

Fragments of Eternity

Makoto Maruyama

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To the silent spaces between words,

To the shadows that dance in the corners of our minds,

To the fragments of eternity that we hold in our hands?

This collection is for you.

Acknowledgement

I extend my deepest gratitude to those whose presence and absence have shaped these words.
To the quiet moments that whispered their stories,
To the unseen forces that guided my pen,
And to the readers who journey through these pages?
Your engagement breathes life into these fragments.

About the author

Born in Fukuoka, Japan, 1975. Grown up in Nagano, Japan.

1995, graduated from Nagano High School. When I was in high school, I made small magazines with my friends, wrote some poems and I made the handmade books of my poems (with illustrations by a friend).

2000, After graduated the French literary major of Aichi University, I studied contemporary art under Noboru Tubaki, Fumihiro Nonomura and Noi Sawaragi at IMI (Inter Medium Institute) in Osaka. Same year, I studied Butoh under Tenko Ima in Kyoto.

2003-2007, I had participated in NIPAF (Nippon International Performance Art Festival), I had visited to Taiwan, UK, Northern Ireland, Vietnam, Myanmar (Burma), Singapore, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Malaysia, Philippines, Indonesia and China with NIPAF to make the performance works.

2004-2007, Involved in the management of the art gallery "NIPAF HOUSE."

In 2006, I was a representative of the first Nagano Video Art Festival (NIVAF).

After "graduating" from NIPAF in 2007, I stopped performing for a while and started writing poetry to return to my roots. My prose poetry is mainly imagery, influenced by the automatic writing of

Surrealism, and chose to use symbolist and esoteric language.

August 2008, Blue Sky Project 2008 (Open call for proposals, Takada, Niigata, Japan), and December, X-change 2008 (Residency program, Lombok Island, Indonesia). /June 2010, Performance Art Tour; International Performance Art Festival - Friction (Uppsala, Sweden, organized by SU-EN), Last Minute Performance (Krakow, Poland, organized Arti Graboski), ArtEvict (London, UK, organized Kirika Taira). /November 2011, TAMA'11 (Batangas, Philippine). /April 2012, ?FLOW? project (Seoul, Korea), June 2012-13, Staglinec 2012, 2013 (?taglinec, Croatia). /April 2015, ?Machinaka Performance Art Exhibition? (?Performance Art Project 2015 in Matsumoto?, Matsumoto-shi, Japan)

Around April 2020, with the first wave of COVID-19, I started writing poetry again, and I'm also sending out videos of readings on YouTube.

2021, I started a criticism magazine on an online platform called \"note\" with the artist Mr. Naoyoshi Hikosaka.

April 2021, our magazine has been dismantled. We are not at odds. I will continue to work independently on criticism, poetry, and art.

summary

Great Journey

La Danse Macabre

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Today?s Sardanapaluses eat only vegetables

The apple redeemed by blood

By the pride of the noble warriors

The Lion Is Not Necessarily Strong

Just waiting for thunderstorm

Talk to the birds

13th July Morning

Story

I am 45 years old

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Vanity Fair

Untitled

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished work

November 17th morning

Cold November

Unfinished work

Unfinished work

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

Celebration

Unfinished

Unfinished

Unfinished

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Untitled Tragedy

Poetry is Difficult

No Title

Never mind

Great Journey

Remember

The day we stood up on our two feet at first

Lying in that meadow

Had watched the clouds and the sun

Had looked at the stars

No change

Remember

The day we got up on our two feet

Our eyes are our sun

Heavenly sun have shone the world from origin

Our sun

Shone for the first time

As the way heavenly didn't sun shine

We built great pole

As our memory of the first time we stood up

Our sun no longer shines

Heavenly sun

Clouds in the sky

Stars in the night

Remember

The day we stood up on our two feet at first

The day we took our first step

Next second step

Third step

Our sun

Illuminated one new world after another

Heavenly sun remains the same

And continues to shine on our steps

??????? (?keanos) has passed
California is forgotten

Heavenly sun and our sun are sleeping
At that time
Arrive to us
Countless gifts
Shone tens of thousands of years ago
From the senders who may no longer be

Remember
The day we stood up on our two feet at first
The day we took our first step
The journey we've been on
We may have stopped many times
But we kept on going
Our wonderful journey is not yet over

The pole of our memory still stand

When the first one drops out
And those in the back row will soon follow
Will take a new step forward
Where do we come from?
Where are we going?
Our Great Journey is still going on

Remember
The day we stood up on our two feet at first
Pole as our memory of that day still stands
I don't say; "Forever"

La Danse Macabre

Soaking up the sun's rays
I breathe heavily

Looking at the back of the sun
I had forgotten
The ghosts are stirring

Birds peck at their corpses
The wind blows them to dust
The ghosts have not disappeared
Even if we forget
The ghosts have not gone away

As if they were stung by tarantella
They are dancing around in their fire shoes

I don't get to fly much anymore, but
The plane flies above the clouds
In the clear blue
I take one deep breath
With all my might
With anger and grimace
Greed and stupidity
Eros
Firstly let it out with your breath
Then
You can naturally inhale deeply

The breath will spread through our body
Behind the sun
We had forgotten
Sure of something once
It reminds us about them

You are not a Slave

The day I went to my grandmother's funeral
I looked up at the blue sky and I can still see it in my mind's eye
There were no tears
The sun was not yellow
Was I sad?
So many people are dying all over the world
Dying every day
Hundreds, thousands of people are dying
I watch the news
No tears
The sky is cruelly blue today

Imagine
Rioters burn down your house
The police won't come
The weak are oppressed
No heroes will come
You must take up arms yourself
No heroes will come
Who is the enemy?
I don't know
You are not a slave
You must be a warrior
Pick up your own weapon
Fight
Fight!
Fight back!

All of the world will turn black like a rotting apple

Injustice upon injustice
Naked king in the most extravagant costumes
That only fools can see

Like a rotting apple
All of the world will turn black
"Le ventre en l'air, comme une femme lubrique,
Brûlante et suant les poisons,
Ouvrait d'une façon nonchalante et cynique
Son ventre plein d'exhalaisons."
?From Charles Baudelaire "Les Fleurs du mal"

We don't know who's our enemies and who's our friends
Do you know what you're fighting against?

No violence
Do something
Do beauty and ugly
Just survive
We don't need hope
Never, never give up
Just keep walking alone
Like a unicorn's horn

It's raining lightly today
The spotlight of the burning sunshine is not so bad
But let's take a coffee break in the interval when the curtain of cloudy sky is drawn
The black liquid had the deep taste of despair and melancholy

Peaceful Black Monday

Peaceful Black Monday

Flaming Turquoise

Cherubim Feathers of the Abstract

Like flowers, laughing and whispering

Visible or invisible diamond dust

Wake up late as ever.

Have a snack, breakfast, lunch, whatever.

A cup of amber Darjeeling tea.

Tepid shower

My hair has grown back a lot.

I'm sweating furiously.

It's like coming out of a sauna.

The melody between two great powers that will never cross

Pleasure and discomfort.

Hope for as many corpses as there are corpses.

Even in dissonance, there is beauty in dissonance.

The glory of mid-heaven amber-gold and the February frosts that warmly protect the budding of the earth

Let's roll out the tablecloth as plain as turquoise,

And examine the never-ending story

En vain! l'Azur triomphe, et je l'entends qui chante

Dans les cloches. Mon âme, il se fait voix pour plus

Nous faire peur avec sa victoire méchante,

Et du métal vivant sort en bleus angelus!

Thou art a beautiful sight at the edge of the sky.

Thou art the source of life, the Living Splendor.?

When thou comest up from the eastern horizon

Thou shalt fill all the land with beauty?Thou shine beautifully and nobly over all nations.

?Thy light encompasses the nations, even to the ends of all that Thou hast made.

Thou art far apart, but thy light is on earth.

Thou art in the presence of men, but thy steps are indistinguishable.?When thou dost sink to the west, the earth is caught in darkness as in death.?The people will wrap their heads and sleep in their rooms.

No eye can see another eye.

Every lion shall come out of his hole, and every crawling thing shall come out and stab a man.?And the thatch of night has fallen, and the world is silent.

The Maker rests beyond the horizon.?When thou comest up from the horizon, the darkness shall be driven away.

People will awaken and rise up and go about their work throughout the world.

The amber gold of the middle heaven is

Only the fall of the wise remains.

Like a night burglar.

The cherubim of the abstract

Slip in through the window.

The Ephemeral Resistance Fan

Eat lunch or dinner... or whatever it is.

Take a hefty dose of pills that have been sneaked into

Your pocket like a handgun.

Yes, if I were a hatter and had been invited to a tea party for a few days

Taking advantage of the "lull" that comes after the delirium.

Someone, preferably a doctor, who just happened to catch sight of

I will kill him in cold blood.

Somewhere in the Southland, on the old harbor dock.

A nervous painter, single-mindedly.

Sinking, trying to leave fresh blood on the canvas

Hit him with a boxing match.

But he didn't make it.

Yes, it's always too late for everything.

Sadly and beautifully left behind, tabula rasa like a bloody cow.

Mad Tea-Party

Radiant and flowery
Ruthless, in the middle of the day
When the thief crowns the crown above his head
The beasts that have been lurking in the cave caves start to move out

The sky and the earth are reversed
Fish are swimming in the air
The birds are dancing in the sea
Slaves flogging their masters
A bright, wild wind plays
To the applause like a harp makes
The false king shudder in fear

Put the Darjeeling tea leaves in a teapot
I'll give you two minutes
Two minutes until the sound of the trumpets of the seven angels are heard
Tea leaves dance free like the skylarks in a teapot
It's all about temperature and time

Two sets of my favorite teacups
Pre-warm it up
I'll pour the bloody rubies into them

One cup of tea is for me
One more cup for you
I'll even get you some slightly bitter cookies
Will you come to our tea party?

Sleep slower than machine gun

Sleep slower than machine gun

Before the chickens have crowed or cried three times

Like an ancient clay tablet

Repeatedly, the sun and the silver tray wedding party

Under the radiant, flowery, blue sky

Slaves ripped and shared blood and flesh in front of the executioner's table

A cruel spring first to the east, then to the west, now to the south, then to the north

In front of the executioner's table, blood and flesh torn and divided, the slaves are released into the wilderness

They have no bread for tomorrow, they just look up into the void

'It's still okay, it's still okay,' they say

Your voice doesn't reach them

The masses want to avoid dark and stuffy talk

Even if the ground beneath our feet is filled with dead bodies

In front of the executioner's table, blood and flesh were torn and shared, slaves flooded the streets, and they had the bread of tomorrow there is no way

Like angels, criminals flood the streets

The masses are waiting for a world where they can walk down the street at night and have a knife at their throat at every turn

The masses long for such a world from the bottom of their hearts

The masses long to walk the streets at night, to an end where they can be knifed from every corner and end up dead

I need to change my attitude and the way I speak

I'll have to be a different person

From the radiant, flowery, ironic, blue-sky abyss
Repeatedly, the sun and the silver tray wedding party

Will speak the fire words

You shouldn't build a memorial pillar
Let's burn a fire that does not perish
The fire that reveals good and evil
The fire of glory of diamonds

Born from the chaos of heaven and earth
The original gods have already hidden themselves
The hug of the sun is brilliant, cruel,
Pour on all living things
The arrogance of the sun makes everything on the ground

Let's grow the darkness
Which warm and cheerful,
Let's grow the darkness

Let's grow the darkness
Let's throw fire on the ground
Let's bring division
Let's make the rumor

I will speak the fire words from now
Those who want to refute should come
Whether I'm whipped
Trying to throw stones at people
To carry the honorable sacred burden
Isn't it like a breeze in the field?

Why do you worry about clothing?
Even the wise King, who was proud of his glory,
Was not dressed as much as a single flower in that field.
What to eat, what to drink,
Should not think
Where to live?

Isn't there a grassland that spreads like this?
That's not what you should ask for
Talent? Power? Personality?
Feed them to the dogs!
You already have enough things
Why don't you notice?

I spell in blood ink,
I will speak the fire words
Don't think you understand me
I speak only for those who do not understand
Don't step on my footsteps
Make footprints yourself

You shouldn't build a memorial pillar
Let's burn a fire that does not perish
The fire that reveals good and evil
The fire of glory of diamonds

All miracles have disappeared,
At the same time, everything transforms into the miracles.

Blessed are the ones entrusted to the wedding of
The prince and princess who were consecrated to the fire of the Amethyst
Frozen buds bloom large flowers,
Birds breaking through the lie in the sky cross the stratosphere

Burn the wedding of the prince and princess
As if adding firewood to the sacrifice of the saint

Have firewood in despair

Thousand sun and thousand moon kiss each other
The hugs of million springs and million winters

Firewood of your despair

Dedicate your despair to the sacred marriage
Of the prince and princess,
Blessed by the fire of the Amethyst

Today?s Sardanapaluses eat only vegetables

Today's Sardanapaluses eat only vegetables.
In this world today full of divisions
If you don't eat vegetables
Do not judge who eats,
Eaters should not judge those who do not.
Because all of you were entrusted to "Infinity",
You are the sacrifices by fresh blood that have been forgiven.

The sky today is in a bad mood.

Even swallows flying low,
They are the sacrifices by the garnet's blood.

So the people who eat
Some people do not eat
What are you afraid of?

Because Adam ate the banana
Homo Sapiens learned of Azur's shame.
The bloody rain of the constant hard works
Constant acrobatic sweat

"From this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead "

The one who killed the king,
A terrifying hand, like a stamp
Stop washing again and again.

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh! "

The king of kings was exposed from ignorance and darkness,
Under the bright laughter of angels
Redeemed by the garnet's blood.
The sun was powerless,
The ocean was stagnant.

The banana's sin was forgiven.
The murder of the king was forgiven.

Even if the great scholars gather their heads together
Their abstract intelligence have never understand,
Like the earth swept away by the tsunami.

You must "believe" forgiveness.

So,
The people who eat
Some people do not eat
What are you afraid of?
In this modern world full of divisions
Because all of you were entrusted to "Infinity",
Are you the sacrifices by fresh blood that have been forgiven?

Let's build a new Menhir here
The human nature that is already broken,
On the ruins of trust in human freedom.

In this modern world full of divisions
The bloody rain of the constant hard works
Constant acrobatic sweat

The banana's sin was forgiven.
The terrible hand sin was forgiven.

The people who eat
Some people do not eat

Because all of you were entrusted to "Infinity",
Are you the sacrifices by fresh blood that have been forgiven?

What are you afraid of?

The apple redeemed by blood

The apple redeemed by blood
Was fascinated by the tuning of the birds,
Unknowingly corrupted.

Prometheus never misses that moment.

The explosion of the perfect gold
Laughter that blooms brightly in the blue sky
The crown that saw
It is judged by the insult of the rainbow.

The explosion of the apple redeemed by blood
A laugh of pure, blooming in the blue sky

Everyone back to back
They don't even notice the existence of the friends behind them.

The unspeakable chat by the world
Indiscriminately slaughter the embrace of angels.
Unprecedented chatting by the world
Sued the noble original conquest.

Erect Menhir Metamorphosis
Stars that have fallen, forgetting the changes

The blessings that fall are horrifying.
Forgiveness mercilessly comes to the pile of dead corpses.
The rainbow miracle only appears after cruel forgiveness.
Go beyond the grace of the rainbow.

The blank of the night sky gives no answer.
But we were given to us it suddenly remembered
With the tip of a palm feather

One point, one point, I just wear
The noble higher than diamond.

Flower moon laughs
I forgot,
Even the never-ending laugh of flowers
I was fooled by moon makeup.
Those who praise the glory of the flowers,
Don't look away from the back of the moon.

When the Thousand Sun and Thousand Moon melt into each other
The afterglow of wisdom crosses the field
Love and pride go into bed

The explosion of the apple redeemed by blood
A laugh of pure, blooming in the blue sky

Everyone back to back
They don't even notice the existence of the friends behind them.

One point, one point, I just wear in the dark
The noble higher than diamond

Corruption of the perfect gold will leave
Terrifying only one person
In deep Tiamat.

By the pride of the noble warriors

Enlightened by Frontier

Extinct ???????

--- It is unknown to the angels

It is a false suppression, but--

To the original violence,

In the noble, bright wind of the field,

Fascinated --- a spiral prayer

Make it choppy, choppy

Sometimes, there is a blank healing that I can hear

The pure white that was mourning

From within the womb

Let me ?????????

A glass of blood keeps me away from "Infinity"

Praise for deception No, No, No!

The vitality of the blue sky, the oblivion of the void,

The birds do not know

The cheating of hope

Make us illusion of a fiction in the sky

From that great darkness, gradually

A cruel, ideal triumph

It's exposed like a butterfly metamorphosis,

Beat us down.

With the laughter of cheerful flowers

By the pride of the noble warriors

False suppression, extinction of ???????

Whip mercilessly

With a severe, forgotten sigh

With a silent ash silence

Appear in a harsh flame

Awesome Amber Gold Squid

The hugs of scary angels

Try slave ?????

For today's bread

Whispering the flames of angels

Proud of the noble warriors

Cheerful flowers laugh

Are you abandoned?

The vitality of the blue sky, the oblivion of the void,

The birds do not know

Cheating of hope

Un coup de dés.

The Lion Is Not Necessarily Strong

The lion is not necessarily strong, but
Rats aren't necessarily weak either
Burning Life of God
In the Starving Desert
Poured like fresh water
God is always found afterwards
To be by your side from the beginning.
It's a god of all time
The lion cries in the night of loneliness
Rats plotting the same night
Burning Life of God
For the lion
Fawn get up
Tens of thousands of thousands of
Forest Revolution
Even the angels were surprised by the
Burning Life of God
Blessed are those who beg
God's Ruling Nation
It is already yours
God is always found afterwards
To be by your side from the beginning
It's a god of all time
Gingerly
My ribs hurt
Pulling out one of the man's ribs
Woman Made
Like the Victorian women
I wrap the corset around my chest
The woman hurts
Gingerly
Women have been in pain for a long time
Just like the witch trials fire

Burning Life of God
Everyone has their own firewood
Let's build a fire
Truth was a woman
Hyacinths Rose of Isis
Until the veil is lifted
Didn't notice
Victory was a woman
Goddess standing in the vanguard and holding up a frog
Came running through the meadow
Fluttering frogs in glory
The lion is not necessarily strong, but
Rats aren't necessarily weak either
Burning Life of God
The lion cries in the night of loneliness
Rats plotting the same night
Burning Life of God
Brilliant Life
A lot of people can't see straight.
Burning Life
Many people can't bear to have themselves burned
The burning of a witch trial Like
Burning Life of God
Each with firewood
Let's build a fire
And
Let's burn life together

Just waiting for thunderstorm

Waiting for thunderstorm
Like a maiden in love
Like a sensitive boy who thinks of suicide,
It breaks down the familiar earth and sky
What remains at the root of fate?
Silence of the starry sky or the courage of dawn?

Just waiting for thunderstorm
It smashes everything
The bounties of terrifying angels
Fall like crystals
The honorable warriors
Are stabbed, burned and charred
Endless battle, endless honor, endless trials
The mercy of the burning angels
Keep testing us
Again, again, again
Are you ready to embrace the frozen love?
Is it possible to bloom before the apathy of the scorching heat?
Like a lily of the field

Just waiting for thunderstorm
It smashes everything
It doesn't destroy the city of corruption
It doesn't change the person who turned around to salt
Blue fire tests "goodness"
No one can escape the thunderstorm
The bounties of the terrifying angels
Ruthlessly pouring towards us
Family, friends,
Even hateful enemies will die
The flowers swaying in the wind don't laugh
The foolishness spreads as far as our eyes can see

Infinite battles, infinite trials, infinite sins

I'm alone, despaired and depressed
It will caress me for a thousand swords burning out
That the thunderstorm is coming

Just waiting for thunderstorm
Like a maiden in love
Like a sensitive boy who thinks of suicide
On familiar earth
Under intimate sky
It breaks all
What remains at the root of fate?
Silence of the starry sky or the courage of dawn?
In front of the silence of Prophet and the indifference of gods,
I will take the thunderstorm like a wake-up shower
Occasionally, glimmering lightning
Illuminates stubborn despair
It's end of all adventures and experiments
It's end of all thoughts and lawsuits

Like those who wait for the benefits,
Like blood in the darkness,
I will get thunderstorm
The cruel laughter of stars reached from the silence of tens of thousands of years ago,
It opens the closed cage of white pearl oyster
Goddess of Eros, beauty, and fighting
Illuminated by flowers blooming only under the night sky
She will lead people in sin and despair
In front of the silence of Prophet and the indifference of Fathers,
For the coming bloody thunderstorm

End of all adventures and experiments
End of all thought and war
Without even gods watching,
An apple suddenly falls and crashes,

Exposes golden vanity

Happy End of prayer

Talk to the birds

Talk to the birds, talk to the fishes.

Tell us, the stone.

The flowers, bloom, laugh.

Bring in the wind that crosses the field and deliver a shine that we cannot hear.

Stand alone in front of "Infinity".

Your body burns with the ice and freezes with scorching heat.

"Unknown" knocks on the closed door of our "Prosperity"

Like a trumpet that signals the end,

We're comedy up and down from the mud.

The women who apply perfume oil to their "Infinite" feet are oppressed.

Praise the heroes who struggle to keep the door open.

However, the "Unknown" merciless sickle will be cut from the rear guard's neck.

The flowers are proud of laughter,

The birds and the fishes are singing and dancing.

Split cruel blood and flesh and share.

Now, to you here and to you there.

Let's shed tears on the cruelty of LOVE drinking blood.

The blood is filled with "Infinite" LOVE of women, heroes, flowers, birds and fish, and unnamed stones.

Refusing is not allowed. LOVE is merciless, invincible, and ignorant.

The anxiety doesn't stop like rain outside the window,

And the "Unknown" marches proudly.

We work together and continue to comedy.

The curtain call is just around the corner.

Still, we believe that bad music doesn't stop forever.

Are you a king or a beggar? That doesn't matter.

Stand alone in front of "Infinity".

Your body burns with the ice and freezes with scorching heat.

A cruel sickle of LOVE is swung over your head.

"Unknown" was born from the silence of the angels of the void,

who are unknown to all, or who everyone knows well, the cry of the earth.

Innocent flowers like crystals laugh and pride,

And the birds and the fishes are singing and dancing.

The "Unknown" knocks on the closed door of our "Prosperity",
Like a trumpet telling the end.
"How are you?"---
The women who applied perfume oil to their "Infinite" feet are oppressed,
And the heroes struggle to open the door.
We work together and try to continue the comedy.
The curtain call is just around the corner.
Still, we believe that bad music doesn't stop forever.
Don't be afraid of "Unknown" LOVE.
Cleave the cruel blood and flesh of LOVE and share with us.
Now, to you here and to you there.
You stand alone in front of "Infinity".
Your body burns with the ice and freezes with scorching heat.
The sparkling blood of LOVE will moisten your throat, and ruthless flesh will warm you.
Don't be afraid of "Unknown" LOVE.
Talk to the birds, talk to the fishes.
Tell us, the stone.
The flowers, bloom, laugh.
Bring in the wind that crosses the field and deliver a shine that we cannot hear.

13th July Morning

I really surprised to get up in this morning
I? He? She?
Linked with who of last night
Wash face, shave beard, trim hair, and looking
In the mirror, I see me, I see...

"Mirror, mirror, who is the most beautiful in the world?"
When a queen asked, was she embarrassed, discouraged, relieved, or have been ecstasy?
To kill the most beautiful someone in the world
Or that she can't kill herself?
She couldn't reflect herself, finally

Go to the garbage dump to dump the garbage
Sun wasn't blue-orange, so I didn't look up the sky
Sugilite's whisper struck my ear
Her song made ripples in the nearby Seno River
My shoulders were unloaded just a little bit...

Hunger is pleasant
Orderly silence
Making breakfast and eating it, bothersome
Beast is stirring inside me
Beasts don't always have an obvious form

8:00 am in JST (Japan Standard Time)
What should I do?
My fun is thinking about it
Have to en-grave on the uncoordinated clumps
Have to accept the gravity of the earth, stars, moon and sun

It's going to get hot today as well

Story

Too hot summer in Hiroshima (south western area of Japan)

My skin sweats as waiting for the morning tea to steep

I don't turn on the air conditioning

Because I want to feel the weight of my flesh

Wash my face, shave, and do gymnastics

Pray to the east

Interested to hear a person without letters never cried

And another one firstly thought the sunset was beautiful after learning letters

Surprised at hear that Airiel's dance before thoughts of generations who have been using smartphones since childhood

No, the surface of the sea never responds

As if like only fairly stage with no audience

But her journey never will be not over

Where there's no smoke there's fire

Manyo poets (in ancient Japan) thought of people's life in each smokes rising from their houses

Protecting the fire was a special job of the ashes-covered princess

As never extinguish this fragile fire

Speaking on "eternity", you will laugh

One match shows a momentary dream

When first match goes out, she rubs the second one

Another one, another one

We can easily make a fire with a single lighter today

What do I see in the burning red or pale fire?

Is this a dream like that poor girl saw?

Is this fire to burn neighbor's or our house?

Is this for cooking?

Or is this monk's self-immolation for protest?

Prometheus, are you still suffering from the punishment of the gods?

What you have brought is certainly going on

Are we facing the end of a culture, or the beginning of new game?

Let's offer the bouquet to the sky

With a touch of nostalgia

I am 45 years old

I have never imagined I'm 45 years old,
Older than my respected artists and philosophers today
May die anytime
How did others win against fear?
"It" makes me don't think about clearly sky
What am I afraid of?
You know, a lot of flowers around the world
Alcohol, tobacco, drugs and excessive sex, etc...something like that
Is God a kind of such flowers?
God makes me see sweet dreams?
Why are there brilliant flowers in infinite field?
Why does wind from the sea feel so comfortable?
Why do I pray to the dawn?
Maybe for burning out all of flowers...
Is there anything left in the naked land?
Do you call "Hope" it?
Really am I alone?
Is true God that makes me believe such?
Is snake evil, really?
Is woman evil, truly?
Is not man, do you believe this thesis?

Do you believe God cursed the earth and made man is like slave because of his sin?
Just living is so hard...I understand it using 45 years
Learn at highly university, work at good company, make money, get married, make children, be rich,
sometimes visit shrines, temples, or churches and take a bite of philosophy, maybe is it normal life?
But cannot satisfy such life like a drop in the ocean,
What remains this nothing in me?
Am I greedy?
What is meaning of our life?
Talk about it, you will laugh
We have our own mission each, don't us?
We continue to fight and are honored

Because of sin carved into us?
God makes us see sweet dreams?
What remains when I'm alone in front of "Eternity"?
What are true treasures?

I'm in fog and darkness of deep forest, as if the most advanced modern city in the world, and only
walk one step and one step
There are always clouds in the sky
When will the sun appear?
God is always watching me
Because he's free
For sure, anyway I will regret anytime
Because I'm greedy

"Beggars, you are blessed,
Kingdom of God is yours"
Because God's life is infinite and fills the emptiness
As of heat be transmitted to the cold
Why do I pray to the dawn?

Burn out all of brilliant flowers,
A wind is through naked land
Birds sing their newly learned songs
Sun illuminates everything on the earth
Is not man, do you believe this thesis?

Unfinished

Sea is falling

Can see no bird

Punch like a star in the blank

The hustle and bustle of cars and people

There is no tuned melody

Dinosaur are birds

The dinosaurs have become extinct, but the birds have inherited their vision

Humans longed for the sky when they saw birds

The dinosaur vision was inherited by humans

Unfinished

Brilliant thief like an angel sneaking
As quickly as a baguette dropping into the well
Oh, time for the bell to ring

Unfinished

Horatius tells us that Orpheus once tamed tigers and lions with his poetry
That was the golden age
The age of rusty iron right now
Poetry becomes the soliloquy of stars tens of thousands of light years away
Arrogance to say we understand when we speak
Illusion to say we don't need to speak to understand

Unfinished

Hot October

Lukewarm coffee

In Gläserne Nacht

Drinking coffee and staring at the vacuum of time

Sitting on the house of card

You say; all is vanity

Vanity Fair

Brilliant thief like an angel sneaking
As quickly as a baguette dropping into the well
Oh, time for the bell to ring

Horatius told that Orpheus once tamed tigers and lions with his poetry
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Cool early morning in fall
Wispy clouds are swimming in the clear blue sky, though I don't know their names
Look out the window and hope that the laundry hanging on the balcony will dry
Don't need storm in our life
God is watching even the wildflowers

Hot October
Lukewarm coffee
In Gläserne Nacht
Drinking it and staring at the vacuum of time
Sitting on the house of card
You say; all is vanity

Untitled

Ô saisons, ô sous-sols,
Hate soleil
North wind through us is not orange
The blank of the world is not blanc
Living naked is boring
"A treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth"
We don't know ourselves even our civilization developed very much
It is still dark land
What is the treasure in the heavens?
Only God knows
Staring at despair itself in despair
Don't stop
Keep going
Resist
Under the shiny blue sky
In the storm
In War and Peace
Ô saisons, ô sous-sols

Unfinished

We don't know what will be happen in this world
We don't know when our master will come back our home
We, the servants, should always be ready for when our master comes home
Let us burn with fire
Saints being executed by fire
Burn away the evils in us
We are still in a fog
So we go forward like raging lions

Unfinished

Cannot wake up
From sleep like mud
Near the noon
My body is bat, of golden, silver
Hurt on my heart
Never forget
Time pass like an arrow
My body is Black Hole
Cannot get up
Golden Disk on the middle sky
Brilliant angels kiss my cheek
Slightly hurt on my heart Ab Abyss
...finally decide to get up
Leave from my dream
Arrive at reality
I'm in the empty time and keep there
Look at my foot before leaping
Fearfully, start to walk under the shining sun

Unfinished

Look at the wall of my house
There is not anyone's face
Only white, clean wall
Like my spleen
My favorite pictures on the wall
They also see me
"I'm glad to see you
How are you?"
And then they also ask me
I don't understand them any questions
Eyes are the untamed fire
Prometheus gave us fire
So he is being punished by the gods
Still continue, never ending
We must not put out this noble fire
J'ai l'ombre de moi-même

Unfinished

Is Anger the drug like a marijuana?
Or like the demon gin?
Be raging lion, rampage, and then lie on the earth
Like a William Hogarth's etching
Be drowned
Down, down, down...
To deeper than Mariana Trench
Because the float names Light has burst
Am I seeing the light?
Didn't the light kill the king?

CELEBRATION!

Celebration names war
The sky and the sea is reversed
Women and men are reversed
Masters and slaves are reversed
Anger is as sweet as snow sugar
Is balance hot?
Neoclassicism as a green curry

Unfinished

Early morning, no crowds

White spirit

Cold-blooded sky

Is not red

Shining berry much

No flutes, no grasses, no Champagnes,

No riots,

"...no flowers, no leaves, no birds! ?

November!"

Unfinished work

Early morning November
Still noire
Stars already hid themselves
Slowly light full in the sky
Pale blue carpet
Is walked by untamed eyes
Open the window
For Merry Widow
New cold spirit
Comes into my white room
"Elle est retrouvée !
Quoi ? l'Éternité
C'est la mer mêlée
Au soleil"

November 17th morning

November 17th
Beginning winter
Night is worn
White tiger morn
Rises from the slumberous mass
Coolly and coolly
Become aware of reason blue
Repeat dawn
Repeat coming night
Cannot see anyone
But we will wake up again
And then will see light blue

Cold November

Cold November morning
My mind is still fallen into the mud dream
"The starry floor
The watry shore"
Swaying laundry through the window
Passing golden messengers stroke them
God is blue like an orange
Be or not to be money
What everything were touched
By my manus...
Walls
Servants
Plants
Doors
Bath...
Let them eat money
Need only money
As if we are like monkeys on Monday
On the way
Walking with sweat
I found Vietnamese Bánh mì shop
I bought a black coffee
Good aroma and unique taste
Delicious, I was satisfied
We have the language with our tongue
Our tongue knows different tastes
Fire autumn sky laughing
And burning a bloody apple

Unfinished work

There are somebody's houses
Heaven's door is closed
Rain, rain, rain
Like spleen
Swaying wet laundry
Like my spirit
Let's bear the white blank
I'm being watched
Yes
Who am I watching?

Unfinished work

Fall in the night
I don't remember when is sunset?
Because times are changing
On the seasons
Our lives are changing
The fall of the castle
The wind and the rain goes through out
Not easy to keep even an order of the castle
Where did you find the sun
Met the sea?

Unfinished

Sunny day
Clouds are frying high
I say; take care and have a nice trip!
I can see only blue sky
Deep spiritual
Good smile
And laughing like wind through the field
Black coffee in a cup
Bitter
But my feeling is not black or bitter
Good smile on my face
Already afternoon
Have a good day everyone!

Unfinished

Blue sky in this morning again
I get the word; Joy

What joy sufficient hath November felt?
What profit from the violet's day of pain?

Je doute des nuages... les nuages qui passent... là-bas... là-bas... les merveilleux nuages!

They, les nuages, are free?

When we give them freedom, will they come out of their underage state?

Les nuages qui passent... là-bas... là-bas...

Who's pain?
What pain does clear blue sky hide?

Unfinished

What is poetry?

All of things have "poésie"

What is "poésie?"

Open sesame!

Maybe the concept of "new" is already old

But we should go forward

Even if in a fog and many frogs

Unfinished

Cold December!
Empty time in the morning
Look up the sky without clouds
Look down the black coffee
Bitter, but I like this taste
Bitter, agony, romanticism
I'm not active
Slow as a snail
Look up the sky
There is still the moon

Celebration

Decorate with sweet flowers
Light the pink fire in the candles
Eat chocolate cake or shortcake with strawberries on it
These are things I don't usually do
Yes, today is a special day

Celebrating you
Celebrating others and myself
Celebrating a special day or thing

It's an war

Making of time-space from nothing
There are no Newtonian "absolute time" and "absolute space"
Special days are in the human mind
CIVILIZATION separates the festival from the everyday
So we celebrate
For something special in the heaven
We raise our voices of special thanks and joy
Like the sunrise

The pale moon is still in the morning sky
Can you see a little bit of the abyss appears?

Unfinished

Hate words like "individuality" and "genius." Ideologically, the criticism of individuality took place in the avant-garde of the 19th and 20th centuries.

When I encountered the avant-garde poetry of the 19th and early 20th centuries, which criticized individuality, so I could understand "poetry."

Unfinished

For example, think the situation in Afghanistan, the world today is in a complex state where we cannot simply say that one side is evil and the other side is good. I think we need to look at the world in a state of "superposition" in quantum mechanics, where two opposites are recognized at the same time, rather than a dualism of one and the other.

Unfinished

It happened in the past
It happened today
It will happen tomorrow

Every moment now is calm
And boring
No wolf is coming

There are the murders every day
But I know
My heart is indifferent
Because Sherlock Holmes is not coming

It happened
What happened?

I'll try to gaze each moment
I'll be exciting
Like the first night the stars fell

I'll breathe
Deeply, deeply
Exhale as much as possible
And then, naturally inhale to the fullest
Breath fills all of my body
Giving me the strength
To stand up
To walk

Every moment now is blessed
And consecrated
By arctic fire
Like the execution of Jeanne d'Arc.

God bless

Like the tears of a vanished city

On Suicides

I'm obsessed with suicide cases in our society. Japan was a country with many suicides. Since April 2020, when the pandemic became known to the public in Japan, a lot of celebrity suicides have been reported.

The first one that shocked me was Japanese actress Yuiko Takeuchi. She passed away suddenly, leaving behind her children. Another recent case was Sayaka Kanda. She also committed suicide suddenly and for unknown reasons.

Yeah, maybe I know their reasons, Empty sat on a wall, Empty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Empty together again. The nothing say; come, come, come. Same rightnow. That's why I'm writing this.

Looking back, many people have passed away. My grandparents, the master of my favorite jazz bar, 80 years old woman at my favorite coffee shop; we called "mom", my artist friends; Juliana Yassin, Lee Wen from Singapore and Mariana Picart from Uruguay. John Giorno, a respected poet, I met him twice, also passed away in 2019.

There are as many losses as people I met, and maybe I can't expect to meet new people to make up for it.

It's cold, so I turn on the stove, but the windows are fogged up white and I can't see out. Early morning, maybe the sky is gray, I think. I like this time of day.

A little black thing among the snow; crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!

I'm not interested in Napoléon Bonaparte, who killed millions and became a hero, I'm more interested in Raskolnikov, who only one old woman murder makes a villain.

Isn't killing when anyone is cornered a compensatory act for killing his/herself?

The nothing say; come, come, come. Someone that would go to sea for pleasure, would go to hell for a pastime.

In Front of the Crisis

Hello everyone
Have a nice day!
I try to say so
But do we have a really nice day today?
Hope everything is very well
Yes, I really hope
YES YES YES
The world ask me;
NO NO NO
The world will be bad, and worse, and more...
And more...
I don't need a sob story
No heroes are coming
Poor princess is in the castle
People are playing on the street
That only the gangs and mobsters
This is a game
Where they are the dealers
So I don't want to play
I have no money and no power
I just pray
Just praying

What Is War?

What is war?

I'm thinking in the safe place

What arrogance!

I know only a few things

No pain, no suffering

What arrogance!

Imagine the pain and suffering of them

The pain of having a gun

The sadness of killing a person

Fear, anger, ignorance,

Arrogance

Shoot a gun in the darkness

Where is the enemy?

Where is the ally?

The sun is already shining

I don't know what is true

It's like a masquerade

I'm in the safe place

Really?

I'm holding an invisible gun

Who is my ally?

Who is my enemy?

What is war?

Life is war

Serious Accident Happens in My Freezer

Big ice caught in my freezer entrance
The door cannot be closed
Cannot make ice cubes
Can't even freeze meats and fishes
I'm in trouble
Roubles fly away in paper scraps
Even though we can't fly in airplanes

Oublié ce qui s'est passé il y a 8 ans ? (Forgotten what happened 8 years ago ?)

No, Monna Lisa does not fly
Don't worry

The chickens were also frozen
And then completely melted
What the sad chickens!

Chickens don't fly
I'm very worried

Remember Hell

I am now in the western area of Japan
My hometown is further east and north
I was born on South Island in Japan, south and west of where I live in now
I live in a medium-sized city
I can see many things that I could not see in my hometown
Museums, downtown, places associated with the atomic bomb
Hiroshima where I live in now
I stand on the inferno where, along with Nagasaki, the U.S. committed genocide and human experimentation here in 1945

That's The Truth

I was working until the early morning
Heard bird's first voice
Could the birds be heard
In the battlefield sky?
No, they cannot
There is six-hour time difference
Between Ukrainien and Japanese standard time
Not easy to see
Others' skies together

Appearing truth's face is an old lady
That wear a lot of makeup
Gorgeous, sweet, sweeeeet
Kiss tastes like a butter cake

Why can you judge who is evil?
Who is good?
War is not a festival
The bitterness of killing just 1, 2, 3,...
The pain of being killed
Such bitterness and pain that can only
Be understood in the field of war
We can only try to be with them

Poor babies die
What poor babies
These are loss
We are satisfied when we see the loss
While eating popcorns
Poor babies die
What poor babies!

There are two viruses right now

Spreading in the world
Mixture of fake and truth
They are changing the world
That's the truth

Untitled Tragedy

The day very personal,
But big event for me happened
The next day the tragedy happened
And the next day
I'm walking the street of the city
Many people is walking same street
Because weekend the day

Was he that a great person?
He's not JFK, not John Lennon
And not Jesus Christ
He was got too big a cross to bear
I have never forgot him

He didn't wrong
He didn't revolutionize or reform
He was a gentle man
Like a full moon
I pray for his soul to Rest In Peace

His life is not special
But it's as special as any other life
The truth will fade into the mist

Let's pray for him
Just as pray for the people
Who are involved in train fatalities

Please let him Rest In Peace

Poetry is Difficult

Idle time...

What should I do?

There are a number of things that need to be done

From Art I'm far away

Poetry is always temporary

Though the work is hard

It makes me grow

It's an apprenticeship

Art is difficult

Art is not good taste

Life is suffering and I aim high

Poetry is difficult

No Title

See the World

Seek the Truth

Beware of those who speak "Truth" too easily

It's an illusion

That Truth is hidden and cannot be told

And it can be revealed by lifting the veil

Truth is a complexity and cannot be simply stated

Truth is not simple

Never mind

Like the torment of Prometheus
It's so hard work that I can't even think about it anymore
Ah, I want to spend all day drinking and not thinking about anything

All good and beautiful things have died

Personal monologue is not a poem
It's tweeting

Our society cares about individual tweets

Never mind, but they are only millionaires

Never mind, but neither I nor you got a cent from them

I know I didn't get a cent from him, but you don't seem to know
Are you OK?
Oh, I don't mind your lie