

## TAKAYUKI KAWABATA / Statement

From my first collection of poems I have actively collaborated with artists, musicians, writers and theatrical persons.

Especially these last years my work has been translated into English by Ms. Kumi Kondo (cellist/translator living in the Netherlands, also translator of these poems), and remixed by other poets (Japanese and American).

I feel that in translations and remixes there is the exact same, or even more creativity than in the creation of the original poems.

For example, in my original poems I have purposely used expressions unique to the Japanese language, archaic words or folklore that are difficult to translate. When the translator must translate the untranslatable, he or she is then required a creativity that is more than that of the original poem. The translator will then transcend the original poet.

In the Japanese classical literature, especially in Waka (a 31 syllable Japanese poem), it was considered a virtue to appropriate an earlier work into your own, and make an adaptation. If you were able to make a good sampling, remix, this was praised. Of course also when you were able to create such a work that was attractive enough that others would want to make samplings or remixes from it. It is only after the printing techniques advanced and books became products, that samplings and remixes were considered a vice.

I feel pleasure when my poems are changed through translations or remixes. I also feel pleasure when my plays are changed through directors or actors. However, these feelings I have seem to be very unique in modern Japan.

As for my poems, because of the amount, please choose only the good ones. Furthermore, it is not a matter of importance to me if you choose to run my Japanese poems in your article or not. Also if my Statement and Contributor's note is too long, please feel free to edit it.

## Ocean People

freshwater fish

are safe?

don't cause toothaches

although young !

on mondays

puts salt on its teeth

forgets to dive into the sea

wrapped in seaweed

DNA lies on three layers

DDT PCB Hg.



not to bequeath genes

carved with a cadmium knife

on the back of our breasts

we are a dying people.

## Market

a chicken grows on a tree  
from the restaurant floor.  
his heart goes bankrupt broke,  
so he mends it with a sewing  
machine, but the needle gets  
stuck. he hands from the short  
selling branch, slowly burning  
on the grill.

the waiters grow rich  
from his lifetime high trauma.

## Living Room

I tried to call down my dead sister  
she was a director,  
but a fortyish middle aged actor  
came out instead.

of bowl a move I  
chin my with water salt  
falls hair white hair black  
eyelids me on spread 右油

## Buddha's Foot Haiku

Did he steal them from the girl's make up box  
wearing fake long eyelashes,  
still as a ghost,  
he stares into the comedy on the TV that I just turned on.