

a poem
w/ self-service.

Give me another brick.

Translated by Stavros Deligiorgis

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Four Thousand Days and Nights

For the birth of one poem
we must kill
we must kill many
we must shoot, assassinate, poison many beloved.

Look,
simply because we wanted the trembling tongue of a small bird
from four thousand days and nights
we shot the silences of four thousand nights and
the backlight of four thousand days.

Listen,
simply because we wanted the tears of a starving child
in all the rainy cities, the smelting furnaces and
midsummer wharves and coal mines
we assassinated the love of four thousand days
and the pity of four thousand nights.

Bear it in mind,
because we wanted the fear of a stray dog
who sees what we cannot see
who hears what we cannot hear
we poisoned the imagination of four thousand nights and
chilly memories of four thousand days.

To give birth to one poem

we must kill our beloved.
This is the only way to resurrect the dead,
the way we must take.

World Without Words

- 1 The world without words is a sphere at noon
I am vertical
The world without words is poetry at noon
I cannot stay horizontal

- 2 I will discover the world without words
with words I will discover
a sphere at noon, poetry at noon
I am vertical
I cannot stay horizontal

- 3 June midday
The sun was above my head
I was among many rocks
Then
the rocks were a corpse:
the lava corpse of
the energy of
volcanic explosion
Why at this moment
are all forms a corpse of energy?
Why at this moment
are all colors and rhythms the corpse of energy?
A bird,
for instance, an eagle
in its slow spiral
observes but does not criticize
Why at this moment does it simply observe the forms of energy?
Why at this moment
does it not criticize every color and rhythm?
The rocks were a corpse
I drank milk and
tore at bread like a grenadier