



20 Mariko Sumikura (Japan)

From “Corona Elegy”

My poetry
Maybe a reliquiae
Of white rose

わが詩は
白いバラの
亡骸

A leaf of a word

My life currents

In veins

言の葉に
葉脈あり
いのちあり

Shining mud

Lotus flowers wake up

In the wheel of life

光る泥
輪廻の蓮が
目を覚ます

After the rain
Also droplets of rose
Are fragrant

雨あがり
雫も薫る
薔薇の花

The vineyard
at night
full of sweetness

夜の
葡萄園
甘さが満ちる

The fruit of poetry
When it ripens
It gives off a slight fever

詩の果実
熟成すれば
熱をもつ

Poetry is a living tree
when it decays
time gives it its fragrance

詩は生木
枯れたら時が
香らせる

The lightness and rustling sound
of withered flowers
my love!

枯れ花の
軽さ 擦れ音
わが恋よ

Letters written
with heart and brood
transcribe my soul

心血の
文字が魂を
転写する

(translation by the author)