Untitled (Blake Panda Poems) (c. 1988–1997)

The road of excess leads to the Panda of wisdom.

The Panda, wandering here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.

A fool sees not the same Panda that a wise man sees.

One Panda fills immensity.

The blackness of a Panda’s paw
Brands the statesman’s brow with awe.

Eat bamboo in the morning. Ponder in the noon. Eat bamboo in
the evening. Sleep in the night.

The Pandas of intolerance are wiser than the starfish of instruc-
tion.

No Panda wanders too far, if he travels with his own paws.

To create a little Panda is the labor of ages.

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the
paws and ears Proportion.

The Panda of sweet delight can never be defiled.

Everything possible to be believ’d is an image of Panda.

God appears, and God is light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
But does a Panda form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.