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# Four Thousand Days and Nights

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a poem  
w/ self-service.

Give me another brick.

*Translated by Stavros Deligiorgis*

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TAMURA RYUICHI / JAPAN

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## Four Thousand Days and Nights

For the birth of one poem  
we must kill  
we must kill many  
we must shoot, assassinate, poison many beloved.

Look,  
simply because we wanted the trembling tongue of a small bird  
from four thousand days and nights  
we shot the silences of four thousand nights and  
the backlight of four thousand days.

Listen,  
simply because we wanted the tears of a starving child  
in all the rainy cities, the smelting furnaces and  
midsummer wharves and coal mines  
we assassinated the love of four thousand days  
and the pity of four thousand nights.

Bear it in mind,  
because we wanted the fear of a stray dog  
who sees what we cannot see  
who hears what we cannot hear  
we poisoned the imagination of four thousand nights and  
chilly memories of four thousand days.

To give birth to one poem

we must kill our beloved.  
This is the only way to resurrect the dead,  
the way we must take.

## World Without Words

- 1 The world without words is a sphere at noon  
I am vertical  
The world without words is poetry at noon  
I cannot stay horizontal
  
- 2 I will discover the world without words  
with words I will discover  
a sphere at noon, poetry at noon  
I am vertical  
I cannot stay horizontal
  
- 3 June midday  
The sun was above my head  
I was among many rocks  
Then  
the rocks were a corpse:  
the lava corpse of  
the energy of  
volcanic explosion  
Why at this moment  
are all forms a corpse of energy?  
Why at this moment  
are all colors and rhythms the corpse of energy?  
A bird,  
for instance, an eagle  
in its slow spiral  
observes but does not criticize  
Why at this moment does it simply observe the forms of energy?  
Why at this moment  
does it not criticize every color and rhythm?  
The rocks were a corpse  
I drank milk and  
tore at bread like a grenadier