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## Poems from Haruki Murakami Quotes

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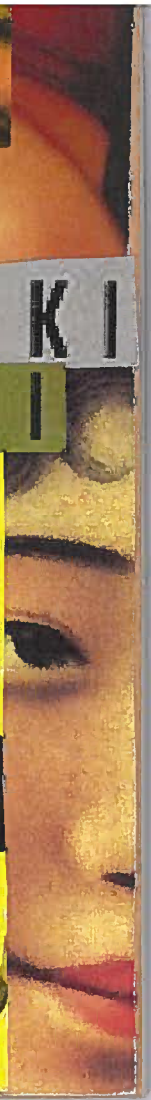
HARUKI

MURAKAMI

QUOTES



BY  
KVOEE



P o e m s  
f r o m  
Haruki Murakami  
Q u o t e s



Poems by kylee

Original quotes by

Haruki Murakami



"You lost all interest in this world.

You were disappointed and discouraged,  
and lost interest in everything.

So you abandoned your physical body.

You went to a world apart and you're living  
a different kind of life there.

In a world that's inside you."

— Haruki Murakami

you're different and discouraged, and

disappointed

You abandoned everything.

lost interest In this world.

interest in living inside a physical body.

your life a world that's all apart



"But even so, every now and then I would feel a violent stab of loneliness.

The very water I drink, the very air I breathe, would feel like long, sharp needles.

The pages of a book in my hands would take on the threatening metallic gleam of razor blades.

I could hear the roots of loneliness creeping through me

when the world was hushed at four o'clock in the morning."

— Haruki Murakami, *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*

I drink, loneliness.

I breathe, loneliness

metallic razor blades. gleam

then stab a violent world

hushed at four o'clock

I feel like now

I hear the creeping of a long, morning.

threatening me



“Is it possible, in the final analysis,  
for one human being to achieve  
perfect understanding of another?”

We can invest enormous time and energy  
in serious efforts to know another person,  
but in the end, how close can we come  
to that person's essence?

We convince ourselves that we know  
the other person well, but do we really  
know anything important about anyone?”

— Haruki Murakami, *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*

the perfect human essence?

can we invest understanding in ourselves?  
in anyone?”

that important analysis, of another person,

“Is how we achieve anything

We can convince time

to end,



"I think that my job is to observe people  
and the world,

and not to judge them.

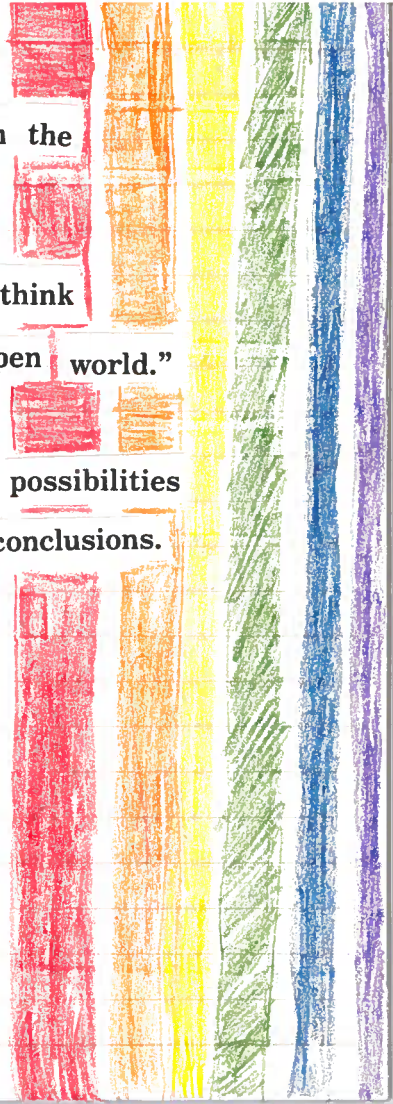
I always hope to position myself away from  
so-called conclusions.

I would like to leave everything wide open  
to all the possibilities in the world."

— Haruki Murakami



"I observe people  
to position myself in the  
so-called world,  
I hope to always think  
that everything is open world."  
leave them. all the possibilities  
and not judge the conclusions.



"I have this strange feeling  
that I'm not myself anymore.

It's hard to put into words, but I guess it's like  
I was fast asleep, and someone came,  
disassembled me, and hurriedly  
put me back together again.

That sort of feeling."

— Haruki Murakami, Sputnik Sweetheart

"I disassembled myself again.

It's sort of strange

feeling

I'm not someone

I hurriedly put back together

me,

it's hard feeling." like

me

I guess





“And it came to me then.  
That we were wonderful traveling companions  
but in the end no more  
than lonely lumps of metal  
in their own separate orbits.  
From far off they look like  
beautiful shooting stars, but in reality  
they're nothing more than prisons,  
where each of us is locked up alone, going nowhere.  
When the orbits of these two satellites of ours  
happened to cross paths, we could be together.  
Maybe even open our hearts to each other.  
But that was only for the briefest moment.  
In the next instant we'd be in absolute solitude.  
Until we burned up and became nothing.”  
— Haruki Murakami, Sputnik Sweetheart

instant reality

In solitude.

two beautiful hearts

they're companions

but in separate prisons,

locked



lonely

their orbits traveling alone,

like shooting stars,

Until they burned up

going nowhere.

no cross of paths,

nothing.”



“One heart is not connected to another  
through harmony alone.

They are, instead, linked deeply  
through their wounds.

Pain linked to pain, fragility to fragility.

There is no silence without a cry of grief,  
no forgiveness without bloodshed,  
no acceptance without a passage through acute loss.

That is what lies at the root of true harmony.”

— Haruki Murakami, *Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki  
and His Years of Pilgrimage*

the root of fragility.

linked deeply to bloodshed,

wounds.

grief,

a cry of pain,

linked to forgiveness

is harmony.”



“Sometimes fate is like a small sandstorm that keeps changing directions. You change direction but the sandstorm chases you. You turn again, but the storm adjusts. Over and over you play this out, like some ominous dance with death just before dawn. Why? Because this storm isn't something that blew in from far away, something that has nothing to do with you. This storm is you. Something *inside* of you. So all you can do is give in to it, step right inside the storm, closing your eyes and plugging up your ears so the sand doesn't get in, and walk through it, step by step. There's no sun there, no moon, no direction, no sense of time. Just fine white sand swirling up into the sky like pulverized bones. That's the kind of sandstorm you need to imagine.

— Haruki Murakami, *Kafka on the Shore*



the pulverized sandstorm.  
You step into the sandstorm,  
white sand and bones. and fate swirling  
inside. give death a direction, turn right.  
something keeps changing. you need time.  
*inside*. Why?

the ominous dawn. chases the moon,  
dance with the storm,  
closing your eyes.  
imagine. something.  
change nothing.

you step out, of the sandstorm.

