



Seasons

An EFL Literary Journal

Aichi University

Fall 2020

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Seasons: An EFL Literary Journal
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*For what is a poem but a hazardous attempt at self-
understanding: the deepest part of an autobiography.*
~Robert Penn Warren



Introduction

Welcome to the second edition of our bi-annual literary journal written by students studying English at Aichi University in Japan. There are many *shinhaiku*, free verse poems and pieces of art for your perusal. We hope you enjoy the special moment that each work brings to these difficult times that we are living in.

The catalyst for these poems was quite simple. The students were asked to think of a memory from their own life experience and try to recapture it in a poem. There was no theme, the students were only asked to express their emotions in writing. Nearly all the poems came from a group of students writing over the course of one semester in my Communication Skills: Writing as Communication course. What is truly unique though is that all of the poems are written by second language writers. In other words, English is not the primary language or ‘mother tongue’ of these writers, yet they persevered and have written some incredible poems in the English language.

Briefly, about the form of ‘new haiku’ or *shinhaiku*—*shinhaiku* is a short form of Japanese nature poetry consisting of three main elements: 1) the poem is divided into three lines which contains 2) a season word (*kigo*), and 3) a ‘cut’ or ‘turn’ (*kireji*) which provides a juxtaposition of ideas or images often expressed as punctuation. *Shinhaiku* follows these three guidelines but omits the 5-7-5 syllable format of traditional haiku.

As you read, you will see that the journal is divided into four main sections of shinhaiku that follow the four natural seasons. There is also a separate section of free verse poems. We decided to follow the seasonal form because of the haiku's adherence to nature. We also feel the change that seasons bring to people's lives is a natural format for a book of poetry.

Writing creatively in a second language is a great accomplishment and these students worked very hard writing, editing and critiquing each other's work. Additionally, the entire semester was taught online including the poetry workshops which was a challenge for the instructor (myself) as well. Perseverance was the key and I hope you will enjoy the happy struggle that we have put into this little collection.

A special thanks to first year student and artist Rina Kondo for the fantastic oil paintings that are included on the cover and throughout the book.

Check out the call submissions on the last page for the next issue and feel free to send an email with your writing, artwork or any questions you might have. Thank you for reading. Be well and write on.

Jared Michael Kubokawa
August 27th, 2020

Spring

Seven year old child...
runs against
the spring wind
~Kenta Imai

Flowers begin to bloom
Call insects
The voice of children...
~Ann Nakata

In the season of cherry blossoms...
I start to walk
to a new world
~Ryo Ozaki

under lack of moon—
black river
flowing cherry trees
~Nairu Inaba

Red, yellow, white...
Careful tulip's field
Coming warm season
~Yuko Wada

gray sky
gentle rain falls...
smiling only hydrangeas
~Nairu Inaba

Rainy day
I can't get up...
Just like moss
~Yuya Katsuyama

You and I
come across—
spring has come
~Kohei

Trying to make chocolate
I am going to tell him tomorrow—
Telling I like him
~Lin Shihjung

Swallow is flying
It looks like free and easy—
I wish I could fly in the sky
~Takuro Tanizawa

A budding of butterbur sprouts—
I hear the first cry of
new lives
~Kenta Imai

Summer

bloom
a red carnation—
my mother's expression
~Nairu Inaba

The sun shines
around a sunflower field—
shadows on the road.
~Jo Mizutani

I suddenly close my eyes—
Because I am blind by dazzling sunlight
seen from undersea
~Kenta Imai

dolphin show...
the heat blows away
the splashes
~Nanami Honda

A hot day—
Jump into the pool
Very cool
~Taisei Yamamoto

Open the window—
In the summer night sky
Big fireworks
~Taisei Yamamoto

Watermelon split
at the beach—
the sun is shining
~Kouki

a hot day—
I spit watermelon seeds
with friends
~Takatomo

The sunshine
I'm sitting under the tree—
Insects are singing
~Lin Shihjung

Starting a concert
The songs of insects—
It's getting cool
~Yuko Wada

There is a cicada
Sings beautiful voice—
It is signal that summer is starting
~Takuro Tanizawa

End of the summer festival
The sound of fireworks
Go home listening...
~Ann Nakata

Autumn

Milky Way
twinkle in the night sky—
light star view
~Kouki

Evening
Nostalgic scenery—
I remembered my good old days
~Ryo Ozaki

Trick or Treat! — —
A procession of little ghosts
Approaching
~Kenta Imai

Small monsters
Came to me and said—
Trick or Treat!
~Taisei Yamamoto

In the blue sky—
Swim side by side
Carp streamers
~Taisei Yamamoto

during the party—
pumpkins and ghosts
are dancing
~Takatomo

Maple leaves
Get red—
A cool breeze blows
~Ann Nakata

Leaves freeze
Freezing and stepping
Crisp rhythm echoes in the mountains...
~Ann Nakata



Winter

lots of sweaters
my grandmother made...
early winter
~Kohei

Flu vaccination
Arm became 1.5 times—
Can't pass through sleeve
~Honoka Nagakawa

First snow
is pure white—
It's just like my heart
~Ryo Ozaki

first snow...
sticks to the window
of the train
~Nanami Honda

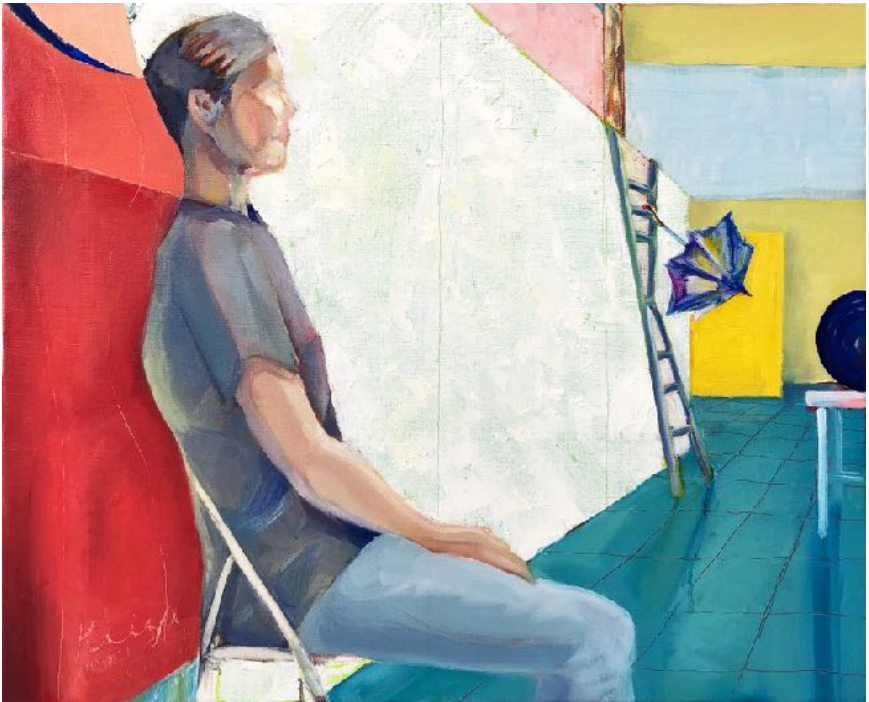
remember last Christmas Day—
once in a while
memories of my ex-girlfriend
~Kohei

I can't sleep
Waiting for Santa—
It's my dad
~Lin Shihjung

looking at the sky—
the rabbit in the moon
pounding mochi
~Jo Mizutani

A moon viewing—
We must not forget
The dumplings
~Takatomo

Saying goodbye
once and for all—
New Year's Eve night
~Kohei



Freeform

Cycling Season ~Kohei

In March,
the warm wind is blowing.
It already feels like spring
but the town is not suffused
with a warm pink.
I still wanna feel winter.

In November,
the cool wind is blowing.
It already feels like winter
but my feelings are
halloween yet.
I still wanna autumn.

Human beings cry for
the moon.
That means the gods
send nuts to those who
have no teeth.
Fantastic!

Rain ~Nanami Honda

Today is raining
I can't play outside, I'm alone

Today is raining
I can hear music from outside

It's beautiful music



Spring ~Nanami Honda

Say bye to snow
Say hello to horsetail
Say nice to meet you to your friends



One Day in Summer ~Kouki

Hot sunny day, high temperature
not a cloud, sun shining with glitter—

the ice cream is muddy and melting
a long day, the days are long—

the sandy beach is due to the sun very hot
a cool breeze is blowing in the shade.



Memory of Summer ~Kenta Imai

Bang! Suddenly, loud sound like blast dived into our house through windows. I and my mother run up to window and we looked out over outside. And we saw colorful dazzling flowers in the far sky.

Bang! We heard the sound again.
Then my mother said, “Why don't we go?”
Of course I said, “sure!”

We went to our friend's house beside the riverbed. It was a launch pad. We watched while chatting with friends. I had watched it far from our balcony. But close were so powerful. Big sound beat my ears, my stomach.

This is my memory of fireworks; this is my memory of summer.

Sweet Summer Day ~Ann Nakata

You and me in the moonlight.
Fireworks enliven us.
Make noise in the sea
Riding the wind
Let's get into a wave rhythm

You and me in the cool night
I am excited by the rhythm of the waves
Moonlight like stage light
Riding the wind
Let's dance all night...



Beyond the Photo ~Nairu Inaba

the smell of school meals
the sound of preliminary bell
blackboard and white chalk...
my heart in full



A Sea Day ~Nairu Inaba

many jellyfish
lined up in a square
flowing the shallows...
like a jewel box



Memory ~Yuko Wada

blue and blueee
like the sea

yellow and yelloow
like a lemon

a lot of sun in the park
a boy and a girl are playing

the wind blew
a girl's straw hat

it's like a bird
a lot of suns are smiling

a boy go get her hat
girl's cheeks like apples



Zoo ~Taisei Yamamoto

There are many animals
"Oink Oink"
"Moooo"
"Roar"
"Baaaa"
A chorus of animals

Childhood Snowy Day ~Jo Mizutani

Open the window,
“Wow!”
A cold wind is blowing in.
Adults shovel snow.

Open the door.
White world,
walk on a snowy way.
There's footprints left.

“Good day!
Close the school”
We play with snow;
Snowman, snowball fight, Kamakura.

Take a break at home.
We warm up with kotatsu,
the sun came out.
It is warm.

We go out again,
“What a thing!”
Toro toro...
Everything was gone.

The lifespan of snow is short.
Snow seems like time.
Snow, fall again
We open the window again

Hungry ~Takatomo

I'm hungry. I like eating.
I want to eat curry rice.
I want to eat curry rice asexually
for some reason now.

I'm starving. I want to eat...
What exactly is the appetite
that springs from the bottom
of this body?

My stomach is growling
but It's already midnight.
If I eat now, I will be a cow.
I desperately endure eating.

Grrrrrr
Please calm my stomach!



Shadow ~Lin Shihjung

I am a stalker
Follow you to anywhere.
I am a bystander
Never warn your blunder

No light in here
Don't fear!
I am here,
the dark which you wear.

Even the world is a betrayer.
I am here!
Under
Your tears...

Dear Night ~Yuya Katsuyama

We enjoy dancing together
I like to spend time with him very much
We play a lot of things.
talking, singing, games, walking etc-

Especially, I play piano
Music in midnight makes me melt
And singing so silence, and so sweeter
It was really relaxing time

But when morning comes, he leaves every time
It is in summer now, I can not meet him long time



Journey ~Ann Nakata

Spring

Sweet smell

Dance of cherry blossom petals

Season of encounter...

Summer

The smell of living things

Rain beat

Fun is waiting...

Autumn

Clear smell

Chorus of worm

The setting sun is the leading role...

Winter

Lonely smell

Frost march

Romance begins...



Submit your original poems, stories and artwork to: Seasons: An EFL Literary Journal

We accept any form of original writing, but if you need inspiration look [here](#). → There is no theme, just express your feelings and thoughts in a 3 line poem. For example:

An old leafy pond

A frog jumping in—

The sound of water

~Matsuo Basho

A car door...

The way the dog dances

Tells me it's you

~Timothy Russell

Please send your original *poems, stories or artwork* and your *name* to kubokawateacher@gmail.com. Send as many as you want!

