

The passions that inhabit a man!
And the belief that, with them, everything will somehow turn out all right!

"R was a former on the ~~XX~~ P-Q ranch

After a brilliant ~~XXXXX~~ beginning as a poet *hacienda,*
He fell in love with a ~~ewe~~ from a neighboring ~~farm~~.
His name is unknown in the university
And in the wooden pavillion of the Lotus Court.
He spends all his time reciting poetry to an empty corral."

Tomorrow our way lies beneath strange cliffs,
Across murky currents and impossible champaigns.

I suggest that we both get a little shut-eye.

All night long I shall be muttering apologies.

I guess I
shall

There is nothing worse than being drunk on apricot brandy

Unless it is waking up the next morning, your

Head encircled by ~~ridges~~ *gnats*

A servant girl in a striped dress brings you a pot of cold water to wash in.

But the logey feeling persists until well into the afternoon.

I long for future periods of temperance and relaxation!

How

There is less drunkenness in China than elsewhere.

True, they sing the delight of wood-alcohol

With all the passion of which the Yellow Rade is capable.

Yet tea, the fermented and dried leaves of the tea-shrub steeped in boiling water,
is the national beverage.

The British, though not averse to hard liquor, are a nation of tea drinkers

Their liners have a habit of scouting the seven seas in search of the ephemeral brew
Alas, the capricious bush is partial only to certain shades and climates.

Often the tea-captain must push on to the furthest shores of sullen Cathay

To satisfy the whims of his reagent. There, a slit-eyed potentate

Regales him in the Tea Palace over a steaming pot of an unnamed brew.

The British tea industry has had a phenomenal rise in the last hundred years.

Britons are the biggest tea-consumer, followed by the United States and Norway.

In Bolivia last year some 7 millions ~~XX~~ gallons of scalding tea was served

In little bowls, while the Peruvians like to sip it through a porcelain tube.

But all this is nothing in comparison

To the interest in fortune-telling via tea-leaves.

A careful fortune-teller can discern

Signs peculiar--wreathed woodsmoke, a mounted cowboy

With spurs and holster, or a cat arching its back on some roof.

Sometimes a necklace of diamonds, or a snake, or a speeding express train

Or barred windows, are among the shapes assumed by the capricious herb.

We are still sitting in the courtyard of the little inn

Near an open drainage ditch. The wind has dropped again

And the sun, on the backs of our necks, feels quite warm.