

### *New Order*

They do not want my songs. They do not wish to hear  
the bamboo rustle: of what significance,  
they say, is that? And I have no answer.

I say I am growing old. It does not matter,  
they remind me, and hasten to add:  
the new order demands vigorous youth.

The wise man will bow to his fate and be silent.  
Unfortunately, I am too proud. One day soon  
they may enter here, disturbing me for the last time.

Meanwhile, I listen to the morning singing  
of birds beyond the bamboo. The bamboo moves  
to a breath of wind, making a brocade sound.

WILLIS EBERMAN