JAPANESE POETRY

JAPANESE poetry largely concerns itself with flowers and forest and wild life and the changing face of each season (KIMI) through the seasons (SUKE).

Poetry, if it is the kind that everyone knows and treasures (SABAKA), reveals (BAKAMU) the heart of a person better than any other philosophy (CHUKISU).

From the following examples it is evident that the Japanese love of nature (SHIBUKABE) is deep indeed.

"The morning glory twined binds my well-rose rope."

And I must borrow water.

And I must borrow water.

The thought is of a housewife going early one morning to draw water from her well and finding that the morning glory (SUKE) has wound (SABAKA) itself around the rope during the night. Rather than break it and go without her water, she does not have it.

The same poem describes a willow tree (SUKE) which (SUKE) is a symbol of grief: "Two arms may not span the willow, But its own arms come to the loss," implying (SUKE) that for all its strength it has lost none of its gentleness.

The Japanese Robin (BUNBUN) bird is a good call (SUKE) is telling us of its being a bird of the weak and downcast. (SUKE)

"Little orphaned sparrow, come to me and play!" is a line everyone knows. Even two frogs sitting are not beneath Jinn's notice. Naturally he takes sides—the lean side (SUKE) (SUKE)

"Least frog. You mustn't lose; I'm here," he writes though "Stick it, skinny."

Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green.
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is going down,
And the dew of night arise;
Come home, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.

"No, no, let us play, for't is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Beside they are the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sleep.

Well, well, go play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.

The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.

If I were to open a school
Last night I dreamt I had won
The cash prize and had six hundred thousand dollars.
As I was greedy and wanted more, I decided to open a school.

I first rented a cheap house half-way up the hill. As my school building, I bought a big wooden house which would carry the students to and from the school.

Of course every student had to pay sixty cents each day for the use of this vehicle. Moreover I gave an extra dollar or two dollars to any student who asked for it.

Having fixed up the house, I began to employ teachers. They were paid according to the number of lessons they taught during the month. For one lesson the salary was one dollar.

There were in all fifteen classes in the school. Each class had fifty boys or forty-four students or five hundred students. Every student could obtain a certificate, even if he failed in every examination, for the sake of fifty dollars.

Though there was no playground and the school fees were high, there were still lots of boys in the school. I had announced that there were three scholarships in the school each year, though, in fact, there were only one or two. The charge of education for each student was three dollars. Once admitted they were immediately required to pay school fees. At the end of a year, my income had increased enormously. But it was all wasted on the school.

H. S. Kwak (Private Student)

Anecdotes

The late Robert E. Sherwood could write with great speed and once completed a Pulitzer prize play in three weeks.

A young playwright, complaining of his inability to get started on a script, asked, "what is your greatest difficulty when you sit down to write?"

"My greatest difficulty," replied the six-foot-seven Sherwood, "is finding my knees under the desk."

A Visit to a Circus

Last night my uncle and aunt took me to the Japanese circus.

Having sat down, we saw the master of the ring come out with five horses as white as snow. They galloped according to the beat of the music, and did every trick their master commanded them to do. When the master cracked the whip, they began to stand up on their hind legs.

The most exciting programs were the riding of a motor-cycle on the walls of a sphere. It was indeed a grand sight!

Now a clown came out and did many funny things that made the spectators split their sides. After that a man went out riding a bicycle. Another monkey jumped on its shoulders; they both cycled round the arena.

There were dances by Japanese ladies and other gymnastic exercises, too.

The last item was very thrilling. A young lady and several men swayed to and fro in the kranepole. They did many dangerous tricks and turned somersaults. At last every player jumped down in turn and the net placed a few feet above the ground.

When it was over, we went home with a light heart.

Winnie (Stead Heart School)

A free ride for lion cub.

Our dear classmates:

We have received two items: a note from the "Poetry Page" of "Inside Down World" containing the poem "Poetry Page" and "Anomalies in Our Language." We would like to introduce them to our class.

"Anomalies in Our Language" is a poem by an English author. It describes the peculiarities of the English language and the challenges faced by non-native speakers.

"Poetry Page" is a section of "Inside Down World" that features poetry written by students and published in the magazine.

We hope you enjoy these works and look forward to seeing your responses to them.