MUSIC

SELECTED POEMS

Tarō Naka

translated by

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IMAGES

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STREET SCENE

in the quiet street not even the sound of footsteps on the pavement the shutters drawn down over all the windows

where has the murmuring leaves' gold dust gone? where has the pale-faced woman consumed by illness staring all day from a second-floor balcony vanished?

reddish brown buildings their doors nailed shut now only the bones of branches piercing the chilly air

god now there is no-one even to call your name

beyond zinc roofs the endlessly open sea on a tower an unseen flag flutters SCENE II

summer 1945

scabs of black memory tear off the guillotine river cuts up the city's torn skin

pushed along in the flow countless burnt eyes eyes eyes

in the iridescent light
the guts of civilisation crumble like broken tiles
sticking out, a rib
a malleus
a thigh bone
nerve fibres tangled around them
like rusty phone wire

where are unravelled organs starting to sound again?

in the collapsed temple's hollowed eye-sockets the illusion of poppies burning silently

DÉCALCOMANIE II

shi (poem) is a needle's gleam spreading on the marbleme (eye) is the magnet on which its light converges

shi (death) is invisible sap climbing inside a tree

me (bud) is the thorn it feeds pricking the outside world

*

shi (poem) is the shadow of a soaring bird

me (eye) is the rifle bullet following in its tracks

shi (death) is a moth's disturbance circling the night's crown

me (bud) is the flame subsiding on the candlestick

*

shi (poem) is a black rose

me (eye) is the trembling antenna

shi (death) is the sea-bed's tangled algae

me (bud) is the slicing blade

*

shi and shi are the ciphers

me and me are the decipherers

shi and shi are the pollenme and me are the carriers

FAUTRIER'S BIRDS

Fautrier four birds painting four tori e one bird purple one bird green two birds transparent skim through a magnetic storm perturbed purple gathered green scud through the gouache sharply steel skygleam before dawn spills through the windowframe cold clawmarks' unseen tracks unheard ether of flutes sky done in clay clouds of waves waves waves waves purple the burning flame of mu green the predawn bud-sap the birds fly through the invisible shadows of birdless forms whirling world turning time the birds forever flying never arriving never stopping at themselves solid wind whirlpool poem large looming music endlessly emerging from themselves

the birds do not stop flying the whip of purple's *mu* the predawn green's wake...

PASSING SUMMER

in the morning hair of a palely brightening dawn garden's tangled grassy darkness waves of summer's tears overflow gone the dream of trembling lily skin gone the white death of gardenias' scent in first light over fields of darkness the voice of dissolving time's distant storm scatters revolving green's dazzling illusion into empty sky...

JULY

Ι

the Kannon temple bell distantly echoes
the burning of the chaff scorches the night sky of memory
fetching purifying sand at Gion Yamakasa festival

2

the rain's harp sweeps past *allegro*irises peonies rhododendrons too swept past from a green wound a drop drips *andante*

3

rotting grass gives birth to fireflies a lily morphs into a butterfly in the sky swim countless silver fish

4

one morning white waves come crashing into the mind the endless traveller alone walks through beautiful southern streets

5

amid the rubble water bursts from pipes tears are burnt and parched darkly bright noon

the author of 'Spinning Gears' drank Veronal on an innocent young day for the first time I felt the terror of life