

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.