**Pollyannaism of Okiagari-Koboshi**

I was busy probing in my hoary caskets,

Seeking for an assortment of antique artefacts:

Meanwhile I discovered an egg like doll,

I picked it up and positioned it on the table.

Fortuitously, I tumbled it around.

But unaidedly it perked up from the ground.

The ancient papier mâché of Okiagari-koboshi

Taught me a lesson, that was quite sound.

The anxiety and apprehension of the pandemic situation,

Have aggrieved our existence with despair and desolation.

Intermittently life puts us into depression;

To recuperate or to give in is at our discretion.

But the apathetic toy preserves its stance,

To serve as an ideogram of optimism, hope and self-resilience.