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Poetry Dispatch III

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—Pierre Sinclair & English Translation by Joshua IP

Translated from Slovenian by Manja Maksimovic

—Ales Mustar

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15 May '20

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.

COVID Sonnet #4

« Trouvez dans la maison des objets d'intérieur (crayons, Legos, assiettes) et assemblez-les pour former un être naturel (s'œil sur fleur), a demandé notre maîtresse en visio-cours.

Quelques mètres carrés : réduite, amagrie, Londres ! et le poème aussi. J'adis un sucre d'orge ontologique faisant l'être en bouchée fondre, il n'affirme plus que : « J'ai un chat dans la gorge. »
J'ai un chat dans la gorge. Et l'une de mes chers collègues est peut-être infectée ; on a fait de trois crayons une incroyable efflorescence, pourquoi ne pas tenir, à la force du vers, de transformer mon chat, en tigre ? Il rugira et te divertira ! — en attendant, Florence...

“Search your house for things, empty it, scour it for pencils, Legos, plates, and stitch a thing of nature out of them (a sun, a flower),” demands the videoconferencing teacher. A few square meters. Starved and shrunken London!

This poem too. Once, ontologically I wrote the Being, melt-in-mouth like a lollipop. Abandoned. Now I can only repeat: “I have a cat in my throat.” But I have a cat in my throat. And even worse, a dear colleague infected, maybe more, Yet if three pencils can bloom a flower’s essence why not attempt, with the force of my verse to morph my cat into a tiger? He would roar for your diversion – what do you think, Florence...”

Middle Age

Never again smuggling jeans and bubble gum nor the feeling of joy at seeing New Year's

adorn the grey city.

milk in plastic bags black and white cartoons, calls in public phone booths, No more parties on the shore with guitar and syrupy songs city bus tokens queues in front of kiosks selling French fries, corner stores. No more friendly barkeepers who let you run a tab, no more giro accounts and excuses that the bank is closed. Only heaps of plastic and the world like a darkened snail plow its secret lane.

Waiting

Waiting has the smell of wild aurels

Smelling the vacant Seeing the unfefeling smell The mind gets lost

But

When the waiting is over

We'll have another continuation

—Elisa Biagini

Avvicinati allo specchio dello scrivere:
mordere terra, mangiare ombra.
Siamo impasto di polvere e sonno,
quattro zampe che tornano dove non si è mai stati
una lingua che ricorda cosa non è successo.
Folta coda del tempo
traccia, la nostra,
che si cancella nell'andare.

—Elisa Biagini
This prison allows letters
of up to four pages
every four months.
50 words a day.
1,500 a month. A lot? Too little?
Don't be so foolish as to write in them
about appeals to the court,
political moves,
financial calculations,
religious revelations,
sexual allusions,
coded secrets,
or mention weapons and drugs,
threats, plans,
escapes and attacks.
While you're here
write love letters only.
50 words a day.
1,500 a month,
four pages
every four months —
enough to tell all those dear to you
that you love them.
Once you're out of here
it's no longer our business
what you tell
the others.

—Lidija Dinkovska

Translated from Macedonian by Ljubica Arsovská and Patricia Marsh

—Joshua Edwards

a view of its most beautiful flowers blossoming, always at the extraordinary junction of history, the poem, and the strangest common dreams.

—Takako Lento
This prison allows letters
of up to four pages
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it's no longer our business
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the others.

—Joshua Edwards

—Takako Lento

—エーラ・ヴァンダーラー

著者の情じで、ロード・スコット
著して
猪虎に姿ひせてみつかが一〇
見てみつか、僕の詩力で
だけ難本で咲へり、
ないかもつて
親しく腰を染して、彼女は
ない知らせ
街の店が並んでいた
へた

「の猪虎が書かれて、「おひがい」と書かれて、今は中口の前で、猪虎が常に顔を出している。また、猪虎が本で咲へり、いつのまにか、僕の詩力で
だけ難本で咲へり、
ないかもつて
親しく腰を染して、彼女は
ない知らせ
街の店が並んでいた
へた

CODY D.ベラ 第四番

—アーヴィング・スマートル

世界だけ。
つたよつた
スマートフォンの画面が暗くな
った。白黒の漫画
銀行休業日のいわけもない。
郵便局も
人のいひハーテンダーもいな
り申告で会計を任せてくれる
街角の商店も戻らない。

市バスの切符
列車ドボテトを売る売店前の
病院の待合室で交わすあいさつ。
公衆電話ボックスからの通話
灰色の街を新年が輝かせるのを
ズズにブルガム
一度こどもならぬ、密輸のびーべー
ビーバル袋に入った牛乳

中

トベート

そのまた先があるても
待つことが終わっても

心はじこかへ
感じない香りを目
に

不在を香り
待つことは

待つ

—ジヨベエ・エドワーズ

しばし崇高の極みを味わった場所へ。
してありふれた夢とを、皆でわかつてうごくことができる場所へ。
このうえなく美しい花が咲き誇る光景と、詩と、浮世離れ

静かな場所を歩いて精神を鎮めるがいい、友情を築くために友
と行きつた場所、自分の苦悩を大きめに演じて君を笑い、世
界の現実を裏返にして、常に歴史の稀なる岐路に立つとい
て、

「片の岸から入る」の岸から

わたしたちが互いに離れて暮らしている間に
あまりに多くのものがネット越しになつていく今
なか手に取れるものがやつて来たら嬉しいと、詩を郵送するようになりました。

特に注記がない限り、吉田恭子和訳・英訳。
執筆者の紹介と本冊子のPDFは
上のリンクから閲覧・ダウンロード可能です。
自分で印刷したものをお自由にシェアしたり、
ほかの人へ送ることも可能です。

著作権は各詩人と翻訳者に属します。

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詩の便り

2020-5-15



エリーザ・ビアジーニ
&士肥秀之
リティア・ティムコフスカ
ジョシコア・エドワーズ
タカコ・シンド
アレシコ・マスター
ピエール・ヴァンクリーハル

書くことの鏡に近寄る
地を噛むことは、影を食すこと

誰もが塵と眠りでできていって、
行っていないところに帰っていく手足があり、
起きていなことを語る舌がある。

時間の太い尾が
描くのは、運命につれ
消えていくわれらそのもの。

—エリーザ・ビアジーニ 士肥秀之 訳

監獄からの手紙

この監獄からは
四ヶ月ごとに

四枚まで手紙を送れます。

ひと月一千五百語。多い? 少ない?

政治裁判所への上訴請求、

運動、

金銭上の打算、

宗教的啓示、

性的姫曲表現、

秘密組織、

暗号文、

刀や麻薬への言及、

脅迫に謀略、

逃亡に攻撃、

そんなことを書くのは愚か者
ここにいる間は

恋文だけを書きなさい。

ひと月一千五百語、

四ヶ月ごとに

大切な人に愛していると

伝えられるには十分こと足りる。

あいつたんここから出たら、

あなたを伝えようが

あなたの勝手。

—リティア・ティムコフスカ



kyokoysoshidet
kyokoysoshidet

Lynn Xu
—James Shea

Nature never slides back into place.
Food'lls as footnotes to the sky.
One day every shadow
will pass us by.
—Nikola Madzirov; trans from Macedonian by Magdalena Horvat

Nikola MADZIROV

James SHEA

Hiromitsu KOISO

Lynn XU

HACHIKAI Mimi

Jayson IWEN

20 April '20

Poetry Dispatch

Tanaw

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

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 belling of stags

Stirs up the evening sky from the bottom

—HACHIKAI Mimi

Iwen's Shakespeare's Sonnets 60-62

Interview with a Japanese toilet PART II

Q: Is the sound real or fantasy
A: It's to cover the sound of bodily functions

Q: do you think you are bright
A: yes and no people in Japan normally wipe me before or after

Q: do you have parents
A: no, but I have ancestors, they didn't have bodies

Q: what did they look like
A: they consisted of almost nothing but two steps for squatting

you just squat, things falling between your legs

Q: where did you come from
A: the American occupation

Q: what is your wish for the rest of your life
A: i want to see the sky

—Hironm Koso / 球洋光 (both English & Japanese)

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 cheeks.

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.

Recovery Time

A pool of trees in a meadow:

devicing me.

A book as a sort of passageway,
a way of passages to sort out thoughts,
passages that point a way out.

I'm a swimmer in the hills,

a flower knobs

in broad daylight

and w/out any weapons

w/out any weapons

and the gentleness

of one or two hands

miles away from any pool or pond.

Fool'lls as footnotes to the sky.

Nature never slides back into place.