

# *Haibun Rants of a Blender*

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Warning:

Contents not suitable for children under 3 years. Small haibun rants  
might be swallowed or inhaled.

3歳未満のお子様には適していない内容。小さな詩飲み込んだり、吸入される可能性があります。

This poem first appeared in *Misfits' Miscellany*.

## 紹介

I will throw at you pulses of energy that explode into parables  
Lighting up mysteries that linger in the corners of the room  
They shall scuttle across the room like mice  
And cause us to remember  
The riddles told to us by our forebears  
And we shall remember he who created us

## いち

Dr. Jokichi Takamine  
Japanese father of living things  
In Western assembly  
Introduced my mother  
A diastatic enzyme from Takaoka City  
To my father  
A food blender from Detroit  
My mother used to tell me a story  
Of how I was born on a raceme  
Of lily of the valley  
Between a plastics factory  
And a Judas tree  
The flowers became pitchers in fullest bloom  
Awaiting blender parts most admirably  
A synod of metal flange and clock works  
Boxed up and dispensed  
Over diverse waters  
  
I was born between fact and myth  
East and West  
History and opportunity

## に,じ

The trip from Detroit to Campobello Island was a short one  
Or at least truncated  
By the slumber induced by packing tape and plastic and Styrofoam  
Suppressing me within a cardboard womb  
To be revealed to Mrs. Roosevelt  
As a perfect thing for mixing drinks  
Although I assure you  
I can also puree

But no such thing is required  
For Haitian libations  
Which Mrs. Roosevelt would have made  
And then would not drink

It was 1958  
And I returned with her to Hyde Park  
Doing much the same thing  
Or nothing at all

Between rituals for a dead president  
And his widow  
I would dream in the cupboard  
Of becoming the president of a factory  
That would process chicken patties  
For sixty percent of North America

I curried the money of Mrs. Roosevelt  
And some folks from Sunbeam  
And created a new factory that turned chicken bones  
And ammonium hydroxide  
Into a lovely paste breaded by two hundred workers  
Then consumed from Phoenix to Nantucket

They were gummed by toddlers and the elderly  
One could see a cradle-to-the-grave partnership  
Just a man and his chicken patty

Curiously

I lost my love for life  
I gambled away my earnings  
On blackjack and poker  
I even lost my prime stock portfolio  
To a kid playing whack-a-mole  
At a state fair  
I retired to Campobello Island  
And paddled around in a boat made from a painting  
So much wood lathing to so much tarred canvas  
A Cassatt-turned-coracle  
With Jeremiad Rashbag  
A yard sale Xylophone  
We aimlessly floated on the water  
Devoid of reason or purpose

Playing blackjack with an incomplete deck of cards  
From the Seattle World's Fair

その後

My children sleep three to a futon  
And the unclean spirits hold congress  
Outside my window on the 22<sup>nd</sup> floor  
(“My far-flung phonies, what have we tonight?  
Sleeping minds of hectic fright?”)

And in this low rent flat

We drive songs into slumber  
Like a crown land commodity  
For here in Nova Scotia  
We give trees to the rich  
And offer services from the poor  
To the rich for free  
It's what we do best  
At Maou's behest

Toshimitsu Kareishu shares a persecution complex with two schizophrenics and a conspiracy theorist. Perhaps we should say three schizophrenics. One schizophrenic resident has multiple personalities. Hence, Mr. Kareishu kindly allows this resident to sublet.



