

Selected Poems

Love as strange equation

Mariko Sumikura

Works between 2015-2019

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Selected Poems

Love as strange



equation

Mariko Sumikura

Love as strange equation

Even a simple equation

Must have a solution.

If existence is assumed

As being a fixed number

When time and the depth of the love are assumed

A coefficient

The left side is closed by a parenthesis

With a transient dream and an inner conflict

The right side isn't closed within a parenthesis

With strong will and invariable existence

Why are both sides equal?

As I have expected, love is strange equation.

Valéry Night

After a long walk in a light snowfall

I returned to my empty room.

A cup of hot coffee warmed my hands.

Time passed calmly

Between a tourist who left next morning and

A poetess in Kyoto

Even so an archangel and an angel knew

How to stop the time

Up high in the sky

They took out a booklet

And began to read Valéry poems

In French

« Odelette Nocturne »

Se parle de toi,

Le drap sur le bouche,

Blotti dans sa couche

Et seul aves soi.

« A La Vitre D'hiver...»

Amour est la secret de cette forme triste;

L'absence habite l'ombre où je n'attends plus rien

Que l'ample effacement des choses par le mien

« Silence »

Il ne reste de nous ce soir qu'un grand silence

It was as if the night

Approached them

With Paul Valéry's secret

Given to them and read aloud

From the sacred altar

The time was drawn into a large whirl of happiness

Great Blue

In free diving

When descending vertically

The legend has a limit

Still, he established a record:

Went deeper by a mere millimeter

Longer by one second

"It was exquisite that beautiful blue

I saw at the moment

I almost lose consciousness."

He said

It was a great blue

Can I say to somebody that

I also saw this great blue

in the depth of love?

Sunlight though did not reach
The boundary between
Life and death.

Night Flight

Dedicated to Hélène Boucher

I see the quiet lights
of the town below

Parents and children sleep in small houses
Chickens and horses sleep in small barns
Plants breathe gently

I am flying over in the sky
Between borders of double nights
Of the sky and the sea

It is 3 AM
I sip hot coffee from my Thermos flask
And peer into the darkness

I depend only on instruments
I cannot know my position
Without them

I think nothing

Boon...Boon...Boon...

But hear the fine murmur of the whirring propeller

Soon, from the east

A great sun will appear

Showing clouds, showing the waves

I can't give up this enjoyable flight

Operating a perfect plane

In a few minutes my night flight will be over

I see the town below

Starting a new day.

Mint-blue rose

Aren't you looking for the rose in vain?

You should add red drops as your love

On my blue resignation

You should add a yellow drop as your hope

On my mauve affection

Put a white rose in this colored water

And wait all over night

A mint-blue rose will appear for you

Tomorrow morning



Gold snake

Winding her tail

Threefold with a twig

Using muscle from lower back to the body

At most of her ability

She lifts up

her neck and face

Smooth gold skin

The eye which seems wise

Its divine beauty

Fascinating gloss

Greedy men

Taste the photo urgently

A religious Japanese woman

Join her palms together naturally.

The gold snake doesn't know

A mission given from the god

“On the ground

There are too much people suffering for money

Give the light of hope

For poor people.”

Mead of Poetry

Norse Goddess FEIG is
the origin of Friday for the name
FRIEND is it, too

Mead of poetry is
Mythical beverage
Whoever drinks become a poet

Saying so,
When my friend recited
Valéry's poem for me

I got some intoxication
Reasoning obscured by the mead
Time and myself had gone

After lightening to poems
My heart has cleaned up
I was raised to better person

My heart was united
With poet's suffering
In good spirits

My unfulfilled love
was brightened in the blink
And inspired fully

Oh, mead of poetry!
I have to get drunk even now
To compose a poem

A beautiful conspiracy

There are jars under the floor of the Noh stage

The stepping sounds of dancing

Resound strongly

Also in the Greek theaters

Just like this

There are jars to echo

What a beautiful conspiracy!

If in the hearts of people

If my poems echo

There must be a jar to echo

Is not this a beautiful conspiracy?

The jar called love

Must be buried by God

In our heart

A Wind Loves Rouran

Like a scar on the silk road

Westerners traced their long journey to the east.

At some stops

A buried queen told the wind

About a gorgeous memory.

At some other resting points

Dry rivers told the wind

We had rich green water

Beyond stern sacred mountains

The wind blows over the ground.

Beyond the Western Regions

Clouds of dust won't appear any more.

The lukewarm air is stagnating.

The wind wished to hear

The voice of Rouran again.

There was a fresh romance

The wind loved Rouran

And grieved for its destiny not to return

Fossil of Love

Ammolite is called

Aapoak:

A small crawling stone

Creature in the Paleozoic era it is

The shell became a fossil

The one opalized by chance

A mortal life

Came to an immortal stone

Smart arrangement of a god

My regrettable love

Should be protected in a shell -poem-

Take on light to play excellent play in far future



Cross Section of the Heart

A big gray stone was displayed
in a show window
It was cut in half

I saw the section and held the breath
That seems to be a warped annual ring
Beautiful colors stack densely and sparsely

The layers are blue-green gradation
There are some ivory rings
There are also red purple rings

It was the section
Which I will not tire
of forever

At here
Walking quietly is
An elder poetess

In her heart

A thick layers of words

Might be piling up

I make sure that

I saw the section of

Poet's heart



A blue heron's Journey

A blue heron arrived at here
to the far east
from the west
And sung sad songs and gone

Trying not to sway
a tear bottle - love poems -
The blue heron inflated her chest
And sung up and gone

Sadness is beautiful
Sorrow turns to the joy
She has sung so
and gone

It has become warm
The day has come
The blue heron shook the head denying
But I let her to make leave

Her sorrowful

green eyes with tears

Stared into my eyes

As soon as

The blue heron flapped a few times

She has gone

Into the empty sky

My Voice

When I was born
I cried at the top of
My little throat

When I was a pupil
I ran in schoolyard
With cheers

I came to know later
The serious voice
Which breaks air.

I came to adult age
The voice became strong
And low

Still
Love never showed up
With the sound of a voice

Instead

Spirited eyes

Tender finger tips

No aerial margins

To make sounds

Between us

Love was not fragile

When a story appeared

My voice told it

Blue Amber

Transparent jewel

Plays with the light

Taking my body heat

Blue amber

Persists in the light

Not taking my body heat

Something inorganic

Something organic

My skin senses the difference

Yes, living things are warm

Even if it has slept for

Tens of thousands years

They put in an appearance

In such a color

With fragrance

My poems might be

A blue amber of the heart

As a proof of the life

For

I found a source

Of a river of sadness

For

I found words were

Affluent there

Great Letter

It is not a bundle of letters

On my hands

It is not the substance

Nor emotion in the whites

It is not boundless lines

Disappeared e-mails

It is not happy time

In a tearoom

It is not discontinuing

Correspondence

But a fact that

Two souls melted by the heat

Filtered disorderly taste

Purified untrue feelings

Conquered nothingness

Through love

The all is soaked in poetry

Like a sponge

That is

Great letter for me

Consolation of Snow Goddess

To connect with

A far person

I could not succeed

Without too honest poems

There were some

long intervals

Colorless years

Passed by me

No matter how

Only to me, a poet

Snow goddess always

Consoled me

Encouraged me gently

Push my back softly

She carried my poems

To my love afar

Oh, snow goddess!

You are very goddess of love

A Higher Law

“Who would give a law to lovers? Love is unto itself a higher law.”

— Boethius, *The Consolation of Philosophy*

The time when I overlook
how to have crossed the life
Will come someday

I am swimming desperately
defying a whirlpool
Today

When relaxing,
I will be drawn in to a core
in a watercourse

I lived in this love
Not in that love
Naturally

Wherever to go
I trust myself
And belief

Is there anyone

Who inclines

With me?

No way!

I am not here

But in the mirage

The law of love is severe

Then, I must return

with a higher law

Tears of Insects

----- Dedicating to HIDAKA Toshitaka-*Sensei*

Before the Spirit of Departed

Though capturing insects with a net,

After observed them intently,

He set them free, so did *Sensei*.

As crawling on the ground

With the same eyes continually,

He was pursuing them, so did *Sensei*.

Putting on the suit

He used to wear the *loop-tie*

With the ornament of insects, so did *Sensei*.

His name, as an editor, on the picture book of insects

Evokes past old days vividly, and

With his thin and supple fingers,

He was proofreading, so did *Sensei*.

As if I were *Sensei*, too,

I talked to the insects in the grass,

And I listened to their response.

Then,

They cried for missing *Sensei*

Every insect wept.

When the lives of insects are surely safe,

The life of human beings is well kept.

Blessing

I was never celebrated

I was born

secretly

I lived

Not to be conspicuous

Until now

However I was given a good friend

To take care of me

at all times

What a happening this is!

I am blessed now

As a world poet

Surely

My mother will be pleased

In the heaven

To be blessed by everyone

is the first time in my life

It might be the last...

Let's enjoy cheerfully

With poetry lovers

Only tonight

For I turn over a new leaf

And start to write poetry

Full of heartfelt

To write poetry

approaching the root

of sorrow

Ephemeral Moment

Time is alive

In an ephemeral moment

Born, grown

And lost the life

In a blink

In just a moment

My dear

Ephemeral moment

Accomplished

And expired

Tear filled

Inside of eyelid

Shattered the light

Sealed up my love

When I open eyes

Again and again

My new

Ephemeral moment

Reacts to

Dazzling love

Struggles Feels

Delights

***Engi* (縁起) Interdependent co-arising**

Everyone is independent

Everyone lives without compulsion

Most of people don't doubt that

Even so, no one can not be independent

Like what? Why?

They believe in freedom

That will do

That's fine

Even so, they're interdependent

co-arising like a compound

Everyone emits *Qi* (気) without notice

Everyone gets *Qi* without notice

The Qi is kept in the mind

The Qi is amplified in the mind

On the stability

People can exist

If I am not with you

I won't be I any more

If you are not with me

You are not you any more

Fate

Is my fate

Predestination?

Was my mother's fate

Predestination?

Had my current state

Been decided?

Twists and turns in my life

Was it a cause and effect?

Because I acted that time

Then my present is this?

It may be right

I remember something about it

My failed love

Was no responding echo

In my dream

I was sobbing in his chest

That and this

Has it been decided?

When I am happy

I do not think that I excelled

When I am unfortunate

I do not think that I was discounted

Then I'd like to create the present

Still

One small decision is resisting

My fate

Fractal flower

Too beautiful vegetables
It is Broccoli Romanesco

Lace patterns buds
It is light pale yellow

A bulging cell
Gave way to a bit

Blooming lumps
Rushed next to next

Dangerous disorder
It became fractal patterns

Unexpectedly though
They attract human heart

My days in love
Were also fractal

January 4, 2019 Mariko Sumikura



Glacier

That's moving ahead day by day

Why could we believe?

The edge sticking out into the sea

Collapses making dreadful sound

Soon silence comes

To shut up roaring sea

The earth being split by the glacier

Endured the pain of the shave

On upper place

Black dots are seen, they are tourists

They walk cautiously not to slip

And enjoy to take a selfie

Ah,

The glacier achieved itself gently

It doesn't care human beings

And advances 0.6 meters also today

Image of Love

Who have thought
There were two people
Loved such mutely

Into the dark
Without words
Without sighs

Drawing
Different images of Love
In their bosom

They might spare
To devote each other
Under the name of Love

Never insisted each other
There was no intervention
Except generosity of love

Nothing existed

In the space

Sealed up

Nobody knew

There was not a rule

Freedom was chained to freedom

At there

Words broke down to syllables

And refused to be connected

Nobody knew

Love had not a bottom

The base is falling down

In my ephemeral dream

Such images

Created a Life.

Sand fall

For they are not kneaded with
Sweet dewdrops

The words broke
into syllables in dune

They brew into the wind
And came to be a small hill

Time has come
The syllables were starting to fall

Sharply
In a big gap

From a higher level as an ideal
to a lower level as real one

Without roaring sound
Without great water spray

A musky man

Probably

It was a scent of musk

That made

My cerebral core paralytic.

And made

My neck and arms loosen.

Exquisite

The desirable fragrance

When I sensed it

In the crowd

I look back

Unconsciously

Casting a net

In stagnation of a memory

And haul him

To the fullest

I'd like to capture

To hold the image

He's a musky man

good at escaping.

I'm perfume-less woman

Poor at ignoring

Why can I shut out

The fragrance?

Pride of Orchids

She finished blooming

She hanged the head

Without fragrance.

The edge of a petal.

Became brown.

And it has shrunk.

It may be only I

To hesitate

Pulling out

Soon

A calyx spoil

The flower will drop.

An orchid doesn't produce a fruit.

With the pride of oneness

She survived.

A memory of the fragrance

For a sensible person

That she sent to press

Even a little

She carried

Prosperity

Such pride

Made her smile

At returning to earth.

Glittering web

In the dawn

A huge web

Glances

Golden web with

Blue purple band

Red points

Metallic color

Makes known

Phosphorus of the life

Is internet web seen like this?

Are knots glow like this?

Is integrated circuit heated?

It is grand web

Intertwining with

Human thoughts

Dancing fire

Firewood is burning.

With the oil included in inside.

It's making a flame highly strung.

It is sputtering

With a dry noise

Firewood is burning.

For the water included in inside.

The flame is suppressed.

It is disappearing

With a wet noise

The fire is dancing.

One dancer will be two dancers.

Three dancers will be four dancers.

Each body is warped,

And whirling

A primadonna is

Assisted by the flames .

The dance was to reach a climax.

To go up to the sky.

To melt the ground.

Until a live tree.

Turns to a char

In the end

The fire is attached to the life.

Performance remains, but...

A primadonna

Fell down on the floor.

Other flames go off each by each.

In a dance of the fire.

I saw my love.