



Poetry Haruka Ishii

Scarlet Plum

I stay in the depth of breath

Covering a pinkish thin film

Over a pale scarlet layer

Sweet aroma is dissolving

Into an evening snowy hill

Nobody is there

Fine!

Even so

She blooms eagerly

Stretching fingers to the sky

Her feeling numb must be

Trembling lust

Look! Her will is making

One more flower open

Untidy snow falls on

Crimson tone melts on white

NEKOPIRATI

Sakura Fantasia

The dream may lead me here

Drooping Sakura remains in twilight

Leaning against the trunk

I looked at full blossoms

From the foot of the tree

Listening to her breath

The scene has just swayed

Was it that I was wrapped in pink?

Was it that she appeared in

My pale dream?

A crimson broad lace

Was wavering over me

So as to feel choking

My heart beat responding

To soft whispers of Sakura

Her spirit captured me

So I couldn't move anymore

A drooping twig

Is touching my neck

Is there anybody?

I feel dizzy

For I am chained by her spirit

And blooming together

--Somebody seems to come close to me

I feel soft touch on my arm--

NEKOPIRATI

Apple

“Try me”

Lonely time was too long

So my monologue started:

We might have nothing

Yet I waited for you eagerly

You kept me waiting calmly

My fever was vanishing into the sky

White petals of hesitation are opening

Pinkish petals of emotion are blooming

A fruit of dream is growing

Crimson petals of amore are flowering

The love has ripened in red

The juice has been filled up

My heart begin to tremble with hesitation

When I notice the weight of joy

At the same time

A guy has endured irritation for thirsty

We might peep at the apple from the back of the tree

Once stealing it to eat, we got a crime

Even if I uttered "Please try it for me"

That's a dream in dreams

The voice is still resounding

In an after-note of the dream

I can't whisk the pollen away

NEKOPIRATI

White Rose

Drizzled all day

Stroked on velvet petals

The heart of a rose begins to tremble

The rose is heavy with flowers

It opens fragrant bags

and emits the scent trembling in fear

In aromatic breeze

Some stalks stretch straight up

Aiming at the blue sky

Green leaves

Refreshed

Shining glossy in wet

As if nothing has happened

From a break in the clouds

The sunlight comes on

The rose

Smiles faintly

to the sun

With its innocent face

It embraces transparent light

To keep blooming on for bright tomorrow

NEKOPIRATI

Butterfly in Spring

In a streaming melody in the evening

A butterfly flutters her wings

Oh, you also live proudly

To show presence on the floor

In dazzling fantasy

Arching rainbows

Dancing gracefully

A purple swallowtail is flying

Winging over a music score

As if touching on the note

In rhythm of Cha - cha she flies vividly

In rhythm Tango in a dawn of L'Empire des Sens

She flies like flames

In rhythm of passionate rumba

She flies like ripples of feeling of love

Malaguena or Sans Toi M'amie

Even though she aches

She flies pretending pleasant

Even harsh wind and cold rain strikes her

She receives them with her wings of pride

In the spring evening

She wears faint fragrance

NEKOPIRATI

Rainy Days

Since last autumn

I have felt you faltered in this love

Your hesitation seems to last even now

Your steps sounding in the rain tell so

I sense it in your hug

I pretend not to notice everything

Still my foot is infirm

So as to stop carelessly

Even while you're looking back

Look, already, this wet sleeve

Almost getting wet

I have no way to do

You are in my hands

Your feeling is known already

But if you go on as it is

I leave you in a river of tears

Overflowing in rainy days

We got wet unexpectedly

The tears are heavy

For me not for you

Tomorrow July (*Fumitsuki**) starts

Shall I write a letter for you?

*"*Fumitsuki* (Writing month)" is an old name of July in Japan

NEKOPRATI

Hydrangea

Because I made a catch of you in my mind

These petals I saw usually in blue

Turn to light purple

I sense so in this year

What I used to wash away in rain

Is an aromatic woman's sin

not wanting to recall anymore

But I must do carefully this year

Difficulty of meeting you caused a jeremiad,

Dissatisfaction, jealousy and jaundice

Such feelings come close to me every night

The purple sphere might get dirty with them

The person appearing

In my wet dreams---

Of course, it's you

It's me, usually you blamed

with the change of mind

Unstable color of the flower

Shows your behaviour getting clean

If you like to disappear in floral night

That is all right, I don't care

Only because of that

Rather because

I'd like to make a cache of you in my mind

NEKOPRATI

Star Festival

It isn't to be untied
By the long duration of time
Nor to be melt away
By brutishness of the fire
It seems to be sick
On a boat departing this morning

What a pity to cross the river
Only once a year!
I feel worry about you
In your absence
But I have waited so long time
That it makes my cheek pale

In late afternoon
I had to untie a rope to depart
Tangling my lost sense
I began to row
Can you hear this sound of the oar?

In a strip of paper

On the bamboo, noting one wish and two wishes...

Countless stars and silver ripples

I will be approaching you

Passionately

NEKOPIRATI

Promise

A faintly audible sigh

From leaves of a morning glory

Can't you sleep?

No, I don't

I have measured the length of the night

I have made my mind to settle here in this place

I won't think of going out

I can't escape

From the heat

Nor from the cold

That's my destiny

Then I will sow a seed before winter

So that I am counting nights

If weak under the powerful sunlight, I bring up a winter flower

For rearing summer seeds

If weak coldness, I grow winter seeds

Because I don't like to freeze any more

I'm always being as a summer flower

Our buds

Confronting the flagging night

Have a promise to bloom in the morning at the same time

Moderate wind Tonight

At three AM In the deep night--

The moment when

The dawn bugs begin to fly--

We'll decide

Not to pass the time and never to separate each other

May it be the time when yellow pollens spill

On my pistil

Fire Works

Whatever doing, we can't escape from the heat

Wherever going, we can't stand this humid night

So in such a night

A lighting flower is the best to see

Long time ago

I pushed gunpowder into a crack of my chest

Tonight

It makes a big roar

Coloring the sky with scarlet

A great cheer and undulation of sigh

Seek an exit and rustles

Like waves

At each interval

The darkness comes back

They keep making the next flower from the next

For vanishing delusion and trouble

I shall live better tomorrow

Than today

What color is preferable

Green, yellow, blue, what else

Can I flower for me?

Lighting flowers are full in the dark sky

Bloom disorderly and earnestly

Opening bright blossoms wider and wider

A huge flower

Pouring grains of fire

Like the spirits of magical flowers

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