

## Selected Translations of Sagawa Chika's Poems II<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> The cover page of the first poetry collection of Sagawa Chika, which was anonymously edited by Ito Sei and published in 1936.



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## はじめに

本ワーキングペーパーは、滋賀大学ワーキングペーパーオンラインジャーナル 192号として、2013年6月に発行された「Selected Translations of Sagawa Chika's Poems I」の続編である。左川ちかについては、すでに192号の「序文」にて紹介済みのため割愛する。

翻訳の手法についても192号の「訳者注」にて説明済みのためここでは繰り返さないが、この一年あまりの間に、具体的にどのようにふたりで翻訳作業を進めているのか、その方法について質問を受けることがあったため、ここに追記したい。

わたしたちの翻訳作業においては、英語を母語とする日本近現代詩の専門家と日本語を母語とする現代英語詩の専門家というふたりの組み合わせが重要なポイントとなっている。よって、ひとりが日本語から英語に訳し、それを下敷きにして他方が手を加えるというような分離作業ではなく、ふたりで原詩を音読することからはじめ、ひとつひとつの単語、フレーズ、音の効果、リズム、言葉遊び、イメージの連鎖などに配慮しながら、原詩がなるべくくいきるように、ふたりで議論しながら英語に訳してゆくスタイルをとっている。

本稿には、北園克衛（1902-1978）が結成した「アルクイユクラブ」会員による詩誌『MADAME BLANCHE』など、モダニズム詩誌に掲載された作品や実験的要素が強い作品を集めた。左川は「アルクイユクラブ」結成時の最初の15名のひとりであり、北園をはじめ、岩本修蔵（1908-1979）、近藤東（1904-1988）、途中からメンバーに加わった西脇順三郎（1984-1982）等、日本のモダニズム詩を代表する男性詩人らと名を連ねた。ここに収めた「白と黒」は、『MADAME BLANCHE』創刊号の巻頭を飾った詩である。

左川の詩作においては、散文と詩の境界が曖昧になることがある。「魚の眼であったならば」は、『左川ちか全詩集（新版）』（2010年）においては左川の数多くない散文作品のひとつとして収められているが、ここではこの作品を〈散文詩〉としてとらえ収録した。

原詩の出典は、特に記載がない場合には、すべて『左川ちか全詩集（新版）』による。

# INTRODUCTION

This is the second selection of our translations of Sagawa Chika's poems. Our first selection was published as "Selected Translations of Sagawa Chika's Poems I", in June 2013, as a working paper series from Shiga University, which can be downloaded at <http://mokuoku.biwako.shiga-u.ac.jp/WP/No192.pdf>. The introduction to Sagawa's poetry including her short biography can be read in "Preface" to "Selected Translations of Sagawa Chika's Poems I", both in English and in Japanese.

With regard to our translation process, we choose to translate together, as one native speaker of Japanese and one native speaker of English. We find this creates an interesting negotiation around the meaning in both languages. It is not a case of one of us translating from Japanese into English and then the other checking that work, but rather a jointly shared process. Other details of our translation process are explained in "Notes on Translation" in our working paper No.192.

The poems included in this working paper are a selection of Sagawa's more experimental work, mainly published in one of the most notable modernist journals of the time, *MADAME BLANCHE* (1932 -1934), founded by Kitazono Katsue (1902-1978). Some of these works sit on the border between prose and poetry and demonstrate the truly experimental nature of Sagawa's work. "If a fish's eye" (*Sakana no me de attanaraba*), categorised as prose in Sagawa's collected works, is a good example of this. We argue this work is better categorised as a 'prose poem', and have thus chosen to include it in this working paper focused on her experimental poetics.

Our translations are based on the poems collected in *New Complete Poems of Sagawa Chika* unless otherwise noted.



**PROSE POEM** 散文詩

## 魚の眼であつたならば

つまらなくなつた時は絵を見る。其処では人間の心臓が色々の花卉のやうな形で、或は悲しい色をして黄や紫に変色して陳列されてゐるのを見ることが出来る。馬が眼鏡をかけて樹木のない真黒い山を駆け下りてゐる。私はまだ生きた心臓も死んだ皮膚も見たことがないので、とても愉快だ。なんて華やかな詩だ！ 私は虫のやうな活字を乾いた一片の紙片の上に這はせる時のことばかりを考へてゐたから。美しい色が斑点となつて風や海の部分を埋めてゐる。画家の夢が顔料でいつぱいに染まつて、まだ生々しく濡れてゐるのだ。馬鹿気た落書きなんだろうと思ひながら、あのずたずたに引き裂かれた内臓が輝いてゐるのを見ると、見顫ひがする位気持ちがよい。跳躍してゐるリズム、空気の波動性。この多彩な生物画が壁に貼りつけられて、眼の前で旋回してゐるのは一つの魅力である。

画家は瞬間のイメージを現実の空間に自由に具象化することの出来る線と色をもつてゐる。彼の魔術は凡てのありふれた観念を破壊することに成功した。太陽と精神内の光によつて細かに分析された映像を最も大胆に建設してゆく。時には人の考へたこともなかつたものに形を与へてくれた。又、いつも見馴れて退屈してゐるものをぶちこはして新しい価値のレツテルを貼る。画家の仕事と詩人のそれとは非常に似てゐると思ふ。その証拠に絵を見るとくたびれる。色彩の、或はモチーフにおける構図、陰影のもち来らず雰囲気、線が空間との接触点をきめる構図、こんな注意をして、効果を考へて構成された詩がいくつあるだらうか。たいていはその場の一寸した思ひ付きで詩を書いてゐるにすぎないのではないかしら。それでよい場合もある。併しそんな詩は既に滅びてゐる。平盤な生命の短いものであつた。

私たちは一個のりんごを画く時、丸くて赤いといふ観念を此の物質に与へてしまつてはいけないと思ふ。なぜならばりんごといふ一つのサークルに対して実にいいかげんに定められた常識は絵画の場合に何等適用されることの意味はない。誰かが丸くて赤いと云つたとしてもそれはほんのわづかな側面の反射で



## IF A FISH'S EYE

When things get boring I look at paintings. In these painting, I can see human hearts shaped like myriad flower petals, displaying their sad colours, their transformations into yellows and purples. A horse, wearing glasses, races down a treeless black mountainside. These paintings are so fascinating because I've never yet seen a living heart or dead skin. Such splendid poetry! And here was I just thinking about making those wormlike letters crawl over a dry piece of paper. The beautiful colours reform into tiny specks and bury the wind and sea. Full of pigment, the colours of the painters' dreams are still wet and raw. Though dismissing these paintings as ridiculous scribbles, when I look at the gleaming of the intestines, ripped apart and torn to shreds, a shiver of pleasure runs through me. Their leaping rhythms, their undulating air. One of their charms is how these assorted paintings of living creatures, nailed to the walls, revolve in front of my eyes.

A painter uses lines and colours to freely transfigure an instantaneous image into the concrete in a real space. His magic is his success in destroying every mundane concept. Audaciously, he builds up each image, intricately analysed with the light of the sun and his own inner light. Sometimes, he managed to give shape to things for us, things that humans have never even thought about. He completely destroys all the things we are used to, we are bored with, and he creates categorised labels for new values. I think that the work of a painter and a poet are very similar. The proof is how worn out I feel when I look at paintings.

The colours and motifs within a composition, the mood created by the shading, or the way the lines touch space within each image, I wonder how many poems are created by paying attention to these things, or by carefully thinking about their impact? I think in most cases people write poems on the spot just as the thoughts come to them. Sometimes it works. But such poems are already extinct. They were so common and short-lived.

When we depict a single apple, I don't think we should impose the concept of roundness and redness on this object. This is because the common concept of an 'apple' as a single 'circle' has been established without any real foundation and is absolutely meaningless when applied to a painting. Even if someone argued it was round and red,

あつて、その裏側が腐つて青ぶくれてゐる時もあるし、切断面はぢぐざぐとしてゐるかも知れない。りんごといふもののもつ包含性といふものをあらゆる視点から角度を違へて眺められるべきであらう。即ちもつと立体的な観察を物質にあたへることは大切だと思ふ。詩の世界は現実に反射させた物質をもう一度思惟の領土に迄もどした角度から表現してゆくことかも知れない。

私は今まで一つの平面の対角線の交点ばかりを見てゐた。その対角線に平行する空間を過ぎる線のことや対角線に垂線を下した場合などに気付かない時が多かつた。黒か白の他に黒でもない白でもないぼんやりとぼかしたやうな部分がこの空間をどんなに占めてゐるのだらう。そんな網の目のやうな複雑な部屋の窓を開けることはまたどんなに楽しいだらう。私は自分の力でこじ開けなければと思ふ。

展覧会では完成した絵をいくつも見た。なる程うまいかも知れない。併しそのやうな絵は面白くない。それは結局一つの区域内の完成、運動の停止であつて、行き詰つてゐることを語る以外の何物でもない。私はむしろ破綻のあるものに魅力を感じた。その時の動揺は将来性を示してゐるやうに思はれた。それから又随分映画の影響を受けてゐる作品が多いと思つた。シルウエツトや黒と白の明暗の使ひわけなど。落ちぶれたゴツホや太陽の二つあるやうな絵もあつた。

疲れて足が地面につかないやうな気がしたけれど外へ出たら若い緑が目にした。

that would only reflect one tiny dimension; sometimes the other side of the apple could be rotten and gangrenous blue, or sometimes it could be the cut into zigzagged segments.

We should look at the possible 'implications' of this thing called an 'apple' from many different perspectives and angles. Therefore I think it is important that we apply a three-dimensional observation to this physical object. Perhaps the world of poetry should express things that reflect reality from different angles that are drawn once again from the territory of deep thought.

Until now all I looked at was the intersection of the diagonals on a single flat surface. There were many times when I failed to notice the lines that projected through parallel planes sitting three dimensionally beside those diagonals, or the verticals that can be drawn down onto those diagonals. Some areas are black and others white, but then some sections are neither black nor white, they seem to blur together and I find myself wondering, how much space is occupied by this clouded blur? And what a pleasure it would be to open the window, like the mesh of a net, in this so complex room. I feel I must wrench open the window with my own strength.

I also saw a number of completed paintings at the exhibition. Some may think these were good paintings. But such paintings are not interesting. This is because they only show completed perfection in one single area, all motion has stopped, they cannot tell us anything except that they have nothing more to tell us. But I was more attracted to something made up of disharmonious parts. I think that the sense of unease I felt at that moment somehow expresses potential for the future. I also thought that many of the paintings had been influenced by motion pictures. Such as the distinctive use of silhouettes or the balance of black and white. Some paintings looked like a Van Gogh in decline, or paintings that seemed to have two suns.

I was so tired my feet no longer seemed to even touch the ground, but when I went outside, the fresh greenery caught my eyes moving me deeply.

May 1934, *Cahier*



# POEMS 詩

## 白と黒

白い箭が走る。夜の鳥が射おとされ、私の瞳孔へ飛びこむ。

たえまなく無花果の眠りをさまたげる。

沈黙は部屋の中に止ることを好む。

彼らは燭台の影、撈られたプリムラの鉢、桃花心木の椅子であつた。時と焔が

絡みあつて、窓の周囲を滑走してゐるのを私はみまもつてゐる。

おお、けふも雨の中を顔の黒い男がやつて来て、

私の心の花苑をたたき乱して逃げる。

長靴をはいて来る雨よ、

夜どほし地上を踏み荒してゆくのか。

1932年5月 『MADAME BLANCHE』

## BLACK AND WHITE<sup>5</sup>

The white arrow flies true. Shot, fallen, the night bird dives deep into my pupil.

Endlessly disrupting the sleep of the fig.

Silence prefers to remain motionless in the room.

They are the shadows of the candelabras; the pots of stripped primroses; the

mahogany chairs. I watch over them as time and flame tangle together, sliding up  
and around the windowsills.

Oh no, the man with a black face comes in through the rain again today

violating the flower garden of my heart, he runs off.

Rain! Stomping in with your high boots,

will you be trampling the ground all night?

May 1932, *MADAME BLANCHE*

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<sup>5</sup> It was the first poem published in the first volume of *MADAME BLANCHE*. It was republished as “Age of Sleep 3” (“Suimin-ki 3”) in *Literature (Bungaku)*, in December 1932. Our translation is based on the poem collected in *New Complete Poems of Sagawa Chika*.

## 夢<sup>6</sup>

真昼の裸の光の中でのみ現実には崩壊する。すべてのものは鋭く白い。透明な窓に脊を向けて、彼女は説明することができない。只、彼女の指輪は幾度もその反射を繰り返した。華麗なステンドグラス。虚飾された時間、またそれらは家を迂回して賑やかな道をえらぶだらう。汗ばんだ暗い葉。その上の風は跛で動けない。闇の幻影を拒否しながら私は知る。人々の不信なことを。外では塩辛い空気が魂をまきあげてゐる。

1932年7月 『MADAME BLANCHE』

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<sup>6</sup> 『MADAME BLANCHE』に発表されたバージョンに基づく（『コレクション都市モダニズム詩誌—アルクイユクラブの構想』38頁）。



## A DREAM<sup>7</sup>

Reality disintegrates, though just in the naked midday light. The ash trees all white bone. Her back to the transparent window, she cannot explain. Only her ring repeats reflection on reflection. Ornate stained glass. Time was dressed up. They'll probably choose the bustling path, bypassing this house. Dark leaves, moist with sweat. Above them, the crippled wind cannot move. Rejecting such visions of darkness, I become aware --- of human unfaithfulness. Outside the salty air whirls the souls up and up.

July 1932, *MADAME BLANCHE*

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<sup>7</sup> Our translation is based on the version published in *MADAME BLANCHE*, which is different from the version included in the *New Complete Poems of Sagawa Chika*. . It was republished as "Age of Sleep 4" ("Suimin-ki 4") in *Literature (Bungaku)*, in December 1932

## 雲のかたち

銀色の波のアアチをおしあげ  
行列の人々がとほる。

くだけた記憶が石と木と星の上  
かがやいてゐる。

皺だらけのカアテンが窓のそばで  
集められそして引き裂かれる。

大理石の街がつくる放射光線の中を  
ゆれてゆく一つの花環。

毎日、葉のやうな細い指先きが  
地図をかいてゐる。

1932年11月 『MADAME BLANCHE』

# CLOUD SHAPES

Opening an archway of silver waves  
the line of people push through.

Shattered memories shine  
above the rocks, trees and stars.

Near the window creased and wrinkled  
curtains gather together and then pull apart.

A single wreath of flowers floats  
through the beams of light radiating from the marble city.

Day after day, a fingertip leaf-slender  
draws the map.

November 1932, *MADAME BLANCHE*

## 雲のやうに<sup>8</sup>

果樹園を昆虫が緑色に貫き  
葉裏をはひ たえず繁殖してゐる  
鼻孔から吐きだす粘液  
それは青い霧である  
時々 彼らは  
音もなく羽搏きをして空へ消える  
婦人達はただれた目付きで  
未熟な実を拾つてゐる  
空には無数の瘡痕がついてゐる  
肘のやうにぶらさがつて。  
それから私は見る  
果樹園がまんなかから裂けてしまふのを  
そこから雲のやうにもえてゐる地肌が現はれる。

1933年1月『椎の木』

1933年12月『行動』

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<sup>8</sup> 『行動』に掲載されたバージョンに基づく。

## LIKE CLOUDS<sup>9</sup>

the line of beetles pass greenly through the orchard  
crawling along the underside of the leaves      they multiply over and over  
disgorging mucus from their nostrils  
it becomes the blue mist  
from time to time      they  
disappear into the sky soundlessly flapping their wings  
women with inflamed eyes  
gather up the unripe fruit  
the sky has myriad scars  
hanging loose like elbows  
sometime later, I watch ---  
the orchard splits right down the middle  
and from that crack, the bare ground, burning like clouds, appears

January 1933, *Shii no ki*

December 1933, *Kōdō*

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<sup>9</sup> Based on the version published in *Kōdō*, which is slightly different from the one collected in *New Complete Poems of Sagawa Chika*.

## 花咲ける大空に

それはすべての人の眼である。

白くひびく言葉ではないか。

私は帽子をぬいでそれ等をいれよう。

空と海が無数の花卉をかくしてゐるやうに。

やがていつの日か青い魚やばら色の小鳥が私の頭をつき破る。

失つたものは再びかへつてこないだろう。

1933年4月『マダムブランシュ』

1934年8月『詩法』

## TO THE FLOWERING WIDE-OPEN SKY

That is the eye of all mankind.

It's words, isn't it, whitely echoing.

I take off my hat to put them in.

Just as the sea and the sky are hiding the myriad petals.

Someday soon the blue fish and small rose-coloured birds will pierce my skull.

What is lost will never return, will it.

April 1933, *MADAME BLANCHE*

August 1934, *Shihō*

## 電線

古ぼけ色褪せたタイムが熱い種子となつて空間に散乱する。無言の形態をとびこえ地上を横切る度に咲く花の血を吹きだしてゐる唇のうへでテクニツクの粉飾を洗ひ落せ！！

昨日の風を捨て約束にあふれた手を強く打ち振る枝は情熱と希望を無力な姿に変へる。その屍の絶えまない襲撃をうけて、歩調をうばはれる人のために残された思念の堆積。この渴き切つた砂州を渡る旅人の胸の栄光はもはや失はれ、見知らぬ雪の破片が夜にとけこむ。何がいつまでも終局へと私を引摺つてゆくのか。

1933年12月『文芸汎論』



## TELEGRAPH WIRE

Faded with age, time becomes a hot seed and scatters through the void. Wash off the adornments and fancy techniques!! Each time you fly over the wordless figures or traverse the land, wash them from your lips that blossom with flowers of blood.

The branches violently shake the hand that discarded the winds of yesterday, that hand which overflowed with the promise of engagements. The branches transform passion and hope into a powerless shape. A pile of thoughts are left behind for those who have had the rhythm of their steps stolen, under the relentless attack of that corpse. Honour within the hearts of the travellers crossing the desiccated sandbar is already lost and the strange splinters of snow blend into the darkness of the night. What drags me along forever and ever on towards the end?

December 1933, *Bungei hanron*

## プロムナード

季節は手袋をはめかへ  
舗道を埋める花びらの  
薄れ日の  
午後三時  
白と黒とのスクリーン  
瞳は雲に蔽はれて  
約束もない日がくれる

1934年2月『鬪鶏』

# PROMENADE

seasons change their gloves

petals filling up the promenade

fading light

three o'clock in the afternoon

black and white screen

eyes covered by clouds

a day without a single engagement ends

February 1934, *Tōkē*

## 会話

——重いリズムの下積みになつてゐた季節のために神の手はあげられるだらう。起伏する波の這ひ出して来る沿線は塩の花が咲いてゐる。すべてのものの生命の律動を渴望する古風な鍵盤はそのほこりだらけな指で太陽の熱した時間を持つてゐる。

——夢は夢見る者にだけ残せ。草の間で陽炎はその緑色の触毛をなびかせ、<sup>くず</sup>毀れ安い影を守つてゐる。また、マドリガルの紫の煙は空をくもり硝子にする。

——木の葉の破れる音がする。大きな歓喜の甘美なる果実。人の網膜を叩く歩調のながれ。

——真暗な墓石の下ですでに大地の一部となり喪失せる限りない色彩が現実と花苑を乱す時刻を知りたいのだ。

——

——不滅の深淵をころがりながら幾度も目覚めるものに関声となり、その音が私を生み、その光が私を射る。この天の饗宴を迎へるべくホテルのロビイはサフランで埋められてゐる。

1934年3月『マダムブランシュ』

1994年4月『苑』

## A DIALOGUE

— God's hand will be raised up to help the season apprenticed to the heavy rhythm, won't it. Salt flowers bloom along the railway line as it crawls out over the undulating waves. With dusty fingers, the old-fashioned keyboard waits for the time when the sun burns hot, longing for a rhythmic cadence.

— Leave dreams to the dreamers themselves. Amongst the grasses, heat-shimmer vibrates its green-coloured cilia-like hairs and protects its fragile reflection. Then purple madrigal smoke turns the sky to clouded glass.

— The sound of a leaf bud splitting open is heard. Utterly enchanting luscious fruit. The rhythm of passing steps taps the retinas of people.

— I want to know when the lost limitless colours, already part of the ground in the absolute darkness under the gravestones, disturb reality and the flowerbed.

—

— That sound, becoming the war cry for those who awaken over and over as they roll in the immortal abyss, gives me birth, and its light pierces me. The hotel lobby is buried in saffron flowers, ready to welcome this banquet of heaven.

March 1934, *MADAME BLANCHE*

April 1934, *Sono*

# 花<sup>10</sup>

1

夢は切断された果実である  
野原にはとび色の梨がころがつてゐる  
パセリは皿の上に咲いてゐる  
レグホンは時々指が六本に見える  
卵をわると月が出る

2

林の間を蝸牛が這つてゐる  
触角の上に空がある

3

今日は風の色が濃い  
ピストンが塩辛い空気を破つて突進する  
くつがへされた朝の下で雨は砂になる

1934年7月『カイエ』

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<sup>10</sup> 1934年7月1日『カイエ』第8号に出版されたものに基づく（『左川ちか全詩集 新版』の「拾遺詩篇」131-132頁に収録）。

# FLOWERS<sup>11</sup>

1

dreams are severed fruits  
a red-brown pear lies fallen in the meadow  
parsley is flowering on a plate  
leghorns sometimes seem to have six claws  
cracking an egg, the moon comes out

2

a snail crawls through the woods  
on top of its feelers, is the sky

3

today, the colour of the wind is deeper  
the piston charges forward tearing apart the salty air  
under the overturned morning, the rain turns to sand

July 1934, *Chahier*

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<sup>11</sup> Our translation is based on the version published in *Chahier*. The only first part of poem was collected in the first collection of Sagawa Chika's poems edited by Ito Sei, which was published in 1936 after her death, but we have chosen to translate all three parts together as one poem.

## 午後

花びらの如く降る。

重い重量にうたれて昆虫は木陰をおりる。

橋壁に集まるもの、微風のうしろ、日射が波が響をころす。

骨髄が白い花をのせる。

思念が遮られて魚が断崖をのぼる。

(発表誌不詳 『左川ちか詩集』 収録) <sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> 『左川ちか全詩集 新版』の発表作品順から「花」の後に発表された詩と推定。



## AFTERNOON

Falling like flower petals.

Struck by a heavy weight, a beetle crawls down the tree shade.

Creatures gather at the fence, behind the breeze, the sunlight the waves murder all sound.

Bone structure places a white flower.

Thought is obstructed and a fish climbs the cliff.

(publication prior to Ito Sei's edited collection unknown)<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> We have followed the chronological order in *New Complete Poems of Sagawa Chika*, for the first publication date of this poem is unknown.

## 山脈

遠い峰は風のやうにゆらいである  
ふもとの果樹園は真白に開花してゐた  
冬のままの山肌は  
朝毎に絹を拵げたやうに美しい  
私の眼の中を音をたてて水が流れる  
ありがたうございますと  
私は見えないものに向つて拝みたい  
誰も聞いてはゐない 免しはしないのだ  
山鳩が貰い泣きをしては  
私の声を返してくれるのか  
雪が消えて  
谷間は石楠花や紅百合が咲き  
緑の木陰をつくるだらう  
刺草の中にもおそい夏はひそんで  
私たちの胸にどんなにか  
華麗な焰が環を描く

1935年8月 『短歌研究』

## MOUNTAIN RANGE

Mountain peaks sway as wind  
The orchard at the foot of the range blossomed white  
The mountain face still winter  
So beautiful morning after morning like a silk cloth spread wide  
Water flows a chattering rapid inside my eyes  
“Thank you kindly”  
I want to give prayerful thanks to something I cannot see  
No one is listening, there is no reply  
A mountain dove cries in empathy  
I wonder if anyone will return my voice to me  
As the snow melts  
Rhododendrons and red lilies bloom in the valleys  
Creating shady bowers  
Late to arrive, summer stays hidden in the nettles  
In our hearts, with such  
beauty, the flame draws a circle

August 1935, *Tanka kenkyū*

## 季節の夜

青葉若葉を積んだ軽便鉄道の  
終列車が走る  
季節の裏通りのやうにひっそりしてゐる  
落葉松の林を抜けてキャベツ畑へ  
蝸牛のやうに這つてゆく  
用のないものは早く降りて呉れ給へ  
山の奥の染色工場まで六里  
暗夜の道をぬらりと光つて  
樹液がしたたる

1936年3月『椎の木』<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup>左川の死後発表された作品。

## A NIGHT OF THE SEASON

carrying piles of fresh leaves, young leaves  
the final train of the day runs along the narrow rail  
as deserted as the back streets of the season  
out of the larch forest into the cabbage plots  
crawling along like a snail  
“Step down out right now, those with nothing to do”  
still twenty four kilometres to the dyeing factory deep in the mountains  
the road on this dark night wet and gleaming  
sap drips

March 1936, *Shii no ki*<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> This poem was published in the journal two months after Sagawa's death.

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\*For the secondary sources, please refer to the bibliography in “Selected Translations of Sagawa Chika’s Poems I” (working paper no. 192).