

Taeko Uemura (Japan)

Wharf, Harbor, and Port

At the wharf fishes float up and down to make a round
At the harbor sea gulls come on boats to greet
At the port cranes are waiting in vain with a giraffe's necks

The night of the wharf with fishing lanterns and Japanese gull
The dark of the harbor with some elopements and the ferryboat
The night view of the port with a containership bright like a chandelier

Women in the wharf are working hard
Girls in the harbor are flippant
Ladies in the port are loving fashion

In the wharf love cannot be told seriously
In the harbor earnestness becomes boorish
In the port lovers separate pretending a drama

But I have to go
I must go
The whistle of anchoring ship calls me in the offing

A man of the wharf always kept me waiting
A man of the harbor was wild
A man of the port was capricious

I trailed such guys as ever
Every time I was left behind
But I have to go now, sure
I must go
A ticket to Cape Town, please

Yes, to the Cape of Good Hope

Sapphire

A flame stands still in water
There to coldness without sound
I boggle my body
Words are used up
And I gaze sapphire in silence

While I feel so sad
I only see collapse time without any words to console
Between deep forest trees
The night are penetrated by something
Should I wait it in vain
And their passing through?

I never wish to get a reason for sadness
Before getting to know that
I will leave there
Calmly and silently
As if throwing a pebble far away
Without telling anybody
I will leave there
Having no word to respond,
With a little smile,
Crossing over a sea forgotten already,
I will leave there
Nothing was happened, in such a feeling
I am swayed in the wind on the lake

What is the color of sadness?
If asked, I would like to answer slowly
With puckering mouth and say
Sapphire
Sapphire
Sapphire,

If I was intoxicated with the beauty of
Blueness of the lake someday,
With tender tears
I shall return drops of hidden disappointment
To the sapphire valley quietly and secretly

Like a prayer
And a spell
Continuing murmuring Sapphire
The light of the bluish green dyed my thought,
becomes beads of dew
Sweeping away the pain which escapes slowly,
And recalls another spell "not having lost all yet"
is made to recollect,
Like the tide filling me,
Like a person watching me friendly
That can be illuminated,
I will be able to walk on a narrow lane

A Far Promise

A gray switch disappears
Then nothing can be heard
Dancing the body with rotation of the earth,
I regret only the affair
that I did not achieve promising
it was not able to achieve
my promising
Possibly it was a one-sided and self-complacent one

However, I had to go
Had to go there
I must
be there

Though I had something to tell the person
Regrettable words
Were scattered
And fell with a slide
They did not come into a voice
It become shout and
Was sucked up

At the back of a mirror
Something exists there
While I was getting what it was
Scenery become far
and and disappear
from me as if not going promising place

The time may already pass,
may pass considerably
and anybody be there
Only the noise of a town is the surroundings
Only unknown people's
ill-bred laughing voice sounds,
and the promised time
is hung in the air
and is flickering to cold air

Is it also already scratched out?
Not leaving even a footprint
Nor the time of recollections
If it appears in the subject of
an occasional daily amusement
Can it return to the ground
And be transformed to fallen leaves
in the woods of memories?
Giving up on my words
which I wanted to leave
I sink in the back of a shadow

in front of the door which can no longer be opened

I wanted to achieve it
Why did I believe that
Someday I could do it?
If I only extend my hands,
It might be possible to reach at any time
A town where I lived in girl's age
I dared to forget it for a long time

without remembering
But it escaped from a narrow alley
and an alley full of holes, full of dust is
in a pile unawares
was repainted in a town map
vividly excessive
and overlapped with the promised place
And I pursue the sight of back of the person
whom I wanted to meet

I did not make it
Yet I begin to feel
Leaving the place
that was better because
I was sure to make a promise
It was my good achievement



Profile

Born in Kyoto. Poet

Graduated from Konan University, Faculty of Letters in 1970

With Arima Takashi she promoted a movement "Oral Poetry Group" in 70's.

Now she belongs to the Japan Pen Club, Kansai Poets Association, Japan Universal

Poets Association and writes actively.

Publication in Japanese: Poetry Selection "Musu no Irritation (Numberless Irritation)"(Japanese Woman Poet Series: Lemon sha publishing.) "Kagami niwa Utsuranakatta" (Never be reflected in the mirror), "Onna no ma no toki"(Woman's Devil Time/Tanko-sha),

Essays: "Kyoto Monogatari"(Yama to Keikoku sha), "Daiti ni Yume Motomete/Brazil Imin to Hiraohheizaburo no Kiseki" (Kobe shinbun sogo shuppan center)

Publication in English: "To a Vanishing Point" "To a Serendipity Muse" "Duet of Wing" (JUNPA BOOKS)

上村多恵子 (日本)

みなとと湊と港

みなとはお魚が浮遊して回る
湊は舟にカモメが挨拶にくる
港のクレーンは麒麟の首のように待ちぼうけ

みなとの夜はカンテラに海猫
湊の暗間は駈け落ちに渡し船
港の夜景はコンテナ船がシャンデリアのよう

みなとの女は働き者で
湊のおんなは蓮っぱで
港のオンナはお酒落好き

みなとで愛は語れない
湊で本気は野暮になる
港で別れは其れはドラマを気どる

でももう行かないと
行かないと
沖待ち船の汽笛が鳴っている

みなとの男はいつでも待たせる
湊の男はだらしなく

港の男は気まぐれだ

そんな男に相変わらずも引きずられ
いつも私は置いてきぼり
でも今度こそ行かないと
行かないと
ケープタウンまで切符を頂戴

そう喜望峰まで

瑠璃

水の中で焔が静止する
そこで音のない冷たさに
身をたじろがせ
言葉は終り
無音のままに瑠璃を見つめる

あまりに悲しいとき
なぐさめの材料さえ持てず時間を崩解させ
深い樹々のあいだの
夜を貫くものだけに頼って
ひたすら通り過ぎるのを
ただ待つしかないのだろうか

悲しみの理由をわかりたくない
それは知るよりも前に
ひっそりと静かに
遠くに小石を放り投げるように
誰にも告げずに
返す言葉もなく
ただ少しだけ微笑して
忘れられた海を渡り
立ち去って
何もなかったように身をこなし
湖の上で風に吹かれよう

悲しみの色は
と聞かれたら
口をつぼめて
ゆっくりと返答したい
るり
るり
瑠璃 と
透きとおった湖水の青さに
いつしか酔うことができたなら
やわらかに涙を流し
集めた失望を
静かにひそやかに瑠璃の谷へ落す

それを祈りのように
そして呪文のように
瑠璃と つぶやき続けるとき
思いに耽った青緑の光が
ようやく玉の露となって
逃げ出してゆく苦痛を
ゆっくりと拭いながら
まだまだすべてを失ってはいない
という別の呪文を
想い起こさせ
満たしてくれる潮のように
親しげに見守るもののように
暗い森を照らして
狭い小道を歩いてゆける

遠い約束

灰色のスイッチが消えると
もう何も聞こえなくなった
地球の回転とともに身体を踊らせ
たった一つだけ悔やむ
約束しておきながら

果たせなかったことを
それは一方的な
独りよがりの約束だったのかもしれない

しかし
行かなければならなかった
そこへ必ず
行かなければならなかった
そして告げたいことがあったのに
無念の言葉が
散り散りになって
すべりながら落下して
声にならない
叫びとなって
吸いとられてゆく

鏡の奥に何があったのかを
ようやく感じてきたのに
わかり始めてきたとき
風景が遠くなって
もう約束の場所へ
ゆけないまま消えてゆく

その時間がもう過ぎて
かなり過ぎて
もう誰もそこにはいないかもしれない
街の喧騒だけが回り
見知らぬ人達の
ぶしつけな笑い声だけが響き
約束した時間が
宙づりになって
冷い空気にゆらめいている

もう掻き消されるのだろうか
足跡さえも残せず
思い出の時間さえも

日常のさりげない動作の
ときおりの慰みの語題に
登場さえすれば
記憶の森の枯葉となって
いつしか還ってゆけるのか
土の中へと

残しておきたかった言葉は
締めながら
もう二度と開けられないドアの前で
影の背に沈む

いつか果たしたかったし
いつかは果たせるものだ
なぜに信じて生きていたのだろう
すぐ手を伸ばしさえすれば
いつでも果たせたかもしれないのに

少女のときに住んでいた街が
そこは想い出さずに
長い間忘れようとしていたのに
狭い路地を抜けて
ホコリだらけの穴だらけの小路が
やたらと鮮明に
地図もない街をぬりかえて
約束していた場所と
いつしか重なり
会いたかった人の
後姿を追いかける

もう間に合わないのだけれど
約束することが
できたことだけでも
かすかな取柄だったと
立去りながら確かに感じている