

## Tonkas

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the real M.A.S.H fiction  
forests colonials raped  
harsh *Ilbon-nohm-dil*  
*Hankuk* and *Chosun* were bald  
all native trees Japan burned

rice paddy foxhole  
frozen now gray red soil  
waiting for spring rain  
disappears under night snow  
smells of life it will create

battle-scarred country  
plants long rows of small scotch pines  
green and gray at night  
will grow into great forests  
line by line in row by row

*Uijongbu* Station  
shaved bald gray gourd bonging monk  
surrounded by meat  
breaths *bundaegi* cooked silkworms  
beats to blue subways rhythm

Mornings wet or dry  
crowded busy and quiet  
in one direction  
the crowds flow like small tired fish  
straggle home at night *meulchi*

uniformed students  
scramble through streets baggy eyed  
books pens pencils bags  
pause just a moment to eat  
spiced finger thick rice noodles

a modern nation  
stomps to a united thought  
apartment forests  
below *Uijongbu's* hills fade  
I pour my cold spring water

sitting on my rock  
on my day off before church  
I watch the subway  
snake through the thin corridor  
a thousand armies marched through

an old man sits down  
legs cross pours water on head  
dreamy eyes look down  
his leather face confesses  
long days worked in the paddies

*Hankuk* now transformed  
M.A.S.H California copies  
not scrabby desert  
once it was plush verdant green  
now stark urban concrete gray