



MARIMO

MARIKO SUMIKURA POETRY COLLECTION

散文詩集 マリモ

JUNPA BOOKS



すみくらまりこ散文詩集

マリモ

Mariko Sumikura's Poetry Collection

MARIMO / MARIMO

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プロフィール/PROFILE

詩集『マリモ』について

すみくらまりこ

阿寒湖の冷たい湖底の窪みに、神はひそかにその深翠の命を置いていった。人の油ぎった手に触れられないよう、処女林でその苛酷なまでの清冽さを囲いこんだのだ。フランスの前衛巨匠、フランシス・ポンジュを鑑にこの世界の美しいオブジェクトたちを「よく見て書くこと」を心がけ、この散文詩集の家は建ち上がりました。葉先の突端に留まる、朝露の球 // 意を決して、まっすぐ天を目指し、暗黒の海の面へと墜ちゆく完璧な円花の流れ火。そして、零下二十五度の利尻の凍気のなか、一撃の爆音とともに輪廻の環から解き放たれ、地表にただ独り立ち続ける、凍裂という名の現象に残される偉大なるオブジェ。世間の退屈な恋愛やうわべのノイズは、この混じり気ないひとすくいの水のなかにすべてエレガントに引き算されていく。日本語の「詩」から「死」へ、(θi) という発音記号の暗号へと滑る、不滅の言葉遊び。山の奥処に秘められた、清らかさの黙契。この静かな水底の輪廻の光が、あなたへの至高の暗号（ギフト）として、届くことをそっと願って了とします。

二〇二六年 盛夏 ウィーン・ミロシュ・ツルニャンスキ賞を記念して 京都の自宅にて すみくらまりこ

INTRODUCTION BY AUTHOR

In a gentle hollow of Lake Akan's cold bed, / God secretly left behind that
deep emerald life. // Lest she be defiled by the greasy hands of humans, /
He enclosed her relentless, crucial purity with a virgin forest. // Taking the
French avant-garde master, Francis Ponge, as my guide, / simply "to look
closely and write" the beautiful objects of this world. // With that alone, /
this house of prose poetry was erected. A single drop of dew, barely
hanging / onto the very tip of a leaf—a micro-sphere. // Fireworks
blooming flawlessly round, / aiming straight for the heaven, then falling to
the dark sea. // And the frost crack under twenty-five degrees below zero in
Rishiri, / released from the cycle of samsara in a single blast, // now
standing alone on the ground / as a grand, eternal object. The tedious
systems and the noisy vanities of this world / are elegantly subtracted
within this single scoop of unmingled water. // A chess game of eternal
bilingual stitches, / sliding from "Poetry" to "Death" 「死」 and to the
pronunciation symbol (θ). // The tacit covenant of purity hidden in the deep
recesses of mountains. // Hoping that this quiet light of samsara from the
lake bottom / will softly reach the heart of your world // as a supreme
cipher. Midsummer, 2026 In commemoration of the Milos Crnjanski
Award in Wien From the cockpit of blankets in Kyoto Mariko Sumikura



Marimo

Very dark-green, the velvety spherical moss Marimo lives in Lake Akan in the north of Japan. People say that it was left as a gentle fold at the bottom, by God. He loved her so much that he hid it there not to be touched by man's oily hands. A life which was loved by God, Marimo.

Marimo rises in daytime and sinks to the bottom at night. She doesn't sleep. She dreams swayed by moving waters; even the faint sound of the rustling of leaves or the shudder of an owl and moonlight shake Marimo. Chubby round creature...

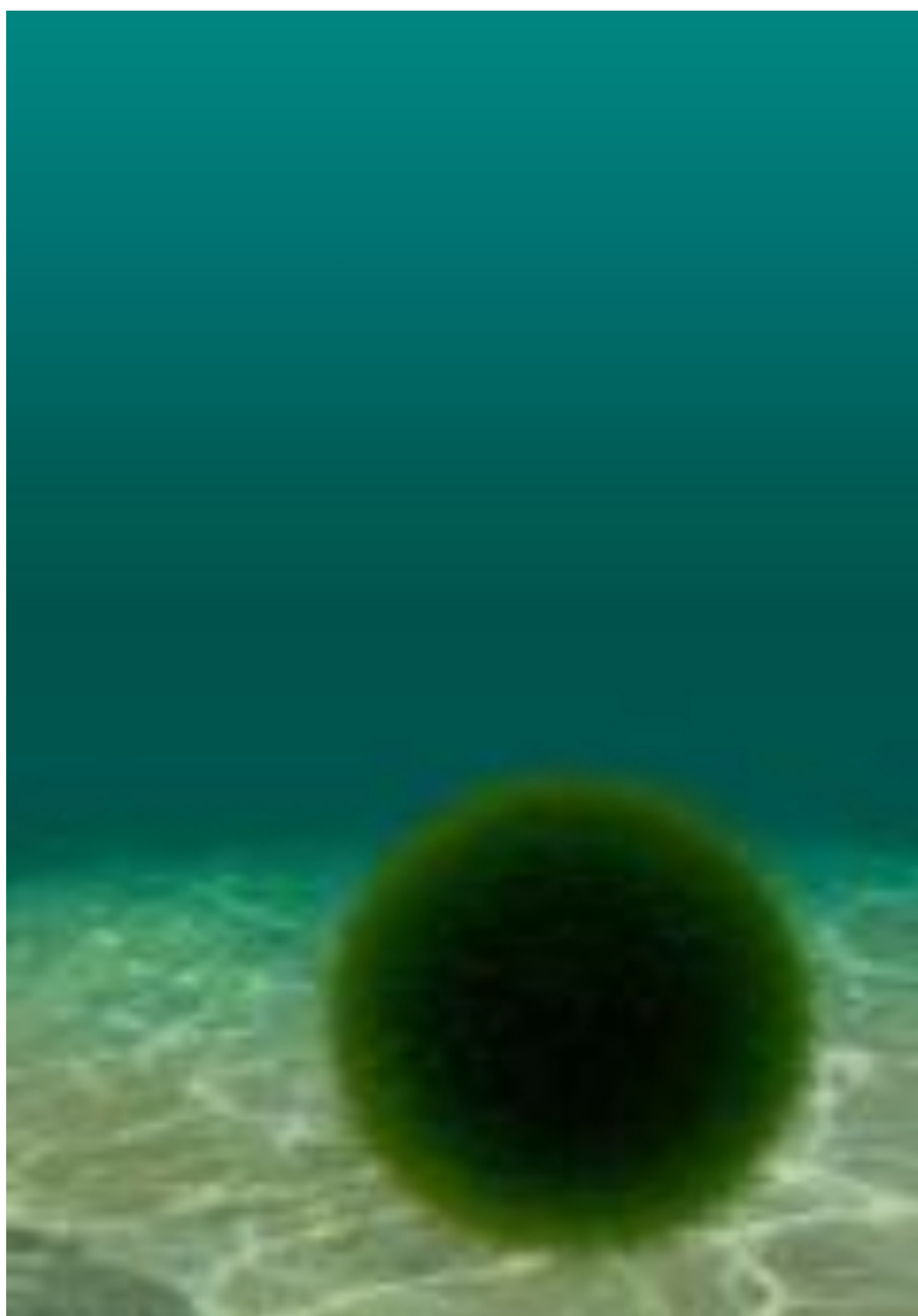
Marimo can't breathe in impure waters and leave for other places. Therefore, God encircled the lake by a virgin forest to keep forever her purity.

マリモ

深翠、ビロードのマリモは北の阿寒湖にある。湖底のゆるやかな窪みに、神はひそかに置いていったという。余りにも愛おしいので、人の油ぎった手に触れられないよう、ひっそりと隠したのだった。神に愛された生命、マリモ。

マリモは昼は浮き上がり、夜は湖底に沈む。彼女は眠らない。水に揺られて夢を見る。そこでは葉ずれの音、ふくろうの身震い、そして月の光りさえマリモを揺するのだ。ころころ、ころころ・・・

マリモは濁った水では息ができない。他所(よそ)では生きられない。だからこそ、神は処女林で湖を隠し、彼女の苛酷なまでの清冽さを囲いこんだのだ。



Bell Stone

You were sleeping calmly at the dry river bed, suddenly your loneliness was broken.

He gained you and has shaken at strange lightness. As expected, you raised a litteringly dry sound.

In the hard stone, you ate your weakness intently but could not eat up all. And a pebble called self-confidence was left inside.

He loves a stone. Arranged well with a shelf is a striped stone which kept being polished. And shining black stones, more beautiful stones show their beauty.

You sit on side of them under pressed breath, being frightened in anxiety of when he may break you to see inside...

鈴石

河原で静かに眠っていたおまえは、いきなり孤独を破られる。彼はおまえを手にし、その不思議な軽さに、ふと振ってしまったのだ。案の定、おまえはからからと乾いた音をたてた。

堅牢い石の中、おまえはひたすら自らの弱さを食みながら、ついに食み尽くせなかった。そして自負という小石が残されたのだ。

彼は石を愛でる。棚に並ぶのは、磨き抜かれた縞模様の石。そして黒光りする石。美しい石に並んで、おまえはいつか割られるかもしれないという不安に怯えながら、息をひそめて座っている・・・



River Source

River source- Every rivers, any long and abundant one it is, the long journey starts from here. That should exist at deep inside in the mountain with secrecy keeping distance from man's search.

Evaporating fog, and continuous rain- Those are filtered by layers of mountain and come out from a crack of rocks. It makes a shallow pool, the first water springs up making sand dancing up with bubbles.

Clear and silent promises. You who found the river source should regret disclosing the whereabouts to others. And when seeing the river, you will remember that you got handful pure water on your palms, and sense something to bite softly a core of heart.

水源

水源。どんな豊かな河も長旅はここに始まる。それは、あなたが探そうとするほど遠ざかる秘めやかさをもって、山の奥処に在るはず。

煙りたつ狭霧(さぎり)、そしてしとどの雨。それらは層なす土に漉され、山肌から滲み出る。そして水はたまり、砂を舞いあげながら水泡をたてて湧いてくるのだ。

清らかさの黙契。探し当てたあなたは、その在り処を他人(ひと)に明かすことを惜しむはずだ。そしてふと流れゆく川を見た時、混じり気ないひとすくいの水を手にしたことを思い出し、心の芯を何かをやわらかく噛むのを感じるだろう。.

Bon Fire

While firewood was thrown into an iron basket, the setting sun is close.
The fire which is added and rises. Resin makes a flame burning own selves
By the sounds, darkness moves backward.

Sparks aim at the sky and flutter
Burn disappearing
A profound and quiet elegance stage starts here.

More than one thousand year , all things had avoided this deep mountains.
After the secret ceremony, a solemn lining aims at a mountain top slowly.
A flame is calmed down, and a balefire is going off.

Night is brightening.
As nothing was happened, the god mountain is relaxing.

-Mystic beauty - Exist or or not-

A red and conspicuous stage, down broad daylight, grouper and sandy soil
In addition to the charcoal and the ash left in an iron basket.
What means will you say there was?

かがり火

鉄籠に薪が投げ入れられる、と、落日は近い。

点されてあがる火。松脂は、炎を自ら弾けさせる。

その音に、闇がしばし後ずさりをする。

火の粉は空をめがけて舞い、

消えつつ燃え、

幽玄の舞台はここに始まる。

千有余年、一切の穢れが、この深山を避けた。

秘儀のあと、ご還幸の列は、ゆっくりと山頂を目指し、

かがり火は炎しずめて、消えていく。

夜が白んでくる。

深山は、何事もなかったかのように寛いでいる。

-幽玄、ありやなしやの美-

紅く映えた舞台も、白日のもとではただの砂地。

鉄籠に残る炭と灰のほかに、

何のよすががあるというのだろう。

The Last Drops

-To the 1973 Wine-

Twenty years have passed since you were forbidden from giving off your fragrance. What kind of age have you been expecting to see? Why did you come to my hands? In any case, I will open you. I don't need to hesitate. Emit your rich fragrance as much as you want. Volatilize the years you have spent fettered. How soft the cork has become!

Back then, when the grapevine was still a bit blue, you were stamped and squeezed under people's feet and you were said to have lamented in the barrel, longing for the soil. Confined in a room without sunlight, you have decomposed your sweetness to acquire a power of your own.

Now, show me your red brilliance, today. Let's uncork to celebrate the fact that you did not touch dirty air at all. I will hold up the glass to the sunshine outside. Let me taste your bitterness that you hide with modesty.

And then, the last drops—I will leave the precious sorrowful lee in the bottom, for your future and for our memory.

最後のしずく

1973年のワインによせて

薫ることを封じられて二十年。おまえはどんな時を待っていたのか。なぜ、わたしの手にあるのか。ともかくも、開けてあげよう。ためらいは要らない。薫れるものはふくらかに薫れ。自らの歳月を揮発せよ。コルクはこんなにも柔らかではないか。

彼の時、まだ青みの残ったぶどうの房は、みな足の踏まれ絞られ、樽のなかで土を恋うてさんざ泣いたという。陽光を遮られた密室で、おまえは甘みを分解しつつ、ひとつの力をわがものとした。

さあ、きょうはわたしのために赤く輝いておくれ。汚い空気に触れなかったことを祝って栓を抜こう。グラスを今日の太陽にかざしてやろう。遠慮がちに隠れている渋みを賞味させておくれ。

そして、最後のしずく、尊くも悲しみの澱（おり）は底に残しておこう。おまえの未来とわたしたちの思い出のために。

Sand Crab

You live in sand around shallow shore water almost loses the color.

You appear in the brief moment a wave pulls, and I hunt for food.

Who also fears an eye and cowers so much why?

Living of a pendulum. To depend on light and shadow, your distinctive eye
is waiting for an anteroom strangely in the rhythm of monotonous sound of
waves.

You, a crab of a small square shell.

The rare timid hermit of the nature having no natural enemies



砂蟹（すながに）

水が色を失うほど浅い淵辺の砂中におまえは生きている。

波が引く束の間におまえは現れ、餌（え）を漁る。どうして
そんなにも誰が目を恐れて竦（すく）むのか。

振り子の生。照り蔭る陽光（ひかり）をたよりに、単調な波音の
リズムの中で、異様にとび出したおまえの目は、次の間を待ってい
る。

小さな四角の甲羅の蟹よ。世界にも珍しい臆病な、いや、天敵すら
ない

自然の隠者。

Dew

A drop of dew.

I see the essence of life

As the world is reflected

In this drop of dew which sits quietly

At the tip of the narrow leaf

Closed upon yourself

You have no doubt about

Your spherical shape

Drop of dew

You split the sunlight

Into seven colors

Of sparkling droplets

Always wary of falling off

But I will not touch you

Transparent as you are

You do not offend my eye.

I will not touch you

Gift given to the poor

Drop of dew

Sweet as the hope to find

The truth of our lives.

A round gap between dream and the real.

Dream within a dream

Memories fading away

Salty tears roll one after the other

But you cannot afford it

You are alone

Allow me to kiss you again

Dew drop

So I will have the strength

To carry on another day

(2010, Struga Poetry Evenings)

朝露

一粒の露。葉先、その突端に辛うじて留まって、外には世界を映し、
内には生の真髄を宿している。無形のものが、形をなし、身を守るためにこんなにも円くなったのだ。

七色に光を分け、強めながら、おまえは転がる機を計っている。
手を触れるまでもない。この凝視にすら堪えられそうにないのだから。

貧しいものの捧げ物 一朝露一 人の世の真実のように、その甘さは比類ない。夢と現実のはざま。夢の中の夢。遠くなっていく記憶。

涙は辛く溢れるけれど、おまえに残余の粒はない。せめてわたしにそっと甘露を吸わせておくれ。今日一日を堪え得るために。

(2010, ストルーガ詩祭)

Hiten

Look at the top of Mount Sumeru and feel sweet the smell of happiness. A celestial maiden waited for a stream of air, which would bring her up to the sky. She wore a fine translucent robe. A soft and suitable cloud came. She was to ride it and fly in comfort.

When she arrived at Bamiyan Valley, the ceremony has just started. The Great Buddha Statue appeared in this world. Humans will be delighted because the Buddha saved their agonies. A lot of celestial people were offering dance and music with hand-drums and flutes. The sound filled the sky and the ground. Celestial children were scattering flowers merrily, and she was absorbed dancing with bright...

While she recovered herself it was 1500 years later.

It was a night with new moon. Buddha knew it all, he was aware of the danger in which he found himself. And he left his image silently. As it was to be expected, the statue was destroyed by the humans. The scene was a terrible shock to her. She was grieved so much. The Celestial maiden lost the power to fly again and fell down on the ground.

Buddha, touched by her purity-told her: “Dear celestial maiden, turn your eyes to me in the sky and hear my voice. Try to see the truth with clear perception. The body is only a vessel of the soul. Do await me at the fragrant forest on Mount Sumeru.

“The time will come when pious people will call me and I shall be back.”
And he embraced her and disappeared in the sky.

(Co-translation with Michael Finkenthal)

飛天

幸せ香る飛天の住处。須弥山（しゅみせん）の天辺を見よ。

天女が突き上ぐる風を待っている。

ふさやかな天衣（てんね）、ふくやかな靈芝雲（くも）、天翔（あまが）けに何の不足もない。遙かバーミヤンに新造仏（ほとけ）はおはす。

はや、宇（そら）に満ち、地にこだまする天人の唢呐（ちやるめら）、蕭（しょう）、笛、角、鼓。天童らは嬉々と蔓殊沙華を降らす。天女は舞いつつ、宙（とき）を忘れて・・・千五百歳が過ぎた。

仏が身上を察し、お像をそっと抜け出たのはある新月の夜だった。その直後、異教の徒は三が日かけて粉々に砕いた。

それを知った天女は地に泣き伏した。悲しい飛天は飛べないのだ。すると瑞雲は地にまで降りてきて、仏の声がのたまわく、
「愛しい純な天女よ、心して聴け。像（かたち）は魂（こころ）の器なのだ。

香林でわれを待て。時は来る。いつかきっと戻って来む。」

Tennyo-ga-hara

Tennyo-ga-hara - Beasts living there step stealthily.

Snow flakes flutter faintly. Celestial maiden loves there especially so that she leaves poems in snow and send them to the ground, folklore tells.

The first particle get six needles, rarely two, amuses themself in making micro joints, and they come down to the ground sharpening the point. Sometimes form like star, flower, twig. There is also nothing with the same shape with the one adequacy.

A scholar possessed with the nature's wonder, stays in a camp in the snow during one winter. The snow letters of the heaven tend to go off soon. The sign is fragile even if he received on the black velvet. To understand in the feelings seems to be his happiness. A celestial maiden seems to scatter capriciously, too..., and she also seems to watch the light of his hand lamp from heaven...

Tennyo-ga-hara - Spring is coming close, his footmarks are fading

quietly and quietly.



天女が原

天女ヶ原 - その獣たちはひそやかに雪を踏む。

軽やかに風花(かざはな)は舞っている。天女はこの地をことに好み、
詩歌を雪に託して地に降らせる、という。

初粒は六方に、まれには一二方に微小(ミクロ)の結ぼれを遊び、針
を尖らせて地上へ向かう。あるいは星形、あるいは花形。あるいは
樹枝。その一片(ひとひら)たりとも同じ形のものはない。

その万化の不思議に憑かれた学者が、ひと冬を雪洞にこもっている。
天の文字は消えやすい。黒ビロードの上に受けてもわずかないのち。
想いの中で解するのが彼の至福らしく... 天女も気まぐれに散らせ
るらしく・・・ 雪洞から漏れる灯(あか)りは天からも見えるらし
く・・・

天女ヶ原 - 春は間近、彼の足跡は静かに静かに消されゆく。

Lotus

Oh what a noble figure you are

As you stand proudly coming out of mud.

Sturdy stalk comes stretching from the ground to reach the face of the
water.

Wide leaves are supported by the water to float, swing in due to let drops
pray on the leaf.

And to let them be back into the water, larger.

Oh lotus, since I worship you I cannot say “I love you”.

You light up a moment before the dawn. The silence protects you.

Oh lotus, since I trust you I cannot say “Lonely flower”.

You smile the moment just before the sunset. The silence receives you.

In time you become lonely among flowers as you come to say, “That’s all.
Enough.” Then you begin to melt from both ends of your body, roots and
petals... to fuse with the mud and become mud itself.

I cannot say “Good by” as I keep watching the shining mud. I can just
imagine the depth of the pond.

“SA-MU-SA-RA”

As you prepare yourself to be reborn, I will be able to meet you again
someday.

((2015, Europa in Versi, Como, Italy)

蓮

泥から生まれたというのに、すっくと立つ誇り高い御身。その逞しい茎は地上よりまっすぐ伸び、水の上に届く。そのひろやかな葉は、水に支えられて浮かび、小さな露を遊ばせ大きな露を水へ返そうとゆるやかに揺れている。

蓮よ。あなたを愛しいなんてとても言えない。花なのに、あなたを拝したく思う。

朝、未明。静けさがひとときわ張りつめる瞬間に、あなたは輝かれるから。

蓮よ。あなたを悲しそうなんてとても言えない。花なのに、あなたを信じたく思う。

夕、薄明。静けさがひととき安堵する時間に、あなたはほほ笑まれるから。

たった4日間の命のあと・・・

やがて時がくれば、泥の中で厳しく他者を退けておられたあなたは、もういい、もう十分だと思われたら、眠るようにまるで端々から溶け、泥そのものになられる。

あなたにお暇(いとま)は言えない私は、いつまでも光る泥を見つめて
佇んでいる。そして水底を思う。輪廻。再び生きる準備を果たして
いるあなたと再びまみえるその日を。

(2 0 1 5 コモ詩祭)

Fire Works

Since going off with full determination, she does not draw a parabola.

Aiming toward the sky, it rises up straightly. At the moment the power runs out, a small fire reaches to the heart. That's all. Inorganic flowers are coming out next to each other and rise higher and higher.

The gorgeous yellow sulfur is exploding. Joyful crimson splashes are drooping. The blue arc is remaining reluctantly in the air. Scarlet petals are reviving an instant...

It was quite a spherical flower. Now the dangerous saltpeter has run out. Why does they need this colorful dress to show palpitation exhibit a great emotion merely to end up falling into the black sea.



花火

(紅花しぶき 芯青紅)

意を決して咲くのためから、放物線は描かない。まっすぐ天を目指し、力尽きたとき、花芯に火が届くだけだ。上へ上へ、連鎖して咲き競う無機の花。

きらびきの硫黄（ゆわう）は炸裂する。よろこびの紅（べに）はしだれゆく。名残の青火（あお）は円弧（あーる）を描き、紅味を帯びて消えてゆく。

紛れなく円（まる）らかに咲いた花。もう危うさの硝石は尽きてしまった。暗黒の海の面に墜ちていくのに、ときめきを装うどんな色がいるだろう。

(2010年国民文化祭現代詩フェスティバルで朗読)

Moonflower

It was a beautiful fight. You were eminently white and stood in the dark not turning your face to attacking gust. You trusted a vein and leaned against it, and continued fight with waving petals.

There were no colorful decoration in the sky. Only gray clouds crossed aslant busily.

Heart shaped leaves caught rain with whole body and flew away like tears

You showed such intensity but could not overcome with the time. You did not show up with flowery mind, ended up before the dawn. You might let me into a secret of the life.

夕顔

それは美しい戦いだった。夜目にも白く浮かび上がったあなたは、いくども襲いかかる突風に面を背けなかった。蔓に身を預け、ひだ深い花びらを波立たせ懸命に戦っていた。

その夜、天空に彩りとてなかった。どすぐろい雲がせわしく斜めに横切るだけだった。夜半から吹き付ける雨を、葉はハート形の全面で受け、涙のように滴らせた。

それほど強いあなたも、時限には負けた。花ごころも見せず、朝も待たず、その身を絞りきってしまった。でも、あなたは、戦うことで生命を明かしたのかもしれない。



Sailing Vessel –To Christian Radich-

The sun setting heavily is suitable for you. The mast is kept vertical in spite of shaking waves.

Beautiful balance. The sail caught the wind. There is nothing to control your sailing.

At the stem, Artemis stands wearing blue clothes. She looks with gloom at the broken waves. From awe of nature? Or Distrust of the human?

We take an old man to tell us a tragedy, repeatedly. He will say though only one word, “The ship has died once, so...”.

You come closer to me. A legend rising from the war fought a half century ago strengthens you much more. You become fearless. You receive the coming hurricane with a smile. I, like a form which is breaking from inside, incline toward you to touch the waves you made, or the splashed droplets.



帆船 -クリスチャン・ラディック号に-

重たげに沈む夕日があなたには似合っている。揺れる波間に垂直であろうとする帆柱。美しい均整。みなぎる帆。疾走を制するものは何もない。

船首には、紺青の衣をまとった女神アルテミス。波を切りながら、その表情はどくどく硬い。そらは自然への畏怖か、それとも人間への不信か。悲話を繰り返し語る老人を探してこよう。彼はひとこと語ることだろう。「一度死んだ身じゃて・・・」

あなたは近づいてくる。半世紀前の戦禍から蘇った不死伝説があなたをなおさら強くする。恐れを知らないあなた。嵐の到来に笑みさえ浮かべるあなた。内から壊れる泡のようなわたしは、あなたが造る波、そのしぶきでも受けようと身を乗り出す。

)Sub Sun

At northern land, when the cold in midwinter peaks, The white hands of the devil freeze everything, and it tries to take little moist further more the micro heat at last.

Fluttering and dancing diamond dust is assumed, sometimes to a huge pillar, sometimes to transparent pillar, and project a sub sun on a tint screen.

Indeed who has seen that scenery? My power of imagination twists a body in order to imagine something which I never seen. Oh, my words, the last moisture, you freeze, too and scatter shine solitary in midwinter.



幻日

北国では、真冬の寒がきわまると、白い魔手がすべてを凍らせ、ついに自らの湿りのミクロ、その僅かな熱を奪わんとす。

翻り舞うダイヤモンド塵、あるときは巨大な環に、あるときは透けた柱に見えながら・・・そして、まれに、淡光の幕に幻日を映すという。

ああ、誰がそれを見たというのか。見えないものを見んと、わたしのイメージは身をよじる。わたしの言葉よ、最後の湿りよ、おまえも凍り、真冬に独り寂しく光りを散らせよ。

Tourist

Scraped cars are left in the field. Crows gathered on them. Looking a river from the window of train, but I missed now, yes, it is insight again, and gone.

Maybe it goes ahead to the sea, *Setonaikai* or Nippon sea, I don't know. Anyway both are facing in the way of unconscious nature.

I passed small stations. I looked the name of "*Inabashiro*", I decided to get down and sit down on the brown bench. Only to listen to the sound icy rain.

Then I heard local woman's talk. "Colder is not in snowing but before snowing, Once snow piled on the ground, the warmth gets up through the snow."

Oh gentle woman, I have no words to response. Because I am a tourist, it is only a breeze."

旅人

雪かぶる野積みの廃車に、カラスが群れている。車窓から見える川は、見失ったり、寄り添ってきたり、そしていつしか見えなくなった。瀬戸内海か日本海か、どちらの海へ向かっていたのだろう。この先は非情な外洋のはず。

車窓を飛ぶ、小さな駅々。心は妙に因幡社（いなばしろ）の駅に惹かれて降り、砥の粉色のベンチに腰掛けていた。静かな氷雨の音を聴くだけのために。

すると小耳に地の女の声。「降るまえが寒いんよ。積もりゃしたら雪から温みが上がってくるけんあ。」肌あたりやさしい人よ。お返しの言葉ももたないわたしはやはり旅人、風にすぎない。

（「呼吸 2016」に所収

Frozen Tree

He was a king who knew some things about nature and therefore kept himself in perfect isolation. But he hid a gash caused by a thunderbolt under his armor, a strip of hard skin. Even so, green moss covered the wound thick and fast.

Rishiri island in Hokkaido--The weather was down to 25 degrees under zero. Watery cells could not endure anymore the expansive force of ice. As a wedge driven deeply into a crack.

It was at the limit of his patience. Ba-A-a-n-n. The sound stops only once. All the beings in the forest began to shiver by the roar of the living tree splitting itself. And soon, the silence returned.

He was not a tree already. He turned into an *object* released from the wheel of life. He became the *objet* standing forever.

凍裂

彼は森羅万象を知りつくし、完全な孤独を守る森の王者。しかし、鎧の樹肌の下には往年の傷、落雷の痕跡を隠していた。緑の苔は幾重にも覆ってはいたが。

利尻の外気は零下二十五度。みずみずしい細胞（セル）は、もう膨張には堪えられない、亀裂という亀裂に氷の楔が深く刺さっている。

限界はきた。「ばあぁーん」、音は一回で止む。生木が裂ける音に、森全体が震い出す。そして再び静かになる。

彼はもう樹ではない。輪廻の環から解き放たれた一つのオブジェだ。立ち続ける偉大なオブジェだ。







すみくらまりこ（日本）

詩人、翻訳家、編集者。1952年京都生れ。立命館大学文学部卒業。日本国際詩人協会代表。国際詩誌「詩の架け橋：天橋」編集主幹。

翻訳：国内外の現代詩人作品を翻訳。JUNPA BOOKS シリーズ200冊余を手がける。『御名を唱えて』（原著 Gabriel Rosenstockの"Uttering Her Name"）は2012年アイルランド文学交流協会より翻訳出版賞を受賞。『弾丸シュート』（原著Odveig Klyve の"Bullistic"）は2019年ノルウェー文学普及協会（NORLA）より翻訳助成を下付される。ダンテ・マッフィアの全俳句、5万句翻訳。万句集、新万句集、新俳句、考察シリーズは電子全集に所収。

主な著書：『心薫る女』『夢紡ぐ女』『光織る女』『愛装ふ女』『地抱く男』（いずれも竹林館）

『マリア・サンブラーノの詩学』『コロナ哀歌』

海外出版

「愛は不思議な方程式」（ルーマニア）、「夢紡ぐ女」（エストニ

ア)、「愛の二重奏」ポーランド、「春」イタリア、「Místico Haiku」
(スペイン)「春」(イタリア) 2025 (アルバニア) 2026 ボグダ
ン社

共著

『式の二重奏』『花の二重奏』『雲の二重奏』『鳩の二重奏』『絹
の二重奏』『森の二重奏』

招待参加：2011年ヤン・スムレク国際文学祭（ブラティスラヴァ、スロバキア）、2015年コモ詩祭—Europa in Versi—（コモ、イタリア）、2015年ミハイ・エミネスク国際詩祭（クラヨバ、ルーマニア）、2019年プリマ・ヴィスタ国際文学祭（タルトゥ、エストニア）、上海国際詩祭（中国、上海）に招待参加。

受賞歴：2017年セルビア、パンノニアン・ゲレブ詩祭出版賞を受賞。2018年オーストリア・ウィーン国際文学祭ミロシュ・ツルニャンスキー賞、ナジ・ナーマン文学賞（名誉賞）、2020年ヨーロッパ科学芸術文学アカデミー国際詩賞、2025年イタリア、トゥリオラ・レナート・フィリッペリ(TRF)世界賞外国作家賞、2026年イタリア、レギウム・ジュリ財団「文化のための人生」国際賞

長年にわたりスペインの哲学者マリア・サンブラーノの思想を深く愛好し、丸善出版社『スペイン大事典』では同氏の項目執筆を担当。

これまでに寄せた論考をまとめた論集『マリア・サンブラーノの詩学』を手がけるなど、その「詩的理性」の火を独自の詩作を通じて連綿と表現し続けている。

Mariko Sumikura

Poet, translator, editor. Born in Kyoto in 1952. Graduated from the Faculty of Letters, Ritsumeikan University. Representative of Japan Universal Poets Association of Japan. Editor-in-Chief of the international poetry magazine "A Bridge of Poetry: Ama-Hashi" Translation: Translates works by contemporary poets from Japan and abroad. Works on the 200 books of JUNPA BOOKS series. Her work "Uttering Her Name" (based on Gabriel Rosenstock's "Uttering Her Name") won the Irish Literary Exchange Association's Translation and Publication Award in 2012.

"Bullistic" (originally written by Odveig Klyve) received a translation grant from the Norwegian Association for the Promotion of Literature (NORLA) in 2019.

Translated all of Dante Maffia's haiku. Includes the Manshu 2021, New Manshu 2023, New Haiku 2024, Reflection Series 2025, and the 50-volume Collected Works 2026.

Major publications: "The Woman Who Fragrances the Heart," "The Woman Who Weaves Dreams," "The Woman Who Weaves Light," "The Woman Who Dresses in Love," and "The Man Who Embraces the Earth"

(all published by Chikurinkan). 2010:

Overseas Publications : "Love is a Mysterious Equation" (Romania), "The Dreamer" (Estonia), "Duet of Love" (Poland), "Spring" (Italy) (Albania)

Co-authored book : "Duet of Formula" with Laura Garavaglia, "Duet of Flowers" with Hanane Aad, "Duet of Forests" with Gabriel Rosenstock, "Duet of Silk" with Mikhail Sinelnikov, "Duet of Clouds" with Juri Talvet

Invited participation: 49th Struga Poetry Festival (Struga, Macedonia),

2011: Jan Smrek International Literary Festival (Bratislava, Slovakia),

2015: Como Poetry Festival - Europa in He was invited to participate in the Versi (Como, Italy), the 2015 Mihai Eminescu International Poetry Festival

(Craiova, Romania), and the 2019 Prima Vista International Literature

Festival (Tartu, Estonia), Shanghai International Poetry Festival (online).

Awards: 2017 Publication Prize at the Pannonian Geleb Poetry Festival in

Serbia; 2018 Miloš Crnjanski Prize at the Vienna International Literature

Festival in Austria, 2018 Honorary Nagy Naman Literature Prize; 2020

International Poetry Prize from the European Academy of Sciences, Arts

and Letters; 2025 Tulliola Renato Filippelli (TRF) World Prize for Foreign

Writers; and more.

Having deeply cherished the philosophy of the Spanish philosopher María Zambrano over many years, she was entrusted with authoring the entry for Zambrano in The Encyclopedia of Hispanic Studies (Maruzen Publishing).

She has compiled her academic essays into the volume *The Poetics of María Zambrano*, continuously embodying the flame of "poetic reason" (razón poética) through her own unique poetic creations.

Mariko Sumikura

Poeta, traduttore, redattore. Nato a Kyoto (1952), laureato alla Ristumeikan University. Rappresentante della Japan Universal Poets Association, caporedattore della rivista internazionale online "Poetic-Bridge: Ama-Hashi".

Pubblicazione principale: "Kokoro Kaoru Hito", "Yume Tsumugu Hito", "Hikari Oru Hito", "Ai Matou Hito", "Tsuchi daku Masurao".(Chikurinkan)
Pubblicazioni estere: "L'amore è un'equazione misteriosa" (Romania), "Il sognatore" (Estonia), "Duetto d'amore" (Polonia), "Primavera" (Italia) (Albania)

Co-autore di libri: "Duet of Formula" con Laura Garavaglia. "Duet of Flowers" con Hanane Aad, "Duet of Forests" con Gabriel Rosenstock, "Duet of Silk" con Mikhail Sinelnikov, "Duet of Clouds" con Juri Talvet
È stata invitata a diverse letture di poesie internazionali come la 49a Struga Poetry Letture nel 2011, Jan Smrek International Literary Festival nel 2012. "Europa in Versi"(Como, Italia) nel 2015. Mihai Eminescu International Poetry Festival (Craiova, Romania) nel 2015. Prima Vista Literature Festival (Tartu, Estonia) nel 2019. Shanghai International Poetry Festival

(online).

Traduzione: Poesia contemporanea in-fuori dal Giappone, Serie JUNPA

BOOKS, Premio: "Mina wo Tonaete" ("Uttering Her Name" di Gabriel

Rosenstock) ha vinto il Translated Irish Literature Award dall'Irlanda

Literature Exchange nel 2012. Dante Maffia Haiku "Diecimila Haiku" 22

volumi 2021, "Nuovo Diecimila Haiku" 20 volumi 2023

Il primo premio al festival Pannonian Galeb festival per il libro di poesie

tradotto in serbo nel 2017. Milos Crnjanski Prize in International Literature

Festival-Wien 2017, Naji Naaman Literary Prize (Honour) 2018, European

Academy of Science, Arts, and Literary International Award for Poets

2020. Tulliola Renato Filippeli (TRF) World Prize for Foreign Artists

2025.

Nutrendo da molti anni un profondo amore per il pensiero della filosofa

spagnola María Zambrano, le è stata affidata la stesura della voce a lei

dedicata nella Grande Enciclopedia di Studi Ispanici (Maruzen Publishing).

Autrice della raccolta di saggi La poetica di María Zambrano, continua a

esprimere costantemente la fiamma della "ragione poetica" (razón poética)

attraverso le sue creazioni poetiche uniche.



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