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James SHEA

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Hiroimitsu KOISO

Jayson IWEN

HACHIKAI Mimi

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Poetry Dispatch

Tanzawa

The belling of stags paints over the valley
 You are calling on your own
 Since there is no other means of
 communication

No other way?
 No other way
 No other way

All at once maples
 Clench their open palms
 And shake their raised fists

There was no other way

Valley over valley dyed red
 Shattered into pieces
 To return to earth
 The bellings of stags
 Stirs up the evening sky from the bottom

—HACHIKAI Mimi



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—Lynn Xu

—James Shea

Because so many things in our life have gone
 online while we live away from each other, I
 would be happy if something tangible came to
 visit. So I am sending these poems by mail to my
 friends randomly.

Poems are translated into/from Japanese by

Kyoko Yoshida unless noted otherwise.

You can find the poets' bios & the original pdf of

this dispatch at the link below.

Feel free to share and send copies to your friends.

Iwen's Shakespeare's Sonnets 60-62

thy image slumbers
 far from home
 O, watchman
 for thy sake I wake

Sin so inward
 so gracious
 so true

—Jayson Iwen

Interview with a Japanese toilet PART II

それは本物？ フランジュー？
 Q: is the sound real or fantasy
 A: it's to cover the sound of bodily functions

あなたは何をいいますか？
 Q: do you think you are bright
 A: yes and no people in Japan normally wipe me before or after

両親はご健在ですか？
 Q: do you have parents
 A: no, but I have ancestors. they didn't have bodies

なにを覗いて見ますか？
 Q: what did they look like
 A: they consisted of almost nothing but two steps for squatting

ご自身はどこからですか？
 Q: where did you come from
 A: the American occupation

何か夢はありますか？
 Q: what is your wish for the rest of your life
 A: I want to see the sky

—Hiroimitsu Koso / 小澤光 (both English & Japanese)

Recovery Time

SHADOWS PASS US BY

We'll meet one day,
 like a paper boat and
 a watermelon that's been cooling in the river.
 The anxiety of the world will
 be with us. Our palms
 will eclipse the sun and we'll
 approach each other holding lanterns.

One day, the wind won't
 change direction.
 The birch will send away leaves
 into our shoes on the doorstep.
 The wolves will come after
 our innocence.
 The butterflies will leave
 their dust on our checks.

An old woman will tell stories
 about us in the waiting room every morning.
 Even what I'm saying has
 been said already; we're waiting for the wind
 like two flags on a border.

One day every shadow
 will pass us by.

—Nikola Madzirov; trans. from Macedonian by Magdalena Horvat

a flower knocks

a child knocks

in broad daylight

and w/out any weapons

w/out any weapons

and the gentleness

of one or two hands

a way of passages to sort out thoughts,

passages that point a way out.

I'm a swimmer in the hills,

miles away from any pool or pond.

Foothills as footnotes to the sky.

Nature never slides back into place.

A book as a sort of passageway,

devoicing me.

A pool of trees in a meadow: