long bamboo. String - tie together
as child's space house. Scotch-tape poems at top to
bamboo like washing. Let the wind blow. Look.
IN-look.*

Big bath poems \$1. postpaid seaimail from:

- *Liu Shih Chieh, 28 Cameron Road, Kowloon,
Hongkong (with colorful Chinese stamps).*
- *Ohashi Co., Ayanokuji Muromachi - Nishi,
Kyoto - Shi, Japan (with colorful Japanese
stamps).*
- *Andrew Hoyem, Box 260, China Lake,
California, U. S. A.*

Grassblade light poems \$3.

*Individual large wall poems allowing ample
time from above addresses.*

*Book of 81 picture - poems by reps from Tuttle
Co. Rutland, Vermont, U. S. A. or Tokyo, Japan,
\$4.50 or 1350 yen, handsomely produced.*

*Poem show with sounds, for transportation
costs, from Andrew Hoyem.*

Liu Publishers

Hongkong

Printed in Hongkong

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