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Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week'. Number 20.
20th August 1995.
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This week's theme is: SEEN IN PUBLIC PLACES.

There's a worldwide feel this week, with poems
from Japan, Soviet Russia, and Italy. Consequently
I don't have biographical information for these poets.

* Shibuya Haruo (Japan, Born 1924)
  A Girl In The Street-Car.
* Miyoshi Tatsuji (Japan, 1900-1964)
  Young Boy.
* Camillo Sharbaro (Italy, 1888-1967)
  The Little Girl Runs Beneath The Trees.
* Andrei Vozensensky (Soviet Union, Born 1933)
  Who Are You ?

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A GIRL IN THE STREET-CAR

From a black overcoat lightly filled
Her pale neck lines are flowing.
Down the egg-shaped symmetry rising above them,
Rich tangent lines of her long hair hang freshly.

Her body, the head drooping a little,
Is being pressed tenderly by certain unknown forces,
While her hard shoulders are still sheltered by childhood.

Her life, which has already opened in anxiety,
Calls to her, with all her expectations.
Her eyes are so bright
Between what has been done already and
What has not yet started.

Shibuya Haruo.

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YOUNG BOY

At evening,
out of the gate of a certain monastery
comes a handsome young boy, going home.

At the end of a day quickly darkening
he throws up a hand-ball,

he throws a hand-ball high up in the sky
and continues playing on his way home.

In the quiet street
both man and trees look drained of colour,
and the sky goes flowing like a dream.

Miyoshi Tatsuji.

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WHO ARE YOU ?

Who are you ? Suppose you're something wrong,
A plaster cast of Venus in a raincoat,
A starling with a rooster's song,
An architect turned into a poet.

What are you ? Mooning to be a film star,
Out from school you cut off your long hair,
Become a Saturday salesgirl in a shop,
And within a few weeks give it up.

As if playing hide-and-seek
You walk the half-world streets of Moscow,
A little fawn in heat, you stop and peek,
Out of breath, on your own.

Walking along. Who are you ?
You look into bookshop windows and men's eyes,
A toy telescope you scan the skies
Of their motionless pupils. Who are you ?

Under the cold stars, I wander alive
With you Vera, Vega, I am myself
Among avalanches, Like the Abominable
Snowman, absolutely elusive.

Andrei Vozensenky.

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that that piece of live gold on her shoulders,
or of that joy in her throat.

To those of us who have
no happiness other than words,
not the bright tuft of hair nor the great
hope that swells the heart of that girl,
if it is not too much to ask, let
love be taken before this gift is taken away.

   Camillo Sharbaro.

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[Yes, I'm back - only to be very quickly off again on
 my travels - and to quickly send this charming post
 to rest amid ASI's dross and flames.]

ends.
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