

Selections from
Every Day I Pray For Love

YAYOI KUSAMA



Cherry Blossoms

I want to eat cherry blossoms.

I want to kiss their pink colors.

Their scent that would have reached the universe
dissipated in my youth.

Remembering that, now tears roll down from my eyes.

Scattering cherry blossom petals on the path of my
faint love,

I will be facing death someday.

When that day arrives,

with all the love that I have had in my past, I will
enwrap life.

On that moment, the flower path of cherry blossoms
will envelop the whole
of me without fail.

Cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms.

They explore my life and death.

Dear cherry blossoms, I thank you.



This Mystery

One after another, my imaginings flow out, on rainy days, fair days, and snowy days.

Why do these days continue uninterruptedly in my life?

Now I am at a loss as to how to answer questions about this mystery.

The mountains are getting higher and the skies are becoming ever bluer.

In this universe, I am never alone.

My pursuit of art goes way beyond me, surrounding the whole earth like clouds.

It is a quiet day, too, today.

Lest my love burns out, I want to embrace the love of all the people.

“Love Forever.”

So determined, I run to the edge of a fountain.

Its water ever so deep, blue, and clear touches my heart.

What does living a life mean?

I lose myself in this thought every time I create artwork.

Holding my hands firmly, and smashing the emptiness of my heart,

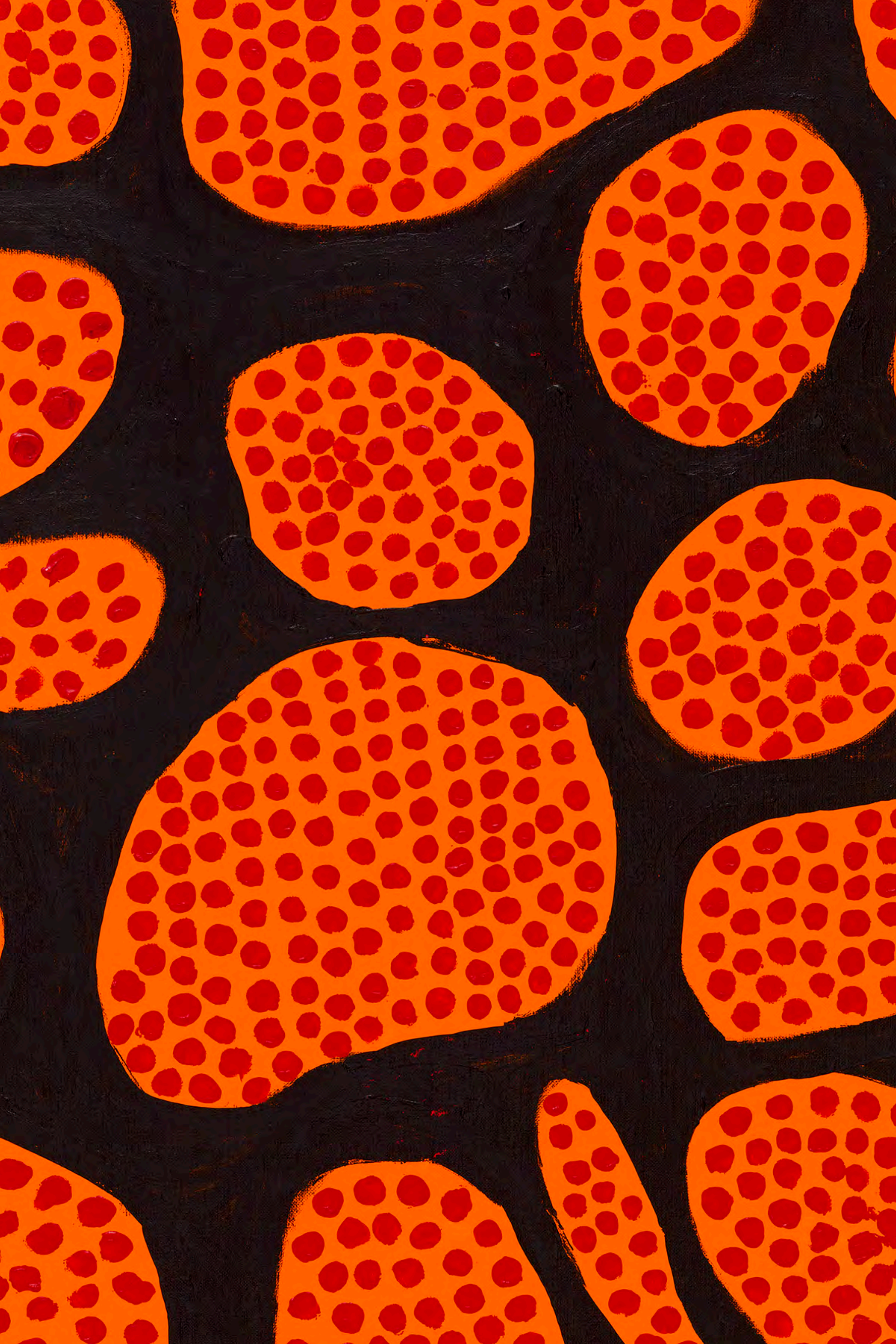
though I want to climb up to the summit of life,

how mysterious everything is.

I know I should simply run and run through its course.

I will discard every mystery!

Good-bye, my mysteries.



Polka Dot Café in the Universe

To cover everything in a café with pink polka dots; that is my desire.

Polka dots in the pink-colored space fill everybody's heart with joy of everlasting love.

In the universe, the moon and the sun are each just one of the polka dots. The earth on which we live and several hundred millions of stars all become pink by magic spells.

Self-obliteration by polka dots. I call this "Kusama's self-obliteration."

My message I convey to you, my most beloved people, through my artwork, is the joy of being alive.

Peace for humankind. People on this quiet earth where there are no wars.

For these people, I will continue to offer my art.

I will keep calling out to every person, "Love Is Forever," with a message colored pink.

I will keep communicating with you, in the everlasting quietude of time.



Hi, Hello!

You know that extraordinary news that youth is coming to you?

Youth, carrying with it both death and life, creeps up on you from behind without a sound.

I forsake my dark previous life, will regenerate.

Now in the stillness of life my destiny has granted me

I want to sing out the praises of life from the bottom of my heart.

Almost filling the inside of my hands, fragments of art

are gently whispering to me, Hi, Hello.

At the entrance to the world of people,

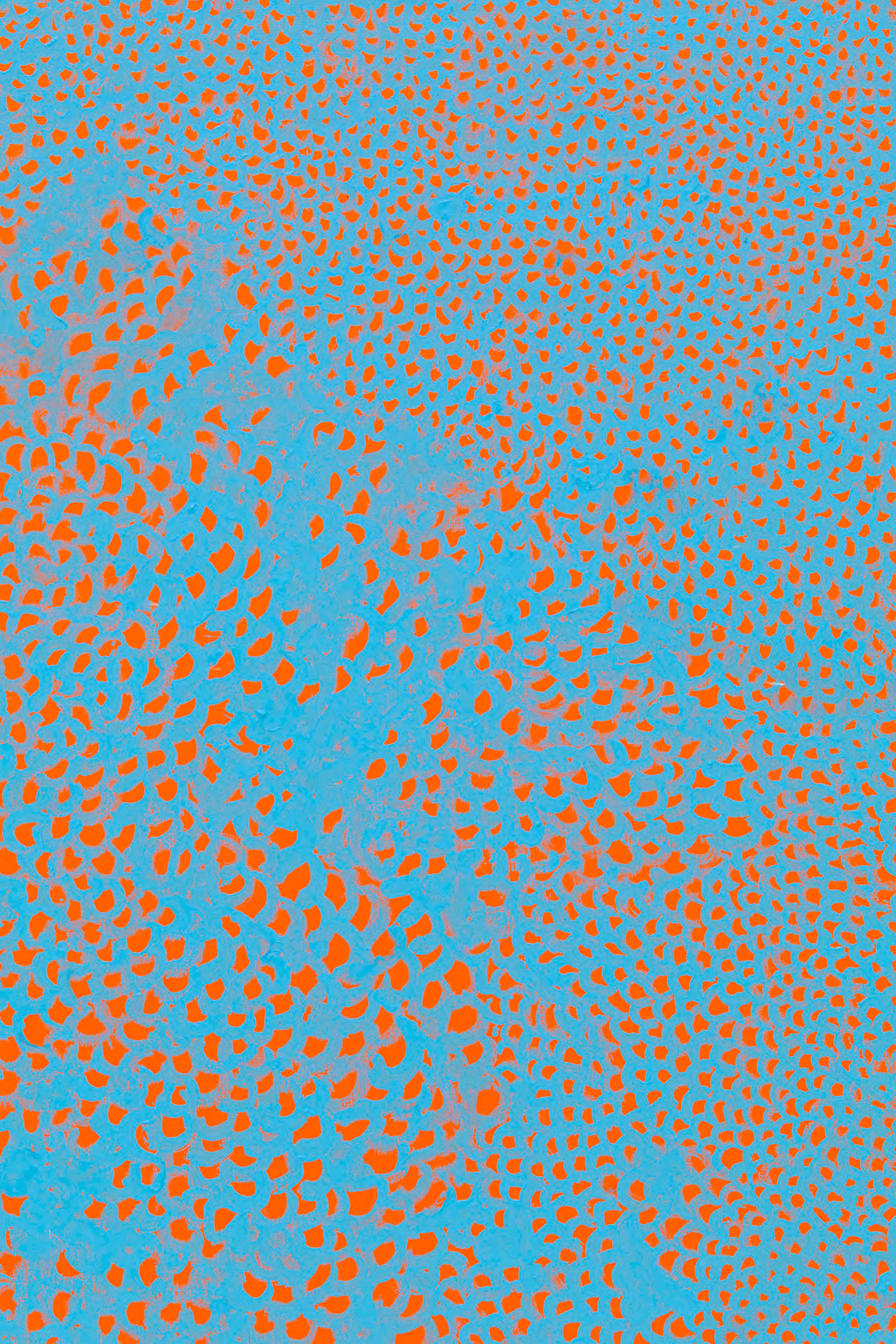
dangling the shadow of youth,

when they brought an important assignment into my life,

amidst fear and anxiety of the unknown which cause never-ending

struggles between life and death,

I want to discover definitely tonight my endless dream.



The Battle of Love and Death

O my dearest and most generous love, my loves.
I would see the beauty of all the love in the cosmos,
showing itself red, and again sparkling yellow.
Now blue, floating through breaks in the clouds,
all commingling at this very moment inside my body.
Infusing it, to my amazement, with that sizzling,
colorful fragrance.

All these, and the body itself, flashing through
the universe.

Let us speak of life lovingly.

Such is my prayer for this existence of ours.

It's love

I have lived for.

I would like to tell all the world's people:

Let's stop senselessly fighting and hurting one another!

Let's live happier lives!

Standing here near my own life's end.

With the ready heart that my loves have instilled in me.

I would survive, clinging to one great hope.

With death before me, I would know my own heart.

Now that I've passed through life and face my demise,
show me the shape of death.

Love will be my guide.



On Pumpkins

Pumpkins are lovable and their wonderfully wild and humorous atmosphere never ceases to capture the hearts of people. I adore pumpkins.

As my spiritual home since childhood, and with their infinite spirituality, they contribute to the peace of humankind across the world and to the celebration of humanity. And by doing so, they make me feel at peace.

Pumpkins bring about poetic peace in my mind.

Pumpkins talk to me.

Pumpkins, pumpkins, pumpkins.

Giving off an aura of my sacred mental state, they embody a base for the joy of living, a living shared by all of humankind on the earth. It is for the pumpkins that I keep on going.



Beyond Art

Even before I was born,
the shining art had been sending off sparks across
the world.

Why this whole body of mine symbolizes my living and
why it represents everything about my body and mind.
I want to ask myself these questions.

Even after I have been led away beyond the
universe by

the body and mind born out of my body,

I want to keep living, today, tomorrow, and the days
to come,

carrying pieces called art that were left inside my body.

By going through death and life,

and leaping across the universe and the earth just as I
am doing today,

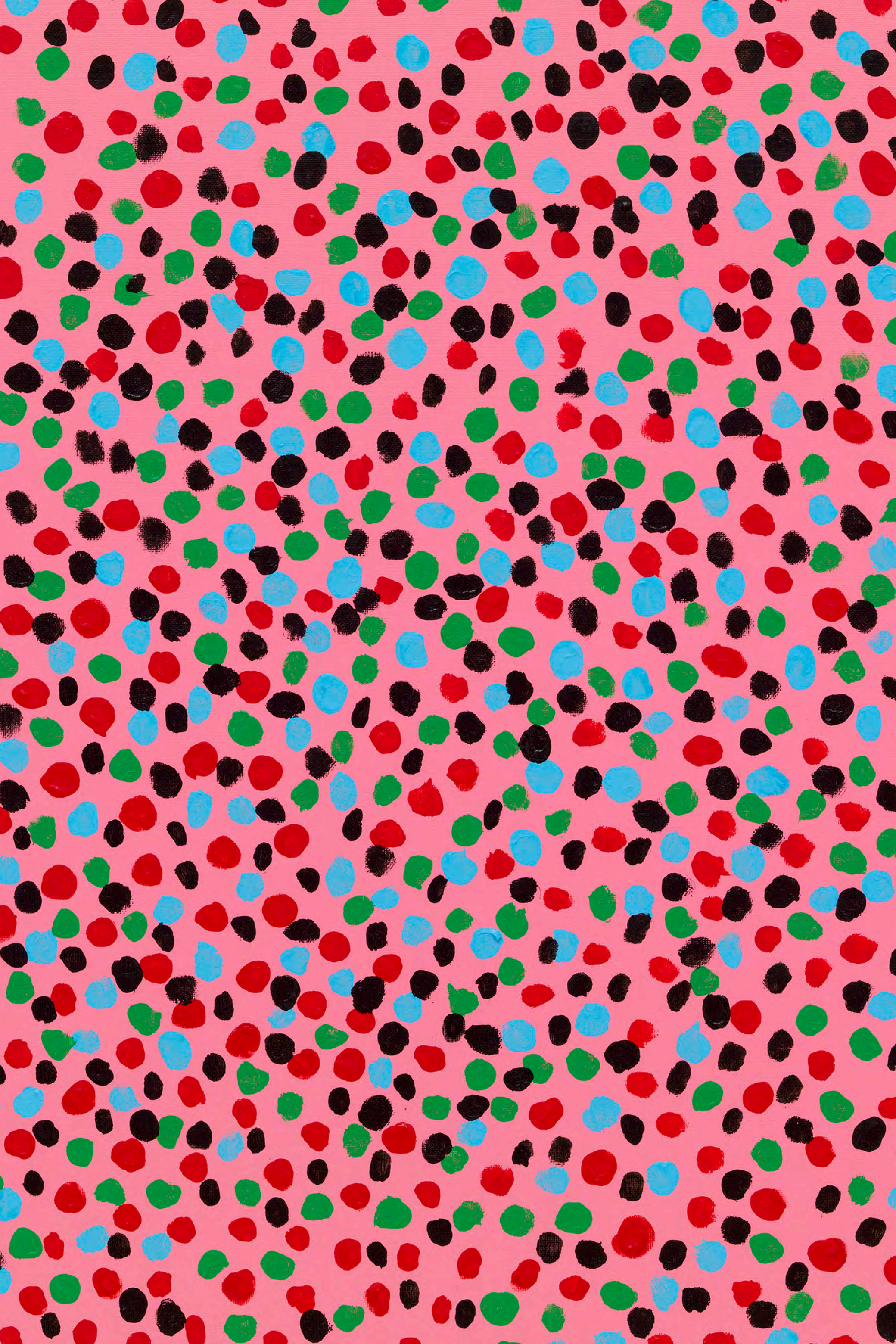
I am determined to keep fighting ever more vigorously.

To the best of my ability, and

with all my might,

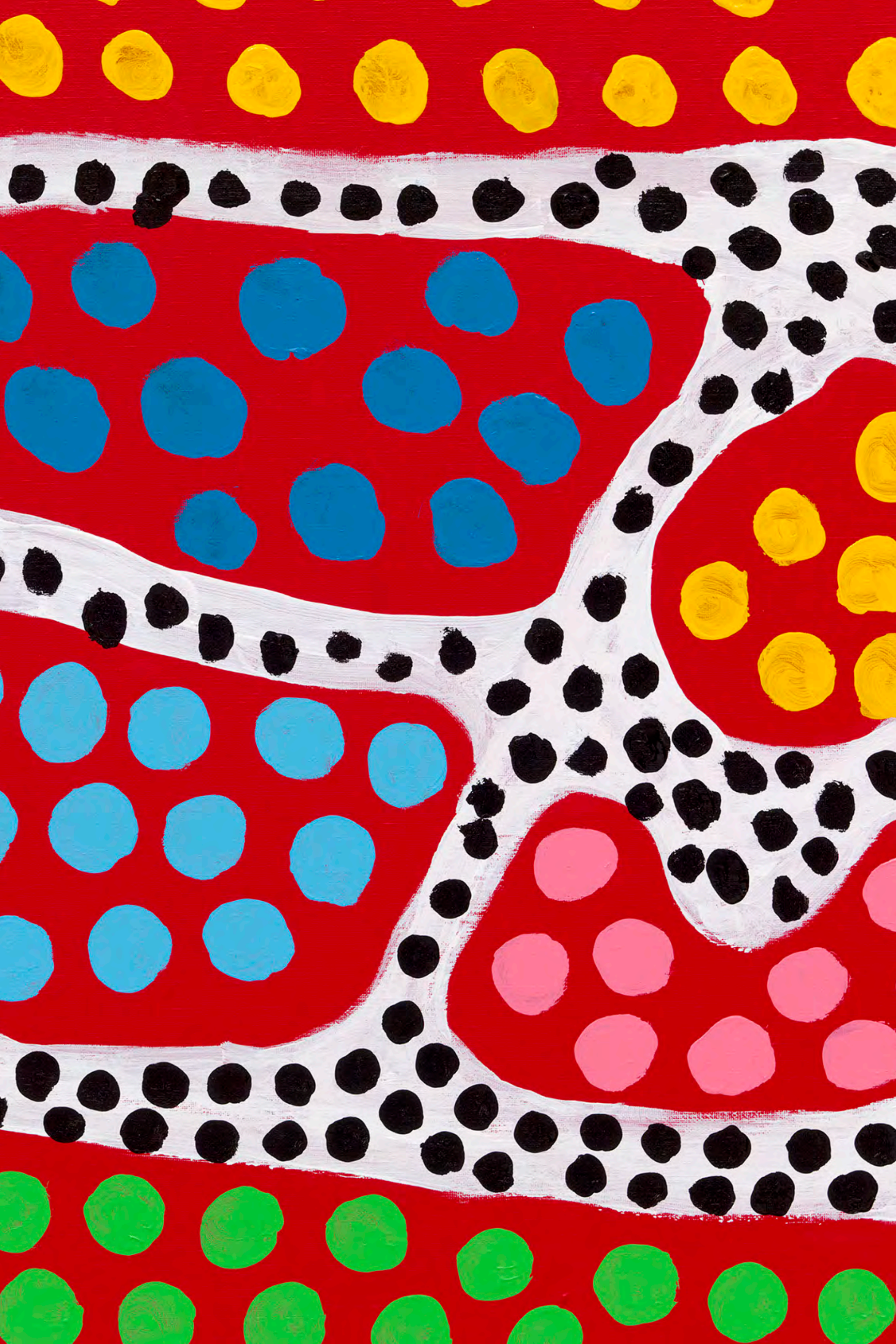
I will keep fighting.

With all my might.



The Future Is Mine 283

Sunk in the sorrows of my mind are the signs of
presence of all creation
Having reached the end of my sadness
I bury myself in the joys of the dazzling world of
people and
among the shed tears
Now with the power of art
I listen to the echoes of the intense world of people and
of the colors of
the clouds in the sky
The dying intensity of art
In the darkness of the world of people
I live with the phantoms every day
With the emptiness of my mind driven sadly away
beyond the wavelets of love
for the sake of tomorrow's art, and
amidst the drops of utmost love
I dream of the future
Even if my now-blooming heart were devastated by
loneliness
I would want to climb all the way to the top as a
human being
carrying a shield of art in my hand
Till I reach the farthest corners of the universe,
clinging to the exaltation of mind
I want to live my life to the fullest



Published on the occasion of *Yayoi Kusama: I Spend Each Day Embracing Flowers*, a major exhibition at David Zwirner New York, May 11–July 21, 2023.

Interested in Kusama's book of poetry?
davidzwirnerbooks.com

Featured Artwork:

EVERY DAY I PRAY FOR LOVE, 2022 (detail)

Untitled, 2021 (detail)

Words of Love That Emerged in the Night Moved My Heart to Tears This Evening's Sorrowful Heart Dark of Night, 2021 (detail)

As Art! I Want to Sing from the Heart Life's Praises, 2021 (detail)

EVERY DAY I PRAY FOR LOVE, 2022 (detail)

EVERY DAY I PRAY FOR LOVE, 2022 (detail)

Youth Accompanied by Both Death and Life Creeping Up Silently behind You As Art within Youth As Destiny!, 2021 (detail)

EVERY DAY I PRAY FOR LOVE, 2022 (detail)

Now That You've Died Atop Cotton-Rose Clouds Your Souls Mingle with Powdery Rainbow Light and Vanish Forever Though the Love and Hatred You and I Shared Will Never End We're Separated Now, Never to Meet Again Dear Departed Mother and Father, Farewell!, 2021 (detail)

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