

WHAT THE SKY ARRANGES

Poems made from the

TSUREZUREGUSA of KENKŌ

by

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*with drawings by
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ISOBAR
PRESS

First published in 2013 by

Isobar Press
Sakura 2-21-23-202
Setagaya-ku
Tokyo 156-0053
Japan

<http://isobarpress.com>

ISBN 978-4-907359-02-7

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Acknowledgements are due to the editors of the following publications in which some of these poems first appeared: *The Dublin Review*, *Fortnight*, and *Stand*. A selection of these poems appeared in the online anthology *Emerging from Absence: An Archive of Japan in English-Language Verse*, and in the anthology *Our Shared Japan* (Dedalus Press, 2007).

I am indebted to Donald Keene's translation, *Essays in Idleness: The Tsurezuregusa of Kenkō* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967), and G.B. Sansom's translation *Kenkō: Essays in Idleness* (1911).

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AFTERWARDS

Headspinning to realise
I've been sitting here for days
this pen in hand
these thoughts to mind

THE HOLY MAN OF KUME

What tools men are!
Led by dong and nose.
The scent that clings to clothes
lasts no longer
than a flea, and yet
should a whiff come near
the heart fails to beat.
Example (from legend):
holy man with magic power
catches glimpse of girl
bathing in river.
Swoons. Loses gift of flight.
Understandable, I suppose.
Her arms, her flesh, her smile.

WORLDS

Travel. Wherever you go
the world you bring with you
is washed by the world you see.

THE AUTUMN NIGHT

I pass the long autumn nights
tearing up old notes and letters,
putting the afterlife in order;
word by word,
self upon dishevelled self remembered.
And then I light upon
a dead friend's thoughts
and somewhere a high door opens
and I am silent, stared at,
by night, by dawn.

ORNAMENTS

What is bad taste?

too many knick-knacks about the place

too many brushes in the ink-box

too many Buddhas

too many shrubs and plants in a garden

too many rooms in a house

too many words on meeting someone

a ledger all plus and no minus?

WHAT THE SKY ARRANGES

The autumn moon is beautiful. Nothing compares.
You with no time for what the sky arranges,
look, the moon waxes, wanes, always changes.