

LUNA

ALSO BY JANE JORITZ-NAKAGAWA

- Plan B Audio*, Isobar Press, 2020  
<<*terrain grammar*>> thenk Books 2018  
*Poems: New and Selected*, Isobar Press, 2018  
*Distant landscapes*, thenk Books, 2015  
*FLUX*, BlazeVox, 2013  
*Notational*, Otoliths, 2011  
*Incidental music*, BlazeVOX, 2010  
*The Meditations*, Otoliths, 2009  
*EXHIBIT C*, Ahadada Books, 2008  
*Aquiline*, Printed Matter Press, 2007  
*Skin Museum*, Avant Books, 2006

CHAPBOOKS

- Diurnal*, Grey Book Press, 2016  
*Wildblacklake*, Hank's Original Loose Gravel Press, 2014

AS EDITOR

- Women : poetry : migration [an anthology]*, thenk Books, 2017

# LUNA

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COVER IMAGE: *New moon in Takapō* by Marcus Grandon. Copyright © Marcus Grandon 2024. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Further acknowledgements can be found on page 93.

LUNA



A psalm of melted clouds

detrimental clarity  
suggestive treatise  
alleged passage  
incumbent memory  
exotic arm slicing my dreary head  
why must I wake up  
'in word and deed the same'  
detached amusement  
temporary enthrallment  
diseased sofa

in my head  
all wretched reasoning

'of my indignant exposition'  
nothingness subservience

offline decorum  
vanity in vain

discerning phenomena  
wrapping an ungrateful package  
brutish pedantry  
by which I was raised (up)

new and jagged cradles  
sullen pain  
overwhelms my dust bin  
of a body

awash of things  
and gasping nerves

illegible ways of spending time  
how to arrange the dead  
anonymous flag  
advertising grief

(with the usual precautions and waning lights)

a building made of words  
is easily shaken  
a saying no one has said

bread without a basket

endless border  
ly s

dizzy serial numbers  
make babies with background noise

[vehicle passes]

bands of thick thunderclouds

[people washed away]

stuttering and spluttering

wrapped in a senile furoshiki  
a note written on washi  
distraught goldfish  
gluten free death  
a pharoah's tomb



I dreamed I was Otani Shohei's interpreter. This dream  
Is impossible, like all my dreams  
Such as my dream that I become a fish  
My dream that if S.M and B.C. heckle me at my next  
    reading I turn into a large Japanese brown bear  
That I join a weaponless army  
Everybody becomes vegan and foregoes pets  
I become more disabled so my mother loves me more  
And I die sooner than later

That's all my news.

Love,  
Mom

(2023)

foreigner  
either  
other  
flower

synonym for longing  
all the trees  
in the forest

a flower rearranges the music of daylight

a delay  
in identity  
thefts

some events  
must be remembered  
silently: 3/11, atomic bombs ...

fierce night  
i want to enter you  
s l o w l y

waiting for an opening in the sky

the moon shines down upon  
eerily motionless dolls  
stark white faces in glass cases

why can't i sign or read Braille?

like buildings  
about to be condemned  
hidden and lost

in my jute bag  
silently my  
phone vibrates

another bruised moon i eat the clouds

when any movement or moment  
is considered indecent or innocent

monster storms and drone strikes  
corpse dogs on the Rio Grande  
or in Kyiv

hot ocean baths  
a holocaust of birds  
raised on factory farms  
i wait all day for your inspiration  
it's your turn to be dark

arbitrary and accidental  
a prayer or a whisper  
a person fishing

because of the terrible facade and leaking faucet  
i used to walk on a pile of dreams  
without thinking, without falling,  
without breaking anything  
the jaws flap, the eyes move

it walked like a breath  
a union of flies  
the sound of legs  
it's dog eat dog  
men eat horses  
i tear a little more today

disruption follows you  
like the wind calling your name  
arbitrary and accidental

raybans and corncob pipes  
preponderance of exit wounds

reasons to sleep  
in front of the pagoda  
catastrophic sandbank  
rest in peace  
the lapse in my eyes

in the stained house  
where the rapes happen  
a nevertheless concept  
streaming with the sound of machines

waiting to sight him  
a garishly made up nun

fake plastic post-drastring elastic masochistic bombastic

voracious hieroglyphic luminous cuneiform boomerang  
closes the door  
even though my teeth rattle

unable to resist the trees  
a mutilated garish nun  
where i am cooking vegetables softly

superimposed systemic life  
and rotting dreams  
and basic aviatory episodes

sort of liberal except for my gun  
sort of attentive except when listening to you  
kind of an activist except when immobile  
kind of foreign but not really cuz i kneel

in kimono on the tatami spilling green tea  
rather disabled but not allowed to say so

your Minamata smile  
your dioxin dreams

when AI is our master  
when my body is the disaster zone