

# *Proteus*



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PROTEUS

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Poems  
by  
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**GALLERY NATURE & TEMPTATION**  
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## TEMPTATION

The sound of rain  
Passes through the pipe  
Rain came from the sky,  
Goes into the ground.  
Passes through the pipe.  
Rain goes out but the sound  
Goes in my backbone  
Vibrates my body,  
As rain truly goes through  
Backbone,  
As my body melts and soaks  
Into the ground.  
Oh, such a dangerous temptation,  
But I can not resist.

I sit all day long  
Showing back to the rain.

## LONG DAY

Day was long  
Morning come...  
Sun rise  
Air started to move  
Quietly,  
And birds sing  
Leaves are reflecting the light,  
They play the wind  
Sun is slowly warming the stomach of sleeping dog.

Fishes jumping out of the water's surface  
Air turns into a pinkish light  
But still day wasn't going to end.

## WHAT AM I ASKING YOU

What am I asking you, you who does not know where to go?

Where...? When...?

Hair is being blown by the wind

It looks like your soul coming out with the wind

But where does this soul go?

Why do I ask you when and where

You, who does not know where to go.

# SNOW

Snow is cold on the cheek  
And  
Warm in the heart.

## AS A WIND

As a wind it passed through from east to west  
North to south  
Dream is always passing by.  
How many times have I been trying to catch it in my arm  
Knowing it is useless entertainment of a lonely traveler.

## SUN SPOT

Two rings cross each other  
One ring goes on the other ring  
Even though they separate again  
Still there are two rings  
Like magic.

## EARLY SUMMER

It is so dazzling  
The sun of early summer  
It reflects on the water's surface  
It is so dazzling for me  
Birds keep moving  
And when the wind blows, the water's surface is crowded  
with millions of lights,  
They chase me, but I am paralysed  
No place to escape  
I sink into them

## LAZY DAY

Black rich branch leaves swing.  
Both wind to push and branches to be pushed are heavy.

Swing swing and swing.  
Salty smell wind from ocean  
Stick around the skin sticky  
Even my body becomes heavy.

Dog is black  
Wind hackles his back.  
He stretches his body  
Particularly slowly  
Big yawn.

June wind goes.

## WATER FLOWS

Moves  
Whispers  
Sparkling in varied light  
As a creature, water is.  
I cannot catch it  
But, just standing by.

## CLOUDY SKY

Water's surface traces a heavy zinc clouded sky  
My headaches seem to fall from the sky  
I throw stone in the pond, to break away from headache  
It laps just once in a while.  
But the sound of water makes my mind more empty  
And the water's surface returns to its quietness  
More heavily than before.

## NIGHT BIRD

The Voice of a bird at midnight  
Echoes in the darkness.  
It strangely revolves in my ear.  
Black shadow comes over my imagination  
The bird, which has a yellow beak, has to be crying.  
The three nights moon, which I see from my window,  
My imagination says...possibly...it is her beak.

## BLACK ANT

Kill me if you want to  
Black ant said  
Even if I die...still, I am black  
Even if I die...still I am black and I will be here.  
My blood will seep into the ground  
My intense black blood seeps into the ground.  
Black forever.

## GATE OF TEMPLE

I have been passing through the gate of the temple  
Quietness and wetness  
Darkness tugs.  
Someday I will pass through and never be back.

## PROTEUS

White bird  
In the light shimmering  
Blue and faint rose  
Or nameless yellow.

Is it her own color?  
Or  
Is it wind?

White bird  
On the May leaves  
As it floats  
As it glides.

## LIGHTER THAN ASH

Seagull is flying in the sky  
White...clearly  
As an ancient letter  
Swooping  
But more clear.  
As I watch  
It's getting a more certain place  
As if it is completely still.

## LOVE

Soft and white  
How many times have I been wishing  
To touch, to hug  
With my whole body.

White and shimmering  
You invite me warmly  
Your love reaches me  
And holds  
Most softly.

How many times have I  
Been wishing to hug you.  
Even to bury myself  
Inside of you  
Deep, most deep  
Yet I could not.  
If I did it  
You will be melted  
And disappear into the ground.  
Or, I will be frozen  
And die.

I wish you weren't  
The snow.

## SKIN

Such a smooth skin  
Fragrance, distinctive  
Receiving autumn ray  
Brightly shining.

Touching with both hands  
And I lie down on it  
Softly.

Slightly warm  
Springs  
My heart too.

Pine forest  
On the pine needle.

## AS A BABY'S SIGH

Smothering the fire  
And I looked at the sky.

I saw a big black shadow.  
Someone is there?  
Or, my shadow.

Beyond this monster  
Soft pale light.  
It's not star, not moon.  
I can grasp it with my eyes.  
Just, I feel its whispering certainly.

Lights are soft  
As a baby's sigh.

It is Aurora.

## A SPRING AFTERNOON

Petals of dandelion shake  
And bee flies out.

Ants are walking  
Around the roots of grasses  
Busy.

Leaves  
Reflect the sun.

Children run around  
Sunlight splashing on their foreheads.

Pear boughs full of flower.  
When someone laughs  
Petals float to the ground  
Every time.  
Float, float  
Time floats with the breeze.

## AUTUMN BUTTERFLY

Butterfly flying out faintly  
Lights on my shoulder.  
No moment of staying  
Slide, fall  
Stops all breathing.

The sun from the side  
Gives her exquisite funeral.  
The sun goes through her body.

## AUTUMN BEACH

Back on sand.  
Sunlight on my chest,  
Sunlight paler than yesterday.  
The sound of waves goes far away  
Far away...far away...  
I close my eyes.  
I am going far away from my body.

## SWIMMING ALONE

Summer remained  
Warm water  
And air.

Autumn sun  
Gets into the water  
Into my body too.

My body dissolved  
By yellow light.

I am completely forgetting to swim  
A little while,  
As held by soft blankets.

## AS A DREAM

Volgan Boat Song was fading in my ears.  
My body was sinking into the sofa as a jellyfish.  
Ah, I am going to sleep. I am going to be seeped into sleep,  
Or, am I dying? Vaguely I was thinking that.  
It is alright, if death is like this nothing is difficult.  
Was so vague as I could not say I was thinking.  
Repeating, sleeping, or dying, I guess I was in sleep without knowing.  
I have no idea how long I have been asleep.

I woke by children's high key voices which were echoing outside  
the window.  
I sat on the sofa, it was 4 p.m.  
When I woke, outside was just white with snowing.

These poems were written in Boston from 1973 to 1976.  
They are done as a sketch of his painting as well as the  
moment of his living. Could they show the shadow of  
his life or even itself.