Four Thousand Days and Nights

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a poem
w/ self-service.

Give me another brick.

_Translated by Stavros Deligiorgis_

TAMURA RYUICHI / JAPAN

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