

US – WE

I am a monochromatic immigration officer.
Considering anyone from overseas as an ogre,
I protect the chastity of this island.

I am an international minded Shinto priest.
I can recite the prayer in English, German, and French, and invest the money offering in foreign currency deposits.
My dream is to wrestle Sumo in a mud with fundamentalists from all around the world.

I am a peeping photographer who single-handedly resists against the globalism.
Don't you know that by now the inside of a women's skirt
Is the last frontier left on this planet?

I am a novice suicide. Breaking loose from the bonds of this world,
I jumped out of the crowd of commuters in a morning rush,
Only to find another crowd of souls already swarming on the railroad.

I am a dreamy earthquake forecaster.
It sure will come. Many will certainly die when it comes.
So, let's go to Yoshinoya beef bowl tavern.

I am a passionate prosecutor.
Wailing over the mortification of victims, and sympathizing with criminals for their life circumstances,
I fall in love with the clerical robe of a married judge.

I am an arsonist who hides in-between the fractions of moment.
The fire which licks the winterly sky matches well with this country of paper and wood.
The sound of a fire bell and cheering spectators are the vital signs of this life.

I am a nano-micron Godzilla.
Blowing out petit radiation from my mouth and stumbling on a molecule,
I go on the rampage in your cells.

I am a nationalist who suffers from irritable bowel syndrome.
It's beautiful here, it's beautiful here, as long as I keep on repeating so,
The stink of a toilet smells like the scent of a rose.

I am yet another Emperor.
Not just a symbol, you know, but a solid substance.
Otherwise I wouldn't be able to strike Pachinko balls like this, would I?

I am a speech and language therapist who doubts.
What is language in this country where emotion overweighs logic?
Shouldn't we rather be just singing?

I am the pathetic Article 9 of the Constitution.
After all, I was nothing but a tweet of your whimsical mind.
You are going to overwrite me with a click, aren't you?

I am a palm reader, round-shouldered and short-sighted.
That's why I read only my own palms.
But perhaps right there you can read everything about this era.

I am an elementary school boy who thinks about disillusionment.
Teacher told us to draw the map for our dreams,
his eyes reminding me of a cow on the way to a slaughterhouse.

I am a severed head of a cat.
My eyes are lit with hatred masked behind a bow and honorific words,
I am placed in front of ministry of culture and education.

I am Mrs. Watanabe who staggers.
One careless remark by the Governor of the Bank of Japan caused a market collapse and my personal bankruptcy.
The private assets of 140 trillion yen of this nation are now in the hands of vultures.

I am an unpretentious homeless man.
Lying at the feet of the pedestrians with smart phones in their hands,
I beckon the Armageddon.

I am an aesthete Sushi chef.
I make an edible jewel by slicing fresh lives.
My dream is to hang a genuine Renoir in my restaurant.

I am a senile dementia wandering in our collective unconsciousness.
Follow my footprints by a GPS,
and you will see the outline of a soul popping up.

I am midnight manager of a convenience store.
There is no one left on the earth.
I add the soup to Oden dumplings as the magazine cover girls watch on.

I am a stalker who follows the truth.
Soon, that woman should appear from the subway ticket gate,
with those steps which show her total ignorance about what she hides within herself.

I am 9784014400107. Was 9784014400106 in my former life.
Hope to be an anonymous Siphonaptera, commonly known as flea, in my next life,
but I know I am destined to be 9784014400108.

I am an anorexia Tanka poet. Born in this age of glut,
I throw up as soon as I take in.
Are they words or vomits?

I am a symmetric barber.
Standing in front of a mirror with a razor in the hand,
I wait for the time signal of noon.

Although I have infinite varieties of faces,
I am in fact all by myself
standing in the middle of a mirror-walled Karaoke room.

Who am I?