

[Chika Sagawa (1911-1936), selections from *The Collected Poems*, trans. Sawako Nakayasu]

Old love and time are buried, and the earth devours them.

—

I am thinking of throwing away my sad memories like a handkerchief.

—

—Layers of love they make us miserable the furrows of milk waver and my dreams rise up

—

The fruits of our hearts rain happy shadows.

—

Recollections accumulate upon the path of memory.

[...]

Eternity cuts between us.  
I lose countless images to that other side.

—

The long dreams of people encircled this house many times, then wilted like flower petals.

[...]

This house connects a brilliant road to the distant memory of a distant world.

—

A crowd of white words breaks upon the crepuscular ocean.  
A torn accordion,

—

At any rate, the colors slowly fade each time I cry.

—

Silence prefers to pause in the room.

—

People's hopes will collect like dirt on the side of the road, the way in the past their dreams circled the perimeter of night.

—

The tree that pulls away from its leaves, like memories discarded. That thicket is already gone.  
The day is long; decaying lives fill the sunken earth with deep crimson.  
And the autumn rises from our feet.

—

Just as the past is nothing for him but an arrangement of trees, it is also cold like ash.  
The goose feathers at the entrance, the inverted shadow.

—

Broken-down memories sparkle  
Above the rocks, the trees, and the stars.

—

All day  
I hear the fallen, trampled leaves groaning.

[...]

Because time no longer exists there.

—

Beauty that constructs our notions in vain  
Is at the limits of time—  
Their sorrows will never be  
Spoken of in their entirety.

[...]

The embracing of spirits,  
Tangled like wet yarn.

—

The laughter we have today  
Becomes captive to the eternal  
And silence only grows deeper still.

—

People's outdated beliefs are piled up around that house.

[...]

For a moment I thought flowers had bloomed  
But it was just a flock of aging snow.

—

Everything upon the earth is a shadow of life  
And under that grass, our fingers opened like a corolla

—

Just as the years arrive from somewhere  
And quietly go to ruin

—

Day falls into the leaves like sparkling fish

—

The accumulation of thought left behind for those who have lost their steps to the relentless attack of those corpses.

—

And what a joy it would be to open up the windows of a room with such mesh-like complexity.

[...]

That tumult seems indicative of potential.