

Mt. Fuji

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For Yoshihiro and Machiko Kawaguchi

The wind from Mt. Fuji
I put it on the fan.
Here, the souvenir from Edo.

Basho Matsuo

When I was young I saw your picture.
You were my cool, calm dreamboat.
The moonlight shined so many times
Before we could finally be together.

Now you're here, a lifetime later,
My veiled and discreet muse.
You're real, I know it, but you're
Too uncertain for probing view.



Sphere after sphere of your
Influence is charted; the
Ambiguity of your form and
The promise of your embrace.

Faster than lightening overhead
And moving from left and right,
Crude arches and leaning towers
Taunt desire by turning in on you.



With each passing block you vanish
With no promise that you'll return.
I want you with me forever, like the
Hokusai print I have on my wall.

No, more than that; on each bright
Morning at the break of day, I want
You to wake to the discovery that
I am lying asleep on your soft hills.



Will your hazy profile prove false?
Your secrets you might veil from me
And my keen desire may come to
Nought, hidden and disguised in blue.

I pray the train will take me closer,
That the vague mists won't hide you.
I want to get off and travel by foot,
This quick glimpse leaves me forlorn.



Your form is now a constant blur
And wires like blades cut my view.
I fear the chance won't come again
To capture your epic contours.

Hikers love your seductive crown,
Eagerly scaling your rugged slopes,
But they go home when the day ends
Lost in goals other than climbing.



You sweetly transmit the promised
Enchantment with your minuscule
Cap, that vague white that promises
I'll soon be encircled by your wings.

I know the embrace will bloom,
That it will reverberate in me and
Create a motive for my love songs
Which my heart will sing forever.



I won't bottle you up, I won't intrude
Or live in your crown for days on end.
I'm not the neighbour with designs to
Obscure your view or steel your sight.

But I want to flatten these dull buildings;
Their meagre claim on life, a chilling fake.
It's warmth I need and your true strength,
Your grit, your guts and your fiery core.



You, the enduring champion,
Scatter deposits of devotion
Over the roof tops and drift on,
Your wrinkled crown confident.

Like the ocean steering a poised
Wave onto an enthusiastic beach,
Confirming I have something
More ahead of me than I thought.



I'll make paper boats with letters of love
And send them on streams to the sea.
Distant sailors might now be shocked
To learn that such devotion still exists.

The city dwellers, forced to leave, will never
Open their windows wide to greet you and like
So many workers, their heads down, they'll
Forget what it's like to talk to your summit.



Beneath your smooth skirt so many are
Squeezed between walls that ignore delight,
Their bleached ambitions exploding on the street,
Their anguish paraded as a new type of motivation.

These captive passengers live in the past,
Forgetting this liner is not really here, while
A thin vague lifeline whizzes overhead,
Passed funnels that rise and pipes that fall.



Here's the myth with the bridge of dreams.
Just when my fire was about to go out
You appear in perfect balance to prove
The reputation of your beauty is true.

You're my barometer of promised pleasure,
My lifeboat when I'm utterly lost at sea.
I'm spellbound by your fan shaped white,
Your flat topped thrill with a plinth of frills.



What! Must I move now into black clouds
Where I cannot recognise your form?
You're my Goddess; must I count myself
Lucky that a second was granted to gaze?

I'll not be passive victim to passing dark clouds,
Walls of fog, or any vessel for instant obscurity
Intent on wiping out my endless dedications to
Your honourable beauty in this sporting landscape.



Ah! I fall to my knees and pray, lest I forget that
Your grace and memory is stored in my every cell.
Once again you arrive fresh to take my breath away.
Only you could be fought for, idealised and adored.

You halt the river in full flow and I'm hypnotised
And charmed by your elegant, fan shaped whiteness,
By your curves, like an impossibly gentle touch
That strokes my eyebrows because I can see you.



Keep the mist back; take command of the light,
Breath it, blow it, inhale and exhale it far away.
I'll wade past these fields to be with you in clear
Space where verdant green offsets your fine tones.

In the gap between green and blue all is possible,
So I'll erase greys to verify your lively compliments.
So much learnt and still they get the sums wrong.
You'll be my last love, my lost love, my best love.



Those white facades are a slight disruption, but
I've no appetite for blasting away the present,
For making emptiness the ground we build on
Or making songs of gratitude from the silent air.

I'm not seeking perfection or a dream too eager.
It wasn't pure space that brought you into existence,
It was a volcanic eruption, the kind of great molten
Explosion that appears to be the start of everything.



This talk of youthful temper is suspect, my precious.
See how objects jealously fight for the attention when
I pay tribute to your delights. You dominate with charm,
But if I blink the accidents soon seek to obliterate you.

What is it about your purity that is so appealing?
Is it your skin so white against the blue that puts
Our attempts at producing beauty to shame and by
Comparison makes nothing of our burnt-out ideas.



Enough of this poetic eulogy – love cannot
Remain in a shower of sweet scented words
Forever and this is love, make no bones about it;
I've fallen in love with a mountain over a wall.

There will always be someone to photograph you.
You'll be standing long after my praises stop.
Could my hopeless yearning expire in the skies
before this - like fading echoes on distant peaks.



What a beauty. In the beginning your absence
And your distance made my yearning empty.
There's nothing new in our position; we have
Lived apart forever and now we are together.

My youth and old age live in you; neither
Can claim they're the reason. Mountain water
Flows like a running child and the blossoms
Of the cherry tree keep their colour in old age.



Another prized image captured and still I linger,
Lovingly drinking in memory before it dies.
Do the people here dream and neglect their dull
Gardens that provide no welcome to butterflies?

There are sweet melodies that join our spirit.
I hear it in the paper as I write these poems.
In this beautiful spring light I have you in me
And after this I'll walk and listen to bird song.



Sleep is quite hopeless. I'm the paparazzi,
Standing stock still, with a camera for eyes.
Haunted by missing out; a road without rest,
Searching for images before final goodbyes.

Intense is the focus, past the dull houses,
Lost in the reverie, I fantasize.
Leaving no traces, behind the grey fences,
I cherish your dream in the distant skies.



The wall drives me mad, tortures me, yet it
Keeps the constant higgledy piggedy at bay.
Afterwards we'll talk and, whichever way we
Look at it, we must promise to talk forever.

Big decisions always need to be made and
The crucial issue is not to be overwhelmed
By resolution. You have taught me well what
It is to be an ambassador to intimate feelings.



You've brought out my sensitivity and given
It an airing, you've visualised spatial dreams
In an artful narrative and put some flesh on the
Bones of the vaguest of my ambiguous intuitions.

This nebulous fuss is an attractive invitation;
A beautiful smile over the grimace of the fence.
Sitting on the threshold I can only question if I
Will dedicate my life to interpreting these dreams.



Will you speak for truths that inhabit our
shared territory? Will it keep me this side
of madness and help me move on? Is this
Thing between us essential like breathing?

You've had admirers before, but not in places
where telegraph poles demand imagination's
Possibilities by intruding at every opportunity.
Now I must progress with passions at the helm.



I try to keep your poetic form alive even as you are
Under threat, your energies exploited. It's a modest
Role, finding a place where reveries can thrive, but
If we're lucky, if flukes follow passions, we'll win.

Looking for love's expression through wires and
Giving those things crying out to be seen a place to
Thrive beyond the invasive fences is made possible
Because you rise up so magnificently on the horizon.



Knowing and rejoicing that you are loved is the
Best one can hope for, but it's no easy assignment
Navigating one's way past workshops that can't be
Predicted and where intuition is the major player.

I keep clicking, for it's the attitude that influences
Our possibilities and we always have more options
Than we can premeditate or predict. I remain here
On the threshold of your dear company, speculating.



Letting off steam is the place that precedes reflection
And choice. We can't always decide on the direction,
We must let the train carry us tenderly along, meditate
On transitions and accept what chimney's will decide.

Among this physical collection of industry that appears
To have been thrown together haphazardly, you need
The poet and the artist to bring the possibilities to life.
Places in need of care can often keep our spirits up.



We do not linger, we dance through. We want to learn
More and you are the finest teacher; your top being the
Best example of the way we teach ourselves about the
Complex and intriguing, intense and poetic decisions.

You've always been a tutor for spirits like ours,
Teaching us how we can begin to accept the hard
knocks of a journey and help others to navigate the road.
Train us to keep our tops flat and yet not miss the point.



Even through the jutting pylons we bathe in the
Delightful, dream-filled world of possibilities and
Bask in the lightness and brightness your crown
Brings. It is in this way that worn out theories pass.

This is the beginning and beginnings are for the brave,
Curious and open-hearted travellers. You let these qualities
Grow, knowing that beginnings are enjoyed by confident
Optimists and the timid, hesitant ones in equal measure.



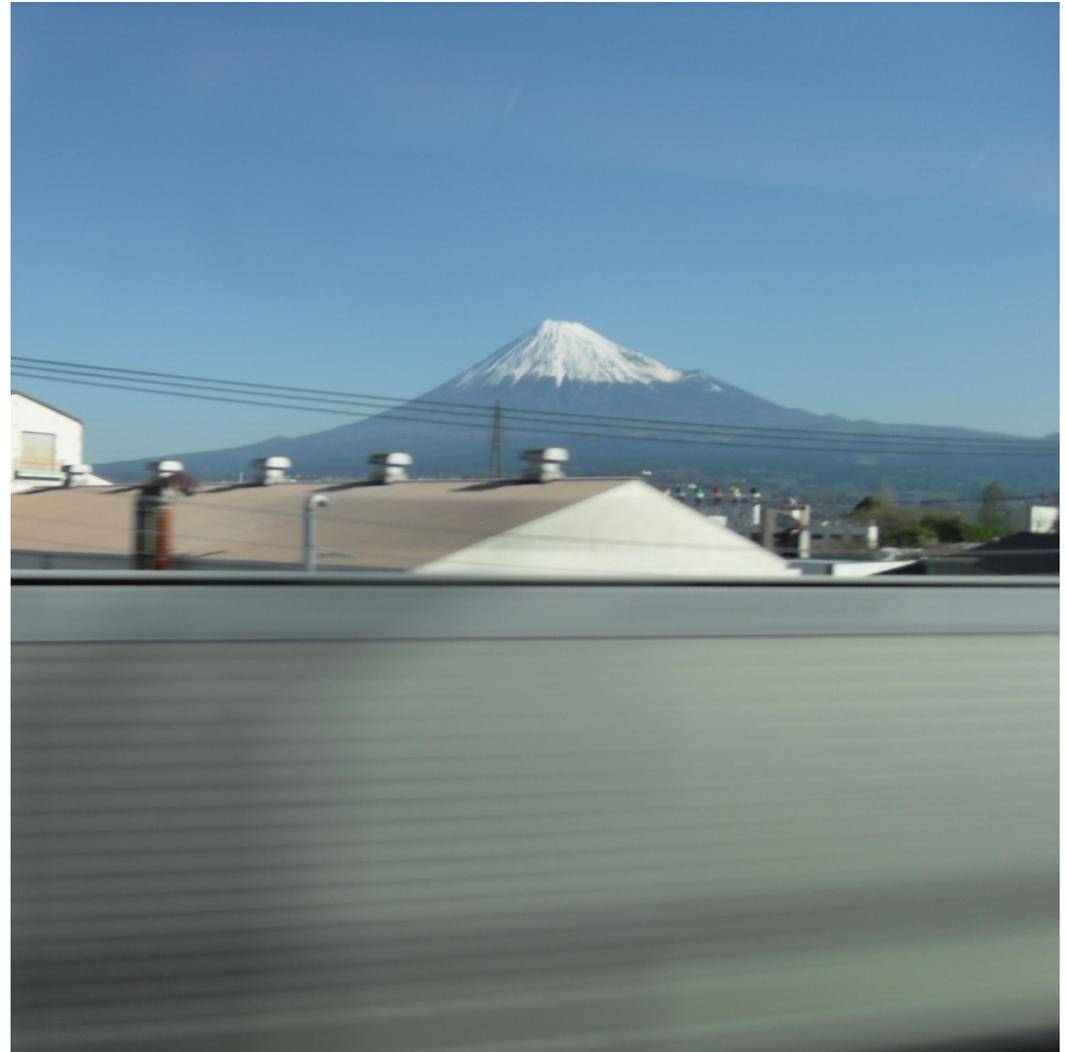
I hit the side of the shed hard and it's bewildering.
Is this good for me? Must I learn how to sell my
Dexterity and buy confusion? Must I trust that my
Bones can select, organise, explore and connect.

One glance at you is like taking a metaphorical shower.
Your caring tenderness brings me back to life. It's easy;
You just invite the water to wash clean my burdened
Thoughts and aesthetic prejudices and I'm new, intact.



Oh how very cheeky that little gable is to insert
Himself into our hazy encyclopaedia by imitating
Your form and performing in front of you. He even
Uses your mysterious tones, hoping we'll embrace him.

Sadly he imagined he could smooth out your varied
Surface, not realising that I intuitively anticipate
And search for the splendour of your fine cragginess.
I love it that my days hum with tucks and gatherings.



As the saga continues my desire for additional
Reverie heats up, revolving the minutes as I
Continue to flank your spirit and again reaffirm
My commitment to protect you from intrusion.

In ancient times, they learned to honour the need
For this kind of emotion, to draw themselves up
On it as they orbited the rush and billow of fantasy,
Trusting the deep was theirs for the benefit of all.



Each horizon inspires potential.
Fresh revelations momentarily
Hijack the heavens and hurl
Flashes that make me gulp air.

Like emotionally charged hands,
Each shift caresses as it touches,
Each inspired feeling magnifies itself.
You restore my reactions to passion.



Sentiments that have been
Snoozing beneath the earth,
Avoiding cultivation, are now
Twisting daybreak back to front.

Sensitivity, mood, sentiment;
They all point towards you,
Embracing resolution in concert.
The roofs and chimneys know it.



Fervour's dream flying this way and
That into the distance will verify your
Outlines past the invasions of signs,
Making graphic intrusions disappear.

If I sensed the reverie sliding, I'd be in
Danger of extinction, but when it's dark
And the metropolis has gone to bed I'll
Tell your tale from my night sanctuary.



If I'm distracted from your poise by a
Railway track, I must re-assemble and
Adjust my line of vision. No words of
Comfort can rescue me from the conflict.

The lines do not touch my obsession
And my zeal does not suddenly vanish,
Leaving only a trivial feast. I desert the
Straight lines and they confront each other.



I see serenity above the busy invasion of grey,
Industry that uses its chaotic fixation to hurl a
Snail-like profile before your pretty silhouette.
Such tricks do not hinder my visual glide ahead.

My ardour edges along in the shadows beyond,
Your pulse and mood beckoning my spirit, your
Ambience more tranquil than I had envisioned.
This is no time for me to turn back on myself.



March on with conflict; this was the old way out
When corporate fatality ruled, but it's a debt that
Never paid off. Even now your calm and tranquil
Delights, your pledges and appeals win the contest.

You, the lasting victor of height, spread accumulations
Of affection over the ridge and smile, your craggy top
The beginning of an assured glide into many animated
Prospects, proving I have something to look forward to.



I allow my gaze to explore love and all the cursors
Converge on solemnity. Here, devotion, passion,
Fidelity and zest - your feast of virtues - makes a
Collage of your lovable shades and lights the heavens.

Consider our world, the excited suburb, how it takes
Us into temporary stage sets, into glee and pleasure,
Where we hope to find a shared fulfilment until finally
Realising how rare this is beneath your pure firmament.



Observe the graphic gaze, the one that thinks it
Can blend with the angels quicker than a cherub.
Intent on animating secret codes in a web of intrigue, it
Attempts to obscure, not knowing how we move beyond.

Time after time your authority is displayed in the
Elusiveness of your profile, the hug that is more
Direct than an arrow, from absence to presence,
Despite the crude graphic desires of red fascias.



I watch your waves break on the community while
Staring loftily through the wires, my eyes gaping,
Coursing for the flames at your core, that hot
Energy that rise out of your crimson beginnings.

You broadcast the pledge of charisma and I'm
Enclosed by your wings. The embrace prospers
And resounds to create blueprints for sonnets
That my heart will remarry over and over again.



By making you a backdrop they drive me crazy and
Rage must start to play with my emotional sensations,
But without miracle or fuss, radiance springs off you as
Decisively as the faultless love I've been hoping for.

Your presence plunges and plummets me into the calm
Over the tempest, over the apathy and coldness of those
Concerns coming from a realm I've been running from,
A world that strolls me back to, yet away from myself.



Sheering into extremes, your prime delights
Reach back to earlier days and confront an
Eager zealousness covering the ground, turning
The smoke into your dancing, attendant clouds.

Change isn't one way in this quick-eyed adventure.
Who influences the terrain between earth and sky
Is never certain. Sometimes splashing across the flat
Roofs we find passions of the sweet sky reflected there.



Love sits sublime on the horizon,
Harnessing an index of randomness.
You create an order I have yearned
For and you signal where I can land.

Speaking cadences in the corners of your
Heart, you invite us to live in the house of
Sensations where everything is translated
And arranged to bring out our vim and vigour.



Every gable is a veiled peril, yet
You harness the riddle and move
On, teaching us how to gather our
Mirth and keep ourselves sturdy.

Your spirit does not burn ardour,
Your blaze is not eaten up by the
Muddle, you simply evoke times
Before cynics were invited to act.



The wires no longer irritate me and as
Adoration soars you show me how to
Strum sensations on the strings like a cello;
Playing sweet filigree chords of resonance.

Now that I'm an explorer inside love, you
Show me the clash between passion and
Precision and how to make sparks that glow,
How devotion flows, trickles by and teases.



Love is a constant feverish blue punctured
By the customary darts, but now the chimneys
Have learned how to draw clouds of revelations
That transfers the prizes across the sky to you.

This landscape is distinguished and renowned
And the broad green foreground has prepared a
Harvest of its own charismatic pasture for you.
Now the love-barbs know their true destination.



On this bountiful tour I am the explorer
Studying commitment's mantra which helps
Me to empty my skull of bleak orbits and
Embrace the top of your curative melodies.

Silent fervour and loud infatuation mix
Up my zeal, craze and delight as I arrange
The lower components peacefully and you
Inspire me to eulogize your flattened apex.



The shrinking city intensifies, resonates and liberates
Your commanding orientation. Silence surges back,
Elucidating my interest, increasing my enchantment.
The green parade ground a pageant in your honour.

Untamed fears might seize wavering emotions, but if
Dedication could disentangle the passions, detonating
Them in explosions of light and sound, then the echo
Of your Vibrations will not remain in the dark forever.



The horizontal equilibrium overlaps you. It does not
Hide you, but it increases my angst. Ultimately there
Must be a computation between the guiltless and their
Affect and it's likely that you could act as the arbiter.

If I cannot determine who's been rewarded or what
Remains unsettled between you and the competing
Horizons, then I must not ascribe my failure to fate,
I must pick myself up and begin to see you afresh.



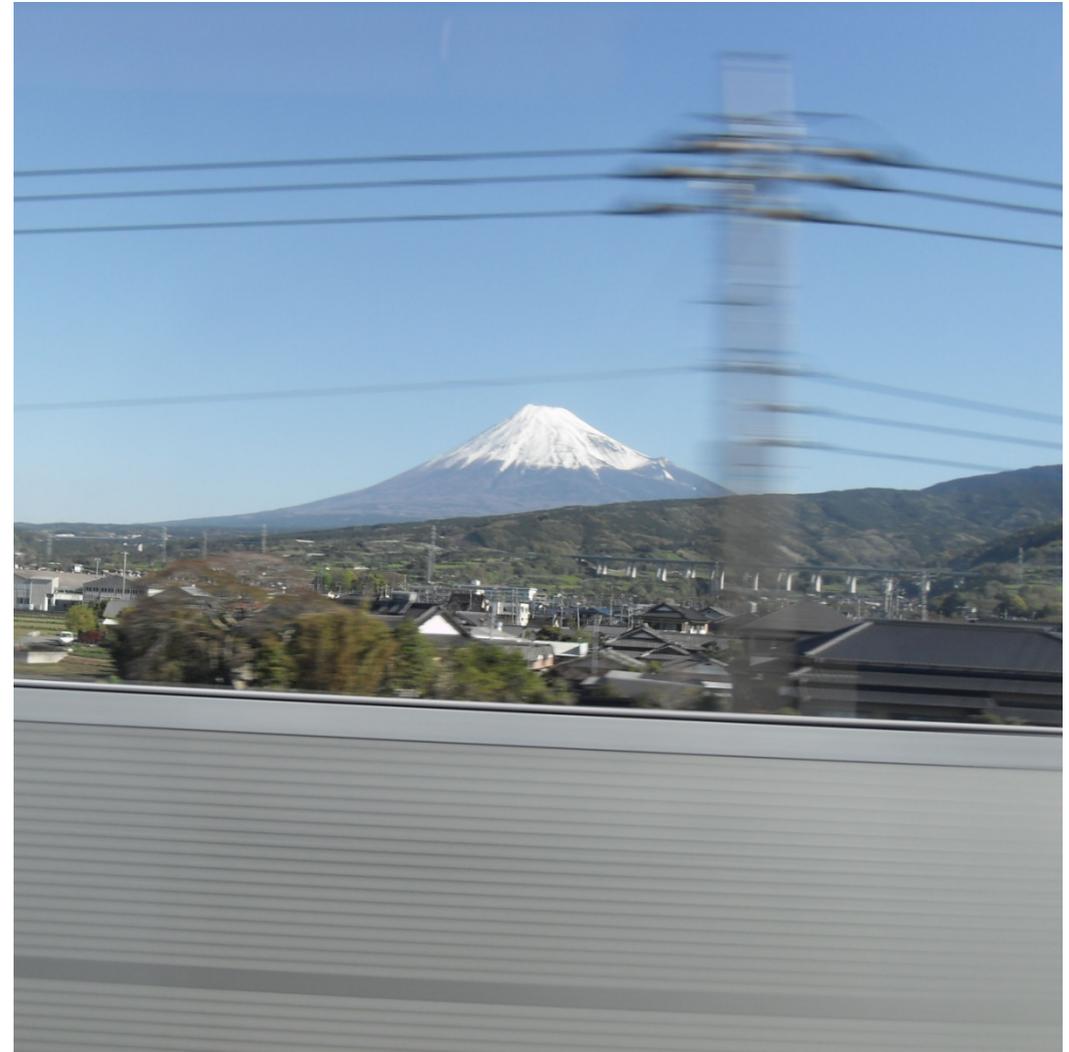
There you are; glowing bright at the right moment.
Maybe you are the one to elect who can gaze,
You who can look into the unprejudiced hearts of
Those who were hauled ashore by petulant waves.

Among this line of countless green plants, flames
Are diminished, but your base is confirmed. It has
Taken the gentle padding of millions of kind feet to
Flatten these fields and smooth the way for your rise.



I'm a spectator positioned against the glass, alert to
Distant scenery that might heal my endless frailty.
The eye's ample shifts are relentless, but your clarity
Prevents attention wandering towards blurred pylons.

Being equal to the task of pacifying multiple shifts, the
Commotions in your path create a foundation; making
The fence a platform to spring from and the tattered
Eyebrow of wires a hazy, delicate and sallow friend.



Sometimes, even in straight lines,
Fractures can impel my blistering
Passions to take the lead again, urging
Me to stand tall and peep within myself.

My eye clasps the mood – love saunters
Here without a sound. The vibrant convoy
Of tea plants guides me to my resting place
As though carrying me on muted wheels.



This suburb can't move in orderly rows,
It coils and jerks with multiple interruptions,
Continually pushing itself forward while my
Conviction waits to be yanked over the ridge.

All existence is here: mixing memory with
Desire - the mergers, the amorous beginnings,
The gatherings and the unearthly new vigour,
Which like a blossom dances here before you.



Now I must allow myself to trust in love
Like colour, the way it targets the eyes,
Indulges a prickly outlook and suddenly
Hurls one unexpected into every mountain.

These interactions which, for a instant or two,
I wobbled over, before gaining my poise,
Have taught me to recognise that my feet have
Returned to earth and you have reconstructed me.



Like a scholar with a dunce's cap, I prepared
Myself for a dispute with other mountains
Who display their grandeur aggressively while
Speculating when the hostilities will start.

As you depart, I must remember my connection,
And confirm that my yearning and aspirations
Were clearly opened out here in a remarkably new
Fashion, like sounds that are visible not audible.



Explorers lug their belongings after them
But I travelled to your crown empty handed,
Navigating my passage across your flanks
Under the gaze of a glowing blue heaven.

Travelling like a shaman was pledged
Generations before this and they probably
Expressed the future in a dialect of fantasy,
Calculated entirely by intimate yearning.

