

“SOUL / CALL / FORTH” - TAMA / YOBI / IKU - DJ KRUSH feat. sibitt

*“Under the gloomy and stagnant skies in hearts
Won’t stand just looking into the void, getting lazy and bored,
And being lorded over and deceived by a dull exploiter
Y’all are dancing to a doubtful and uncertain tune
What a terrible thing has happened—
Who dug the tunnel into the Honorable Mountain, eh!”*

Having got your faces half hidden, you humans
Cannot tackle things head on and are now unmasked
Though running and running away to the Styx with greasepaint of safety myth
You find no one there and yet spawn and scatter your seeds
Are you caged in a prurient zoo or botanical garden?

“Demons in, Fortune out”

Cloned orchid mycorrhizae behind acrylic sheets
African elephants kept apart in quarantine
Innocent hemp flowers and GM seeds
There is no good reason to buy and sell all of them
They are driven from home for national interests
And now here unconscious of their purposes
Just as you devoted all to the entrance exam wars
And got the ax amid corporate Schindler’s List-ructuring

Born to be slaughtered and born to slaughter
Yet every single life, however cold-hearted, sometimes bleeds and weeps
If you live with contempt for death and your life does not bear death

The Earth *tsu* • *nami* 浪 (wave) s)
浪 (harbor) and
namida ars) *uo*
浪 (te 流 (sheds) 魚 (fish) O-o-o
地 (gro 揺 (sha 血 (blood) 朝 (ti
kes) and • de) 滾 (bo
und) il)

Living in the food chain pyramid
You’ve profanely forgotten the law of survival,
Spread lots of violent scenes
And let bombs drop with one fingertip
The higher a pile of corpses lies, the lower the price of life becomes

“Why don’t you read wind direction with your very fingertip, you humans?”

Critical—the notice suddenly comes down
Unavoidable / (slash!) the vacant morning to come
Goes mad; at night falls a period at the end of a sentence .
Piercing—obey a comma , (black point) put in blood,
Make the “Person” radical (亻) of me (僕) convert to the “Tree” radical (木) = (樸),
Chop the sonants of “desire-violence,” sharpen a graver,
Foretell (卜) the future of magnolia trees (朴) stammeringly, go blind, and carve in a twisting motion
Now it’s time to leave—go fly, a thousand paper cranes
(hūm),

*“No matter how long you wait, Death won’t come
Are you dying while alive on the asphalt-paved streets?
These roads where no one can leave footprints are the scars
Left on a heap of death-ashes and tombstones
Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives—now, prepare for living”*

~

My small figure is tossing their *tama* (soul/ball)
When pain is subtracted, “Buckety buck, buckety buck, how many horns do I have up?”
After passing the plateau of the Galaxy and the big River
We’ll play giant jump rope and spinning top with our dear demons

No matter how long you wait, Death won’t come
Are you dying while alive on the asphalt-paved streets?
These roads where no one can leave footprints are the scars
Left on a heap of death-ashes and tombstones
Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives—now, prepare for living
As I did say, a wonder lasts not nine days but one day
Don’t worry about a thing, just keep on your own dreaming,
Walk on these burnt ruins with our grandparents,
Shake our hands, hold their shadows,
Revive and dance, our heartbeat
Yonder is the sounding note of the Earth

Thus commands the invisible life or the ghost
It flickers like a light source of the fixed star, crosses a ridge,
And goes blowing on the dying fire

Make this voice resound through our friends all over this world

Respond, dance to the sound, go back to where you were,
Light it up and gather around the rising fire

Hand down the layers as if gathering the ashes,
Forget the clock, free all slaves, and open your *nodobotoke* (precious throat)

Yes/hūm

Ahoy there

(Breath)

~

“This world has already been on the brink of ending”
Hey ye (*oi-oy*), is thy spirit whining?
Don’t let it die soon, just a sec
I owe you one today
Know that it is not useless to count the age of a dead child
Days are as sacred as Nipponia nippon

Counter with a poem, make ready for sailing
Live with the demons, and get sneezed on > atishoo!

Slaaapping the taste out of the machine’s mouth (ouch!)
Scarcely scribing scratches scored the sword
Stony, b,l,o,o,d,y, v,u,l,n,e,d paths stretch and spill all over (“Get out!”)
Inscribe the posthumous child directly in your palm,
Feed the hungry ghosts (*segaki*), and pierce/point with/at blue (*irezumi*)

Pika (Flash)! not (✓) once but twice in sunder
Broiling fireballs explode

tsu
a 津 隼 (harbor) *na mi da* sweeps—see you
津 皮 (waves) 津 戻 (tears) you see, splitted, subjected, scattered . . .

Hanzaki united like a pair of cloth *zori*
There’s no right or left; the prayer of grandma
“*Asu* (tomorrow) *narō* (I will become) *hinoki* (a tree of fire)”

~

Look, tagger/demon, come closer
Wake up, the soul-call-forth!
Beat the bundles of straw from the high sky
Tie the *shimenawa* again, yo-heave-ho
Come now, humans, I'll attack ye if ye run away
Stop fighting all year round
The wolf in the lion's skin, bite off this unbearable piece of paper beautifully

Finish the fearful battles that bring about gory and gloomy results
Go against warding off the plague
The opposite of opposition is appreciation and embracement
Give a great welcome to the once-in-a-lifetime encounter and take it heartily, okay?
If love is to think of A forlorn friend
Then let the dear demons join ya .'

Translated by sibitt & Ryuichiro Yokoyama