

## THE SEASON IN MOURNING

KAORU MINE

Translated by TETSURO CHIBA

### Preface

My cry buried in the noise  
Is the first born word  
a freak of nature at a frightful time  
Ah that bustling cruelty in broad daylight  
my lips are in mourning after the death of crying  
At the crossing where sorrows pass  
my words are signals battering against my throat  
Seeing my parting soul off with the night train  
there cries ceaselessly until my waking  
a white a white hallucination

### A White Maze

A sandy beach  
Wet with waves  
A foreign high-speed car  
Dashing by the contour of the empty arc  
Resonance of machinery  
Roaring at a blank walker  
His pain  
Falling off

White

On the sandy beach

Where signals are rotten

Seeks the horizon

Fluttering helter-skelter

Away toward it

Like a white butterfly

In broad daylight

Monotonous struggling

Of the white butterfly

That failed to escape

From the sea's round stigma

That suffered from the manic-depressive psychosis

Soundless waves

Sending up sprays

Against white wings

The shells' zigzag injuries

Corpses of the starfish

Ready to pierce bare feet

On a blank walker

A stripe-patterned handkerchief

Falls

A maze

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A walk free from the hospital where

Patients wave flags pathetically In a maze

Moves a laboratory animal

A mouse learning a set circuit  
 I enjoy my solitary detour

A row of trees that sluggishly grows  
 The cruel cuttings of the boughs  
 I give a dry whistle  
 To the sandy beach that undergoes a plastic operation  
*Congratulations on your leaving the hospital!*

Though I flatly refused the wriggling vermicular appendix  
 Resembling the larva of a swallowtail  
 That claps its hands as it passes  
 I would wish to conceal such a complex behind my smile  
 I wave farewell to the window, the flags, and the butterfly

Farewell

Farewell

I'll walk along the sandy beach in a metaphysical tempo  
 To the rhythm of a counting song that reaches my ears  
 From the lee of an island afar under narcosis

thickly falling snow has  
 let me tell you  
 my sister

the warmth of our far-off mother's fingers  
 as it falls over  
 our snuggling shoulders along a road  
 a white consolation

of magnolia flowers

blowing wind is

let me tell you

my brother

the swinging of our friends' palms

as it blows over

our snuggling shoulders along the road

white petals

of magnolia flowers

steady fall of rain is

ah

in the small breast of

an infant my father's word

as it pours over

our snuggling shoulders along the road

a white phantom

of magnolia flowers

*Well well you could enjoy jugglery*

*On the operating table where*

*A wordless mannequin was dissected*

Pigeons flapping away

From a gift flower basket

The mannequin with its belle face

Taking a death certificate

Out of its half of the body that is cut open blankly

Tears the paper to pieces  
 After showing the surface and then turning it over  
 The moment it blows a sigh  
     Drifting on the sandy beach  
     Wet with the waves in broad daylight  
     Lines of red and white tapes

    From the flower basket rocking in the sea  
     Whirls up and whirls up a paperstorm  
 Oh, in the midst of a pouring dazzling shame  
 Stepping firm on my new paulownia-wood clogs  
     I stand up blankly



    A hidden space  
     In a white maze  
 The moving perplexity  
 Of a white butterfly  
 That connects innumerable dotted lines

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This is a revised translation of the first draft which appeared in *Inochi* (*Life*), a private edition, which was dedicated to the soul of the late Professor Toichiro Ohta in December 1983.

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T. C.