

A Vertical Coffin

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I

Do not touch my corpse with your hands
Your hands
cannot touch "death"
As for my corpse
mix it in the crowd
let the rain fall on it

We do not have hands
We do not have hands that should touch death

I know the windows of the city
10 I know the windows where there is no one
No matter what city I go to
you have never been inside the room
Marriage and work
passion and sleep and even death too
are chased out of your rooms
and become unemployed like you are

We do not have a profession
We do not have a profession that should touch death

I know the rain in the city
20 I know that crowd of umbrellas
No matter what city I go to
you have never been under the roof
Value and belief and even life
revolution and hope were kicked out from under your roof
and became unemployed like you are

We do not have a profession
We do not have a profession that should touch life

II

Do not let my corpse sleep on the ground
30 Your death
cannot rest on the ground

As for my corpse
put it in a vertical coffin
and let it stand up

There is no grave on the earth for us
There is no grave on the earth to put our corpses in
I know death on the earth
I know the meaning of death on the earth
No matter what country I go to
40 your death has never been put into a grave
The young girls' corpses go floating down the river
The blood of a small bird that was shot to death
slaughtered and man voices that were
have been chased out of your earth
and will become an exile like you are

There is no country on the earth for us
There is no country on the earth worth our deaths

I know the value of this earth
I know the lost value of the earth
No matter what country I go to
50 your life has never been fulfilled with great things
The wheat that was mowed as far as into the future
the trapped beasts also little sisters
are chased out of your lives
become exiles like you are

There is no country on the earth for us
There is no country on the earth worth our lives

III

Do not burn my corpse in the fire
Your deaths
cannot be burned with fire
60 As for my corpse
hang it inside civilization
Let it rot

We do not have fire
We do not have a fire which should burn a corpse

I know your civilization
I know your civilization that has neither love nor death

No matter which house I go to
you have never been with a family
A father's single tear
70 the painful joy of a mother delivering a baby and even the matter of heart
was chased out of your houses
became sick people like you are

We do not have love
We have nothing but the love of a sick person

I know your hospital rooms
I know your dreams that continue from bed to bed
No matter what hospital room I go to
you have never been really asleep
Drooping hands from the bed
80 eyes that were opened by great things also thirsty hearts
are chased out of your hospital rooms
become sick people like you are

We do not have poison
We do not have a poison to heal us