

## Profile and poetry positions

Born in 1946.

1970 Graduated from Chuo University, Faculty of Science and Engineering, Department of Electrical Engineering.

1971–2016 Teacher at Hanamaki Higashi High School, currently caring for horse ponies and other animals.

2011 "Won the Minister of Education, Culture, Sports, Science and Technology, the Grand Prize at the 26th Japan National Cultural Festival in Kyoto 2011 Contemporary Poetry Festival.

Title: "Grandma's Senaka."

2013 Received the 41st Tsuboi Shigeharu Award, one of the top ten awards in Japan, for his first collection of poetry, "Gareki no Kotoba de Kotare.

2020 Winner of the Shogo Shiratori Award, one of the most prestigious prizes in Japan.

He has received various other awards and has appeared at readings throughout Japan.

He is the president of the Iwate Prefecture Poets Club.

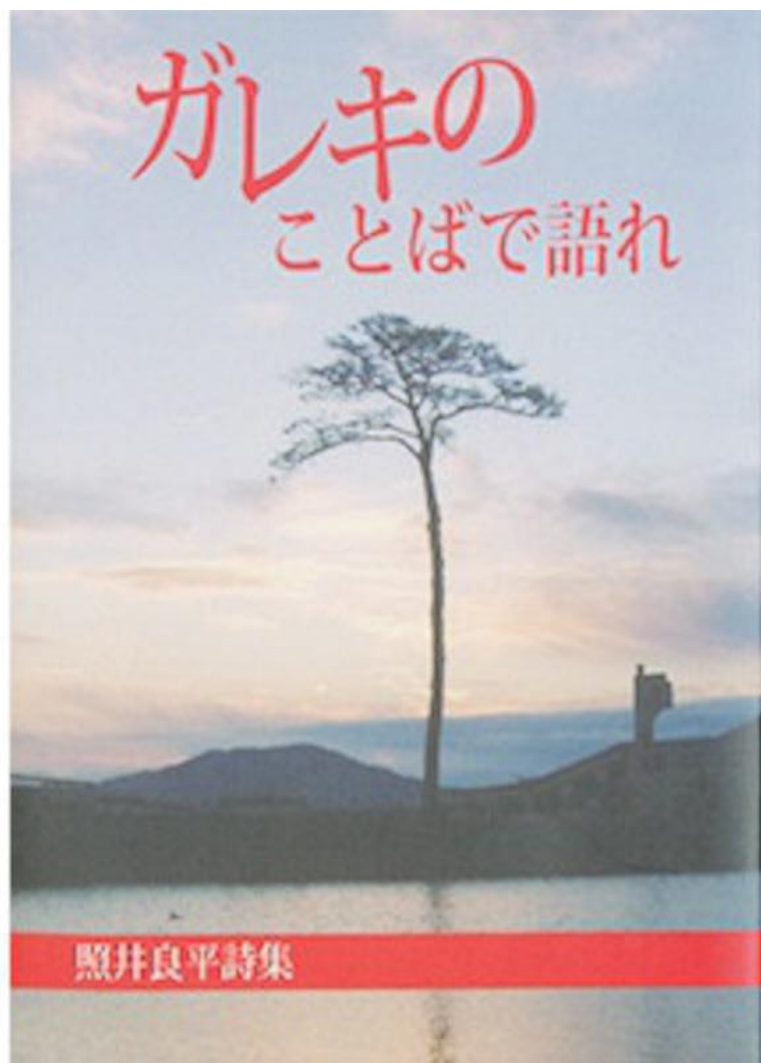
He is the president of the Hanamaki Poets Club.

He is a member of the national steering committee of the monthly poetry magazine "Poets' Conference. He is a member of the board of trustees of the Japan Modern Poetry and Literature Museum Promotion Association. Member of the Modern Poets Society of Japan.

## Poetry books as a history of activities

Poetry Collection: Speak in the language of rubble

Poetry Collection: Speak in the language of rubble



## Speak in the language of rubble

In front of the rubble  
Don't say that there are no words  
If you can't speak in words  
The cold crush of the seasons  
Speak in the sleet of spring, frozen in sleet  
Speak in the sea breeze that stings your cheeks  
If you still can't find the words  
On a narrow slope alone  
Speak with the back of a person heading for the morgue  
Speak in the words of a girl holding her hands to the sea  
Or else scream for help  
Speak in the voice of darkness echoing in the night sea  
If you still have no words  
If you can't speak with words  
Walk through the rubble to find them  
Speak with the words of the fluttering rags  
Speak the words of the collapsed roofs  
Walk on and on  
Speak in the language of fish that give off a strange  
smell  
Walk and talk in words that make you want to turn away.  
Walk through the rubble  
The words of the rubble that pierce you with their thorns  
Relentlessly assault your living body  
From all directions  
They tear you to pieces.  
I can't help it, the wound  
The wound begins to overflow with empty words that bubble  
up  
It will bloom madly wherever it goes.  
To that point  
You'll walk until you're soaked in rubble  
Don't say that you don't have words  
If you can't speak with words  
Speak with the words you don't have  
Speak in the language of rubble  
Speak in the language of the rubble's tears  
There is the shadow of the dead  
Of words  
There is a shadow

## A blow from the rubble

This  
A desert of rubble  
This scene  
What a blow!  
Stunned, stunned, stunned  
It's changing the landscape of my hometown

Father, mother  
Father, mother

from the foot of the mountain  
I'm being sucked into the calm sea of life  
the voices of many regrets

My son, my daughter

I can still hear them  
calling out for my child  
This place was once  
I didn't need to know even now  
The cold spring  
and the sun is still refusing to come out  
the riverbank in my lifetime  
The pine tree caught on the rooftop  
I'm stunned.  
A house with a crushed roof is in a daze  
The air is transparent and colored  
An overturned ship is in a daze  
A truck stands upside down in a rice paddy  
I'm stunned.  
Everything is stunned  
I'm speechless.  
The riverbank in my lifetime

Uncle, Aunt, Uncle  
. . . .

All I can hear is  
A hoarse voice calling out in regret  
A voice that strangles

This voice, that voice  
A voice without a voice  
That voice  
The hometown is silent  
Without saying a word  
It just listens endlessly.  
This scene  
What a blow!  
The exclamation stands tall

### Grandma's belly

Grandma  
    Sit on your knees  
What are you doing?

What's the matter with you?  
What's the matter with you?  
If you don't come, what will you do?  
I'm not doing anything  
I'm not even doing my part  
In the house  
With my daughter's bewilderment  
I've been kidnapped and left for dead  
I didn't even see her...  
Where it's so cold now  
I don't know where I'm going  
It's so cold and it's so cold  
I couldn't stand it any longer  
So I went to the beach  
That's how it is

That's why

I'm all alone

I'm all alone  
I'm thinking of all kinds of things

He's a senpai  
My daughter's glasses  
My kids are clawing at me  
I got this thing called a blazer  
I was so disappointed...  
And to Tsunami  
I couldn't even take it with me  
I'm really disappointed  
I'm so disappointed  
That's why I'm going so fast  
It's a girl's life, it's a girl's life, it's a girl's  
life  
I can't believe you're here  
I saw a baby girl and she's gone  
There'll be no one left to care for you  
And so, my baby girl  
I don't know what to do  
Are you me?  
I'm the one who's missing a bone  
That's why I can see you're a baby girl  
Where do the two of us go?  
Let's get our hands together and make it happen fast  
While I'm wailing, let's go for it  
Every day is a new day  
When the time comes, I'll be gone  
I can't seem to get it right  
I'm sorry

Hurry up

If it's too late

I wonder how long it'll take

Grandma

tsunami

. . . . ah

It's over.

It's over.

. . . . the crazy disaster radio is cut off  
swell and splash and splash and splash  
A tsunami of swirling, churning, and splashing came  
crashing down on us.  
It's more than just a wave, it's a surge, a surge, a  
surge, a surge, a surge  
I jumped up and kicked up a cloud of dust.  
It made the ship float and run on the roof.  
I had a warning that I wasn't going to make it.  
But I was easily betrayed and taken for a ride. Oh, no.  
and I was swallowed whole  
I'm covered in mud.  
And then I heard a strange sea rumbling  
I'm being covered and covered and covered  
I was covered to the depths of my soul  
I found myself being chased by a floating wagon  
My body and mind are drenched with water  
I'm leaving in a million pieces  
I'm going to take everything away from you.  
I'm sucking and sucking and sucking  
I was covered with too much, too much  
I don't even have to say I'm tired, I just suck and suck  
and suck  
I got angry two or three times, and swelled up and sucked  
and sucked  
Soaking wet, soaking wet, soaking wet  
The house, the boat, the harbor, the rock wall  
All over the place  
Mr. A, Mr. B, even the children were soaked  
And all the aunts and uncles  
What else do you want to cover with your hands? . . . .  
I'm not sure what to do.  
I'm not sure what to do.  
I'm not sure what to do.  
I'm not sure what to do.  
When I came back to myself

my eyes, hands, feet, everything  
all my eyes, hands and feet  
my eyes, hands, and feet had all fallen prey to  
My mouth was open, facing the sky.  
It was just a konna.

I regret to say  
                  The fisherman recounting the moment  
          in the sea  
· · · · staring at the sea

### girl

of the rubble  
Sitting in a small gap  
A girl weeping and wailing

I am filled with  
The rubble amplifies the girl's feelings  
rubble  
near her bare feet  
Muddy boots are red  
Painful

The girl's tears  
The girl's tears were supposed to be wiped away  
A house without a shape  
Memories caught in iron pipes  
In there  
I've been staring into the distance  
clinging to the distant sky  
The only one  
Besides the weeping girl  
There is no one else

of a happy family  
Burying the girl's thoughts  
Blue landscape  
is running away

in the sardine cloud



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### What is Kesen language?

The hometown of my dialect, Kesen, is located in Iwate Prefecture in northern Japan on the map, and my hometown is the Kesen region, which has many port towns in Fjord, one of the three largest fishing grounds in the world. I was born and raised in one of these towns, Rikuzentakata City. I write poems in Kesen language and publish them in monthly magazines and coterie magazines.

I have also participated in various events such as "Poet's Voice," an art performance by Taijin Tendo, and have practiced reading without a microphone in Kesen dialect, which has a unique warm intonation and accent. Rikuzentakata City was devastated by the 2011 Great East Japan Earthquake and Tsunami. At that time, among the 70,000 pine trees in Takata Matsubara, one of the 100 most scenic spots in Japan, there was one pine tree that miraculously survived the tsunami. After the tsunami, the pine tree was named the "Miracle Pine" and became known nationwide.

His book of poems, "Gareki no Kotoba de Narrare (In the Words of Rubble)," which describes the disaster situation and his feelings at the time, including this miraculous pine tree, won the prestigious "Tsuboi Shigeji Prize" in Japan. The book also includes poems about his daughter and grandchildren who were swept away by the tsunami, and "Granny's Senaka," which won the Minister of Education, Culture, Sports, Science and Technology Award at the Japan National Cultural Festival.

He taught and wrote poetry, and some of his students are active in the big leagues in the United States. His students include Yusei Kikuchi and Shouhei Otani. He asked me to write a poem for him while he was in school, and I wrote one and sent it to him as an encouragement.