

Joh Tachibana Profile

mutaormuta@yahoo.co.jp

Joh Tachibana was born in 1984.
He is a member of "Fushigi N° 5"(a unit of collaborating on poetry).

Activity history

The Festival of Poetry

The Festival of Poetry and Wine in Ptuj (Slovenia 2013)

The Festival of LITT FEST (Sweden 2014)

The Poetry Slam of Slamons & Friends (Belgium 2015)

The Festival of Brussels Poetry Fest 2016(Belgium 2016).

↓ the movie of the Festival of Poetry and Wine in Ptuj (Slovenia 2013)

URL <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=loRjNLRKy4c>

Search with YOUTUBE, "Joh Tachibana (Veliko branje na Dnevih poezije in vina 2013)"

Performance

He began "NO TEXT" (All improvised reading aloud performance) in 2016

the movie URL→ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AnNEj5vXIMg>

Venice Biennale

He has participated in the project "a poem written by 5 poets at once" by Koki Tanaka in Venice Biennale Japan Pavilion (2013). the movie URL → <https://vimeo.com/66631353>

Poetry Books (In JAPAN)

In 2007, "Fukuzatsukossetsu (compound fracture)"was published.

In 2011, "YES (or YES)" focused on Japanese hiragana was published.

In 2016, "Uminohanashi (Talk of the sea)" was published.

Poetry Books (international)

The poetry "Earth Rotating" is posted on the Dutch poetry magazine, "kluger Hans # 27." (2015)

His five poems were posted on the Slovenian version Japanese poet Anthology "Novi svet 'New World - seven poets in Japan'" (2015)

His three poems will be posted on Italian poetry book "International poetry slam anthology.

This book is being edited for the "Europa in Versi Festival" directed by Laura Garavaglia that will take place in Como, Italy, in May 2018. The publisher will be "I Quaderni del Bardo Poetry editions" (Italy)

Poetry by Joh Tachibana

1 The edge of the world

2.. Hanako, you are so cute

3. Earth Rotating

4.A Life lesson of an avant-garde Gymnastic teacher

5. Yes (or Yes)

6. The way from this way

7.All the women put on the gloves

8.Amelica←(Note: “Amelica” is not misspelling))

The edge of the world

I took a shit on the set of a long-running afternoon TV show.

That's all.

However, the comedian remained the studio while looking at my shit and said, mortified, "He got ahead of me as a comedian"; the dilettantes said, "It was less impressive than Mishima's seppuku," and enjoyed looking at the shit while drinking sake; the writer who described porno videos as a mere parody of sex for show wrote a new essay, "The shit is not like a shit"; the doctor diagnosed, "It was slightly loose, and mild diarrhea was observed"; the accused TV producer repeatedly said, "Love saves the earth"; the fly rushed toward the shit but it was killed by a B-grade idol who said, "I can bear the shit, but I hate the fly"; the high-school girl in Nakano-ku, Tokyo, saw the B-grade idol and said, "The fly was pity though it only acted on instinct. No one who has an extremely pure heart can live in this world" and she took up this as a theme for a classroom discussion; the domesticated dog was frightened by my marking of territory in the TV studio; the student painter lacking ideas used my shit as a motif, and then the Brown period started and lasted over ten years in the modern art world; all art critics scrambled to discuss the achievements or the positive and negative points of my shit; the fashion critic claimed the dark brown shit did not fit with the beginning of spring; the bully thought of an idea to force someone to eat my shit, but the bullied one committed a suicide because of it, and the principal held a news conference and demanded an apology, "The suicide was all my fault because leaving the shit was the beginning of the tragedy", the school started to change all of its toilets to flush toilets, the school adopted the unprecedented "Spring vacation part 2" due to the construction, and the students seemed to be pleased but they said with detached attitudes, "That means more homework, right?"; the anchorman saw the students and reported that these attitudes represented young people in modern society; Suspect A by the name of F, who always took a shit when he went to his friend's house, was alleged to have fabricated a shit and was told that he actually did not take a shit, but he conducted the stump speech in order to claim his innocence, and, consequently, he was elected as a Diet member and a manifesto of "Transparency of shit locations" was issued, making the first step towards a shit-politician; a movie director who expected shit to be a big hit started shooting the shit-movie, and the shit-scene in which the shit-actor got into the character of the shit and acted out taking a shit in front of the camera was regarded as a meta-shit movie and the work was described as masterpiece as it recorded a scene where a shit was born from the shit and thus caught the moment of the infinite birth on film; the FC Barcelona footballer appeared in a commercial with the sales message "Taking a shit is not cool" and gave the public a chance to think about a shit, then the public started to notice that their lives were compelled by a "Shit-fever" to keep flushing shits, and the movement like a carnival, called "Viva la Shit Festival", spread to the world with a slogan of "Shit can go beyond race and religion"; the English singer and songwriter released the song "Imagine there's no shit" and all the fuss spread quickly and got out of control; the Jews and Freemasons decided that "We have no choice" and pressed the nuclear button, and the fuss finally ended.....as did the stupid humans.....However, the film freaks raised their voices, "This last scene is a rip-off of 'Beneath the Planet of the Apes'", the film critics gushed, "Beneath the Planet of the Apes' is the best movie ever", but the praise was diminished because of the thought that "The last scene of 'Beneath the Planet of the Apes' could not have been made without atomic bombs in the first place. Einstein is definitely great", so it was expected that Einstein fever would arise, but then the public thought that "Explosive devices were originally established by the invention of dynamite. Nobel is greater than the Nobel prize", thus, Nobel fever occurred all over the world, and a huge chorus of "Viva Nobel" could be heard everywhere. An infant boy who witnessed the fever as a detached observer warned, "Eventually, the universe will begin again", however, the believers of Nobel never listened to his warning; they clashed with the believers of Imashiro who got furious,

[illegible]

V

I

V

A

Hanako, you are so cute

Hanako. You are so cute, Hanako. Really? Why are you so cute? Cute. Really cute. So cute. What could I say, umm...Cute. Tremendously cute. Even if I put Hanako into a blender and make thick Hanako juice, you would be definitely cute. You made me fuckin' crazy. You are fuckin' Hanako. Fuckin' cute. If there is a telephone pole and I believe it's Hanako, it will be cute. What should I say? Die. You should die. Why you can be living? Why don't you die? I'm serious. You should die, seriously. Please. I want you to die. Seriously. Cute. Hanako. So cute. You should die. Cute. What? You are what? Why you are Hanako? You should quit. You should quit Hanako. Until when will you keep being Hanako? What will you do? You're so Hanako, what will you do? What are the good points? You're that much of Hanako, what do you want to do? What do you want to do? You were? You were Hanako when you were born. And you have always been Hanako. What will you do? What will become of you? Hanako. Hanako. Hanako? Hey. Hanako? Are you Hanako? That's enough. Hanako. You've been Hanako enough, right? You must be tired. Leave it to me. I can take your place, Hanako. I can be you, Hanako. It's OK I'm Hanako, I mean, Hanako is me. Finally, I am Hanako. Awesome, I'm awesome. I am me and Hanako at the same time. Awesome. Totally awesome. Awesome and also cute. Really cute. How cute I am. I am really cute. Extremely cute. How cute I am. I mean Hanako. Hanako, you are so cute, Hanako.

Earth Rotating

Earth is stupid. Super stupid. Because it rotates once a day, saying it's the rotation. So stupid. Would you normally do that? Once a day? No, you would not. Because that's stupid. Maybe it rotates because it's stupid. I wouldn't do that stupid thing, even when somebody asks me to. No I wouldn't. Well, earth may have its own reason to do so. Looks like it is not forced to rotate. You may have been thinking, is that a punishment? No, that is not a punishment. It rotates voluntarily and willingly, not unwillingly. You may say, what is it thinking while rotating willingly and voluntarily? You can't help asking. Why are you rotating? You think that is funny? It wouldn't answer anything. It rotates freely, but can't answer a thing when asked why it rotates. I wonder if it is ok. It can't pass the job interview. Oh, that's the reason why the earth doesn't have a job. Since it was useless continuing to interrogate why it rotates, we've changed the topic of the conversation to the axis of the earth. And I asked, why the tilt? It said, the tilt and the revolution make the four seasons possible. That's not the answer I was looking to get. I asked about the tilt of the axis. But it talked about the four seasons. Doesn't make any sense. No, I am not trying to be mean and bossy. That doesn't make you look good. But if I don't say it, nobody would say it. The earth is scary because it so huge. Somebody has to bring that up. It is about that time the earth should get a job instead of rotating forever. While I was talking, the sun has set. The earth doesn't know my feeling. It just keeps rotating. It is so stupidly strict about keeping the rotation. It is rotating because it is indeed stupid. But it is so stupid. No other words but stupidity is fit to describe the earth. It is so awesome. This degree of stupidity is on the contrary awesome. Earth is awesome. Earth is awesome. It's a waste of time saying anything to the earth. If it wants to rotate, let it rotate. Once a day or twice a day as much as it wishes to. Rotate. Rotate, earth. Rotate rotate rotate. Awesome. Earth is awesome. Awesome awesome awesome.

A Life lesson of an avant-garde Gymnastic teacher

Hi. This is Mr. Mizushima, your guidance counselor. Recently, I was hit by a car. And it really hurt. So, much, pain. People say it hurts, and when you actually get hit, it really hurts. Yep. I don't want to get hit again. I have been hoping not to get hit, but because of the fact that I got hit, I now don't want to get hit more than ever. Since then, I have been very cautious. So it was good for me to get hit. Now I think so. Same goes to you. Your first priority is to stay healthy. And Safety First. But listening to my story won't do a thing, so you should get hit as well. You have to get hit and feel the actual pain in your bones, and you will begin to care for your health. You see? Your health is important. You should never get hit by a car. So get hit, so that you won't get hit again. Get hit tomorrow. This is your assignment. I will hit you if any of you would not complete the assignment tomorrow. You see? It's scary to get hit. You will get bruises. But is there any youth which would not get bruises? The answer is No. There cannot be. Youth is full of bruises. So relax and get hit. It's going to be okay.....Was it hard for you to understand what I have been talking about? Simply put, I meant to say, Live! If you are alive, you can do many things. You can listen to the chirping of the birds and the music of the trees. There's nothing better than being alive. So, live. I beg you. If you stay alive, I wouldn't ask anything else. If any of you is not alive, I will kill him. If you don't want to get killed, live. Live with all your might. If you happen to die, I will kill you. I mean it.....Just Kidding! I, your teacher, cannot be your killer, right? You know I love you so much. Don't let me say that. Get this. Please. You all are so precious to me. I wouldn't want any of you to receive even a minor cut. So get hit. To stay healthy, Go on, while the signal is red.

Yes (or Yes)

You made an animal without eyeballs for me, who gets tired of looking at things, Dad, you are an amazing man, Amazing man. Free from D-pad, children or children. 5-Chome was totally destroyed by the war, so I live in 2-Chome as a nomad without sheep. I am all the faster for not having sheep. Screw sheep, 'cause no creature with eyeballs can be any good. I put eyeballs in the wind, and I will be the one unnecessary. All we need is the wind blowing. WIND WIND WIND WIND WIND WIND WIND. I am covered with the wind wherever I go. A wind from somewhere coughed, and another wind caught a cold. Endless infection of common cold from wind to wind. I refuse to catch any diseases. "Healthy wind speed is always comfortable" My heart is always beating for lines from the critic of wind. But, I dropped the creature without eyeballs. The creature without eyeballs was blown away by the wind and went this way and that. "There is no place for me, so I can go anywhere", the creature without eyeballs said. It talks too much. Next time, I think I will get a creature without a mouth.

The way from this way

As I'm seeking a new way, I can just pretend to see even though my way home was burned, and I sprinkle an apology but it doesn't seem to prostrate myself. When the throat is gripped, finger marks attach to the neck, and that is today's landmark. At an appropriate time, it should be appropriate for the finger marks of everyday life. From proper trees to irresponsible trees. I can be no longer lost. This darkness is always bright. It's a shame that it's a shame. I bring the wet night with a water flask that is never opened. The moisture of this night is like the face of water. Though I drop the whole setting sun to the moisture of this night, there is no sound, and the least I can do is scream. God parents who gave a name to this scream are too new. Before I agree, the night reasonably makes mistakes and the mistake of the flowing night was named like "leaves of words". Even so, your dirty suspicion lights the fire on me. "All are lies, but believe me" Paper-like paper was written on the waste paper, says to me in a papery voice. The speed, it closely resembles the speed of birth. The reason why I feel sad whenever a flower blooms still doesn't matter to me, and I try to take in a flower that blooms outside, but I say "Forgive me", I say to someone like me. I don't care it's anytime and anyone, but the sadness never can feel sad though it just smiles with a lonely face. I try to run out of energy in such a way, transparency of I am his favorite. I don't know his name, but I don't care. He doesn't call my name, either. The sky flies. It flies with the sky. The sky flies. It flies with the sky. In the sky of the sky, the sky is the sky and the sky of the sky flies with the sky.

All the women put on the gloves

I want to kill a woman.

“Kill” as is defined here is “I force them to put on gloves”.

Kill, kill.

Kill a woman.

The woman killed by my hands used her gloved hands,
the woman killed by my hands remained as a dead body,
she lives a life without touching her own lives.

Kill, kill.

Kill a woman.

The number of the dead body increased.

The number of the gloves increased.

Supply of gloves is not enough.

May the guilt and punishment be on all the women.

May the gloves be on all the women.

Kill, kill.

Kill a woman.

The woman who was killed used her gloved fingers,
fingers of the women do not touch me who killed them,
fingers of the women approach my neck,
they wrap around the neck
and are rolled up.

No finger marks remained on me who was killed
and there are numerous women with the gloves,
therefore all the women can be the suspect
and all the women are innocent and acquitted.

Amelica

You try to crush the left hand with the right hand as usual,
Amelica.

Can you see
the shivering forest in the right hand?

Amelica

You grip my throat
as I approach to grab the left hand which
keeps striking at the air, Amelica.

No matter how much you let it cool,
sadness can never be solidified,
but it runs,
a halfway lead ahead of the second hand.
It's a shame to reach out the hands,
even so,
you don't have courage to cut out the hands,

Amelica.

I really like you.

The swing you made
broke from the beginning,
please laugh at me forever
as I'm good at falling off there.

Amelica

You snatch two of my triangles
and make a rectangle without asking.

I try to touch the cruel thing you did
before I sleep.

Amelica

I try to remember
when you were transparent.

Amelica

The crushed map is thrown at your back, right?

Amelica

A falcon is trimmed,
and it becomes just one circle.

It becomes only one circle.

In the circle like a circle,
you go round and round, thinking about a circle.

Amelica

I'm tired of swinging, so I stop.

I want to stop, so I swing.

Let's shiver with a new way of laughing
at the shivering dream of the shivering forest.

