

kale in the morning, or

空飛ぶキャベツは満月に良く似てるなあ

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through translation
brainlina x next wave
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I feel like every morning after when something out of control happens the sky seems so irreversibly clear and unsettling like the sun doesn't seem to ever set or is determined not to move another inch from where it is so it wouldn't cast a more noticeable shadow any further than it needs to and these flock of birds seagulls maybe that are flying south in a very purposeful looking formation above me like they're meant to be somewhere someplace at a certain time very strictly even though it's not like they're waiting anxiously for the tram running a few minutes late like I am and that they should know from heart that if the sun doesn't move it means that time doesn't move and so don't the shadows and that time doesn't matter and that the numbers don't matter except the ones calling your name through the portable yet unattended radio of the front seat of the ambulance scuffled munched and crunched crawling between anonymous other waves feeling like just eating a mouth full of cereal really without thinking with not enough milk pushed down your throat scratching and that there are no hands to the body no arms to the body just breaths in between my thoughts of you sitting in your golden palace with dew dropping from the window screens, enchanted and ignored by leather boot wearing pedestrians who believe that the world is endless and flat and dreaming of the sun collapsing through the uncalled night as they count their quick winter pants synchronized with their clicking of their boots while you have the luxury of not noticing or choosing not to notice, soundlessly and only having a formless shapeless bodiless obsession of wanting to have what you used to see out the window while I continue sitting next to faceless teenagers in navy and gold baroque uniforms like the décor of the pub we all pass together on the tram that's open until ungodly hours for the divine who create yellow lights that mean to wait next to a sign for magnetic pain relief silence seems to rest on my lap as I sit next to one of the baroque soldiers and I hear him sigh though he cannot hear his own exhale because he is listening to the wrong thing as they are all listening to the wrong thing

カモメっていうのは夜空以外どこにでもいる気がする。たまに私よりも規則正しく息を吸って吐いて暮らしているのかなあと、思うとちょっと嫌になる。昔、浜辺で昼寝をしていたら彼らに突かれ、起こされた事があったけどあれはもしかしたら変な時間に昼寝をしていた私を叱っていたのかもしれない。

I have been here before in this same place but in the wrong time about
a year and a half ago walking into a room full of strangers with
different colored flower petals balanced on their eyelids,
touching things for the very first time,
like the texture of home grown kale,
imported blue corn flower,
a pregnant woman's fingertips,
solidified rose water,
and steel colored wings of a fly

(un

-known -moved

I find a strand of her hair on the tired bathroom tiles and the
un

-moved -touched

body soap since the day she left)

outside this place you threw a bunch of left over corncoobs from dinner
all over the street as the daylight sneaked out along with you and the
night collapsed everyone into the concrete pavement

now there are blue lilies everywhere,
as a sleepy acquaintance, fossilized in meteors

不

未

I think I am fucking you to remind myself of something but it's a little bit too late for that now because I've forgotten what it was and I only just remember the feeling of forgetting something,

like the last ice-cube in the glass on a loud, sweaty, messy, summer day that melts and disappears the second when you check for the time on your cracked phone screen but you can still feel its coolness hushed in liquid silence on the bottom of your glass

and maybe you noticed that or maybe you didn't but one night between your sheets, huddled with limbs and blankets spilled over each other I was caught off guard by how the moonlight was bending in a strangely familiar way, bleeding from the blinds behind us and wondered if that was because it almost reminded me of the way I was forgetting this something,

and how the cold air and the reflection of far away car lights were tickling my toes and eyelashes like that other time, floating,

in strange waves of ambivalence that wasn't here or there, not anything of comfort or sadness or really any heavy sentiment other than this familiar gentle sting in between,

like scraps of berries hiding in Greek yogurt, needing to be there but not wanting, honey that melts with slow consistency unaware of the wait, or the lack of itself, careful and haunting,

'commas are like teardrops'



turn your love around and face the wall or if it doesn't bother you at all
and you fall asleep soundlessly in the gaps between their neck and
shoulders,
hanging,
with a surrender like a collection of laundry left out to dry for too long,
pale,
you said love is blinding, but so is fucking,
moths making homes in the corner of the ceiling,
a locked room with pink fluorescent lighting,
glowing,
drowning anything in its shade,
I'm not looking at you,
slices of lemons each eyelid willingly replaced

愛・藍



seeing boys that swerve like flies, I flipped off the seat into the half-
hearted lights that weren't made to kill everything feels very slowly
when I'm up in space, going in and out of somebody else's sight,
weaving through their eyelashes, interrupting the crows
a fallen, incomplete grocery list dancing around in mid-air:

~~carrots~~

cabbage

~~toilet paper~~

~~bottles of beer~~

~~cinnamon~~

as

air itself becomes a substance, a very hard, uncalled knock on a door to
an empty house

and breathing becomes a little bit more still like swallowing concrete,
a paling, gentle sort of slow heavy suffocation, choking without the
violence or the resistance, like learning to taste in a different tongue,
while the wind seems very reluctant to toss flesh around

like I'm an accident in the washing machine, a drowning mixed-up
delicate wool jumper in a batch of forbidden blue jeans, bad habits
sitting inside the gut like crumpled, excess of powder soap enveloped,
hidden in seams of fabric, never being allowed to touch water, letting
go of sustenance while resisting heat, the gentle curling off of skin as it
burns only the first layer, removing just the freckles, the unseen color,
union of pink

a coup to the stars,

returning to day one of being born into fluorescents,

'whole cabbage looks like the full moon'

while hitting the ground and remembering the softness of skin while
tasting last night's lamb from the cut in my mouth, and hearing a quiet
hum of a fridge somewhere in the distance

“空飛ぶキャベツは満月に良く似てるなあ”

a blind measurement of
cutting up fruit into a container,
to

remove faithful flies from bruised skin

I've been told I speak about love in a way of not being able to but how
would they know the difficulty of removed meanings, sentiments in
distant stations

the ways of tearing fruit apart in the dark, only feeling flesh by the
coldest parts of the body, the slimy texture gliding along sometimes its
own failing shape, breaking,
carefully ignoring what drips out in between the clasped but unstitched
fingers

though everything still tastes

what it should taste like,

slithering inside the mouth,

falling apart slowly caressed by tongues and marbled by teeth

to say something without actually saying,

here

sunlight carves hair like edges of mountains

and we speak about love to one another through moon

dear dragonfly,

not everything dies the same way

peonies crumble

camellias drop

plums become full

月が綺麗ですね