

火・Fire (To Adonis, — I dedicate the greatest poem of Saigyō Hōshi's life

Typhoon, — (Number three. July 7, 2000, Tanabata Festival, night // late, building to squall, but, hastily,  
passed through, ..... while listening to its footfalls

Thinking of the fire in the heart of Adonis

«drapé de feu»

“soft flames of the earth’s surface, .....(July 8, 2000. From Miyake-jima, like the hand of an infant,  
// fresh some,oak (smoke, .....)= hair,nothingness,village (ke毛,mu無,ri里, .....)”

door = «戸»

seed of the fire even beyond the seed of the fire in the heart of Adonis-san

door = «戸»

(July 9, 2000. Hirasawa Yoshiko, eminent artist living in Paris, sent me, ..... by that great poet of Dimashq  
(Damascus) / Adonis’s “Stone (Pierre = 石)” – such beauty, such loveliness, ....., the ti,ni,ness of “pierre(ishi)”  
..... is, so that we can love it all the more tenderly

“j’adore cette pierre paisible”

(to Odaima Muhammed Abdullah-san and Takeda Asako-san, the day we went to ask about  
Adonis in Kodaira on the Ōme Kaidō Road, those rustling trees are unforgettable, .....

door = «戸»

Unforgettable, Mount Qasioun in Damascus

(“mine eyes” that have seen the twinkling of another universe, were dreaming off, reading The Quran, .....  
“Have We (Allah) not made the land your cradle? (We made it so that humans may dwell peacefully there.)  
And made the mountains as stakes? (As stakes that bind fast the tent pitched in the desert, We have made the  
mountains firmly bind the earth and keep it from wobbling).” Chapter 78, translated by Izutsu Toshihiko, .....

door = «戸»

Unforgettable, Miyake-jima fisherman on the verge of tears, —

(July 8, 2000, on the nightly news, truth told just wanna git outta here, .....says  
the stammering fisherman's sun-browned *drapé*? "The heart's 火 · fire [fi (ə)t], ....." is unforgettable, .....

"*J'ai vu mon visage dans ses veinures* (I can see my face in the stone's striped eye)" (Translated by Hirasawa Yoshiko)

Adonis-san's mind's eye's fire's ishi's striped eye/I feel I can also see it, .....

(Because, "I" has become the eye of the *aha*,  
"a purple bakke (bat) / Akiko-san," you see, .....

door = «*戸*»

Nostalgia for Qasioun

Lovely mountain

(....., 's fire [fi (ə)t], ....."The Furrowed Road of Embers," —. Saigyō Hōshi, lifetime greatest  
poem, let us dedicate to Adonis, —

Nostalgic Qasioun

door = «*戸*»

(“風になびく富士のけぶりの空に消えてゆくへもしらぬわが思ひかな”

*kaze-ni nabiku Fuji-no keburu-no sora-ni kieteyuku hemo shiranu waga omo<sup>hi</sup>-kana*

“As the windblown smoke of Mt. Fuji disappears into the sky, so my oblivious thoughts,” ..... That emphasis on hi  
(Mr. Kubota Jyun), “*feu*” 火 [fi (ə)t]. So nostalgic, the hot 火 of “hought,” so nostalgic, the heat 火 of “hi”, —

: TRANSLATED BY JORDAN A. YAMAJI SMITH.

## My Pulse

Mo Chuisse—dedicated to the writing hand of Patrick Chamoiseau

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NOV 17, 2012, all you kind souls gathered here at the Institut Français this rainy evening,..... This humble poem, deeply inspired by Chamoiseau's masterpiece *Bible des derniers gestes* (translated into Japanese as *カリブ海偽典 / Caribbean Sea Pseudepigraphs*), was written in full awareness of my shortcomings and with all my heart. His masterpiece yields enormous blessings. I kept on reading a third, a fourth, a fifth time. Herein, I share my immediate surprise and gratitude. This morning, I sent a facsimile to my friend, Sekiguchi Ryōko, who will be giving the gist in French—along with my joy in getting to spend the evening with this marvelous writer.

NOV 12, 2012, 3:00 P.M., Tokio, ... Patrick Chamoiseau, his masterpiece, translated into some one-thousand pages of Japanese by Tsukamoto Masanori, after reading for ten days, I finished it, such words, their very existence seems impossible, but...

I felt like a most courteous, giant tree was 樹-間[=stand]ing in my kokoro, ,,,

6:00 P.M., NOV 12, 2012, ..... Perhaps this “kokoro...” thing, surprised at its initial surprise, page 906, third from last line, “Orchids are intimate with eternity, frugal, slender.....” while I regret losing my friend, Nakagami, I feel his narrowed next to me, giving me the feeling I can see Chamoiseau-san’s French in the first line of this poem, ..... What does it mean “to mourn” (おしむ)? (it can also mean slowly savoring one’s reading to avoid the disappointment of finishing, but it’s something deeper...) And, perhaps, this mourning, felt for the first time, when I finished reading the book, 樹-間ing in the heart of the book, was this circling round and round, ..... Or Balthazar Bodule-Jules, whose body “watered, pulled weeds, cleaned up” (page 886, line 7), his movements, the sound of pen scratching on the paper of Patrick Chamoiseau-san’s “paper house,” or coming to hear the soft “soundless whistling,” .....I find myself softly, cautiously returning to the depths of the book’s first page, .....

The abyss of our voices, ,,, it may have been the first time I’d known a future where my whistling could arrive, ,,,

“It’s not enough”

“Apatoudi” = no, that was enough, ,,,

NOV 13, 2012, .....wordless symbol of a poetry anthology dedicated to Patrick Chamoiseau-san’s masterpiece or the “,” resembling someone’s mouth, for example page 896 to page 897, “.....the atmosphere saturates with moisture, becomes mist settling on walls, on life, and the orchids drink it in” の, .....that scar on the universe I made, “,” 毛, thank you, Chamoiseau-san, .....

,, 環, I was approaching a path along which I would realize the meteoric nature of that mist the orchids sip

11/13/2013 (Tues) 13:27 ORGANIC CAFE, Tokyo Station branch, off in one corner I sat, as though sheltering myself from the rain though it had ceased to fall, from the power of that falling mist of Chamoiseau-san's book. Page 39, the \*3, hearing for the first time the "tiny cracks in the hummingbird eggs," the path and my life aligned, there was a "sing=walking," I sang-walked / chantai-marchai. Touching the book's bark, the 樹-間 skin, touching = left, ring, distance, what, add, nudity..... (sa左, wa環, ri離, na奈, ga加, ra裸, ...) page 47, left side, "There is no beginning of death. It exists from the moment of conception, envelops our births, dwells within all alive, remains an active principle in all our projected futures. Death composes the reverse of extreme life ...It forms the reverse."

little paths on the reverse of mist meteorites 緒 while drying out words, I made as though to whistle "Hey, Moon! Over here...," on the REVERSE of the "text route," those paths on the REVERSE 緒, we came to walk for the first time, ...

NOV 14, 2012... immersed in perusing, Caribbean Sea, for the second time, I found, perhaps, my favorite line in this monumental work, ...page 85 8th-6th lines from the bottom, "Cléoste, between the huge roots of the trees, in the midst of this darkness with mist dripping like rain, moved along as easily as though brightly illuminated by the noontime sun," 加 but

water, water, ,, the mist's emphasis, water, water, moving along easily, Tsunami乃 victims, so easily, those 樹-間 [trees] ar, ranged, "bajiRU = basil, THAT RU = RUE = ROUTE", sounds of muddy footfalls, became visible

Chamoiseau's most courteous, giant tree-I felt-was 樹-間 ing in my kokoro, ,,

"Bajibaji (basil: [in Creole folktales, another name for death] page 90 (What Is Creole? [Lettres Créoles], Heibonsha Library Publishers, trans. Nishitani Osamu)

rururu....." ru = the Ainu word for little path, road)

Gya-ri-ri = [in Creole means "over there," "that world"] (What Is Creole? [Lettres Créoles] (Heibonsha Library Publishers)

NOV 15, 2012...IN A DREAM, the DREAM's 樹-皮 [bark], stripping sounds, the swelling of Chamoiseau-san's pen, to its absentmindedness my kokoro was returning, thinking,..... (Mō)re than Edouard Glissant's "A tree is a country unto itself" (What Is Creole? [Lettres Créoles], Heibonsha Library Publishers, page 307), .....

An absentmindedness like the absentmindedness of old trees... (Biblique, page 104, eighth line from the bottom), gya-ri-ri, .....

Gya-ri-ri

“the planet’s bark, ,,,” “the green clay of the Congo swamplands, .....” (page 45, last line),”

Gya-ri-ri, pi-pi-ri (Pipiri bird, page 137, seventh from last line)

Ri-ri-gya, jiba....- reversing the syllables made a splitting sound

NOV 15, 2012, ...so finally, according to the “the 樹-間’s absentmindedness,” in Chamoiseau-san’s praiseworthy masterpiece,

The dying, ,,, “a dwarf, an emerald, .....,” the dying, their singing voices, we also noticed.....

Ri-ri-gya, jiba – reversing the syllables made a sp.lit.ing sound

Ri-ri-gya, jiba – reversing the syllables made a sp.lit.ing sound

NOV 16, 2012, ... perusing a bit (mō)re “departed spirits from a past age, marginal, latter-day avatars of escaped slaves” (page 134, first line), and “it seemed as though the door to the room had disappeared” (page 113, third line) 手, invisibly “guided by an animal sense of smell...” (ibid, line 12), 手, grow.wing deep.her....

(= “discomfort” (page 116, fourth line))

the entire universe “an absentmindedness like the absentmindedness of old trees” = “Some things are, some things are not. And between the two lie the remainders.” (page 111, epigram, ...)

the immortal, invisible depths of the remainders, ,,,

Ri-ri-gya-jiba, ri-ri-gya-jiba

Incredible, the ashen tamarinds (page 137, last line) of

the 樹-間 [tree]’s URA-KAZE, its DEEP-WINDS

NOV 16, 2012, ...9:00 A.M., I got a phone call from Ryōko Sekiguchi-san, in Kyoto with Chamoiseau-san ... “last night we drank kokutō shōchū,” .....

Incredible, the ashen tamarinds of the 樹-間 [tree]’s URA-KAZE

NOV 17, 2012, finally, on the morning of the day that URA-KAZE’s six, seven days’ journey would come to an end, listening carefully, I began to hear the voice of another poem, .....

ta	so many
tama, .....	souls, .....

“The remainders, .....” the moment I spelled it out, the voice of Rikuzen Takata spoke

Yes

Incredibly

Chamoiseau,

Mo chuisle (“my pulse,” Gaelic)

I felt like a most courteous, giant tree was 樹-間[=stand]ing in my kokoro ,,,  
afterword, ..... As I finished my reading, listening still to the faint voice of the  
French simultaneous translation, I mumbled, "This poem cannot be written again,  
can never be read again." (the author).

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: TRANSLATED BY JORDAN A. YAMAJI SMITH

## “Naked Memo”

(Like P. Klee, one must slowly carry fire from the heart to the hand...)

a dressmaker (.....assistant, seamstress, .....), her goddess's, *yamamba*,,  
——and at lunchtime a beggar, be(came) sheets, sheets,  
and that, a crimson boat, .....(her eyes, .....), dyed amber, an awning boat  
(篷船 péng chúan)

ash gray (젯빛 · 회색 : [tɕp'it : চেপ্পিট]), thornily, starfish (*astèria*) / ,,

Pit! Chep'pit!

(Summer of 2009, on a certain day in a certain month, at Shinjō 新郷, station's rental car 新郷, a Toyota Vitz (metallic silver), spun round, by its GPS navigator, of Mamurogawa (真室川), of Ōishida (大石田), so fast, place names (blood names, ..... ) they, disappear!, .....so it's said, the old folks, were mum/bling, .....spun round, wandering lost, time was real time, .....to the Saijōgawa River where no one is, is the Saijōgawa River where no one is, ..... repeating wordlessly in the days when I tried to sing, twisted like the wick of a wordless song, the curving 口 (mouth) of the Saijōgawa River, the river's words, ..... . Not lonely, not quiet. The hidden homestead of a corpse in the currents, .....I thought, whiz, purr ..... a voice, hair (air), could be herd, coming but, rather "over their" saying nothing, it was the mouth of deep words, ..... . "A mouth that says nothing, ....." and a Vitz (metallic silver), I met with all this, in summer of 2009, on a certain day in a certain month..... . But for fifty years, sixty years, it has been traipsing after my heart, ..... . Perhaps the Sagae was shaped,,,

Perhaps the Sagae was            shaped,,,

Pit! Chep'pit!

Instinct, incomparably beauteous sigh  
lent, not silence,  
the waves of Tokoyo, the Perpetual Country, sometimes,  
(I can't hear.....) clear my throat,  
(balbettio, hemming and hawing man ),.....his gig(antic,) sospiro sigh , .....therefore,, he is



(Until I named it “Naked Memo,” the narrow path of this “Essay / Narrative,” came walking.....Yes, the narrow path, the autumn air, the first rain to herald winter, .....Ah, so-la (sky) it is! la, 塊 (clump) of attention..... Yes, this, yes, this, things's, dependencies, damn 'em, ....., an atom of anatomy of you dependents, mino (straw raincoat) or kasa (umbrella) or voice or words, ....., the seamstress's things her variouses, all together “Rah! Rah!”, it was the narrow path (lane) we were walking it was, the 果 (end) in 裸 (naked), its geta, there was a time when it became Paul Klee's , our somehow, prehistoric 牛糞 (cow dung), underneath it, it looks like a vacant lot (空地), p, lay, ce, .....from which you might bashfully cast your eyes downward,, we made it to that place, man. Geta, ....., hawk, serving time, ..... . Buddha, barely started to walk, ..... . To the next town, ..... . one could say, hmp, ..... . All the way to the next town over, Muscatine, state of Mississippi, walk(by car)ing forty years, not yet, .....ssissippi, ..... the first late autumn rains of it's i, it can be, it can't be, escaped, ..... P.'s, annotative head jots, also (all so), escape (SCAPE), no way, .....no way. For forty years, just like this, just walkin', man. Fromōizumi Fumiyo, the morning of February 2, 2009, Monday, ..... “A Quiet Place” first published, the Afterword, due by the twenty-fifth, a fax arrived, the most surprising part may have been “A Silent America,” ..... . si or shi, Shimokitazawa, 死人 (si, bi, to : the dead)'s, because it's the land of the urushi swamp, Mr. -saku's “Hanging Suicide from the Ceiling” [tenjō ishi] of Shimokitazawa's, i, shi, .....to notice this was Nakagami's or Ryuta's god-given nature, but, I, today, I'm surprised at the me that could be surprised at something like this,, “A Quiet Place” original edition page 60 line 3, ..... What is this surprised at a place like that! “.....This place called Watts with its mysterious tower. Italian-born Simon Rodia (1879-1965) for thirty-three years, using shells, cans, metal scraps and such, erected a tower with his bare hands, .....” Eh!!!

Eh!!! Coca Cola, Pepsi, tower of shells!

In this way, oh 鬍 (goatee, .....) of Nguyễn Cao Ky, Machu Picchu,,

(“Suspending a Harmonium in this Ring” and, “A Quiet Place” bore an epigram..... thirty-one years ago, ..... thirty-one years have passed, with that mistymouthed, “shell” or “Charms from Mt. Osore” or “Apparent Self-asphyxiation, .....” too, life, ..... . The warm thread of life’s “when we touched one of its ends, the other end swayed.....” (Chekhov/Awadzu Norio--“On St. Peter’s Denial,” Anthology II) on page 138, he writes, “Rembrandt inspired Bach. If you touch one end of a chain, the other end sways.” .....Yes,, yes, 점말 [kure:クレ] Klee might not understand, however (ever), that’s right, he might understand, however, this,, “mooring rope kanashimo,” that’s right. When I’m washed away to Sado Island, the voice of “Naked Memo,” Zeami’s writing, “Ah, so intriguing, the sea at Sado,,” / , yes, that voice, February 18, 2010, toward the Driver’s License Renewal Center in Kandabashi, listening to the mumbling (mumbling) of Kanda’s muddy boat’s prow’s captain of boat of filth impurity and danger, ....., they say, the mooring rope, THAT chain, drags and clanks, so, so, と, .....those goddamn genes too, a bully’s, like a gargoye (鬼瓦), that he got rowdy, that was CERTAIN, ..... . this area, something like leaves of old newspaper, piling up in a vast rotting heap, my heart’s dirt (泥),, ..... YOU, thief [泥棒], YOU, thief, YOU, thief,,,,

rope (밧줄.줄 [pat’ul:パッチュル]), hand (손 [son:ソン]),, reaching, and, 唾<sup>a</sup>, 離<sup>ti</sup>,  
唾<sup>a</sup> (aria, (woman)을,,  
triste, sadness, in a dream, a tree splint, where to, Masamune,  
oh, swan!  
That  
fragrance,  
water (물 [mul:ムル]) embroidery /、乃、  
/、 fragrance ((香氣)가나다 hyangiga nada = かおる: to give scent), kapchagi (갑자기.느닷없시)

a dressmaker (.....assistant, seamstress, .....), her goddess's, yamamba,,  
Yoshida Isshi-san of TONDABAYASHI, I wonder if she makes wavy lines  
in a TON, of bamboo joints, like HB's pencil, .....

(So, Iwata Shinji-san, did an "NHK Special," .....Tondabayashi's own Yoshida Isshi-san, 84-year-old, began to  
learn, .....

Jiï (wavy lines (波線), knowing almost nothing of them, oh, Kafka, Tondabayashi's own Yoshida Isshi-san  
now, ring finger (pinky?), s'port,ing, .....used it as a supporting crutch, .....This scenery, I (like a poisonous  
insect, .....)my, / ; ---umlaut. That's right, Germanic boat, the galley's sound's, ink pot, ....., chamber pot,  
.....)

shit (cacca .....), ----, ring finger (pinky?) ㄨ ,, where to,,  
Fried - rich  
Nietzs, che  
he,,  
Venezi, i, a  
, a, no's

(Gone, do, la, 's) song,, nii, ne, jii,,  
 So, so as though it (attach----붙이다.뒹붙이다 [put'ida : puchida])'ed  
 Ring finger (pinky?) 를,, where to,  
 Tondabayashi's own Yoshida Isshi-san,, well,, shii, jii,,  
 put,, chida,, (attach----붙이다.뒹붙이다 [put'ida : puchida] eh,,, 'ㄷ,,

(February 13, 2010, morning, 6:40, IN Kasumi, WITH Sato Masayoshi-san, last Year of the Rat  
 (December 2009) 31st, at three o'clock, just at year end, I was trying to get out to meet him, just  
 when, just then, ....., sudden new,s came, he died,,, / , wind blowing,, wind blowing in the form  
 of an unseen hat. That "that gesture and that smile at picking up the unseen hat, ....." was a  
 memory for this lifetime, ----. A bamboo rake, if only I could've bought a new one, at the Kasumi  
 Branch Office in Hachiôji, ....., He must have fought around HERE, .....,surely, here (HERE) was the  
 battlefield, Yoshida's and Hôjô's, which one of those struggling young people, one of their profiles  
 suddenly thrown into relief, ....., . And, without noticing it, we, at the fragrant snowbell (白雲木)  
 in the garden, we lingered as though we'd talk to it, is that, a cloud? A spider? At that, you could  
 say we began to notice..... . In that beautified garden, that, ....., or that,!!! Incomparably beauteous  
 coat of fur, like HB's pencil, alone, see, a quiet raccoon=狸,,,,, as I quietly flipped the pages of the  
 Korean dictionary,, noguri (raccoon tanuki [狸]) ① 너구리 [noguri: ノグリ]]. Isn't it this cloud,  
 this wind, Masayoshi-san, Isshi-san, Shitakawa-san, the winds', 's, the noise the cLOUDs make,  
 ..... noguri, no, guri, .....let's go walking. Knowing no limits, .....that was IT, ..... noguri, noguri,  
 to those, THOSE quietly upturned eyes, I, limitless's, s's, SNAIL's, 's's, do(or door, 戸, 扉,  
 .....문 · 출입문 [mun: ムン] ㄹ, tail, I was remembering it, surely..... .

I will arise and go now (W.B. Yeats)  
 Noguri, noguri, "Refreshed now, arise and let us go walking"

Instinct, incomparably beautiful sigh  
lent, not silence,  
the waves of Tokoyo, the Perpetual Country,  
sometimes,  
(I can't hear.....) clear my throat  
(balbetti, hemming and hawing man )

(And also, beyond this, never again, .....so they say butT,, from here on out, never have to go out  
walking again, like I'm some young Yosa Buson on his journey north, .....I declare, Shōin was like  
that too, and Arthur Rimbaud, ....., from then on, relaxing now, briskly, .....as though embodying  
an "I, I don't have a fuckiNG CLUE, ....." just like that, get the fuck away, end it,, rela,xing now,, in  
those days, never once in my life, I never whistled, man, let one peal like the wind if I could only  
come to hear it, even if I couldn't, become able to hear it, yeah, well,, well well,, 's,, well, well, .....

Well,, ノ, 乃,, well, well,, ----  
Well,, ノ, 乃,, well, well,, ----  
noguri, noguri, refreshed now, arise and let us go walking  
noguri, noguri

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: TRANSLATED BY JORDAN A. YAMAJI SMITH