Futurist poets sing the praises of the many engines of civilization. These enter directly into the internal growth of the latent movement of the future, and sink deeply into a more mechanical and rapid will; they stimulate our unceasing creation, and mediate the speed and light and heat and power.

“The chameleon of dancing truth” — multicolored — composite — a diatonic scale of light seen in the boisterous dance of a kaleidoscope.

We, who like to be instantaneous and quick on our feet, are much indebted to Marinetti, who loved the bewitching changes of the cinematograph; we adopt onomatopoeia, of course, and mathematical symbols, and all possible organic methods to try to participate in the essence of creation. As much as possible, we destroy the conventions of diction and syntax, and most of all we dispose of the corpses of adjectives and adverbs; using the infinitive mood of verbs, we advance to unconquerable regions.

There is nothing in futurism that deals in flesh — freedom of the machine — generosity — direct movement — only the value of absolute power’s absolute.

WISH-TOYS

Fermentation......brrrr, boura, biyurrara, biyurrara, biyurr...... the small explosion of a basic element that can’t be seen. Felt in her ______, the itchy clamor of tomorrow. The unknown brilliance of the alchemist, bbbaau...byuxxxxx — tens of thousands boiling over in my head.

City of Tokyo enveloped in the stench of hospitals. Like the Holy mother who prays for the red jewel-colored setting sun above you, I pray for roads of good asphalt. I pray for the music of the citizens walking. City of Tokyo covered over with roses, for the brightness of stars, to people...

Girl with a diseased eye man wrapped in a bandage phosphorescent stolen child tuberculosis beriberi drippy nose weaking college student — specimen of a nervous breakdown — the feebleness of you and women, powerless to resist — kikku, kukkoku, keekku, kerokku, hiyara, vuvuvuvuvu, fuyanghiyaXXXXhuh — ha — hu — ha — hu — ha —

— hu — haXXXXXvovura, vuviwonda, borurura, do, dodo — dodo — doni — doni, vavau — vavya, vyau — vurara — raraararara — dodo — doni — automobile — seeing off facefacefacefacefaceXXXX an invalid’s fear and shuddering.

city city city city city city city city city city city city city — people people people people people people people people people — get sick.

Automobile — sidewalk doctor — passing glint of light. Orphan of originary humanity. Strong light and heat and orphan — me — my aspirations!

Decorate with a rose, muddy ditches of Tokyo — the tenement houses and old Japanese houses mildew of office buildings on the rooftops where the sun never shines — decorate all these jails of servitude the embankments the roads, decorate them with the flowers of the drops of blood of a beautiful woman, that surround the millionaire’s villa.

APHRODITE! APHRODITE! Splendor of beauty, her blinding fire, go back home to the inherent nature of woman, commit suicide, you housewives who stink of rice-bran.

Scatter roses, anoint yourselves with aphrodisiacs, music of the flesh — indulgence of the faint life on the surface of the skin — into the nuance of fatigue and fire, give a strong masculine breath. Nirvana of reality. Snow white, pink, cream, fauve — in the reflection of the multicolored roses, grasp the light of silver and pearl eternity.

Vanish from my sight! Sun-moon-stars and all brilliances that silhouette black human forms. Idealist Catholic priest philosopher whose manteau reverses to vermilion and velv. If the strong light that makes you hesitate on the threshold were to come, if there were a strong strong light greater than sun, moon, stars, lamps.....Vanish from my sight!

By Hirato Renkichi
Futurist Poetry Collection
Spiral Staircase forthcoming

By Hirato Renkichi
Futurist Novel
No Day forthcoming

Welcome to the imagination of a new era!

Translation: Miayem Sas