

Winter's evening falls  
under the full moon walking  
the plane's tight rope

Hundreds of swallows  
sing their hearts out on the staff  
of electric wires

Tired I keep searching  
lost footprints under the snow  
— a little boy afar

Full moon of summer  
resting on the mountain's top  
— breath taken away

The melting stream  
carries faraway echos  
— I soak my sleeves

Winter night dreaming  
of lights from desired storms  
— wet wood in the hearth